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P.131.1

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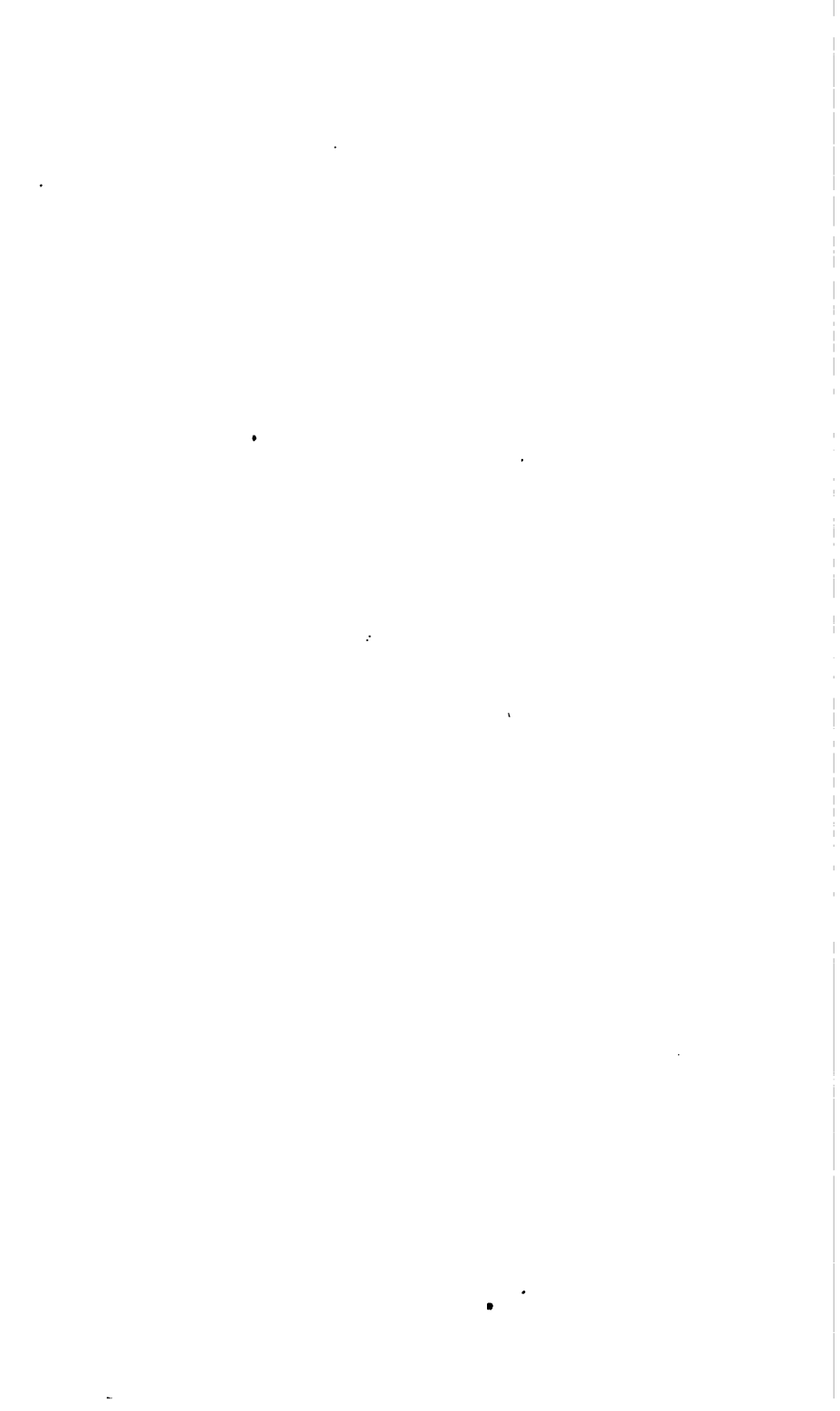


*The Gift of
Henry Austin Whitney
of
Boston*

(Class of 1846)

25 September 1850

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vol 24



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Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

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1858.

P. 131.1

1845

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JULY, MDCCCLVIII.

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P. 131.1

1860, June 23.

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P.131.1



The Gift of
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tion for men in the prime of life, such as recruits to regiments commonly are, L.560,000: *inde*, L.660,000;—the whole together making L.832,000. But the purchase of 1000 negroes in Jamaica, at L.40 each, with 100 every year to keep up the number, which is a very large allowance, would be L.60,000; clothing, at 40s. a-year, L.11,000: *inde*, in all L.71,000. The balance in saving would be L.761,000.*

Thus, to keep a garrison of a thousand men for five years, you must calculate on the cost of sending out five thousand men, and on the cost of bringing back one thousand, with the several collateral items of cost which the inconvenient discrepancy between the exports and the imports occasions. We could even suggest an element of cost which the astute calculator has omitted—the supporting of the widows and orphans thrown upon the parish by the premature death of four thousand out of five thousand men in five years. Then observe the sound rule of economy on which the whole is based. It is the rule, well known to all the comfortable classes, that it is cheaper in the long run to buy a good article though it be dear. British recruits may be had at the small charge of £5 per head, while each negro costs no less than £40. But then the latter commodity wears so well, that you can supply the losses by one hundred instead of one thousand in the year. The sacrifice of black men is, in short, only ten per cent of the sacrifice of white men; and when other expenses, arising out of the continual dying and exporting of fresh human cargoes, are considered, the result in figures shows a very clear profit. It is not easy to look with equanimity on such statements, remembering that they were matter of practical consideration among statesmen. How, after all, the active iniquity of slavery seems to dwindle before the passive iniquity of letting our countrymen die uncared for? While such things went on, proposals for the abolition of the slave trade might well be sneered down as fanciful crotchets.

There are two ways of setting down ten thousand fighting men on a given

spot at a given time. The one method is, by despatching that number, with perhaps a small additional percentage to balance the disabled, and bringing them to their post hale, sanguine, unharassed, through the most careful and costly organisation for their transit and sustenance. The other method is, by despatching some fifty thousand men, in the expectation that, though the remainder be left dead or dying on the road, a fifth part will reach the point of destination in serviceable condition. Of the army of half a million with which Napoleon crossed the Niemen to his Russian campaign, only twenty thousand recrossed it in returning; and if the extermination in this case may be laid to causes of a wondrous and peculiar character, yet the waste of life showed itself while operations were still so far within the bounds of calculation, that they would not have been undertaken by one who cared as much for the lives of his men as for the gratification of his own ambition, since more than two-thirds of his army had dropped away before he first faced the Russians at Smolensk. This was an instance of wastefulness of life fortunately rare in European warfare; but it is the prevailing feature in Oriental warfare, and has been exemplified to a frightful extent in every Russian campaign. No doubt, when we are acquainted with the Russian statistics of the late war, we shall find the efforts to bring troops to the defence of Sebastopol prove no exception. No British general has ever dared to waste his men after this fashion. The economy of life, so far as it was liable to be destroyed by actual military operations, was carried to a chivalrous perfection by the Duke of Wellington, whose conscientious and humane principles have been followed by his successors, and have been signally exemplified by Sir Colin Campbell. And yet in our Crimean army, during the first winter, the rate of mortality, separate from the casualties of war—the deaths, in short, from those common causes of mortality which afflict us when dwelling at home in peace—were at the rate of between

* *Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs*, App. No. 2.

sixty and seventy per cent per annum: that is to say, any community, living as our soldiers then lived, would lose between sixty and seventy out of every hundred of its numbers in a year. Further, when we compare the soldier at home with the ordinary citizen, we find that the deaths per thousand among civilians in the parish of St. Pancras are two and a fifth; among the Life Guards in the Regent's Park there, they are ten and two fifths—five to one exactly. The deaths of civilians in the parish of Kensington are 3.3; those of the Royal Horse Guards, Knightsbridge, 17.5. Taking all classes of the community between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, the rate of mortality among our soldiers at home, taken on a low average, is seventeen in the thousand; while that of civilians, or the rest of the population, is eight and four-fifths—not quite a half of the soldiers' mortality. These, with a crowd of like statistics, all tending so clearly in the same direction that we shall not inflict them on the reader, who probably has already gone over them, show us that, let the military commander do what he can to be careful of the lives of his men in all those operations which are purely military or combative, there are other things, not perhaps strictly of a military character, for the safety of the soldier's life, and in the safety of his life for his preservation from the misery and the torture of disease and a death of hardship, which the nation has not yet provided for him.

The heroic bargain which the soldier makes with his country is, to die, if his death will further his country's cause. If the cause can be duly furthered in any other manner and the life can be saved, then it is the country's duty to save it without counting the cost. The soldier *may* dutifully endure the coming of death brought to him by disease or hardship when he believes it to be inevitable. But that death which has no terrors for him, because his soul pants for it as the crown of soldier martyrdom, and his nerves are exultingly strung to receive it, is the death in battle, which emphatically proclaims that the life is lost to the gain

of the cause, and has not been casually and carelessly dropped by the way.

"To pass, when life her light withdraws,
Not void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a merely selfish cause—

In some good cause—not in mine own,
To perish, wept for, honour'd, known,
And like a warrior overthrown:

Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When sold'd with noble dust he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears,

Then dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman's line is broke,
And all the war is rolled in smoke."

It is but justice to the soldier, that if he is to die, it should, if possible, be thus. Since military glory—the glory of military services in a good cause—is the reward he seeks, let him at least have it in his death. True, though he find himself sinking under the length of an ill-calculated march, or freezing to death because a commissary has neglected his duty, or wasting away under the unwholesome food provided by a knavish contractor, a sense of duty may support him to the end—but should he be left no other support? He goes to his rest, indeed, to suffer no more, and is forgotten with the many thousands of others, as time rolls over their obscure graves; but the debt of injustice is inherited by the survivors, who in their sorrow should have, when it can be justly given, the proud consolation that the husband or the father died like a true soldier, with his back to the field and his face to the foe. Other forms of death in service require explanations about accompanying conditions—they may be heroic or they may not—but death on the field of battle at once tells its own history to all hearts.

The art of preserving their own health has probably been more or less considered by men since they first began to consider anything, although it must be confessed that they have often made a very bad job of it. The inquiries of some very clever and enthusiastic men have lately developed a sphere of usefulness connected with this end, which, for want of a better name, they have called sanitary science. Some of its teachers have doubtless promulgated whims, and

fallacies, but they have, on the whole, proved, by irresistible facts, that there are operations and adjustments of things which can be counted on for saving lives which would otherwise be lost. The peculiar feature of these new suggestions, when compared with all previous injunctions for the preservation of health, may be described thus: Formerly, in all books or other writings upon health and disease, each individual human being was appealed to on the best means of retaining his own health and avoiding disease. The tendency of the exertions of the sanitarians has been to take up the matter at the point where the individual man can do no more to help himself, since he is surrounded by deteriorating conditions over which he has no control. The poor workman who finds that his bread is only to be made in a densely populous quarter of a large town, where there are no drains and no receptacles for impurity—the sailor sleeping in the hold of a ship impregnated with poisonous gases—the collier working in an unventilated coal-mine, and many others, were incapable, by personal exertion, of bettering their own condition, and required the intervention of general arrangements. However obvious the necessity of considering the position of such persons may seem, yet the world is full of lamentable instances of the neglect which they have met with, and the history of the whole affair illustrates an often-repeated view, that general expressions of opinion, however sound, receive very little attention, until earnest and enthusiastic men work them out to practical conclusions, and prove, to the amazement of well-meaning but inactive men, how woefully they have been neglecting their own favourite precepts. Such has been the result of the progress of sanitary labourers. They have not opened a new object of human inquiry and thought, because people were taught to keep their feet dry, eat wholesome food, avoid dissipation, and wash and shave themselves, before Mr. Chadwick was born. They have not discovered any new operation of nature, such as the doctrine of chemical equivalents, or the affinities of electricity and mag-

netism, for people admitted long ago that the gases from decomposing animal and vegetable matter are noxious to life, and that wholesome food is as necessary to health in the railway store or the mess-table as in the private dining-room. But they have so fully illustrated the bearings of general truths on the duties of those who have the condition and treatment of their fellow-beings in their hands, that what was before a disembodied sentiment or opinion, is now reduced to distinct practical precept, illustrated by a crowd of examples. It has been the fate of our army to be among the latest portions of the community to reap the harvest of this valuable knowledge. For instance, when we look at the rules for the dietary of our prisoners, we find the following among them: "A change of food being beneficial to health, it is directed that the dinner, on at least two days in the week, shall be different from the dinner on the other days." And as a commentary on this humane regulation for our thieves and forgers, the Commission of Inquiry on the Sanitary Condition of the Army tells us, that one of the marked peculiarities of the British soldier is, that he is a man who dines every day for twenty consecutive years on boiled beef, unless, of course, when the vicissitudes of a campaign relieve the monotony. Then, again, the Surveyor-General of Convict Prisons was examined on ventilation and means of internal purification. Looking on himself as responsible for the health of his convicts, he described the scientific perfection of all the internal arrangements of his pet prison, Pentonville, of Millbank,—not so perfect a specimen, since it had been built in the days of darkness touching sanitary science, and was not without difficulty brought within its sphere,—of Dartmoor, and of Portland. The chairman of the Commission, almost losing patience at the description of the pedantic perfection of the arrangements for criminals, just after he had been sickened with accounts of the filth and unwholesomeness of barracks, said to the Surveyor-General, whom he knew to be a military man—"What is your reason; take Port-

land; you have to look after those men, and keep them in health, to execute certain public works for the Government; other engineers build barracks to keep soldiers in perfect health, to do service for the Government; how is it that in the one case a man sleeps in a fetid atmosphere, and in the other you give him a pure one?" The answer was simple, but sufficiently emphatic: "I do not think that the subject has been sufficiently considered in respect of the barracks; *it has been lost sight of.*" Those edile arrangements for the preservation of life and health, which are deemed so essential that they must be provided even for the residence of the criminal, are "lost sight of" in the residence of the soldier!

The reason why the food and ventilation for the criminal must be looked to so carefully by others is, because he cannot get out to choose for himself. But in truth, though from causes as honourable as those which place the thief in custody are disgraceful, the soldier is scarcely more helpless and more dependent on other people for the sanitary conditions of the food he eats, the clothing he wears, and the house he lives in. Whether it is to be deemed a wholesome feature or not, one of the tendencies of our very active age is to aggregate human beings together in large masses, where they require to sink individual action in general organisation, and are more or less at the mercy of those who have the working out of the organisation. It is enough to refer to the large manufactories and mines, the public works often rapidly carried out in remote places, which become instantaneously peopled by thousands of persons—to our great systems of locomotion by railway and steamboat. It is only where the law is both very strong and very ductile, that civil liberty and individual rights can be preserved in these great ganglions of human beings. In the feudal ages, all would have been subject as serfs to the authority of some despotic lord, like the workers in the old German and Italian mines; and, to speak fairly of feudality, it is not easy to see how order could have been preserved among large bodies of human beings, during the earlier centuries of

European history, through any other arrangement but that of lord and serf. But even in our own days there is a constant tendency in those who, in a proprietary or official shape, are at the head of such aggregate collections of human beings, to abuse their power, and exhibit, in however small a shape, the attributes of the despot. Hence all who come in contact with these new forms of power, have had to use much vigilance and pertinacity for their own protection, and sometimes have found it a duty to hold out the protecting hand to those too weak to protect themselves. So, it has been found necessary to protect children working in manufactories, and women and children working in mines. And there is still, if we mistake not, a conflict going on between a combination of great manufacturing capitalists and the inspectors of factories; the former assuming the humble title of "The Mill-owners' Protection Society," and complaining that they are cruelly and despotically entreated, and are denied the rights of British subjects, because it is required of them at some expense—amounting, it is said, sometimes to £30 or £40 for a large mill—to fence machinery which occasionally, in its unprotected state, wheels some poor fellow round and dashes out his brains, or, catching a pucker in a careless girl's sleeve, sucks in her arm, and tears it from the socket. Passing from such instances to a matter in which we are all concerned—there are every day some hundreds of thousands of people within the British Isles at the mercy of railway companies for personal comfort, for punctuality in travelling, and for their safety from mutilation or death. We all know how tough a contest is continually kept up by the public for common justice in such matters against these lords of the road, although the greatest people in the land are on the same side of the question with the poorest. It is a law of nature that bodies of people who are put at the mercy of others for the supply of anything important to their wellbeing, will be oppressed or pillaged by those who serve them, unless they can protect themselves, or are protected by others.

"What has all this to do with the soldier? Armies were embodied, fed, encamped, and went forth to battle thousands of years before the invention of the railway and the spinning-jenny." True enough—but it is equally true that late times have seen as great a change in the domestic position—strictly the domestic position—of the soldier, as the factory system has created on the position of the spinner and weaver, or the railway system on that of the traveller. There is, in fact, no one more helplessly dependent on the conduct and the misconduct of others than the soldier—no one for whom, in his domestic position, external protection is more necessary.

The barrack is an institution comparatively late among ourselves, and comparatively unknown to the rest of the world. The fortresses of the most extensively fortified countries in Europe seldom contain a large proportion of their armies—the bulk of the troops must be dispersed among the civilian community. The fortresses in this country have always been a trifle—the largest of them, so far as we understand, stands upon a small tongue of land stretching into the Moray Firth, a few miles from Inverness. Under the old commissions of array, the country gentry had to find the troops of their own county in clothing, provisions, and quarters, and there were certain reciprocal privileges of quartering when they passed into other counties, fruitful in disputes, which were generally settled, so far as the immediate parties were concerned, by the soldier taking what he found and wanted, and leaving the ultimate incidence of the cost to be settled by any other powers—higher or lower. Unfortunately the person who suffered under the quartering was generally an enemy, or esteemed to be so, and thus there was no necessity for any adjustment of accounts. It was in civil war only that embodied troops were kept at home by our ancestors. For the defence of the country they trusted to a sudden levy, and when an army was raised for foreign conflict, it went immediately abroad, and was disbanded when it

returned. The obligation of quartering the few soldiers kept at home was a matter of loud and continuous complaint from time to time. Doubtless, under such a fortuitous arrangement, the trooper or the pikeman was often ill enough off; but on other occasions, and especially in unsettled times, the extent to which he helped himself, when there was ought to be helped from, partook of the character of pillage. So inveterate had the practice of appropriation become, that in the '45 we find old Hawley, a thoroughly trained soldier, who was not likely to have done anything far astray from the military ideas of his age, accused by an old lady of Aberdeen, loyal to the Government, of carrying off all her china and books, her bedding and table-linen, her repeating-clock, "which stood by the bed in which he lay every night," along with "twelve teaspoons, strainer, and tongs, and the jappanned board on which the chocolate and coffee cups stood."*

When a standing army, embodied under the annual Mutiny Act, came to be a national institution, the quartering system would never have been tolerated, and the barrack system was a necessary substitute. Of the old arrangement, we have just a faint memorial in a trifling billeting-tax, which excites great wrath whenever it happens accidentally to rest. It is a pecuniary alternative for the actual billeting, which all discreet persons pay; but instances are on record where a negligent householder has been appalled by the vision of three red coats descending the area stairs in a business-like fashion, as if they were going home—though we have generally heard the conclusion of such an incident to be, that "the fellows behaved very well indeed," and for a reasonable sum took themselves off to the tavern at the corner. We question if there is any other well-armed country in Europe where the billeting system is not in full force. In France at the present day, in the remotest country-house or hamlet, at any hour, by day or night, the soldier on duty may appear and demand admission—a dreaded

* *Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745*, p. 212.

but from necessity, an ostensibly welcomed guest. Wherever this old practice is continued, as the citizen lives, so does the soldier—perhaps the latter fares rather above the average of the householder at large. The conscription system has its influence in making the thing work easily—it is *your* destiny to carry arms and live with me to-day—it may be *mine* to carry arms and live with you to-morrow: the quartered soldier is but one of a large and rather miscellaneous circle of persons, connected by a link which causes them from time to time fortuitously to throw themselves on each other's hospitality. The condition of the whole community where this practice holds may be a very low one, but it is clear that in it we shall not find the ordinary citizen—convict included—well housed and well fed, with occasional wholesome variations of diet, while the soldier lives in quarters destitute of any means of purification, breathes foul air, and eats the same dinner for twenty successive years. The case, therefore, of the billeted soldier, among a community practically acquainted with the system of quartering, does not call forth that amount of sedulous care and attention—of expense, as it may be—necessary for the barracked soldier's protection.

The whole question is, in fact, in a great measure, a matter of money—made so by the proud fastidiousness of this rich country. None of the stains of war are to touch us—none of its clamours to reach our ears. Away thousands of miles must roll the tide of battle; neither the appalling roar of the conflict itself, nor the confused din of misery and agony that follows it, must disturb the dignified serenity of our island retreat. Relations and dear friends perhaps feel the heart throb when fresh telegraphic news are announced, or suffer the sickening agony of hope deferred, in vain expectations; the nation exults in a victory, or is maddened if there is anything like a check on the onward career of our victorious troops. Some great leader is idolised for the day, and gets the thanks of Parliament as an august tribute to his merits. Young heroes are popular in ball-rooms, and even a private or

non-commissioned, with brown features, bushy beard, and a collection of pewter decorations, gets an audience of his old companions at the corner of a street, or a passing glance of admiration from some members of "the upper classes." But the national jealousy of anything like military supremacy comes soon, and freezes the short enthusiasm.

The national jealousy is right, so far as it strikes at all attempts to give internal political power to the military institutions. But there are two things which the nation owes to the soldier. Give him first his fame and honours in due and permanent measure. Since, also, our wealth-born fastidiousness will not tolerate the disagreeables of war and soldier life to appear among us, surely we ought to pay the cost of that fastidiousness out of that wealth which generates it. Our requisitions on the soldier's forbearance are not even limited to what may affect ourselves. We worthily desire to mitigate the hardships of war all over the world—among our enemies even, as well as among all neutral nations. To this end the object which war is so naturally apt to assume—the object of private plunder—has been sternly put down. The Duke of Wellington's great campaign in the Peninsula was a long resolute practical lesson against it on land; the abandonment of letters-of-marque was the abolition of its last offensive form at sea. Our policy now is the true policy of war—to strike at the heart, where the enemy may be paralysed and his power broken, with the least injury to life and property. This, however, is not the method of rewarding and enriching the soldier after old custom. Descents on unarmed seaports, after the fashion of our sea-king ancestors—marauding marches far away from the chief fortresses, among villages, country mansions, and rich religious houses—these are the forms of war which enrich the soldier with plunder, as the troops of Wallenstein and of Soult were enriched. Most worthily have we striven to suppress this curse—and with a success, crossed only by few exceptions. But again, why should the soldier be compelled to pay for our virtue—why not put our

hand in our pockets and give him compensation, as we give it) to some bloated jobber from whom we take an office where he is useless, and worse? Let us not be misunderstood in the free use of a simile. It is not strictly compensation that we would ask for the soldier, for though he has his own faults, mercenary selfishness is not among them. But since we demand that he should conduct himself with propriety and decorum, should be sedulously amenable to military discipline, and at the same time carefully observant not only of the rights, but of the tastes and prejudices of civilians—that he should be as kind, generous, and disinterested as he is brave—that he should ever suppress in himself the natural disposition to covet other men's goods, for which he has so many temptations—that he should be moderate in the assertion of his own rights, and ever ready to admit and to protect those of other people—if all these demands on imperfect human nature are to be concentrated upon him, then certainly we ought to treat him, not only with fairness, but with generosity and kindness, and, even for our own sakes, should do whatever can be done to raise his condition, remove temptation, and make the practice of the many virtues demanded of him not too difficult. We are the very nation on whom falls, before all the world, the function of raising the soldier's condition. We require from him higher qualifications than the rest of the world—we are in possession of a greater wealth, which impregnates our social system with a habit of higher expenditure. What in others would be an act of difficult generosity, is to us one of easy justice.

The question of the nature and condition of the soldier among us is so large that volumes might be profitably written about it. Let us content ourselves at present with a slight glance at the department of the question to which we have already referred—the bearing upon it of that knowledge of sanitary economy which has lately been so fully developed. We shall state an antithesis of two examples—both, by the way, earlier than the labours of the present

race of sanitary economists, but not on that account less instructive—as an illustration of the resources of the science in the improvement of the army, since it records a triumph accomplished towards the other great department of our armament, the Navy.

We question if any one can realise what a ship of war was an hundred years ago. It was by looking from the quarter-deck down below that Johnson said one could "see the utmost extent of human misery—such crowding, such filth, such stench." This is vague, perhaps, and Johnson was a man with relentless prejudices, which he uttered hyperbolically: he exaggerated much when he said, "A ship is a prison, with the chance of being drowned: it is worse—worse in every respect—worse air, worse food, worse company." One would not take Smollett, from his life and writings, to have been a fastidious man. He was our dear countryman, but we are bound to admit that our forefathers of his day had but faint notions of the importance of cleansing the pores of the cuticle, and scarcely enjoyed enlightened notions on drainage and ventilation. Nor did his wayward life give him many opportunities for correcting any deficiencies in his early training. When he was twenty years old, he held the office of surgeon's mate in the expedition of Vernon against Carthage in 1741. There can be little doubt that he has described with tolerable accuracy in *Roderick Random* his reception into the sphere where his noble profession was to be exercised: "My friend Thomson carried me down to the cockpit, which is the place allotted for the habitation of the surgeon's mates, and when he showed me their berth (as he called it), I was filled with astonishment and horror. We descended by divers ladders to a place as dark as a dungeon, which I understood was immersed several feet under water, being immediately above the hold. I had no sooner approached this dismal gulf than my nose was saluted with an intolerable stench of putrid cheese and rancid butter that issued from an apartment at the foot of the ladder, resembling a chandler's

shop, where, by the faint glimmering of a candle, I could perceive a man with a faint meagre countenance sitting behind a kind of desk, having spectacles on his nose and a pen in his hand. This, I learned of Mr. Thomson, was the ship's steward, who sat there to distribute provisions to the several messes, and to mark what each received."

The admirers of Smollett will have a pungent recollection of Roderick's fate, when he endeavoured to imitate that feat of the surgeon, which was achieved by creeping under the solid stratum of hammocks in the hospital, and cleaving his head through between them. We dare not conduct the reader further than the entrance of this hospital—it is far enough: "I assisted Thomson in making up his prescriptions; but when I followed him with the medicines into the sick berth or hospital, and observed the situation of the patients, I was much less surprised that people should die on board than that any sick person should recover. There I saw about fifty miserable distempered wretches, suspended in rows, so huddled one on another that not more than fourteen inches space was allowed to each, with his bed and bedding, and deprived of the light of the day as well as of fresh air, breathing nothing but a noisome atmosphere of the morbid steams exhaling from their own excrements and diseased bodies; devoured with vermin hatched in the filth that surrounded them, and destitute of every convenience necessary for people in that helpless condition."

It was probably in such ships that Admiral Hosier's force died off every one of them, leaving the manning of the vessels to new recruits. Nay, it has been said that the complete complement of his fleet died twice over in the lingering expedition against the Spaniards, which it was his good fortune not to survive. But all this is merely introductory to the antithesis of two examples, showing the influence of sanitary neglect and sanitary exertion on shipboard, supplied by the vital statistics of two renowned voyages round the world.

In our youth the narrative, by

Walter, of Anson's *Voyage round the World*, was a book deservedly popular. Its author was not stamped in any of the fixed literary moulds of his age; indeed, his style would not have stood the tests in *Blair's Rhetoric*. The charm of his book lies in the unconscious earnestness with which he tells the daily events of the voyage, and explains in his own way the feelings of the actors and sufferers. It is no inconsiderable testimony to the author's hold on his reader's sympathy, that he commands it through a long continuous gloomy record of mortality, disease, and despondency. The interest is brought to a climax like the histories of the sighting of land by Columbus, when the survivors reached their destination—the fruitful island of Juan Fernandez, whence their boat returned laden with grass; "for though the island abounded with better vegetables, yet the boat's crew in their short stay had not met with them, and they well knew that even grass would prove a dainty, as indeed it was all soon and eagerly devoured." But alas! they were far too late in reaching the land of promise and relief. The very possibility of landing was problematical. In one vessel, which, as the narrator says, had passed the Straits of Le Maire with between four and five hundred men in health and strength, "the lieutenant could muster no more than two quartermasters and six foremast-men capable of working." These, assisted by the officers' servants and boys, took two hours to trim the sails. When they sent 167 sick on shore, twelve died in the boats; and so many of those who reached land alive were beyond the reinvigorating power of fresh air, that for the first ten or twelve days there were six burials daily. The summation of the whole was, that when the plague was stopped, and the strength of the squadron was counted before leaving Juan Fernandez, of 961 men who had embarked in three ships, 335 were living and 626 dead. We hold this history of calamity to be peculiarly significant, because, along with some early similar misfortunes of his own, it prompted a zealous, humane, and skilful commander to turn anxiously

in his mind, whether it was the design of Providence that those who go down to the sea in ships should find the common causes of mortality more deadly in their ravages, than the tempests of the sea or the casualties of battle. The matter was really one of great doubt. The writer we have just been quoting from, languidly remarked, that he "would not be understood to assert that fresh provisions, plenty of water, and a constantly supply of sweet air between decks, are matters of no moment;" but it was possible, he thought, that the freshest air might be rendered inimical to animal life, "by mixing with it some subtle and otherwise imperceptible effluvia;" and as an application of this hypothesis, he suggested for the consideration of the maritime world the consoling view, "that the steams arising from the ocean may have a tendency to render the air they are spread through less properly adapted to the support of the life of terrestrial animals, unless these steams are corrected by effluvia of another kind, which the land alone can afford." The solution of the question fell to Captain Cook. It was undertaken very appropriately in a repetition of the achievement—the circumnavigation of the globe—which, by so calamitous an issue, had raised the doubt. He had gone on one unfortunate voyage; he determined that, if skill and ceaseless attention were of any avail, he should not have another. He describes at length his adjustment of the men's dietary, with the provision of antiscorbutics and other protective viands. But in conjunction with fresh provisions and vegetables, and with a continual supply of fresh water to the men, the most material part of his arrangements probably was, that "proper methods were taken to keep their persons, hammocks, bedding, clothes, &c., constantly clean and dry. Equal care was taken to keep the ship clean and dry betwixt decks. Once or twice a-week she was aired with fires, and when this could not be done, she was smoked with gunpowder mixed with vinegar and water. I had also fre-

quently a fire made in an iron pot at the bottom of the well, which was of great use in purifying the air in the other parts of the ship;" and so on. As our object is merely to afford a general notion of the tendency of Cook's arrangements, not to instruct future circumnavigators how to preserve their men, we need not quote farther.* He gives, with becoming seriousness, the reason for enumerating the several causes to which, under the care of Providence, the long-continued health of his crew was owing; and he had, indeed, full ground for thankfulness when he had to say, that, after an absence of three years and eighteen days, he lost but four men, and only one of these by sickness.

We have dwelt somewhat on these two contrasted histories, because they show very distinctly what we have already referred to—the existence of sanitary opinions and practice long before the existence of a school of sanitary philosophers. In fact, there can be no doubt that the potency of sanitary arrangements is as clearly proved as that bread nourishes and arsenic kills. The result of Cook's experiment could not but tell in the department in which he practised it; and a ship in her Majesty's navy is now a different place, indeed, from that which Smollett described it, after having served in the navy. Yet that there should remain so much sanitary science still latent, affords uncomfortable evidence how slowly such improvements penetrate the crust of habit—how long they may remain unadopted, almost unknown, until they are borne in by some great pressure of public opinion—until, in short, a row* is raised, and they are carried in the confusion by acclamation.

An old case in point has proved useful to us, moreover, as we do not desire to dwell too largely on recent events. The public has supped full of horrors on the details that have been so profusely laid before them about the sanitary condition of the camp in the Crimea, and the hospitals along the Bosphorus. There is generally, however, in any continuous series of

* *Voyage to the South Pole and Round the World*, vol. ii. p. 291.

evils, some one characteristic matter denoting a climax—as the wasting on the face of a rock may mark the highest level of a flood. Such was the nature of the vermin which appeared upon our men in the Russian campaign. Of the lesser vermin which infest the human frame in filth or disease, we have all heard often enough—many of us may have seen them; some of us—of course, in consequence of some charitable mission among “the lower orders”—may possibly have been subjected to the sanguinary attacks of a solitary wanderer from the herd. It is unnecessary to estimate the state of matters by the profuse supply of the smaller breeds, since both in the field hospital at Balaklava, and in the hospitals on the Bosphorus, the large and loathsome maggot crawled everywhere, and fed on the sores of the wounded soldiers. A nurse who crossed to Balaklava states in her diary, that she took a quart of them off one man. Perhaps it may be stated as a parallel floodmark of filth, that a dead horse and hospital

dressings are attested to have been seen in the tank for supplying one of the hospitals with water. And so enough of this dismal piece of experience. We leave it, subjoining merely the unimpassioned estimate by the Commission of Sanitary Inquiry of the causes and progress of the disaster, and the effect of the operations of the Commissioners who were sent out in winter to deal as best they could with the difficulties which they found.

“With regard to the hospitals at Scutari and Kulalee, the evidence shows that their unexampled mortality arose from other causes beside the severe type of disease. The drains of the hospitals were nothing better than cess-pools, through which the wind blew sewer air into the corridors and wards. There was no ventilation; there had been little or no lime-washing; the ward utensils infected the atmosphere; the hospitals were overcrowded; there was an overcharged graveyard close to the general hospital; the number of sick admitted went on increasing; no sanitary improvements were effected, and the mortality rose progressively month by month as follows:—

There died 155 per 1000, treated from November 12 to December 9.

“	179	“	“
“	321	“	“
“	427	“	“

December 10 to January 6.

January 7 to January 31.

February 1 to February 28.

“During the month of February, although the mortality rose so considerably, the number of sick in hospital, as well as the admissions, had fallen off, and the deaths on board the transports were only one-sixth part in February of what they were in January, showing that though the army was becoming more healthy, the hospitals were be-

coming more unhealthy the longer they were used.

“About the middle of March the sanitary improvements in the hospitals were commenced. During the three weeks preceding the 17th, the deaths were 315 per 1000 treated, and in the following five periods of three weeks each, the progressive fall was as follows:—

There died 144 per 1000, treated from March 18 to April 8.

“	107	“	“
“	52	“	“
“	48	“	“
“	22	“	“

April 9 to April 29.

April 29 to May 20.

May 20 to June 10.

June 10 to June 30.”

The question whether any individual official person, high or low, is blamable for the dark side of this statement, is entirely sunk in the much greater question, whether any system is to blame? Routine has got a deal of obloquy for it, but there must be routine in the public service. It is the only way in which the great bulk of public servants can work with any kind of safety or satisfaction to their employers; and the military de-

partment is far from being exempt from this necessity. The men of routine, indeed, are the ordinary machinery with which statesmen and generals work. The routine, in ordinary times, goes on like clockwork, of itself, merely requiring periodical winding up and occasional cleaning; and it does its business in a far more satisfactory manner to all concerned, than erratic genius could accomplish it. But when confusions and convul-

sions cross it, then some strong hand must take its management—directing, reconstructing, or breaking it down, if need be, as a general in battle deals with the well-trained troops who may have paraded for many an unvarying year of peace in their several regiments, companies, and squads. That such a great strong hand does not come when it is called for, is not chargeable on routine; without it, matters would be still worse.

Brother to routine in usefulness and obloquy is professional etiquette, professional pedantry, or professional pride, as people may like to name it. It goes through all human nature, high and low. It may be called a grand enthusiasm when it is developed in some gifted intellect, devoting its whole energies to one object of goodness or duty, which it deems to be its own special mission. It passes down through lower grades of ardour, until it becomes the conventional pride of aptness in some professional or even mechanical pursuit. Perhaps its humblest known development was detected by a friend of ours in overhearing two members of the despised class who devote themselves to the sweeping of the streets, pronouncing on the merits of a departed brother of the broom. One of them was clear that the deceased had been, in every sense of the term, a great workman; the other, with critical discrimination, pronounced him "capital at the thick, but nothing at all at the thin"—this latter being, it seems, the department which exacted the greatest quickness of discrimination and agility of hand.

It is needless to ask why; it is sufficient to know that this spirit is in constant activity throughout the waking and doing part of mankind. It is in itself a useful spirit, speaking merely of its humbler shapes; and indeed it is difficult to see how the world could get on without it. It puts us all into those separate grooves of action by which we are carried to the objects of our special aspirations and desires—to the achievements we would wish to perform, and the honours we would fain reap. Newton would not have cared for a colonelcy in the Guards as the reward of his discoveries; Nelson would have had

very little estimation of a bishopric; Samuel Johnson would not have been very proud of the illustrious office of Lord Mayor of London. The hurrahs, and encores, and floral wreaths, which are blood and breath to the ambitious actress, would annihilate the ambitious woman of the world who toils for fashionable leadership. The genial Soyer, who might have distinguished himself in some department of literature, scorns all repute that does not rest on the legitimate honours of the taster and steward; and, standing by his order, demands that cookery shall be admitted high in the ranks of the liberal arts. The patriarch of his school, the venerable Eustace Ude, was still more supreme in his claims. He stated in his introduction to *The French Cook*, that he had found it necessary to acquire the English language, and become his own interpreter, since he had been translated by one who may indeed have known something of his own profession, being a general officer in the army, but knew nothing whatever of his, Eustace Ude's, with which he had so audaciously meddled. All this has the spirit of cheerful endeavour, of effective labour, and of general public usefulness in it. Annihilate it, or shift it from its natural place to some other, we cannot; and the object that remains is to adjust it to thorough co-operative usefulness.

No doubt that entire isolation from the ordinary citizen, of the soldier, when embodied for service, to which we have already alluded, renders many adjustments of professional functions to army purposes necessary, and renders them all difficult. A knot of men-at-arms, with the usual swarm of bill-men, archers, and pikemen, on an expedition across the English border, or scouring the Flemish homesteads, would have felt a following of quartermasters, commissaries, purveyors, and even surgeons, to be thorough *impedimenta*. The functions of all but the surgeon they could do better for themselves. Of the surgeon, almost the only representative would be the friar, or other religious person who visited the field, to impart to the wounded what medical skill he possessed, along with

the consolations of religion. But a hierarchy of medical officers, from a director-general, through diverse grades of inspectors, to the regimental surgeons and their assistants, would have astonished Douglas or Hotspur about as thoroughly, perhaps, as a proposal to establish an army sanitary staff.

There is no doubt that it is extremely difficult—and, in fact, this difficulty is at the root of the whole of the other difficulties of our army service—to get persons whose pursuits are not combative to co-operate in military operations. The command and obedience, to which our citizens are so little accustomed, is the vital spirit of an army. It is sometimes necessary, and oftener natural, that it should extend beyond the pure military body to whatever other class comes in collateral connection with it. The propensity of the military commander is to brigade everything over which he has power. It is sometimes as difficult to impress on an old soldier the existence of possible duties which consist neither in command nor obedience, but in separate co-operation and individual action, as it was to demonstrate to the Persian ambassador that the Emperor of Hindostan was a company with a Board of Directors, and a chairman and a deputy chairman. Perhaps the most flagrant instance on record of the collateral application of military organisation was exhibited by the Duke of Alva, who, in his campaign in the Netherlands, embodied the liberal damsels who, from time immemorial, have accompanied armies, so that, as Sir James Turner describes it, "They had their several captainesses and alferas, or she cornets, or other officers, who kept among them an exact discipline in all points that concerned their profession; they were divided into several squadrons, according to their quality, and that was distinguished no otherwise but by the difference of their beauties, faces, and features." This was a caricature of a practice, inveterate, but to some extent necessary. In despotic countries, where every man's position is adjusted by royal warrant, it is no doubt more easily dealt with than among us.

The position and functions of the medical staff form the most important of all the matters to be adjusted between the combative and non-combative portion of our armaments, and to these alone shall we limit the few remarks we have to offer. There has been, no doubt, a sluggish tardiness in the mind of the world to acknowledge the true grandeur of the medical profession, when dutifully and honestly pursued: alas! we are all of us sufficiently conscious of the physician's power over us, when he cautiously closes the door of the sick-room, and we watch the glance of his eye or the wrinkles of his mouth for the faintest reflection of those inner thoughts, in which the issues of life and death may be already prejudged. But the careless and the healthy world is apt, perhaps, to forget the true elevation of the untitled and unrobed master of science.

As to the army medical man, perhaps the earliest notice of his estimation is in Homer, who tells of the kind anxiety of the Greek host when they found that *Æsculapius's* son, Machaon, was wounded by a random dart, and of his careful removal on shipboard—

Ἰητρὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιός ἄλλων.

Passing to later incidents not far from the same place, we have no doubt that the feeling of the poor sufferers in the Crimea towards their surgeons is unexaggerated by Mr. Rawlinson, a civil engineer, sent out on the sanitary commission, already referred to. Having been wounded, he had to be surgically treated in the front—an opportunity of observation which a civilian rarely obtains, or is anxious to obtain; and he says, "I can state that in that division in which I lay, from the officers to the men, the medical officers, if I may use so strong a term, were almost worshipped—idolised."

Yet throughout the late inquiries, now embodied in so alarming a library of blue-books, there is ever perceptible a continuous tissue of dissatisfaction with their position and functions, among the medical men of the army, and at the same time a demand, on the part of other people, for their performance of func-

tions which are supposed in some way or other to be connected with their department, but are not done by them, or by anybody else. The civilian witness just quoted, having been requested to give his opinion as to the philanthropy, kindness, and skill of the army surgeons, so far as his opportunities taught him, said, with honest fervour, "I cannot find language strong enough to express what I think of our surgeons. I thought that they were labouring under some disadvantages, and I do not think they are in a right position in a regiment. I do not think that their feelings for their men are consulted sufficiently."—(Q. 3331.) "Their men" here means the men under medical charge; but others might, with more strict military etiquette, talk of them as *their* men—and hence one of the difficulties.

Throughout the large mass of evidence bearing on the sufferings and the mortality of our army in the Crimea, many illustrations break out of a sensitiveness, and not a wholesome sensitiveness, in the medical department. We cannot think it either good taste or good policy for the physician to compete with the warrior for his laurels. These are not the shape in which the acknowledgments either of his skill or of his courage should be welcomed by him. The warrior is a peculiar being, alone and unapproachable in the character of his career. Others may show as much strategic skill, as much courage, as much combativeness even, but it all goes into a different classification of the world's heroes. It may be true that the military profession is apt to show a haughty and repellant jealousy of every attempt to participate in its peculiar honours and nomenclature; that the camp acknowledges no rank in the world but military rank, within which it includes royalty, because the monarch is the head of the army. But it is also true that this pride and jealousy are necessary attributes of the army, for adjusting the soldier's adaptation to his work, since it is certain that, wherever war is, there the soldier must be supreme. There is no room, no possibility for any other authority. Over a newly captured city—over the general seat of war—the

commander-in-chief of the forces must be supreme ruler. Judges, magistrates, civilians of all kinds, including the officers who are military in name but civilian in function, must be in his hands. Whatever nominal rank they may hold, therefore, the non-combatant portion of an army must always be subject to the combatant. Were a lieutenant in command of a small separate force, the surgeon must be under his orders, at least in every thing but the prescriptions he issues to his patients. As the Army Sanitary Commission justly say, "That relative rank should confer any military command, is of course out of the question; and no medical officer would for one moment contend for an authority for which he is manifestly not qualified, and with which, even if qualified, he could not be invested without detriment to the public service." Sir John M'Neill, if we mistake not, entered life as an army surgeon. The field thus open to him proved either uncongenial, or too narrow for his capacity, but he offers in his evidence a morsel of sound advice to those who are to make it their profession and provision for life. "I conceive," he says, "having myself a strong sympathy with the profession, that their true dignity consists in restricting themselves to their professional duties." We can anticipate no advantage either to the medical profession or to the public service, by the adoption of the following table of equivalents, supplied by a deputy inspector-general of hospitals, on half-pay:—

PRESENT TITLE.	PROPOSED TITLE.
Director-General.	Surgeon-General in Chief.
Inspector-General of Hospitals.	Surgeon-General.
Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals.	Surgeon-Brigadier.
Staff Surgeon, 1st Class.	Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel.
Staff Surgeon, 2d Class, and Regimental Surgeon.	Surgeon-Major.
Assistant Surgeon (above five years' service).	Surgeon-Captain.
Assistant Surgeon (under five years' practice).	Surgeon-Lieutenant.

We are not reconciled to the hankering of the surgeon after the soldier's peculiar distinctions, when we see attempts made to establish a parallel in

the merits and conduct of the two classes. "I consider," says Dr. Andrew Smith, "that the danger to which an officer is exposed during a severe epidemic in the West Indies, is greater than the danger that a man is exposed to in war." Who can doubt the large fund of courage, both active and passive, that is to be found in the medical profession? But is there only one form of reward for every kind of courage? St. Francis, Thomas à Becket, Luther, Latimer, Howard in the dungeons, and Mungo Park among the Africans, all showed a courage of which it were difficult to define the bounds; but would any of them have thought that all its aims were lost because they are refused a pair of epaulettes, and the distinction of so many shots over their coffins? We cannot conceive that it would do justice to the courage with which a man of experience and learning deliberately devotes health and life to the fulfilment of the noble duty of saving the lives of many others, that his merit should be weighed in the same balance with that of the high-spirited, thoughtless youth, who is the first to leap into the ditch or mount the parapet. The spot where the soldier's glory can be gained, is often far from that where the zealous military surgeon is reaping his. The Commissioners, referring to those honours which can only be conferred for service in the face of the enemy, say: "But the most arduous and the most dangerous services of medical officers are not always, even in war, rendered before the enemy. They have to strive with an enemy more dangerous than man. In the almost pestilential wards of Scutari, the exertions were more continuous, the dangers were greater, and the honours and rewards to be obtained were fewer, than at the front before Sebastopol. The mortality of the medical officers at Scutari was not much exceeded by that of the combatant officers in the army of the Crimea; but the survivors are debarred from receiving those honours which, fortunately for the country, are prized more than either rank or emolument."

In fact, there are some grounds for thinking that the medical depart-

ment is already cramped by too close an analogy to the combative in the gradation of ranks. Look at the difference of natural function between a superior and inferior officer, and a superior and inferior physician. In the former case the captain commands his company of one hundred, the colonel commands ten companies, making his thousand, and so upwards to the commander-in-chief; the character and responsibility of the functions rapidly rising with the rise in rank. In the medical world the family physician or the apothecary attends to the teething of the children, to the coughs and stomach-complaints, to the occasional sprains and cut fingers. When a critical case of typhus or erysipelas occurs, the superior officer is called for in the shape of the eminent consulting physician; if some critical operation in trepanning or amputation is necessary, he comes in the shape of a celebrated operating surgeon. But in the army service, where the established function of each rank is to have command over those of inferior rank, the adaptation of the several grades in medical and surgical science to their proper exigencies is entirely lost. The physician's progress upwards in his profession must all be through practice; but when he rises above the position of regimental surgeon in the army, he virtually leaves this test of progress behind him. Thus the performance of the most critical operations falls to the regimental surgeon and his assistant, the youngest members of the medical hierarchy—many of those in the Crimea, according to the evidence on the point, were mere boys; while it is the function of some dignified and veteran inspector to notice whether a bit of orange-peel is left on an hospital floor, or whether the requisitions are accurately recorded, and the case-books rightly kept. Thus, under the present system, it seems extremely difficult to find functions and rewards for professional talent in the army. A man there may be a great physician or surgeon, and a blessing to his regiment, but he cannot rise from his humble sphere but to undertake functions on which his talents are wasted, or for which they may not be suited. In the permanent

military hospitals there are opportunities for men of professional ability, but these can absorb but a small number. And even the inspecting and other work of the ordinary seniors can, we would suppose, give work to but a small proportion of those who rise in rank by seniority. Where elevation is virtually a removal out of the true theatre of usefulness, of course there will be no strong case for breaking through the easy and natural gradation by seniority. If, indeed, a man has talent enough for the performance of his regimental duties, it would be scant justice to deny to him that rank which he can also fill as well, because there is some other person who could perform some higher professional function still, were there any such in existence. How this must all tend to depress military talent and energy in the army, may be too easily seen. On the difficulty of bringing promotion by selection to bear on professional merit, we take the following remarks by a surgeon of hussars, Dr. Henry Mapleton—they look like truth and good sense. "No man deserves promotion more than the quiet unassuming man who will get up at night and go to the sick, readily and without murmur, with kindness and humanity in all his acts, but who will not perhaps write a good report: and my experience of the profession is, that in nine cases out of ten, the best practical men are the worst at making reports. Yet this man will rarely be brought to the special notice of the Director-General for promotion out of his turn; but another, who writes well and practices badly, will."—(Q. 4568.) There has hitherto, however, been but slight occasion for considering the best criterion for special promotion, since there seem to have been but rare infringements on the seniority system. A considerable portion of the Report before us is occupied with explanations how the promotion by seniority is adjusted to practical possibility, since army surgeons die all over the world, and the man next to the vacated place may be fifteen thousand miles away from it. The arrangements made for adjusting the claims of all, may be in reality simple, like those of the great bank and railway clearing houses in

London, but the details appear to the uninitiated very complicated.

How very necessary the system of promotion by seniority is in the army medical department, and how very heavy a burden this necessity is, are both illustrated in a remarkable form by promotions made upon other grounds in the Russian war—promotions which could not be avoided without scandal. It appears that these promotions upheaved a stratum of other medical officers away from the scene of action, who would have reason to complain that they had not an opportunity of competing for the prizes. It is explained that when such promotions were made, the Director-General, following a practice which had perhaps been established when instances of special promotion were extremely rare, took the earliest opportunity to promote the medical officers who had been passed over, as it is termed, by the special promotions. "Thus many medical officers who had distinguished themselves by their zeal or skill during the war in the East, or who had served continuously through all the hardships and dangers incidental to those campaigns, were rewarded by promotion, irrespective of seniority; and their seniors, who, being in Australia or elsewhere during the same period, had had no such opportunity of distinction, would likewise be promoted, to compensate them for their ill fortune."

It is clear that the Commissioners are at a loss to solve the difficulties in the way of the adjustment of the medical department of the army; they think "a limited number of good-service pensions to the officers most distinguished by their zeal and efficiency is due to the department, and will act as a wholesome stimulus to its members." Pensions and retiring allowances are useful and valuable things; their special usefulness is the inducement they give to broken-down and superannuated public servants to retire, and let the public business go on unburdened by their troublesome adhesion to functions which they cannot perform. But these are not the stimulants which guide aspiring young men in the choice of a profession, or urge on earnest and energetic adepts to seek

its higher distinctions. On one substantial point only do the Commissioners appear to find a way of benefiting the army surgeon in his present position; it is the simple unequivocal alternative of raising his pay. No one will deny that he fully deserves this. It will make him more comfortable and respectable during his years of monotony or drudgery; but it will not induce him to cultivate his capacities for the higher departments of a service which affords him so faint a chance of finding exercise for them. Coupled with this suggestion is another, which casts a melancholy shadow on the future of the army medical officer. "We must also add," the Commissioners say, "that we consider compulsory retirement at sixty-five years of age for the inspectorial ranks, and fifty-five years of age for the executive ranks, is absolutely necessary for the efficiency of the service." So that, at the age when the aspiring members of other professions often only begin to strive for its highest honours, the medical officer must leave the field, and either recommence the world again, or content himself in half-pay obscurity and uselessness.

It may sound like the extremity of Utopianism, but we cannot help, as at present advised, launching the opinion, that it would be better for the medical profession and all others concerned, if, instead of medical officers being created and continued as an appendage to particular branches of the public service, there were a separate medical department, consisting of all the medical men in the public service, from which each branch might be supplied according to its needs. The army and the navy surgeon could thus have the whole medical promotion in the public service before their eyes. When scientific professional men of very considerable standing have been tempted out of the lucrative walks of professional life, into some public office where their knowledge is required, it has often been noticed that their want of business aptitude or experience almost neutralises their scientific skill. But if they had spent their early years in the army or navy, and gradually found their way up to the more lucrative civil

appointment, they would probably have been competent men of business as well as of science. During the last quarter of a century, many new medical offices of more or less importance have been connected with the boards of lunacy, the poor-law, the administration of prisons, the collection of national vital statistics, and the inspection of factories and mines. There are other Government departments in which medical science would be valuable, and in some of those where it is already employed it ought to have a higher place and a more influential voice than it has. Respectable members of the profession have lately been complaining that it has not its legitimate influence in the legislation and administration of our country. Instead of such organic changes for the special benefit and distinction of the profession as they sometimes demand, we think their aid will be more legitimately obtained if the State draw liberally on the profession for all those members whom it can effectively employ in the public service: then by degrees would the profession grow into its legitimate influence and usefulness.

We have not mentioned the sanitary department as among those which already absorb medical science, because, as yet, it is but partially and imperfectly developed. That a thorough system of sanitary organisation will be extended to the army, after evidence so overwhelming, both of the good it is capable of accomplishing, and of the disasters which our troops have endured in its absence, cannot be doubted. Having before us the great object of pleading the soldier's claim for whatever aids to health and vitality science has given to the world, we have not thought it necessary at present to enter on the details of sanitary science, reserving it for an early occasion to offer to our readers a succinct account of its established results, and a description of the shapes in which these may become available, whether to the soldier or to the rest of the community. In the mean time, we think that both in the army and in other departments, the chief instrumentality in sanitary organisation must fall to the medical profession. True, they are not

the authors of the science, and are not reputed to have given it any cordial welcome or assistance. The functions to which the physician and surgeon have hitherto been trained, have been those of curing diseases and healing wounds. No one feels a natural prepossession at first sight for something that is to supersede his science, and accomplish the object of his labours by other means. Without any ill feeling to the world, the votary of the curing art has his heart's affections on difficult and instructive "cases;" and the humane hospital-surgeon will feel a private sorrow in contemplating an array of empty wards. The medical department of the army has endured some obloquy, because its surgical officers have not also been sanitary officers. But the function was out of the routine of their duties, and there was no warrant or authority for the undertaking if they desired it. No doubt, as Sir James Hall explains it, the regimental or inspecting surgeon would have something to say about the salubrity of quarters or the site of an intrenchment, yet these are functions merely incidental to the staple duty of such an officer among the sick and wounded. They are not functions in which he has either power or responsibility; and it depends on his relations with the officers in command, whether any suggestions he makes will be listened to. In private life, indeed, the consulting physician, whose patient calls him in for an opinion on the drainage of his house, or an analysis of the water in the pump, or even for his views about the neighbouring fen or graveyard, might not feel gratified by the compliment so paid to his enlightened views, and his advancement with the spirit of the age. The sanitary function has yet to be defined and adjusted. How readily it may come to the hands of the medical officer, was shown some years ago, through an ingenious adjustment which at once created the transformation on shipboard. The mortality among Government emigrants to distant colonies, and among penal transportees to Australia, had become alarming. It was suggested that the shortest remedy was to pay for their passage, not by the number

shipped, but by the number delivered alive. The contractors now took an altered view of the terms of their contract: formerly it had been to supply so much ship room and provisions, now it was a contract to keep people alive, fortified by a penalty on each death. The surgeon, instead of merely physicking the sick and treating sores and wounds, was converted into a sanitary officer, who looked keenly to the ventilation of the ship, the salubrity of the food, and even the habits, generally, of the passengers, as promotive of health or of disease. They were not to be permitted to deteriorate their condition; it was equivalent to allowing them to cheat the contractor. A signal decrease in the mortality of such passengers was the result.

The practical conclusion of the Commissioners on this point is well put in the following short statement: "In civil life, sanitary science as yet is neither much studied nor widely spread, nor has the value of its practical application to the ordinary conditions of life obtained any very general acquiescence. While the tendency to fuse together the practice of medicine and surgery has thrown almost the whole practice of the country (except that of the great towns) into the hands of the general practitioner, a subdivision of labour of another kind has simultaneously been gaining ground in the medical profession. The study of sanitary science has been taken up as a specialty, and the field has been abandoned by the mass of the profession, to be exclusively occupied by those who so study it. The names of those eminent in either branch are perfectly well known to the public, who employ the one or the other according as they want individual sickness treated or public sickness prevented. It is rare to send for the health officer to treat sickness, or to employ the eminent practising physician or surgeon to drain a town or to guard a district against the approach of cholera. The fusion between the medical and surgical specialties is in the army medical department even more complete than in the civil profession; and if efficient sanitary officers are to be obtained, it will be by the encouragement offered by Go-

verment to the army medical officers to make themselves thoroughly masters of the specialties of that branch of the medical art, and its practical application."

They propose that a special sanitary officer should be attached to the Quartermaster-General's department of every army in the field. As the watcher over all preventible causes of disease or death, the functions of such an officer will range beyond drainage and ventilation, and even the salubrity of the foods and liquors. As a brief summary of the elements of morbid evil permitted to operate upon our force in the Crimea, we shall take from the report of M'Neill and Tulloch a paragraph, of which we have no doubt the terms were well weighed and carefully revised before the document was issued. Observing that the returns of sickness and mortality relate to matters beyond the region of their inquiry, they say, "But the mortality in the Crimea has been too remarkable not to excite a strong desire to ascertain, if possible, its causes. The medical evidence appears conclusive against attributing it to anything peculiarly unfavourable in the climate; and all the officers, of whatever rank or profession, whom we examined, referred to overwork, improper diet, exposure to cold and moisture, with deficient shelter, inadequate clothing, and defective boots, as the causes of disease. Some of the witnesses appeared to attribute greater influence to one of these causes, some to another; but there can be no doubt that the mortality was the effect, not of any one cause apart from the others, but of a combination of the whole."

Let us count one of these causes of mortality, the "overwork," among the sacrifices cheerfully and heroically made by the soldier: there was an end to be gained by it which neither quartermaster nor commissary could achieve. We had a wide-extended front and a thin line, and overwork must make up for the deficiency of numbers. But the other causes were deficiencies in things due to the soldier—due by our engagement with him to go where he went to fight our battles; and the bargain was not

kept with him. We shall say no more on a matter which we thoroughly discussed while it was yet fresh.*

In conclusion, let us drop for the reader's consideration a few thoughts upon the question, whether it is decent and just, wise and generous, that our country should be given to the practice of maligning the mass of its soldiery as a kind of pariah class, when estimated with the rest of the citizens of the British empire. It is true that we uphold their fame in all comparison with foreign troops. They are the only men who will stand to be cut down at their post; they are the only troops who can be trusted in lines against columns, or who can be handled in small detachments close to a hostile army. Dupin criticises as a peculiar nationality the superb arrogance with which our statesmen and generals have ever spoken of auxiliaries and foreign mercenaries when engaged in the same operations with British troops, comparing their combination to the mixing of gold with the baser metals. Of late years the national boast has been better grounded than ever. Our standing and fame among the nations of the earth, though it may have many substantial foundations, has in late trials and difficulties been upheld chiefly by the soldier. And yet, at home among ourselves, he is still spoken of as the black sheep of our family. It was predicted that when the Russian war ceased, and a large portion of our army was disbanded, crime would immediately increase. It did not. In the interval between the two wars, the Russian and the Sepoy, the number of criminals continued steadily to decrease. However the survivors of that long stern conflict, in which the enemy was not the most formidable destroyer, bestowed themselves, it was not by becoming tenants of the jails. In one shape, however, their conduct taught an unpleasant lesson: the disbanded did not come forward on the new emergency, and raw recruits had to be sent to India. Hence the natural inference is, that our enlistments bring in high-spirited thoughtless youths, with little

* See "The Crimean Report and Chelsea Inquiry," in the Number for July 1856.

notion of the actual soldier's life and struggles; that when these come upon them, the natural courage, endurance, and dutiful feeling of their race, supported by a powerful system of discipline, make them go through with what they have engaged for; but that when they have endured 'all, and find how small the reward is in any shape—position, repute, or pecuniary recompense—they are not inclined to resume the same career. We believe that the hard trials and the variety of occupations improved to usefulness by the strict discipline kept up, converted many of the raw recruits who had been taken to the Crimea into very valuable men for some departments of civil duty when they were disbanded, and it is satisfactory to think that some of them are thus occupying positions of permanent usefulness, and reaping better rewards than any that awaited them in the service.

When people speak of enlistment as the proper refuge for all the worthless scamps of the community, they are but repeating a scandal long ago affixed upon our army by Act of Parliament. In the recruiting Acts of Queen Anne, justices of peace are authorised to impress into the service "such able-bodied men as do not exercise some lawful calling or employment, or have not some other lawful and sufficient support and maintenance." In the early days of Methodism, a clergyman of that persuasion, named Nelson, was forcibly enlisted at Halifax as a person "having no lawful calling or employment."^{*}

It became the practice in these enlistments to certify that the recruits had no visible means of livelihood; and it is under a literal interpretation of the definition that Sergeant Kite, in Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, secures a collier, because "may it please your worship, this man has no visible means of livelihood, for he works under ground." Burnett said of the Act when first adopted, "If well managed, it will prove of great advantage to the nation, since by this means it will be delivered from many vicious and idle persons who are be-

come a burden to their country." The object of the Act was to sweep into the army every blackguard in and out of jail, and it became habitual to suspend the punishments of atrocious offenders, and enlist them; so that to be enlisted in the army, and to be transported to the plantations, were but two ways of accomplishing the same object, enjoying a common infamy. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1744, there appears the following highly satisfactory statement of the working of the Act: "A general press began for recruiting his majesty's regiments and manning the fleet, when upwards of one thousand men were secured in the several jails of London and Westminster, being allowed 6d. a-head per diem by the Commissioners of the Land-tax, who examine them, and send those away that are found fit for his majesty's service. The same method was taken in each county." This species of recruiting, with variations, was continued so long, that Grose, in his *Military Antiquities*, gives the following account of its practice in 1780: "All the thieves, pickpockets, and vagabonds in the environs of London, too lame to run away, or too poor to bribe the parish officers, were apprehended and delivered over as soldiers to the regiments quartered in the towns and villages where these banditti had lived. The pressed men deserted, nor did the regiments on which they were imposed take the least pains to prevent their escape or to retake them, as they justly considered being thus made the companions of thieves and robbers a most grievous and cruel insult, and loudly complained of it as such to their officers." The legacy bequeathed to us by these unworthy acts of the Government and Parliament of last century is found in the traditional taint still attaching to the soldier's life—a taint which makes those who would cheerfully give their sons as an honourable sacrifice to their country, lament it as they would a crime when they hear that a youth has "listed." It is the traditional result of this policy that has seemed to justify a respectable

* MARSHALL'S *Historical Details relative to the Military Force, &c.*, p. 29.

writer of the present age, Dr. Wade, in speaking of the British soldier in terms which are a heavy scandal to the country. In his *History of the Middle and Working Classes* he says: "The army is mostly filled from the same causes which fill the jails and houses of correction; it is not choice, but necessity, which compels men to enlist therein. Having lost their character, or contracted habits of idleness and improvidence which exclude them from the better paid walks of civil industry, they are constrained to devote themselves to the hardships and perils of military life." It might perhaps be hard to determine by rigid law that there is any sphere of usefulness from which the reformed offender should be excluded. But, far from making the army the general refuge for offenders, reformed or unreformed, we would hold that, next to the Church, it ought to be counted the last profession in which offenders stained by dishonesty or other degrading crimes can secure a welcome.

While the process of degradation was going on, the sagacious Defoe uttered in his own rough fashion some remarks, which came close to truth and soundness on the point. "Why," he says, "are jails rummaged for malefactors, and the Mint and prisons for debtors? The war is an employment of honour, and suffers some scandal in having men taken from the gallows, and immediately, from villains and housebreakers, made gentlemen soldiers. If men wanted employment, and consequently bread, this would never be. Any man would carry a musket rather than starve, and wear the Queen's cloth, or anybody's cloth, rather than go naked, and live in rags and want. It is plain the nation is full of people, and it is as plain our people have no particular aversion to the war, but they are not poor enough to go abroad. It is poverty makes men soldiers, and drives cowards into the armies: and the difficulty to get Englishmen to list is because they live in plenty and ease; and he that can earn 20s. a-week at an easy steady employment, must be drunk or mad when he lists for a

soldier, to be knocked o' the head for 3s. 6d. a-week."*

This, as we say, comes close to the point. Frankly, we would have the entire condition of the common soldier uplifted in the social scale, by the expenditure necessary to produce that result. If we are told that this may cost the nation two or three millions, the answer is, that they would be well expended. Perhaps some one will say that the army is not a mercenary profession. This argument may be decorously employed by those who receive, but not by those who give. The parson and the surgeon of the parish are not perhaps mercenary, and yet if each have not a good house and clean linen, with the means of educating his family, the usefulness of his functions will be impaired, and the position of his children will sink in the scale of civilisation. It may be truly urged that our troops cost more by the head than any other troops in the world, but yet it is notorious that in scarcely any other country is the soldier so far below the level of the other citizen. Until he reaches a position corresponding to what he holds in other nations, we maintain that the expenditure assigned to him is insufficient. From the constitution and habits of this country—especially from our way of dealing with the army—money is the sole means by which the amendment can be accomplished. We have ceased to be in any way a feudal people—we buy all services in hard cash—and we must pay what they are worth, instead of attempting, through the flaunting recruiting-sergeant at the gin-house door, to obtain them by a combination of fraud and force.

It cannot be doubted that the many kind and judicious details of improvement suggested by the Sanitary Commissioners will materially improve the soldier's condition. They come in a shape that cannot be resisted. Their tenor forcibly reminds us of one whose latter days would have been gladdened had he lived to see the great object of his life placed in such a train for practical accomplishment. Many readers will anticipate the name of Dr. Henry Marshall, Inspector of Mili-

* MARSHALL'S *Hist. Details*, p. 22.

tary Hospitals, the author of the work to which we have occasionally referred, and of other works devoted to the grievances of the soldier, and their remedy. In the following brief emphatic remark in his *Military Miscellany*, the reader will recognise a grievance which has been lately thundered loudly in the British ear.

"With respect to the dinner, it may be observed, that in this country it is commonly excellent in quality and abundant in quantity; but it is unvarying—the same kind of articles cooked in the same manner, from the 1st January to the 31st December.

'Que le vent souffle au nord, ou qu'il souffle au midi, C'est toujours du bouilli, mais jamais du roti.'"

Whatever improvement may hereafter be attributable to the Report of the Army Sanitary Commission, we cannot help thinking that the future of the British soldier is not unlikely to be brightened by a historical episode, which about this time last year opened in darkness and calamity. Certainly no great theory seemed ever to be better founded—none ever bore

discussion and criticism better—than that which enjoined us to keep a large well-paid native army in our Indian possessions. The practical refutation of the theory has cost us dear. Henceforth, we apprehend, it will be found that a large British army will be our security there. It is a necessity of all arrangements for governing Eastern races, that those placed over them should enjoy the benefits of position; and the Company have been accustomed to consider this in the large incomes given to their officers, and even in the improved condition of the British soldier when serving them. The new force will probably obtain a still higher and better-ascertained position, and it would not surprise us to see the sons of yeomen and superior artisans finding in the ranks of the Indian army the sort of provision which the sons of our gentry have enjoyed in the higher branches of the Company's service. If this should be so, it is needless to say that the continuance of the soldier at home in his present sordidness, while his brother in the East lives like a gentleman, would prove an anomaly not to be tolerated.

THE POORBEAH MUTINY: THE PUNJAB.—NO. V.

CHAPTER V.

LITTLE had occurred during the latter part of June to disturb the peace of the Punjab stations. At Lahore the native troops remained disarmed and passive, as also at Peshawur, where, however, a more rigid surveillance was necessary, and more than once the disarmed regiments had been detected secreting native weapons in their lines. The 21st Native Infantry continued to form an honourable exception to their Poorbeah brethren, retaining their good name and their arms throughout. At Nowshera the 10th Irregulars, whose very questionable conduct has been already spoken of, were, by a most admirably concerted arrival of Europeans and Moultees, disarmed, unhorsed, ignominiously

turned out of the station, and sent across the Indus. The 58th Native Infantry at Rawul Pindie, the 14th Native Infantry at Jhelum, at Seal-kote the 46th Native Infantry and a wing of the 9th Cavalry, the 59th Native Infantry at Umritsur, the 4th Native Infantry at Kangra and Noorpoor, and the 2d Irregular Cavalry at Goordaspore, were still armed, yet nearly all* had more or less given signs of a passive disaffection. It was generally felt that certainly in some, and probably in all of them, were smouldering the embers of mutiny, which any chance breath might fan into flame. And the month of July was to witness the outbreak of that long-suppressed spirit, in a degree even more blood-

* The 4th Native Infantry were most free from suspicion; next to them came the 59th Native Infantry.

thirsty and disastrous than had marked the rising of the Jullundhur troops in the beginning of June, without the impunity, however—not to say *success*—with which those regiments had escaped under the very eye of a strong European force.

At the end of June, Sir John Lawrence and the military authorities at Rawul Pindee had received secret intimation that this spirit was attaining a dangerous height, especially among the 14th Native Infantry, of which regiment two companies were on detached duty at Rawul Pindee. This corps had throughout been regarded with anxious suspicion; from the very first they had indirectly avowed a mutinous tendency; and whenever their fidelity was challenged, their only reply was that they would do as the 39th did; and there was now every reason to believe that they were ripe for mutiny. To anticipate their designs, it was resolved to disarm them, and also the 58th Native Infantry, in whose stanchness, notwithstanding the asseverations and the tact of their commandant, Colonel Barstow, there had never been any very great confidence.

All the necessary arrangements were made for this step. On the morning of the first of July, three companies of her Majesty's 24th (260 strong), under Lieutenant Colonel Ellice and five officers, with three Horse-Artillery guns under Captain Cooke and Lieutenant Lewes, and 150 of Captain Miller's Police Battalion, left Rawul Pindee, with sealed orders to proceed towards Jhelum. On the 3d the Moulteevee Levies,* under Lieutenant Lind, numbering 460 cavalry and 250 infantry, who had come in from Peshawur the day before, were pushed on by forced marches to overtake Colonel Ellice's detachment.

The morning of the 7th July saw the whole remaining force at Rawul Pindee brigaded on the open ground to the west of the church, consisting of four companies of the 24th, the

three remaining guns of the Horse Artillery, with some of Captain Miller's Mounted Police, and the 58th Native Infantry, and the two companies of the 14th Native Infantry. The avowed object of this parade was to hear the reading of a general order; nor did even the officers of the native corps know that anything further was contemplated.

At the conclusion of the order, the Horse Artillery and the European Infantry were ordered to wheel round, and were thus brought facing the native regiments. No sooner did the Sepoys see the manœuvre than they suspected its object, and broke off in the direction of their own lines: their officers accompanied them, and manfully endeavoured to allay the panic, and to persuade their men to lay down their arms quietly. With the 58th Native Infantry the officers prevailed; and on arriving at the parade-ground, the Sepoys gave up their arms. Not so, however, with the two companies of the 14th Native Infantry: these had set the example in the flight; and many of them were now seen making for the city, musket in hand. Captain Miller's Mounted Police were quickly after them, and cut up several; the rest, who for a time got off, were caught by the villagers, and their heads brought in next morning. The only European wounded was Captain Miller himself, who, in gallant pursuit of the fugitives, had his arm broken by a musket-shot. Thus ended the affair on the Rawul Pindee parade-ground.†

A similar scene, but with very different results, was at the same time being enacted at Jhelum, it having been intended that the disarming should be simultaneous at both stations. On the morning of the 6th, Colonel Ellice's detachment, now strengthened by Lieutenant Lind's Moulteevees, arrived at Deenah, one march from Jhelum. Here the sealed orders were opened, and it was found that the object of the expedition was to disarm the 14th Native Infantry.

* Already mentioned as having distinguished themselves at Kotee Murdan against the 55th Native Infantry.

† Mutiny, however, was still lurking in the ranks. A week after, seven Sepoys of the 58th and 14th Native Infantry were blown away from guns, and some others hanged.

Colonel Ellice at once detached 220 of the Moultee Horse to proceed through cantonments and cross the river, with the two-fold object of allaying suspicion and guarding the opposite bank. He himself rode into Jhelum, and made arrangements with Colonel Gerard, commanding the 14th Native Infantry, for carrying out his orders on the following morning.

Before gun-fire on the 7th, the Horse-Artillery guns under Captain Cooke, and the remaining 240 of Lind's Moultee Horse, had, as previously directed, taken up their ground on the extreme right of cantonments, to guard that flank, and to prevent any attempt at escape to the city of Jhelum. The day dawned, but the Europeans were not yet in sight; at length they appeared, filing down from the neighbouring high ground, and on reaching the level they deployed into line. The 14th were now standing on their own parade-ground in open column; about a hundred Sikhs had been just separated from the rest, and were standing apart. As soon as the Sepoys saw the European force advancing, the whole body were thrown into commotion; they began loading without orders, and in defiance of their officers' entreaties. Colonel Gerard and the other officers finding all remonstrance in vain, and perceiving their danger, rushed forward from the regiment (as also did the Sikhs), and were followed by several stray shots; but not one of them was touched. The Sepoys at once broke, and fell back on their lines; a portion holding the Quarter-Guard, and a small body formed in advance across the road leading to it. The Moultees, though five hundred yards off, were ordered to charge. Down they came; not a shot was fired till they were within thirty yards, when a withering volley met them. On went the Moultees, cutting down right and left: but the Sepoys were soon out of reach in the verandahs, and on the battlemented top of the Quarter-Guard, and in their own huts; and unfortunately the 24th had not yet come up in support. Lieutenant Lind's charger was shot dead; and when his men saw him fall, they fled and drew off, not, however,

before they had done good execution among the mutineers, though with heavy loss to themselves. In that short ten minutes nine of their own number had fallen dead, and twenty-eight were brought off wounded, with some thirty horses killed and as many more wounded. The Moultee infantry and police now came up and went in bravely; but they were mere recruits, some raised scarcely a fortnight, and armed only with matchlocks, and they could not stand before the superior numbers, arms, and discipline of the Sepoys. The guns, too, were in full play; but the Sepoys had so much shelter that the grape could rarely reach them. For some time they held their lines (having loopholed their huts, as if preparing for such a contingency), and were in comparative safety. At length the 24th (Queen's) came up in fine style, and some fifty of them, with Colonel Ellice at their head, made a gallant dash, and carried the Quarter-Guard, but with the loss of their leader, who fell dangerously wounded. The Sepoys at last, driven from their own lines, made for those of the 39th, and occupied a small masjid. Here, however, they did not stay long; a well-directed shell blew up the regimental magazine; and they were quickly in retreat on the village of Saemlee, where they still mustered some three hundred strong.

Now came a short respite. It was just 1 o'clock in the day: the men of the 24th, after a long march, and above seven hours' fighting, were spent and faint; and finding out the 39th mess-house, and Major Knatchbull's far-famed stores, they helped themselves, perhaps too liberally; so that for a time all order was lost. However, at 5 p.m., Colonel Gerard, who had assumed command on Colonel Ellice being wounded, resolved to attack the village; and a desperate struggle ensued. The Moultee horse and Police troopers were again placed on the left flank, to prevent the rebels escaping. The artillery were brought up to the front, with the infantry in support. But unfortunately the guns were ordered on too near, notwithstanding Captain Cooke's remonstrance; the Sepoys, safe behind the walls and houses, were picking off the gunners with fatal precision; while the grape that was being

poured in either passed harmless over their heads, or spent itself on the mud walls. Had a rush been now made like that under Colonel Ellice at the Quarter-Guard, the village must have been carried at the bayonet's point. But it was not attempted in any force. Captain M'Pherson with five or six men made a gallant dash, and effected a lodgment; but finding the force retiring instead of supporting him, he gave it up, and drew off his brave little band without the loss of a man. Captain Cooke, too, found himself losing horses and men so fast that he was compelled to retire, and could only save two of his guns: the howitzer had been unhorsed and well-nigh unmanned, and he had no alternative but to leave it behind. The whole force now fell back beyond musket range. Captain Spring was borne off mortally wounded, Streatfield and Chichester severely. The rebels made a sally, seized the disabled howitzer, dragged it, limber and all, into the village: the howitzer they tumbled into the river as useless, but preserved all the ammunition, as likely to stand them in good stead.

It was now sunset. All hope of taking the village that night was abandoned. The men, wearied with the day's work, threw themselves down on the ground in front of the village, and there passed the night.

A telegraphic message had reported all to the Rawul Pindée authorities. Colonel Browne of the 24th was sent off express to take command, and a further detachment of the regiment followed under Lieutenant Holland.* When the day dawned, however, and

preparations were being made to renew the attack, it was found that the rebels had saved them the trouble; they had slipped off during the night, and the village was empty! However, the 14th had still to learn that, though they got off for a time, resistance and mutiny were in the long run a losing game. The arrangements of Major Clement Browne, the Commissioner, were far too good to give them much chance of escape: the bridge of boats across the river, which ran along the rear of cantonments, had been secured the first thing that morning by some Punjabee police, who relieved the usual Sepoy guard; all the ferry-boats on this and all the Punjab rivers had been long before seized by the authorities. The 14th Native Infantry had paraded that morning some six hundred strong; of these one hundred Sikhs had been at once separated, and did good service during the day. Of the remaining five hundred, only about *one-tenth* eventually escaped.† A great number were captured in the district and brought in by the villagers; and those who did contrive to escape by the Munglas ford, some miles up the Jhelum, into the Cashmere territory, were subsequently given up. But there had been heavy loss on our side. The 24th lost one Captain (Spring) killed, and had its Colonel (Ellice), and two subalterns, Lieutenants Streatfield and Chichester, dangerously wounded; and a young civil-engineer, named Scott, who had gallantly volunteered and done good service, was also wounded.‡

Thus closed the Jhelum affair—in

* This detachment had only reached Goojur Khan, just half-way when a counter order overtook them, and they returned to Rawul Pindée, all need for them at Jhelum having ceased.

† One hundred and fifty were killed in the encounter, 180 captured afterwards, and 120 given up by the Cashmere authorities, leaving only an odd 50 not "accounted for."

‡ The total loss on that day was as follows:—

	Killed.	Wounded.
Officers,	1	4
H. M. 24th, rank and file,	22	48
Artillery,	1	8
Moultanees,	9	32
Sikhs,	3	1
Police,	8	16
	44	109

Besides 53 horses killed, and some 40 wounded.

the final defeat and destruction of the mutinous 14th. But, as will be seen, the temporary success of their resistance was a shock which vibrated through the Punjab.

The telegraph had carried the tidings that night to Sir John Lawrence at Rawul Pindee; it was repeated back at once to Mr. Montgomery, at Lahore, who passed it on instantly to Umritsur, and thither we must follow it. The Movable Column was now here. Chamberlain having, on the death of Colonel Chester, at Budlee Serai, been offered the appointment of Adjutant-General of the Army, had left the Column in the middle of June, probably not without some reluctance, laying down the sword to take up the pen. The vacancy thus caused was at once filled by Colonel Nicholson,* with the similar rank of Brigadier-General. Hastening down from the Peshawur frontier, he at once joined the Column, and took command on the 21st of June, on which day the Column had marched into Jullundhur. He soon found reason not only to suspect the 34th Light Infantry, who were still armed, of disaffection, but to believe that they were actually ripe for mutiny, which was only kept under by the strictest surveillance. Of the 33d Native Infantry, who also had retained their arms, at Hosheyarpore, there were grave suspicions. This corps had been, therefore, ordered down, and was now on its way to join the Column; and as the two corps together might prove too strong, the General resolved on disarming them both simultaneously. This was effected in the following manner: The Column moved out of Jullundhur on the 28d. "On for Delhi!" was the cry—a rumour industriously confirmed, as it tended to allay all suspicion of the General's ulterior object. It was thus arranged that the 33d Native Infantry were to join the Column at Phugwarrah, on the road towards Phillour. They came in about midnight on the 24th, just as the column itself was moving off the ground, and naturally fell in in rear of the 35th Light

Infantry—a plan carefully preconcerted by the General. The Column marched in the following order: Dawes's troop, Bouchier's battery, her Majesty's 52d Light Infantry, the 35th Light Infantry, the 33d Native Infantry, and the wing of the 9th Cavalry in rear, to bring up the baggage. Captain Farrington, the Deputy-Commissioner, whose local knowledge of the district rendered his presence of great importance; and Lieutenant Roberts, of the Artillery, as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, with the Column (being both in the secret), rode on overnight to Phillour to examine whether the ground immediately in front of the fort would admit of the disarming taking place there, it being a great object if possible to bring them within range of the fort guns. Other precautions had also to be taken; and all were so taken as to give colouring to the belief that an onward move was contemplated. The bridge of boats was examined, on the plea of some anxiety being felt lest it should give way before the Column could cross, and additional waggons were collected, apparently with the view of expediting the journey. Censures were rife, both in camp and in the fort. Nicholson was condemned in no qualified terms for dreaming of taking two such corps to Delhi, where not a man could be trusted. The morning dawned, and found the General on the ground, he having ridden on ahead to reconnoitre for himself; and it was decided that the space near the fort was too small for the purpose, and the advantage of being under the fort guns was of necessity foregone: the usual camping-ground was the only alternative. The whole plan was at once resolved on. As the Column arrived on the ground, they filed off on the right of the road. The artillery and the 52d Queen's, having designedly pushed on, were some way in advance, and were in position, the guns at intervals, with the Europeans distributed between, before the rest arrived. Across the road stood a serai, the usual accompaniment of every camping-ground. As the 35th

* His name, it will be remembered, had been one of the three originally recommended to General Anson for this command.

Native Infantry came near, they were ordered to turn off to the left, and go round the rear of the seral, which helped to conceal the Europeans from them till they were wheeled up, left shoulders forward, and brought face to face with them and the guns, about 300 yards off (a good distance for grape). The 52d were lying along on the ground resting; the gunners had dismounted. The camp was being pitched, as usual, in the rear; there was nothing to cause suspicion. The 35th Light Infantry were now ordered to form in close column as they stood, on the opposite side of the road. The men of the 52d rose up, unpiled arms, and stood "at attention." The gunners remounted. The officer commanding the 35th Native Infantry was sent for by the General, and told that the men *must give up their arms!* The men, probably expecting they were about to hear some common order read, were completely taken by surprise, and overawed, and (says one who stood at his guns, ready to annihilate them at the slightest resistance) "they quietly laid down their arms like a set of cows." The 33d Native Infantry, being fatigued with the double march, were a little behind, and by the time they reached the ground, the arms of the 35th had been all stowed away in the carts so conveniently at hand. They also obeyed the order as submissively as the 35th had done,* and all the arms were at once carried off to the fort, and the day's work was concluded.

By this masterly arrangement of General Nicholson, on the morning of the 25th of June, some 1500 Sepoys were thus disarmed in the presence of about 800 Europeans and a dozen guns, without a shot being fired, or a drop of blood shed! Every

precaution, however, had been taken to meet any emergency that might arise. The artillery were ready to open at the first sign of resistance, and the first shot fired was to have been the signal for Mr. Ricketts, who was at the bridge, to cut away some boats, and stop the passage of the river; and the fate of the rebels would have been far different from that of their Jullundhur brethren a fortnight before. All this was mercifully averted. The tact of General Nicholson triumphed. Nor was the effect of the success lost on the natives who witnessed it. "You have to-day drawn the fangs of 1500 snakes," said an old Sikh to Captain Farrington; "truly your *ikbal* (good fortune) is great!"

After this, Nicholson moved up to Jullundhur. In the beginning of July, however, a hint reached him from above; on which, leaving the 88d Native Infantry under the eye of the Europeans and some Kuppoor-thulla men at Jullundhur, he brought up the rest of the Column to Umritsur. This move appeared incomprehensible; its object was the constant theme of wonder and conjecture, and of condemnation too, by those who inferred from the former downward march that Delhi was to be their destination, and in their disappointment abused the tactics they could not understand. The time was not yet come for the Column to march on Delhi. More work had to be done in the Punjab. The Column had remained for nearly a month, moving from Umritsur to Phillour, and now back again, biding its time. Here was its range: below there remained no more regiments to mutiny; and if those above attempted to rise and make for Delhi, here was the point from which they could be most easily

* The turn events took really proved *most favourable*, though this delay of the 33d Native Infantry, at the time, caused great anxiety. Had the 35th Native Infantry resisted, and the guns once opened fire, the 33d would have taken alarm, and probably all their officers would have fallen victims. The wing of the 9th Cavalry close behind them would have joined, and the consequence might have been a deadly struggle. To wait, however, till the 33d should come, involved a greater risk than the 35th, if kept waiting, might suspect the object, and break out; whereas, taking them by surprise, having had no means as yet of consulting with the 33d for any combined action, with a powerful body of Europeans and guns facing them, the probability was they would be overawed and succumb. Most providentially such was the result; and the 33d, on coming up, and finding their comrades disarmed, had no inducement to resist.

and effectually cut off in their downward march. Loudly as men might complain of the retrograde march, condemning it as objectless, the event disclosed its object, and showed its wisdom. On the morning of the 8th, the 59th Native Infantry had been paraded; and Nicholson, to remove the somewhat natural fear that they were to share the fate of the 33d and 35th Native Infantry, had complimented them on their general good conduct, and assured them that he rejoiced in having no reason for disarming them. That day the telegraphic message came in from Mr. Montgomery, reporting the imperfect success of the Jhelum affair. A necessity now arose, which had not existed a few hours before, although this upward march had been made in anticipation of its possibility, and the Column was now on the spot to meet it. On the following morning, the 9th of July, some wretched rebel was doomed to be executed. The General ordered down the 59th Native Infantry to witness it. The spot always selected for this purpose was a large space of level ground between the city and Govindgurb Fort, about a mile from the cantonments. The 59th marched down; the whole European column, her Majesty's 52d Light Infantry, Dawes's troops, and Bouchier's battery, were drawn up, forming three sides of a square. The execution proceeded; when it was over, the 59th were suddenly ordered to "pile arms;" they were taken wholly by surprise, but obeyed without a moment's hesitation. They laid down 450 stand of arms, which were at once carried off to the fort; the Sikhs were ordered to fall out; and the regiment marched back to its lines. It appeared to have been forgotten that only a part of the regiment were on parade, and that 450 formed only a small portion of their complement of arms. The corps proceeded to their lines crestfallen, but most orderly; they went to their *kotes* (bells of arms), and brought out nearly 700 more muskets, which they gave up to their officers, and helped to pack away to be carried off to the fort. There could surely have been then but little treason in that corps, or

instead of thus voluntarily disarming themselves, they would have resented the disgrace to which they had been subjected by shooting down their officers, who were wholly at their mercy. Such an act will hardly be forgotten when the day of reckoning comes.

This occurred on the morning of Thursday the 9th of July; from that scene of order and apparent faithfulness we are suddenly carried to a scene of treachery and bloodshed, which was at that very moment being perpetrated at the neighbouring station of Sealkote.

The position of Sealkote had from the first been most precarious. The withdrawal of the whole European force in the end of May had left it wholly unprotected. A wing of the 9th Cavalry, with the 46th Native Infantry, remained there; and thus about a dozen officers belonging to these two corps, the Brigadier and his staff, with a few soldiers left to guard a small number of sick of her Majesty's 52d and artillery, who were too ill to be moved, not forty able-bodied men in all, constituted the European strength of the station; several ladies also, with their families, who could not be persuaded to leave, still remained: all these were in the power and at the caprice of some 250 mounted troopers, and at least 700 armed Sepoys. For six weeks, it may truly be said, every man's life was in his hand; they were all living, and they felt it too, on the edge of a mine of treason which might explode at any moment and destroy them all, while they were utterly powerless to avert it. The policy of Brigadier Brind, who commanded the station, was throughout to *appear* to place the fullest confidence in the native troops. To have acted otherwise could only have hastened the catastrophe. To the wisdom of that policy those six weeks of unbroken quiet are the best testimony. That it at length failed, under irresistible pressure from without, can cast no reflection on him. In the course of the 8th, private intelligence reached, the civil authorities of the attempt to disarm the 14th at Jhelum, and their desperate resistance. It was communicated con-

sidentially to the Brigadier; he felt that probably the fate of the station was sealed; but no effort they could make would at all avail to ward it off.

The news from Jhelum had also found its way into the lines, probably in an exaggerated report of the success of the mutineers. By an unhappy coincidence, a trooper of the 9th Cavalry had that day come in on leave from the left wing, and reported that the Column had reached Umritsur, and was probably coming on to disarm the Sealkote troops; moreover—which perhaps settled all—a foot-messenger arrived with a letter from the King of Delhi! * Thus did the clouds gather and close in on Sealkote on the night of the 8th July; and while the residents, ignorant that a more than ordinary danger was at hand, resigned themselves to rest, the traitorous troopers of the 9th Cavalry were planning with the utmost deliberation for their morning work of bloodshed, even to the placing pickets, mounted and armed, on every road by which escape was likely to be attempted, especially the one leading to the fort.

At gun-fire the outbreak commenced. The main picket, which the Brigadier had originally established on the south-west of cantonments (and always retained, as if to impress upon the Sepoys his belief that any danger that might befall Sealkote would come from without), marched off of their own accord, and in disorder hastened to their lines. Shouts and yells were soon heard on the 46th parade-ground. The officers, roused from their sleep, were quickly mounted and among their men, whom they found in open

mutiny. Brigadier Brind, in whose house Captain Chambers, the cantonment magistrate, and Captain Balmain of the 9th Cavalry, had passed the night for many weeks, keeping alternate watch, soon learned that the crisis had come. Captain Balmain, relieved of his guard by Captain Chambers, had just before gun-fire gone to his own house close by, and thrown himself on his bed to snatch a short sleep, when a faithful trooper rushed in in undress, and told him "the men were mounting," and "mischief would come." Rousing the Brigadier as he passed, he hastened down to his lines, but found it hopeless to attempt to restore order: the men were already mounted, and one troop had galloped off to force the jail; then he galloped back to the Brigadier's, and urged him to mount and fly to the fort. † As if reluctant to leave his post even when all was over, the Brigadier delayed over some final arrangements; and that delay was fatal. On turning out of his compound gate, a body of troopers were seen bearing down along the road which led to the fort, pistol in hand; as they passed, all except three fired, but without effect; neither the Brigadier, nor any of the officers who were with him, were touched. The three troopers who had reserved their fire wheeled round sharp as they passed, and shot at the Brigadier from behind; a ball wounded him in the back; repeated attempts were made to cut him down as he rode on; and it was mainly through Captain Balmain, and the other officers who had rallied round him in his retreat, that he was able to reach the fort at all.

* An officer of the 46th Native Infantry, on galloping down to the lines, met his Pay Havildar, and asked him what the disturbance all meant; the Havildar replied that four troopers of the 9th Cavalry had just been through the lines, and said that the *chhuppa* (printed letter or circular) had come, "and," added the Havildar, "what can we do?" Another officer, in his flight at the village of Tulwundee, was told by a villager that a *King's messenger* had passed through the day before for Sealkote. One of the Sepoys who saved the life of Colonel Farquharson, and escorted him to the fort, declared that the names of the 35th Light Infantry, and 46th Native Infantry, were down in the *King of Delhi's book*, as regiments that might be relied on, so long ago as last January! The *chhuppa* was doubtless a call on them to fulfil their pledge.

† On that very day the Brigadier, with the view of showing implicit confidence in the 46th Native Infantry, had moved down 35,000 rupees from the Civil Treasury into their Quarter-Guard.

On the parade-ground of the 46th,* the officers, warned and entreated by the better disposed of the Sepoys, had galloped off in the opposite direction, the road to the fort being no longer open, and reached Goofranwalla; a few stray shots followed them as they passed the lines and one of the guards; but they escaped untouched. Dr. Graham, the superintending surgeon, a man whose kindness of heart towards all classes should have been his safeguard, endeavoured to escape in his buggy across cantonments to the fort, accompanied by his daughter; but some troopers, apparently on the watch for him, cut him off, and shot him down in his carriage. His poor daughter was allowed to proceed unmolested, and escaped into a garden; here she was subsequently discovered by a trooper, who carried her off to the cavalry Quarter-Guard, where, together with Colonel and Mrs. Lorn Campbell (the colonel commanding the cavalry), she was sheltered and protected during the day. Dr. J. Graham of the medical depot was also attacked while driving in his carriage towards the fort, and shot down; but Mrs. Graham, and Mrs. Gray the wife of Lieut. Gray, Adjutant of the Artillery Division, were suffered to proceed to the fort. Captain Bishop of the 46th Native Infantry, officiating as Brigade Major, was the only other victim in cantonments. Driving his wife and children to the fort, he had almost gained it when a trooper overtook him. Bishop, hoping to divert the ruffian's attention from his wife and children, and probably thinking he might also escape himself, sprang off the box, and plunged into the moat which surrounds the fort; the water, however, was too shallow to conceal him, and he was soon wounded and cut down. So near to the fort wall was the spot where he was killed, that Captain Balmain, who with the Brigadier and others had already reached it, was on the rampart, and saw the attack on poor Bishop. Seizing a musket, Cap-

tain Balmain fired two or three shots at the trooper, but the distance was too great; the wretch was not to be intimidated; he did not leave his victim till life was extinct. Mrs. Bishop saved herself by driving round to the fort gateway.

Without any defined plan for retreat having been arranged, in the event of a mutiny, it was generally understood that the fort† would be the rallying-point, as furnishing the nearest asylum; and here nearly all the residents of the station had flocked, with the exception, as already noticed, of the officers of the 46th Native Infantry. From the civil lines also, which lay to the south-west of cantonments, a mile off, the civilians, Mr. Monckton, the Deputy - Commissioner, and Mr. M'Mahon, his assistant, with their wives, had hastened to the fort. The intimation they had received from Jhelum on the previous day made them augur the worst from the first sounds of unusual commotion in the station; and they started off at once under an escort of the new levies. With them the Chaplain (the Rev. W. Boyle) also escaped. Having gone out the evening before to the civil lines, he acted on a hint given to him, and spent the night there, and thus reached the fort among the earliest. Here, however, was perpetrated a murder which, for cold-blooded atrocity on inoffensive and helpless victims, takes precedence of all the sanguinary acts of that day. The Rev. J. Hunter, a Presbyterian clergyman, had a short time before moved out of the cantonments into a vacant house in the civil lines, for greater safety in the event of any outbreak in the station. The day had scarcely dawned when tidings reached him that the Sepoys had risen: instantly placing his wife and child in a carriage, he started off for the fort. On his way it was necessary to pass near the jail: either the troopers had been already here, or the Civil Sowars were in the plot; for as he drove by, some of the Chup-

* "*Jao, Sahib, Jao, runj ootla hai,*" (Go, sir, go—grief has come; or, we are come to grief), said a Havildar to the Adjutant Le Gallais. Lieut. Smith's horse's bride was seized by a Sepoy, who led him off the parade-ground, and implored him to fly.

† This old building belongs to Rajah Tej Singh, the old Sikh general.

presses rushed out and attacked him; he was first killed, and then his poor wife and *baba*.* One most remarkable escape of that day, by which several lives were preserved, deserves to be especially mentioned. Dr. Butler and Lieut. Saunders of the 9th Cavalry, both living together in the house of the latter, had agreed that, in case of a outbreak, their carriages should be immediately ready, and their families conveyed to the fort; but they were no sooner apprised of their danger, than they found that all escape was cut off by mounted troopers, who were scouring the station in all directions. This house was soon the object of attack, but not before Dr. Butler and Lieutenant Saunders, with their wives and families, had been enabled to conceal themselves in a small outhouse. Here, through the faithfulness of one of the servants, a *chokedar* (watchman), they were preserved; and though many parties of Sepoys and troopers came up to the very door of the outhouse, their place of concealment was never discovered. For more than twelve weary anxious hours on a July day was this little party of twelve persons, eight of them young children, shut up in that miniature black-hole. They could distinctly hear parties of the mutineers entering the compound, and rifling the house, and demolishing all property they could not carry away. The explosion of the regimental magazines added, if it were possible, to their alarm. However, as the day waned the tumult began to cease; and when it was nearly dark, finding all around still and quiet, they came out of their hiding-place and walked to the fort. Here also others, who had been providentially preserved, were coming in — Colonel Farquharson and Captain Caulfield, of the 46th

Native Infantry, with the sergeant-major and his wife, who had all been rescued by some of their own men, and concealed in their lines. The inmates of the Roman Catholic seminary had been left unmolested through the daring devotion and tact of the priest; the inmates, too, of the Artillery Hospital, the sick soldiers, and those left on guard,—who having with great promptness congregated in the dead-house, and fortified themselves there, giving, ever and anon, as parties of the mutineers approached, proofs which they had no wish to challenge farther, that a worthy reception awaited them;—all now came in, and among them Mrs. M'Ansh (the wife of Dr. M'Ansh of the Artillery, absent with the Column), who, at the commencement of the disturbance, had hastened with her children to the Artillery Hospital for protection. Regarding the fate of the 46th officers great anxiety was entertained, as the night passed without their appearing. They, however, had effected their escape on the other side of the station, and, after a ride of nearly forty miles under a scorching sun, had arrived safely at Goofranwalla.†

After the bloodshed of the morning, the mutineers had spent the rest of the day in rifling the private bungalows and mess-houses, and carrying off all the property they could lay hands on. Very little that was of any value and at all portable escaped them; and wherever they bore any especial malice to the owner of a house, they committed the most wanton injury. The destruction of the *kutcherry* was complete — the liberated prisoners from the jail made this their special care. Tearing doors and windows off the hinges, and piling them, with all the tables and chairs, the books, papers, and

* The *Resaldar* (or Native Captain) of the Civil Sowars, and the *Subahdar* of the police, were a few days afterwards hanged for witnessing this atrocious murder without making an effort to save the inoffensive and unresisting victims, and for other negative proofs of disloyalty.

† They experienced the kindest treatment from the villagers along the road, who fed them, and even offered them money. One of them, Mrs. Le Gallais, the wife of the Adjutant of the 46th Native Infantry, was in very delicate health; and by the time she had reached a small village called Budhpore, had become so faint and ill from the extreme heat and the shaking of the buggy, that she could bear the motion no longer. "The villagers (says one of the party) rigged up an awning over a *charpoy* (native bed), and carried her across country to Goofranwalla."

everything combustible, in the centre room, they set fire to the whole; and as "the sheeted smoke, with flashes of flame intermingled," rose up, there rose up, too, the yells and shouts of the infuriated convicts, revelling as they watched the destruction of this scene of their shame; and little remained but the bare charred walls to show where that handsome kut-cherry had stood. Nor did the house of the Deputy-Commissioner fare much better: broken doors, windows, tables, chairs, &c., strewed that once beautiful and well-tended garden. In the cantonment the demolition was chiefly the work of *Goojurs** of the neighbourhood, who flocked in like vultures to the prey; but they were soon made to disgorge their plunder, their ringleaders were hanged, and heavy fines inflicted on all the suspected villages. Happily neither of the exquisite churches, for which Sealkote is so justly famed, was injured. The patrolling party from the fort, consisting of a few Sikh police and some of the new levies, were out early the next morning, and caught some wretches in the act of tearing up the benches in the large church. They were seized, and quickly paid the penalty for their rashness; and the church was saved from further injury. The exquisite little chapel was not touched.

Having secured all the property they could carry away, not forgetting the old signal-gun—an act which reflects as much credit on their forethought, as the use of it afterwards did on their artillery practice—the

mutineers started, about four o'clock in the afternoon, towards Hoshiarpore, carrying with them crowds of camp-followers and servants,† expecting to be overtaken by a large body of their brethren from the 14th Native Infantry, who, they were led to believe, had escaped, and were moving down in force to join them. They only marched ten miles that day—a delay which, as will be seen, eventually sealed their fate at the Ravee.

When the mutineers left, the *Goojurs* poured in and pillaged till dark, and then all was quiet for the night; and that night, in all the wretchedness of that ruined dirty fort, many a one slept more soundly and fearlessly than they had slept for weeks before. *The mine had exploded, and they had escaped.* To the poor Brigadier it was a night of intense suffering, and before daylight he had breathed his last. He retained his faculties nearly to the end; indeed, he had, with perfect self-possession, during the day given his orders for securing the fort, and making such arrangements as were possible. Throughout those six weeks of anxiety and danger, he had pursued, consistently and unswervingly, the one line of conduct which he believed to be alone possible to preserve quiet: he strove, by a seeming confidence in their loyalty, to win from the native troops a maintenance of order which he had no longer the means to enforce. He never lost his head, as so many did in less trying and perilous positions; he fell at his post; and in him his

* The *Goojurs* of the Punjab are said, in the "Punjab Report" of 1849-50, to be "more industrious and less predatory than their brethren of Hindostan." Those of the Sealkote district have at any rate forfeited this distinction.

† This was one of the peculiarities of the Sealkote outbreak. In almost all other stations domestic servants had been either faithful or at least neutral; but here they were clearly privy to the whole plot; and, with only a very few exceptions, every servant, whether Mussulman or Hindoo, proved false. In some cases, not even the claims of fifteen or twenty years' service with a family restrained them from now deserting their masters, or from being the first to help themselves in the general scramble. One instance (for the truth of which the writer has most unquestionable testimony) will suffice. In the service of Brigadier Brind was a bearer, an old and favourite servant. On the night of the 8th, Captain Chambers, who always slept at the Brigadier's, carefully examined all the pistols, &c., as was his nightly custom; for no one thought of being night or day without a loaded pistol or revolver at his side. The Brigadier's pistol was laid by his bed, loaded, capped, and ready for use. But in the morning, when the need for it came, the caps had disappeared! and no one had had access to the Brigadier's sleeping-room but the old bearer! Indeed, the faithlessness of the servants was general.

country lost a brave and fearless soldier,* to whose ability as an artillery officer the campaigns of Gwalior, the Sutlej, and the Punjab, bore ample testimony.

Lieutenant A. Montgomerie, Adjutant of the 9th Cavalry, had been sent off by Brigadier Brind at the first signs of the outbreak, with orders to hasten to Umritsur, and apprise General Nicholson that the Sealkote troops had risen. After a desperate ride of some eighty miles on a single horse, and partly across country, he arrived on the following morning to find the tidings had outstripped him, and the Column already in motion. A young band-boy of the 46th Native Infantry, named Macdougall, had galloped off from the regimental parade-ground on a little native pony, and reached Lahore by 11 o'clock at night. He sought Mr. Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner, without delay, and reported what had occurred. At a single glance Mr. Montgomery saw all the points at which danger threatened. Before midnight one messenger was hastening to Kangra to urge on Major Taylor the necessity of now disarming the 4th Native Infantry; another to Ferozepore, to press on Brigadier Innes the taking away the horses of the 10th Cavalry, which up to that time they had retained; and a third† by express mail-cart to Umritsur, urging Nicholson to throw his column on Goordaspore, and, having disarmed the 2d Irregulars, intercept the rebels at the Ravee. Thus it was that when Lieutenant Montgomerie reached

Umritsur on the morning of the 10th, he found the Column on the move to cut off the rebels. By a march, which only Nicholson would have attempted, of some forty miles without a halt, the Column, consisting of Dawes's troop, Bouchier's battery, her Majesty's 52d Light Infantry, and a regiment of Punjab Infantry, reached Goordaspore in the afternoon of the 11th, and found to their joy that they had succeeded in forestalling the mutineers. The Column, however, was not to enjoy even here much rest. By 9 A.M. on the 12th, the tidings came into camp that the rebels were at the *Trimmo* Ghat (or ferry) some ten miles off. Again the Column was on the move, though weary and foot-sore from the fatigues of the previous day, and by noon had come up within a mile of the river-bank. Here they could see the mutineers in the act of crossing, forming and deploying as they landed, the 46th Native Infantry in the centre, with portions of the 9th Cavalry on either flank, and with videttes thrown out in advance. Nicholson now deployed, masking the guns behind the infantry. When within about 800 yards of the rebels, the order was given to unlimber, and the 52d Light Infantry fell back between the guns. The firing was now opened, first with shot and grape, to which the rebels replied pluckily with the old station gun from the opposite bank! The Enfield rifles of the 52d soon began to tell; but unfortunately the men of the 46th had also supplied themselves

* Blame is sometimes imputed to Brigadier Brind for not at the first disarming, and thus disabling the native troops. At Lahore and Peshawur the necessity had arisen—a deadly conspiracy had been detected; but not so at Sealkote: here they had shown no signs of disaffection; there had been no fires in the station, and excepting the single letter of a seditious character discovered in the musketry depot in February, not a symptom of a mutinous spirit had shown itself. Moreover, had they been disarmed when the European force was ordered to join the Movable Column (after they left, he had not the means of doing so), either the 52d Queen's must have been tied down to watch them, as the 81st were for so many months at Lahore, and thus have been lost to the Column, or else above a thousand native soldiers would have been left behind degraded and disgraced, with nothing to prevent their supplying themselves with native weapons, and wreaking their vengeance unchecked on the few remaining Europeans, of whom probably not one would have escaped.

† A telegraphic message had been at once sent to Nicholson, but the signaller did not notice it. To guard against the possibility of this, Mr. Montgomery sent a messenger by mail-cart, who accomplished the thirty miles in less than three hours, and on this point turned the fate of the rebels.

with Enfields from the magazine stores of the 52d before leaving Sealkote, which they now used with much precision. The 9th Cavalry on the left, by a flank manœuvre, charged down and came into Bouchier's battery on the rear, and the Sowars were actually among the guns; but what with rifles and revolvers their reception was too hot, and many a horse bolted off riderless. At the same time, the 46th Native Infantry came up at the charge in front, and were within twenty or thirty yards of the guns, when the 52d men could no longer restrain themselves, and sprang forward with a cheer. The foremost *Pandies* were bayoneted, and the rest soon retreated. The eavalry, too, finding themselves baffled, retired, leaving, however, a good many dead and wounded. The fate of the day was now settled. The Punjab Infantry advanced and drove the mutineers back into the stream: many were drowned. About 300 were left dead on the bank, while only a few troopers of the 9th escaped on the flanks. Of the plunder which the rebels carried off from Sealkote nearly all had been brought across the river; it was, of course, abandoned by them in their flight, and fell into our hands, affording a glorious harvest for the Sikh and *Munjabee* Irregulars, who helped themselves unsparingly. Thus closed the first scene of the Trimmoo Ghat drama, with at least one important result gained, that the rebels, if not destroyed, had been driven back from the left bank of the Ravee. The result had been far more complete with even a single squadron of trusty cavalry to follow up the successes.

The rebels, however, found a difficulty they had little anticipated, and one which, combined with Nicholson's prompt movement, rendered their escape impossible, and their final annihilation complete. The ghat or ferry at Trimmoo is formed by the contraction of the river into a narrow though deep channel by a bank or strip of land, rising up and running along in the river-bed. When the river is low, the channel on the right side of this bank of land is always fordable, and sometimes nearly dry;

but as the water rises (and it was now rising rapidly from the melted snow), it floods it to such a depth as to be impassable. Thus it happened that the water which the rebels were able to wade through with some difficulty on the 11th, was utterly unfordable a few hours after; so that the bank of land on which they had taken up their position had become an island!

Here they were allowed to remain undisturbed till the morning of the 16th, while boats were being procured and other measures taken; a small body of Sikhs, under Lieut. Boswell, being left to watch them, or as a native would say, "*sit on their heads.*" They were not, however, inactive the while; a breast-work was run up close to the water's edge, behind which the old gun was placed, and, as if preparing for a desperate struggle, they attempted to strengthen the walls of a little village, called Meeadea, on the northern point of the island. In this trap, formed as it were for them by nature, Nicholson resolved to catch them. On the morning of the 16th, Dawes's troop was brought down to the bank close to the Deenanuggur road, and Bouchier's battery a little lower down the stream, with orders to pour in shot and shrapnell on the solitary gun of the rebels; which, however, being of heavier metal than any of ours, and being admirably worked by a man who had been originally a bugler and then a gunner in the artillery, (and latterly a table-servant in Brigadier Brind's service!) kept up a regular fire against ours, though getting ten to one. So true was their fire, that one round-shot knocked over four horses attached to one of Bouchier's guns. In the meanwhile the 52d had moved some short distance farther down, out of sight of the rebels, and were busy crossing over in boats to the lower point of the island. Here they formed. Nicholson, taking a few Sowars with him, rode on to reconnoitre the position of the rebels; he then moved on the Column for some distance unobserved. The mutineers showed that the military training had not been thrown away on them; they had pickets out, and

their tactics were admirable. As soon as the 52d skirmishers were seen advancing, the pickets fell back slowly and in order; the gun was swung round, and brought to bear on them, and three or four rounds of grape were poured in, by which some of the 52d were wounded. Our skirmishers advanced in admirable order, and when near enough, went in "at the double," seized the gun, and bayoneted down the few who stood. "It was now helter-skelter," says an eye-witness: "the rest ran to the head of the island, were followed up by our fellows, and took to the water; many of them must have been drowned; numbers were like mud-larks on sandbanks and small islands; and how poor Pandey is to get out of it I know not. There is deep water on the other side, and the villagers are up; there are only two or three places on this side where they can cross; these are all watched, and the Zemindars are all alive." The few who did get over were soon seized, given up, and either hung or blown away from guns. Of those who escaped upwards in the direction of Jummo, and attempted to skirt round the lower ranges of the hills, great numbers were caught by the villagers and police, or by the Maharajah's troops, and were brought to Sealkote, where they were summarily dealt with as they deserved. The loss on our side was very slight: three officers were slightly wounded, Captain Fitzgerald, Lieut. Baillie of the 35th Light Infantry, and Lieut. Harrington of the Artillery; the latter, though with a ball in his instep, would not leave his guns, and remained sitting on a gun-carriage giving his orders to the last.

Thus ended a short week of inglorious mutiny!

Another change in this kaleidoscopic narrative! The scene of necessity shifts once more, and the reader, if not already wearied out with the carnage and heat of the plains, must

pass from the outbreaks of Jhelum and Sealkote, and the retribution at Trimmoo Ghat, to the peaceful regions of Kangra, where the mountain breezes bear on their wings no echoes of the cannon's roar, and sweep over hills and valleys unstained with Christian blood.

The fort of Kangra has for many centuries been a point of the greatest importance, not only from its position,—though it is by no means contemptible as a fortification,† crowning one of the most precipitous heights on the lower range of the Himalayas,—but even more from its political prestige. "He who holds Kangra, holds the hills," is a local tradition, which has survived the change of dynasties, and received its confirmation in each; Rajpoot, Mohammedan, Sikh, and English, alike attested its truth. The Mohammedan, when he wrested it from the Rajpoot, and lorded it over Northern India, though giving to these hill-chiefs a semi-independent power, ever held Kangra in his own hands. Ranjeet Singh inaugurated his aggressive policy over his mountain neighbours by first seizing this fort (in 1809 †); and the English, when in 1846 they annexed the Jullundhar Doab with the hill-ranges beyond, found the capture of Kangra carried with it the undisputed possession of the neighbouring district; for though the old Sikh Khilladar who held it had resolved on not yielding his fortress, the sight of English guns dragged by elephants over roads and up declivities hitherto deemed impassable for artillery, soon disheartened him out of his contemplated resistance, and he opened his gates to the gallant Wheeler; and with the Kangra fort followed, as a matter of course, the almost unresisted occupation of the whole range.

At the present crisis the safety of this fort was clearly of paramount importance, as the pivot on which the loyalty of all the Rajpoot clans

* Whose graphic letter was published in the *Lahore Chronicle*.

† Akhbar is said to have been engaged a whole year in reducing this fort. Ummer Singh and his Goorkhas were above two years before it, and were at last compelled to raise the siege by the advance of Ranjeet Singh.

‡ CUNNINGHAM'S *History of the Sikhs*, p. 156.

would turn. Not only would it have formed a most troublesome rallying-point for the mutineers of the surrounding stations; but, like Umritsur to the Sikhs, its loss would have raised every Rajpoot state against us.*

The manner in which the safety of Kangra was secured forms a pleasing episode in the tale of treachery and carnage.

The fort was happily at this time held by a wing of the 4th Native Infantry, under Major Pattenson. Major Lake, the Commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej States, was marching in the neighbourhood when the tidings of the Meerut and Delhi disasters reached him, on the 15th of May. He at once wrote to Captain Young-husband, commanding the 2d Battalion of Punjab Police (better known by their sobriquet of "*Shere Dils*" †), to arrange for throwing a small body of them into the fort; and then rode over there with Major Reynell Taylor, the Deputy Commissioner, apparently to make a casual call on some of the officers, but really, as after events showed, with a much deeper object, the secret of which was disclosed only to Major Pattenson. By daylight on the following morning, the stillness of the Kangra fort was suddenly broken by the joyous notes of "*The British Grenadiers*," played by the band of the "*Shere Dils*," who, with their commandant at their head, were marching in at the gate! The citadel was the only place where spare quarters could be had, and it was the place of all others for them, commanding as it did the Sepoy lines in the fort and the city of Kangra outside, as well as the Hosheyarpore road; and here they bestowed themselves, and at once took charge of the magazine guards, the other guards being divided between them and the 4th Native Infantry. A few days after (on the 18th) a brass 24-

pounder howitzer, which chanced to be in the magazine, and a good supply of ammunition, were brought up into the citadel, to be ready in case of need.‡

The men of the 4th Native Infantry had been taken wholly by surprise; and though there had appeared no reason to suspect them of being mutinously disposed, the measure was most wise as a precautionary one. They declared that their "hearts were small," especially at having the magazine guards taken away from them. Their conduct, however, was throughout most orderly, and apparently loyal. Half a company of native artillery were also in the fort; but they were got out of the way a few days after, by orders coming from Lahore to send them to Phillour, on the plea that they would be required to accompany the siege-train.§ The Sepoys themselves requested that all Sepoys from other corps, who might come to visit the neighbouring shrine of Jowala Mukhi, should be kept out of the fort; and when occasionally a Sepoy did come (as several did, some from the 9th Light Cavalry at Sealkote, the 86th Native Infantry, and 61st Native Infantry at Jullundhur, and other corps), their motives were suspected as being more seditious than devout, and they were made over to a small guard of "*Shere Dils*," who marched them to the temple, waited there till they had concluded their *pooja* (worshipping), and then marched them out again, and unceremoniously sent them off.

Thus the fort of Kangra had been secured within four-and-twenty hours of the first tidings of danger. Nor was the rest of the district neglected. At the town of Dhurmsala, a place of considerable sanctity, due precautions were taken by Major Taylor; the Kotwallee (or native police station) was enclosed with gates and

* Subsequent events showed that many among them were by no means unwilling to take advantage of our troubles, had any opening offered.

† Lion-hearts.

‡ There were also some more guns—one 18-pounder, and three 9-pounders—in the lower fort; but they were dismounted.

§ They went with it as far as Umballa, where they were detained, as probably not more trustworthy than their brethren.

the walls loopholed, and made defensible in the event of attack. Every ford and ferry on the Sutlej, Beas, and Ravee (all three of which rivers run through this district), was guarded by police and local levies; the boats were all drawn up and dry, and planks taken out of their bottoms, so as to render them utterly useless. The hill-passes were all watched; every passenger was examined; and if any disreputable or doubtful character made his appearance, he was carried off to the magistrate, and either imprisoned or turned out of the district. Proclamations also were issued warning the inhabitants that vagrancy would not be tolerated, that their pilgrim zeal must for a time be held in abeyance; every mosque, temple, and shrine, with which the district abounds, had its guard, in order to seize any suspected visitors. The post-offices, too, were duly cared for. Every native letter was opened, and if found at all seditious, or even suspicious in tone, it never reached its destination. By these admirable arrangements, so promptly and vigorously enforced by Major Lake and Major Taylor, the atmosphere of Kangra was kept clear.*

For nearly two months all remained quiet. The Sepoys of the 4th Native Infantry were perfectly orderly and respectful, and the district, after the first excitement had subsided, relapsed into its general peaceful state. On the 11th of July, however, the message from Mr. Montgomery reached Major Taylor, reporting the rise of the Sealkote mutineers. The time now was clearly come to disarm the 4th Native Infantry, though not a shadow of suspicion rested on them: still the fear was, that neither their loyalty nor the fort would be proof against a large body of armed rebels pouring

down upon them; and it has been shown, on the safety of the fort depended the peace of the district. Major Taylor at once communicated his orders to Captain Younghusband, and by five o'clock that evening, the wing of the 4th Native Infantry and the Shere Dils were turned out at short notice on the parade-ground of the former. Major Taylor then addressed the Sepoys, and said the order had come to disarm them, not that there was a shadow of any imputation on their character, but a fear that they might not be able to escape the contagion of other mutinous corps coming down on them. Their reply was, that "their arms were the property of Government, and they were quite ready to give them up at the request of their officers, and only regretted that any show of force had been made."† The bells of arms were then opened, the muskets and ammunition taken out, and carried into the citadel, and all was safe. There still remained the right wing of the 4th Native Infantry at Noorpoor, thirty-four miles off, where also there was a fort, though much smaller and less important than that at Kangra. Having peaceably effected his purpose at Kangra, Major Taylor rode over that night to Noorpoor, taking a hundred of the Shere Dils, and sending on word to Major Wilkie, who commanded, of the object he had in view, and his intention of being there on the following morning. Here the news of the Jhelum and Sealkote outbreaks had already arrived, and the little station was actually in a state of siege. All the ladies and families had collected in the fort; the guards had been strengthened, and extra ammunition served out, that, in the event of the Sealkote mutineers coming down, a steady resistance might be offered. So unwavering

* Several fugitive Sowars and Sepoys were from time to time captured; among others, a Havildar of the 9th Cavalry named Ramjan, who had taken an active part in the Sealkote outbreak, and for his zeal had been made a "brigadier" in the rebel force! He was caught, tried, and hanged.

† The writer is indebted to the letter of an eyewitness for nearly all these details. "The men (says the same authority) were very down-hearted; the officers used to visit them two or three times a day in their lines, and laugh and joke with them, and set up some amusements to divert them, and thus the men soon recovered their cheerfulness."

was the confidence of Major Wilkie in his men, that on receiving Major Taylor's intimation of his approach, and its object, he wrote back to beg that the Shere Dils might not be marched into the station, and at once went himself into the lines, and told the men they were required to give up their arms. To their honour be it recorded, they brought their arms without hesitation to the bungalow of Major Wilkie, above a mile from the fort, having to pass through the city on their way. Their one feeling seemed to be that of pride at being so trusted, and a determination to requite that confidence as it deserved. It should also be mentioned that when a report of the mutiny of the 2d Irregulars at Goordaspore reached Noorpoor, Major Wilkie armed one hundred men—fifty of them Punjabees, and fifty of them Poorbeahs—and sent them to oppose their advance. The report proved false; the men returned, and of their own accord delivered up their arms again.

While on the subject of Kangra and its fort, that head and fountain of honour to the Rajpoot clans around, it may not be amiss to introduce a short allusion to a danger which had, some weeks before, been threatening to involve some of these clans in a general outbreak. The Poorbeah Sepoy had been generally regarded as the chief object of suspicion; the Jat agricultural population of the Punjab, in their peaceful indifference or antipathy to the Poorbeah, and the Sikh soldier, in his hatred and contempt for his Hindostanee brother in arms, were regarded as our chief guarantee for the peace of the country, when denuded, as was now daily the case, by the withdrawal of available troops to swell the little gallant force before Delhi. The Rajpoot races along the lower Himalayan range, however much they might resent the loss of independence and power under the British rule, had not been regarded with much anxiety. Many causes had combined to engender a more peaceful character among them, and

the Kahutree element was gradually disappearing in the isolated nature of their position. Comparatively few in number, and split up into petty states, their mutual jealousies rendered any combined action very improbable, and seditious conspiracy next to impossible. Moreover, Gholab Singh, the Maharajah of Cashmere, the recognised head of all Rajpoots north of the Ravee, had taken his stand on the side of order, and sent money and men on the application of Sir John Lawrence. With the Jumowal Dogras thus pledged, and their own chief, the Kutoch Rajah of Kangra, believed to be friendly, there seemed little cause to anticipate any seditious movement from this quarter; nor, perhaps, was the conspiracy to which we are about to allude, so much an endeavor to exterminate the English, as a desire to recover their own power and position in the general scramble which would follow their extermination, which they were led to believe was at hand. The watchfulness and activity of Major Hay, a retired officer in civil employ at Kooloo, by a timely discovery of the plot, averted the danger; to him it was entirely due that the conspiracy was detected, the chief conspirators caught, convicted, and punished.

The circumstances are briefly as follows: The district of Kooloo is a very Boeotia in a Himalayan Thessaly. Over its bucolic denizens a high Rajpoot family has ruled in unbroken line for several centuries.* About five-and-thirty years ago, however, the succession was disputed, and a rival claim asserted, which not only involved the State itself in civil war, but led indirectly to the conspiracy we have now to record.

At that time one *Bikhram Singh* was Rajah of Kooloo, and on his death bequeathed his throne to his son *Jeet Singh*. A brother of Bikhram Singh's, by name Kishen Singh, being a man of ambitious and turbulent spirit, instigated too by one Ghyru Bungalia, a Rajpoot, who was his confidential friend, laid claim to the *Guddes* (throne), on the ground

* They claim to be offshoots from the pure Kutochs of Kangra.

that Jest Singh was illegitimate. He appealed to the Kangra Rajah, who in an evil hour supported his claim, and supplied him with matchlocks and horsemen. With these Kishen Singh made war on his nephew; but was defeated, taken prisoner, and incarcerated. His wife, however, and the friendly Ghyru, resolved at once to anticipate the probable death of Kishen Singh, which would leave Jest Singh in undisputed possession of the throne, by pretending that she was about to give birth to a child. After a short time, an infant, *the child of Ghyru*, was surreptitiously introduced into Kishen Singh's house for a consideration of five hundred rupees; his wife was declared to have given birth to a son, and the event was duly notified to the neighbouring Rajahs. It was also communicated to Kishen Singh in his prison; but, instead of rejoicing, like a worthy Rajpoot, at the birth of a son, he repudiated the unexpected honour, saying that it was no child of his. Two days after, he was found dead in his prison; and when shortly afterwards Ghyru demanded the five hundred rupees, the price of the child, he was put out of the way by the two brothers of Kishen Singh's wife.

Such was the origin of Purtáb Singh. This youth began active life as a Sowar, or trooper, in the service of Sirdar Lehna Singh, through whose influence he hoped to have his pretensions to the Kooloo Raj recognised. His supposititious origin was, however, too generally known, and his claim was always rejected, though he was permitted to use the title of *Meesan*, or Prince. He was engaged in the Sikh campaign of 1845-46, and was supposed to have been killed at Moodkee; on such belief, a small money-pension and some land were settled on his widow, with the title of Ranee.

In 1855, after a lapse of ten years, there appeared in the village of Tiramli, a *fakir*, declaring himself to be the long-missing Purtáb Singh, and claiming his Jagheer. The wife at first declared she could not identify him; but at length, by the persuasion of her brother, one Beer Singh,

she consented to acknowledge this man as her long-lost husband. He then took up his abode in Sheoraj, and began to gather round him a small retinue, and even to collect revenue from some Kooloo villages. Armed also with some papers which he contrived to get from the Ranee, giving him a semblance of a claim to the Kooloo *Guddee* (throne), he renewed his attempts to have his pretensions recognised, but in vain; and the Deputy-Commissioner at Kangra warned him that an armed retinue and extravagant mode of life did not suit his position, and he would be only tolerated on condition he lived peaceably.

From that time he did not attempt by any overt act to violate this condition; but the general excitement caused by the Poorbeah mutiny seemed to afford an opportunity too favourable to be lost. He could not resist the temptation. His emissaries were soon out in all parts of the neighbouring villages; but the people of Sheoraj were first to be raised. He appealed to them on his hereditary claim to their fealty, as well as to their religious antipathy to the English. He proclaimed that in Delhi, Simla, and Lahore, every European had been massacred. He bade the people rise quickly, and come armed, for that now or never was their time. As if confident of success, he called upon one Soornt Ram, whose father had been an old Vizeer of the Kooloo Rajah's, to take his hereditary place beside the heir of the Kooloo throne. Happily all this seditious correspondence was intercepted by the promptness of Major Hay, who had long been suspecting and watching this pretender. It may perhaps be a question whether this man originated this conspiracy, or was not rather the tool of others, who remained concealed behind the dignity of their position, and put him forth as the firebrand to kindle the flames of sedition throughout that country, ready themselves to step in and reap the fruits of the intrigue. There is little doubt, however, that wherever it originated, it had drawn within its influence several of the neighbouring chiefs, and the whole

district was in danger,—a danger which was only averted by the timely discovery. This pretender and Beer Singh, brother-in-law of the impersonated Purtáb Singh, were at the time near Sultanpore; they were both arrested, and sent off at once to Kangra for trial. Many others, of whose complicity there was no doubt, were subsequently seized, and suffered, according to their degrees of guilt, the punishment they so richly deserved. The pretended Purtáb Singh and Beer Singh were hanged, all their property confiscated, their houses left

in ruins, as monuments of the fruitlessness of rebellion, and warnings of the rebel's end. All who had been proved by intercepted documents and confessions to have taken any part in these treasonable designs, or to have been privy to them, were sentenced to different periods of imprisonment. Thus was peace restored to Kooloo. The faithful among the Rajpoots were confirmed in their fidelity, the disaffected warned of the danger of conspiring against a Government quick in detecting and powerful in punishing treason.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART XIV.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

CHAPTER VIII.

Being but one of the considerate pauses in a long journey—charitably afforded to the Reader.

COLONEL MORLEY found Mr. Poole at home, just returned from his office; he staid with that gentleman nearly an hour, and then went straight to Darrell. As the time appointed to meet the French acquaintance, who depended on his hospitalities for a dinner, was now nearly arrived, Alban's conference with his English friend was necessarily brief and hurried, though long enough to confirm one fact in Mr. Poole's statement, which had been unknown to the Colonel before that day, and the admission of which was to Guy Darrell a pang as sharp as ever wrenched confession from the lips of a prisoner in the cells of the Inquisition. On returning from Greenwich, and depositing his Frenchman in some melancholy theatre, time enough for that resentful foreigner to witness theft and murder committed upon an injured countryman's vaudeville, Alban hastened again to Carlton Gardens. He found Darrell alone, pacing his floor to and fro, in the habit he had acquired in earlier life, perhaps when

meditating some complicated law case, or wrestling with himself against some secret sorrow. There are men of quick nerves who require a certain action of the body for the better composure of the mind; Darrell was one of them.

During these restless movements, alternated by abrupt pauses, equally inharmonious to the supreme quiet which characterised his listener's tastes and habits, the haughty gentleman disburdened himself of at least one of the secrets which he had hitherto guarded from his early friend. But as that secret connects itself with the history of a Person about whom it is well that the reader should now learn more than was known to Darrell himself, we will assume our privilege to be ourselves the narrator, and at the cost of such dramatic vivacity as may belong to dialogue, but with the gain to the reader of clearer insight into those portions of the past which the occasion permits us to reveal—we will weave into something like

method the more imperfect and desultory communications by which Guy Darrell added to Alban Morley's distasteful catalogue of painful subjects. The reader will allow, perhaps, that we thus evince a desire to gratify his curiosity, when we state, that of Arabella Crane, Darrell spoke but in one brief and angry sentence, and that not by the name in which the reader as yet alone knows her; and it is with the antecedents of Arabella Crane that our explanation will tranquilly commence.

CHAPTER IX.

Grim Arabella Crane.

F Once on a time, there lived a merchant named Fossett, a widower with three children, of whom a daughter, Arabella, was by some years the eldest. He was much respected, deemed a warm man, and a safe—attended diligently to his business—suffered no partner, no foreman, to dictate or intermeddle—liked his comforts, but made no pretence to fashion. His villa was at Clapham, not a showy but a solid edifice, with lodge, lawn, and gardens, chiefly notable for what is technically called *glass*—viz. a range of glass-houses on the most improved principles; the heaviest pines, the earliest strawberries. "I'm no judge of flowers," quoth Mr. Fossett, meekly. "Give me a plain lawn, provided it be close shaven. But I say to my gardener, 'Forcing is my hobby—a cucumber with my fish all the year round!'" Yet do not suppose Mr. Fossett ostentatious—quite the reverse. He would no more ruin himself for the sake of dazzling others, than he would for the sake of serving them. He liked a warm house, spacious rooms, good living, old wine, for their inherent merits. He cared not to parade them to public envy. When he dined alone, or with a single favoured guest, the best Lafitte, the oldest sherry!—when extending the rites of miscellaneous hospitality to neighbours, relations, or other slight acquaintances—for Lafitte, Julien; and for Sherry, Cape!—Thus not provoking vanity, nor courting notice, Mr. Fossett was without an enemy, and seemed without a care. Formal were his manners, formal his household, formal even the stout cob that bore him from Cheapside to Olapham,

from Olapham to Cheapside. That cob could not even prick up its ears if it wished to shy—its ears were cropped, so were its mane and its tail.

Arabella early gave promise of beauty, and more than ordinary power of intellect and character. Her father bestowed on her every advantage of education. She was sent to a select boarding-school of the highest reputation; the strictest discipline, the best masters, the longest bills. At the age of seventeen she had become the show pupil of the seminary. Friends wondered somewhat why the prim merchant took such pains to lavish on his daughter the worldly accomplishments which seemed to give him no pleasure, and of which he never spoke with pride. But certainly, if she was so clever—first-rate musician, exquisite artist, accomplished linguist, "it was very nice in old Fossett to bear it so meekly, never crying her up, nor showing her off to less fortunate parents—very nice in him—good sense—greatness of mind."

"Arabella," said the worthy man, one day, a little time after she had left school for good; "Arabella," said he, "Mrs. —," naming the head teacher in that famous school, "pays you a very high compliment in a letter I received from her this morning. She says it is a pity you are not a poor man's daughter—that you are so steady and so clever that you could make a fortune for yourself as a teacher."

Arabella at that age could smile gaily, and gaily she smiled at the notion conveyed in the compliment.

"No one can guess," resumed the father, twirling his thumbs and speaking rather through his nose,

"the ups and downs in this mortal sphere of trial, 'specially in the mercantile community. If ever, when I'm dead and gone, adversity should come upon you, you will gratefully remember that I have given you the best of education, and take care of your little brother and sister, who are both—stupid!"

These doleful words did not make much impression on Arabella, uttered as they were in a handsome drawing-room, opening on the neat-shaven lawn it took three gardeners to shave, with a glittering side-view of those galleries of glass in which strawberries were ripe at Christmas, and cucumbers never failed to fish. Time went on. Arabella was now twenty-three—a very fine girl, with a decided manner—much occupied by her music, her drawing, her books, and her fancies. Fancies—for, like most girls with very active heads and idle hearts, she had a vague yearning for some excitement beyond the monotonous routine of a young lady's life; and the latent force of her nature inclined her to admire whatever was out of the beaten track—whatever was wild and daring. She had received two or three offers from young gentlemen in the same mercantile community as that which surrounded her father in this sphere of trial. But they did not please her; and she believed her father when he said that they only courted her under the idea that he would come down with something handsome; "whereas," said the merchant, "I hope you will marry an honest man, who will like you for yourself, and wait for your fortune till my will is read. As King William says to his son, in the *History of England*, 'I don't mean to strip till I go to bed.'"

One night, at a ball in Clapham, Arabella saw the man who was destined to exercise so baleful an influence over her existence. Jasper Losely had been brought to this ball by a young fellow-clerk in the same commercial house as himself; and then in all the bloom of that conspicuous beauty, to which the miniature Arabella had placed before his eyes so many years afterwards did but feeble justice, it may well be conceived that he concentrated on himself the

admiring gaze of the assembly. Jasper was younger than Arabella; but, what with the height of his stature and the self-confidence of his air, he looked four or five and twenty. Certainly, in so far as the distance from childhood may be estimated, by the loss of innocence, Jasper might have been any age! He was told that old Fossett's daughter would have a very fine fortune; that she was a strong-minded young lady, who governed her father, and would choose for herself; and accordingly he devoted himself to Arabella the whole of the evening. The effect produced on the mind of this ill-fated woman by her dazzling admirer was as sudden as it proved to be lasting. There was a strange charm in the very contrast between his rattling audacity and the bashful formalities of the swains who had hitherto wooed her, as if she frightened them. Even his good looks fascinated her less than that vital energy and power about the lawless brute, which to her seemed the elements of heroic character, though but the attributes of riotous spirits, magnificent formation, flattered vanity, and imperious egotism. She was as a bird gazing spell-bound on a gay young boa-constrictor, darting from bough to bough, sunning its brilliant hues, and showing off all its beauty, just before it takes the bird for its breakfast.

When they parted that night, their intimacy had made so much progress that arrangements had been made for its continuance. Arabella had an instinctive foreboding that her father would be less charmed than herself with Jasper Losely; that, if Jasper were presented to him, he would possibly forbid her farther acquaintance with a young clerk, however superb his outward appearance. She took the first false step. She had a maiden aunt by the mother's side, who lived in Bloomsbury, gave and went to small parties, to which Jasper could easily get introduced. She arranged to pay a visit for some weeks to this aunt, who was then very civil to her, accepting with marked kindness seasonable presents of strawberries, pines, spring chickens, and so forth, and offering in turn, whenever it was convenient, a spare room,

and whatever amusement a round of small parties, and the innocent flirtations incidental thereto, could bestow. Arabella said nothing to her father about Jasper Losely, and to her aunt's she went. Arabella saw Jasper very often; they became engaged to each other, exchanged vows and love-tokens, locks of hair, &c. Jasper, already much troubled by duns, became naturally ardent to insure his felicity and Arabella's supposed fortune. Arabella at last summoned courage, and spoke to her father. To her delighted surprise, Mr. Fossett, after some moralising, more on the uncertainty of life in general than her clandestine proceedings in particular, agreed to see Mr. Jasper Losely, and asked him down to dinner. After dinner, over a bottle of Lafitte, in an exceedingly plain but exceedingly weighty silver jug, which made Jasper's mouth water (I mean the jug), Mr. Fossett, commencing with that somewhat coarse though royal saying of William the Conqueror, with which he had before edified his daughter, assured Jasper that he gave his full consent to the young gentleman's nuptials with Arabella, provided Jasper or his relations would maintain her in a plain respectable way, and wait for her fortune till his (Fossett's) will was read. What that fortune would be, Mr. Fossett declined even to hint. Jasper went away very much cooled. Still the engagement went on. The nuptials were tacitly deferred. Jasper and his relations maintain a wife! Preposterous idea! It would take a Clan of relations and a Zenana of wives to maintain in that state to which he deemed himself entitled—Jasper himself! But just as he was meditating the possibility of a compromise with old Fossett, by which he would agree to wait till the will was read for contingent advantages, provided Fossett, in his turn, would agree in the meanwhile to afford lodging and board, with a trifle for pocket-money, to Arabella and himself, in the Olapham Villa, which, though not partial to rural scenery, Jasper preferred, on the whole, to a second floor in the city,—old Fossett fell ill, took to his bed; was unable to attend to his business, some one else attended to it; and the conse-

quence was, that the house stopped payment, and was discovered to have been insolvent for the last ten years. Not a discreditable bankruptcy. There might perhaps be seven shillings in the pound ultimately paid, and not more than forty families irretrievably ruined. Old Fossett, safe in his bed, bore the affliction with philosophical composure; observed to Arabella that he had always warned her of the ups and downs in this sphere of trial; referred again with pride to her first-rate education; commended again to her care Tom and Bidly; and, declaring that he died in charity with all men, resigned himself to the last slumber.

Arabella at first sought a refuge with her maiden aunt. But that lady, though not hit in pocket by her brother-in-law's failure, was more vehement against his memory than his most injured creditor—not only that she deemed herself unjustly defrauded of the pines, strawberries, and spring chickens, by which she had been enabled to give small parties at small cost, though with ample show, but that she was robbed of the consequence she had hitherto derived from the supposed expectations of her niece. In short, her welcome was so hostile, and her condolences so cutting, that Arabella quitted her door with a solemn determination never again to enter it.

And now the nobler qualities of the bankrupt's daughter rose at once into play. Left penniless, she resolved by her own exertions to support and to rear her young brother and sister. The great school to which she had been the ornament willingly received her as a teacher, until some more advantageous place in a private family, and with a salary worthy of her talents and accomplishments, could be found. Her intercourse with Jasper became necessarily suspended. She had the generosity to write, offering to release him from his engagement. Jasper considered himself fully released without that letter; but he deemed it neither gallant nor discreet to say so. Arabella might obtain a situation with larger salary than she could possibly find, the superfluities whereof Jasper might undertake to invest. Her aunt had

evidently something to leave, though she might have nothing to give. In fine, Arabella, if not rich enough for a wife, might be often rich enough for a friend at need; and so long as he was engaged to her for life, it must be not more her pleasure than her duty to assist him to live. Besides, independently of these prudential though not ardent motives for declaring unalterable fidelity to truth, Jasper at that time really did entertain what he called love for the handsome young woman—flattered that one of attainments so superior to all the girls he had ever known, should be so proud even less of his affection for her, than her own affection for himself. Thus the engagement lasted—interviews none—letters frequent. Arabella worked hard, looking to the future; Jasper worked as little as possible, and was very much bored by the present.

Unhappily, as it turned out, so great a sympathy, not only amongst the teachers, but amongst her old schoolfellows, was felt for Arabella's reverse; her character for steadiness, as well as talent, stood so high, and there was something so creditable in her resolution to maintain her orphan brother and sister, that an effort was made to procure her a livelihood much more lucrative, and more independent than she could obtain either in a school or a family. Why not take a small house of her own, live there with her fellow-orphans, and give lessons out by the hour? Several families at once agreed so to engage her, and an income adequate to all her wants was assured. Arabella adopted this plan. She took the house; Bridget Gregg, the nurse of her infancy, became her servant, and soon to that house, stealthily in the shades of evening, glided Jasper Losely. She could not struggle against his influence—had not the heart to refuse his visits—he was so poor—in such scrapes—and professed himself to be so unhappy. There now became some one else to toil for, besides the little brother and sister. But what were Arabella's gains to a man who already gambled! New afflictions smote her. A contagious fever broke out in the neighbourhood; her little brother caught it; her little sister

sickened the next day; in less than a week two small coffins were borne from her door by the Black Horses—borne to that plot of sunny turf in the pretty suburban cemetery, bought with the last earnings made for the little ones by the mother-like sister—Motherless lone survivor! what! no friend on earth, no soother but that direful Jasper! Alas! the truly dangerous Venus is not that Erycina round whom circle Jest and Laughter. Sorrow, and that sense of solitude, which makes us welcome a footstep as a child left in the haunting dark welcomes the entrance of light—weaken the outworks of female virtue more than all the vain levities of mirth, or the flatteries which follow the path of beauty through the crowd. Alas, and alas! Let the tale hurry on!

Jasper Losely has still more solemnly sworn to marry his adored Arabella. But when? When they are rich enough. She feels as if her spirit was gone—as if she could work no more. She was no weak commonplace girl, whom love can console for shame. She had been rigidly brought up; her sense of female rectitude was keen; her remorse was noiseless, but it was stern. Harassments of a more vulgar nature beset her; she had forestalled her sources of income; she had contracted debts for Jasper's sake: in vain, her purse was emptied, yet his no fuller. His creditors pressed him; he told her that he must hide. One winter's day he thus departed; she saw him no more for a year. She heard, a few days after he left her, of his father's crime and committal. Jasper was sent abroad by his maternal uncle, at his father's prayer; sent to a commercial house in France, in which the uncle obtained him a situation. In fact, the young man had been despatched to France under another name, in order to save him from the obloquy which his father had brought upon his own.

Soon came William Losely's trial and sentence. Arabella felt the disgrace acutely—felt how it would affect the audacious insolent Jasper; did not wonder that he forebore to write to her. She conceived him bowed by shame, but she was baoyed

up by her conviction that they should meet again. For good or for ill, she held herself bound to him for life. But meanwhile the debts she had incurred on his account came upon her. She was forced to dispose of her house; and at this time Mrs. Lyndsay, looking out for some first-rate superior governess for Matilda Darrell, was urged by all means to try and secure for that post Arabella Fossett. The highest testimonials from the school at which she had been reared, from the most eminent professional masters, from the families at which she had recently taught, being all brought to bear upon Mr. Darrell, he authorised Mrs. Lyndsay to propose such a salary as could not fail to secure a teacher of such rare qualifications. And thus Arabella became governess to Miss Darrell.

There is a kind of young lady of whom her nearest relations will say, "I can't make that girl out." Matilda Darrell was that kind of young lady. She talked very little; she moved very noiselessly; she seemed to regard herself as a secret which she had solemnly sworn not to let out. She had been steeped in slyness from her early infancy by a sly mother. Mrs. Darrell was a woman who had always something to conceal. There was always some note to be thrust out of sight; some visit not to be spoken of; something or other which Matilda was not on any account to mention to Papa.

When Mrs. Darrell died, Matilda was still a child, but she still continued to view her father as a person against whom prudence demanded her to be constantly on her guard. It was not that she was exactly afraid of him—he was very gentle to her, as he was to all children; but his loyal nature was antipathetic to hers. She had no sympathy with him. How confide her thoughts to him? She had an instinctive knowledge that those thoughts were not such as could harmonise with his. Yet, though taciturn, uncaressing, undemonstrative, she appeared mild and docile. Her reserve was ascribed to constitutional timidity. Timid to a degree she usually seemed; yet, when you thought you had solved the enigma, she said or did something so coolly

determined, that you were forced again to exclaim, "I can't make that girl out!" She was not quick at her lessons. You had settled in your mind that she was dull, when, by a chance remark, you were startled to find that she was very sharp; keenly observant, when you had fancied her fast asleep. She had seemed, since her mother's death, more fond of Mrs. Lyndsay and Caroline than of any other human beings—always appeared sullen or out of spirits when they were absent; yet she confided to them no more than she did to her father. You would suppose from this description that Matilda could inspire no liking in those with whom she lived. Not so; her very secretiveness had a sort of attraction—a puzzle always creates some interest. Then her face, though neither handsome nor pretty, had in it a treacherous softness—a subdued, depressed expression. A kind observer could not but say with an indulgent pity, "There must be a good deal of heart in that girl, if one could but—make her out."

She appeared to take at once to Arabella, more than she had taken to Mrs. Lyndsay, or even to Caroline, with whom she had been brought up as a sister, but who, then joyous and quick and innocently fearless—with her soul in her eyes and her heart on her lips—had no charm for Matilda, because there she saw no secret to penetrate, and her she had no object in deceiving.

But this stranger, of accomplishments so rare, of character so decided, with a settled gloom on her lip, a gathered care on her brow—there was some one to study, and some one with whom she felt a sympathy; for she detected at once that Arabella was also a secret.

At first, Arabella, absorbed in her own reflections, gave to Matilda but the mechanical attention which a professional teacher bestows on an ordinary pupil. But an interest in Matilda sprang up in her breast, in proportion as she conceived a venerating gratitude for Darrell. He was aware of the pomp and circumstance which had surrounded her earlier years; he respected the creditable energy with which she had

devoted her talents to the support of the young children thrown upon her care; compassionated her bereavement of those little fellow-orphans for whom toil had been rendered sweet; and he strove, by a kindness of forethought and a delicacy of attention, which were the more prized in a man so eminent and so preoccupied, to make her forget that she was a salaried teacher—to place her saliently, and as a matter of course, in the position of gentlewoman, guest, and friend. Recognising in her a certain vigour and force of intellect apart from her mere accomplishments, he would flatter her scholastic pride, by referring to her memory in some question of reading, or consulting her judgment on some point of critical taste. She, in return, was touched by his chivalrous kindness to the depth of a nature that, though already seriously injured by its unhappy contact with a soul like Jasper's, retained that capacity of gratitude, the loss of which is humanity's last depravation. Nor this alone: Arabella was startled by the intellect and character of Darrell into that kind of homage which a woman, who has hitherto met but her own intellectual inferiors, renders to the first distinguished personage in whom she recognises, half with humility and half with awe, an understanding and a culture to which her own reason is but the flimsy glass-house, and her own knowledge but the forced exotic.

Arabella, thus roused from her first listlessness, sought to requite Darrell's kindness by exerting every energy to render his insipid daughter an accomplished woman. So far as mere ornamental education extends, the teacher was more successful than, with all her experience, her skill, and her zeal, she had presumed to anticipate. Matilda, without ear, or taste, or love for music, became a very fair mechanical musician. Without one artistic predisposition, she achieved the science of perspective—she attained even to the mixture of colours—she filled a port-folio with drawings which no young lady need have been ashamed to see circling round a drawing-room. She carried Matilda's thin mind to the farthest bound it could have reached without snapping,

through an elegant range of selected histories and harmless feminine classics—through Gallic dialogues—through Tuscan themes—through Tenton verbs—yea, across the invaded bounds of astonished Science into the Elementary Ologies. And all this being done, Matilda Darrell was exactly the same creature that she was before. In all that related to character, to inclinations, to heart, even that consummate teacher could give no intelligible answer, when Mrs. Lyndsay, in her softest accents (and no accents ever were softer), sighed—“Poor, dear Matilda! can you make her out, Miss Fossett?” Miss Fossett could not make her out. But, after the most attentive study, Miss Fossett had only decided that there was nothing to make out—that, like many other very nice girls, Matilda Darrell was a harmless nullity, what you call “a miss.” White deal or willow, to which Miss Fossett had done all in the way of increasing its value as ornamental furniture, when she had veneered it over with rose-wood or satin-wood, enriched its edges with ormolu, and strewn its surface with nicknacks and albums. But Arabella firmly believed Matilda Darrell to be a quiet, honest, good sort of “miss,” on the whole—very fond of her, Arabella. The teacher had been several months in Darrell's family, when Caroline Lindsay, who had been almost domesticated with Matilda (sharing the lessons bestowed on the latter, whether by Miss Fossett or visiting masters), was taken away by Mrs. Lyndsay on a visit to the old Marchioness of Montfort. Matilda, who was to come out the next year, was thus almost exclusively with Arabella, who redoubled all her pains to veneer the white deal, and protect with ormolu its feeble edges—so that when it “came out,” all should admire that thoroughly fashionable piece of furniture. It was the habit of Miss Fossett and her pupil to take a morning walk in the quiet retreats of the Green Park; and one morning, as they were thus strolling, nurserymaids and children and elderly folks, who were ordered to take early exercise, undulating round their unsuspecting way,—suddenly, right upon their path (un-

looked-for as the wolf that startled Horace in the Sabine wood, but infinitely more deadly than that runaway animal), came Jasper Losely! Arabella uttered a faint scream. She could not resist—had no thought of resisting—the impulse to bound forward—lay her hand on his arm. She was too agitated to perceive whether his predominant feeling was surprise or rapture. A few hurried words were exchanged, while Matilda Darrell gave one sidelong glance towards the handsome stranger, and walked quietly by them. On his part, Jasper said that he had just returned to London—that he had abandoned for ever all idea of a commercial life—that his father's misfortune (he gave that gentle appellation to the incident of penal transportation) had severed him from all former friends, ties, habits—that he had dropped the name of Losely for ever—entreated Arabella not to betray it—his name now was Hammond—his “prospects,” he said, “fairer than they had ever been.” Under the name of Hammond, as an independent gentleman, he had made friends more powerful than he could ever have made under the name of Losely as a city clerk. He blushed to think he had ever been a city clerk. No doubt he should get into some Government office; and then, O then, with assured income, and the certainty to rise, he might claim the longed-for hand of the “best of creatures.”

On Arabella's part, she hastily explained her present position. She was governess to Miss Darrell—that was Miss Darrell. Arabella must not leave her walking on by herself—she would write to him. Addresses were exchanged—Jasper gave a very neat card—“Mr. Hammond, No. —, Duke Street, St. James's.”

Arabella, with a beating heart, hastened to join her friend. At the rapid glance she had taken of her perfidious lover, she thought him, if possible, improved. His dress, always studied, was more to the fashion of polished society, more simply correct—his air more decided. Altogether he looked prosperous, and his manner had never been more seductive, in its mixture of easy self-

confidence and hypocritical coaxing. In fact, Jasper had not been long in the French commercial house—to which he had been sent out of the way while his father's trial was proceeding and the shame of it fresh—before certain licenses of conduct had resulted in his dismissal. But, meanwhile, he had made many friends amongst young men of his own age—those loose wild *viveurs* who, without doing anything the law can punish as ‘dishonest, contrive for a few fast years to live very showily on their wits. In that strange social fermentation which still prevails in a country where an aristocracy of birth, exceedingly impoverished, and exceedingly numerous so far as the right to prefix a *De* to the name, or to stamp a coronet on the card, can constitute an aristocrat—is diffused amongst an ambitious, adventurous, restless, and not inelegant young democracy—each cemented with the other by that fiction of law called *égalité*;—in that yet unsettled and struggling society in which so much of the old has been irretrievably destroyed, and so little of the new has been solidly constructed—there are much greater varieties, infinitely more subtle grades and distinctions, in the region of life which lies between respectability and disgrace, than can be found in a country like ours. The French novels and dramas may apply less a mirror than a magnifying-glass to the beings that move through that region. But still those French novels and dramas do not unfaithfully represent the classifications of which they exaggerate the types. Those strange combinations, into one tableau, of students and grisettes, opera-dancers, authors, viscounts, swindlers, romantic Lorettes, gamblers on the Bourse, whose pedigree dates from the Crusades; impostors, taking titles from villages in which their grandsires might have been saddlers; and if detected, the detection but a matter of laugh; delicate women living like lawless men; men making trade out of love, like dissolute women, yet with point of honour so nice, that, doubt their truth or their courage, and—piff!—you are in Oharon's boat,—humanity in every civilised land may present

single specimens, more or less, answering to each thus described. But where, save in France, find them all, if not precisely in the same *salons*, yet so crossing each other to and fro, as to constitute a social phase, and give colour to a literature of unquestionable genius? And where, over orgies so miscellaneously Berycynthian, an atmosphere so elegantly Horatian? And where can coarseness so vanish into polished expression as in that diamond-like language—all terseness and sparkle—which, as friendly to Wit in its airiest prose, as hostile to Passion in its torrent or cloud-wrack of poetry, seems invented by the Grace out of spite to the Muse?

Into circles such as those of which the dim outline is here so imperfectly sketched, Jasper Losely niched himself, as *le bel Anglais*. (Pleasant representative of the English nation!) Not that those circles are to have the sole credit of his corruption. No! Justice is justice! Stand we up for our native land! *Le bel Anglais* entered those circles a much greater knave than most of those whom he found there. But there, at least, he learned to set a yet higher value on his youth, and strength, and comeliness—on his readiness of resource—on the reckless audacity that browbeat timid and some even valiant men—on the six feet one of faultless symmetry that captivated foolish, and some even sensible women. Gaming was, however, his vice by predilection. A month before Arabella met him he had had a rare run of luck. On the strength of it he had resolved to return to London, and (wholly oblivious of “the best of creatures” till she had thus startled him) hunt out and swoop off with an heiress. Three French friends accompanied him. Each had the same object. Each believed that London swarmed with heiresses. They were all three fine-looking men. One was a Count,—at least he said so. But proud of his rank?—not a bit of it: all for liberty (no man more likely to lose it)—all for fraternity (no man you would less love as a brother). And as for *égalité*!—the son of a shoemaker who was *homme de lettres*, and wrote in a journal, inserted a

jest on the Count's countship. “All men are equal before the pistol,” said the Count; and knowing that in that respect he was equal to most, having practised at *poupées* from the age of fourteen, he called out the son of Crispin and shot him through the lungs. Another of Jasper's travelling friends was an *enfant du peuple*—boasted that he was a foundling. He made verses of lugubrious strain, and taught Jasper how to shuffle at whist. The third, like Jasper, had been designed for trade; and, like Jasper, he had a soul above it. In politics he was a Communist—in talk a Philanthropist. He was the cleverest man of them all, and is now at the galleys. The fate of his two compatriots—more obscure—it is not my duty to discover. In that peculiar walk of life Jasper is as much as I can possibly manage.

It need not be said that Jasper carefully abstained from reminding his old city friends of his existence. It was his object and his hope to drop all identity with that son of a convict who had been sent out of the way to escape humiliation. In this resolve he was the more confirmed because he had no old city friends out of whom anything could be well got. His poor uncle, who alone of his relations in England had been privy to his change of name, was dead; his end hastened by grief for William Losely's disgrace, and the bad reports he had received from France of the conduct of William Losely's son. That uncle had left, in circumstances too straitened to admit the waste of a shilling, a widow of very rigid opinions; who, if ever by some miraculous turn in the wheel of fortune she could have become rich enough to slay a fatted calf, would never have given the shin-bone of it to a prodigal like Jasper, even had he been her own penitent son, instead of a graceless step-nephew. Therefore, as all civilisation proceeds westward, Jasper turned his face from the east; and had no more idea of recrossing Temple Bar in search of fortune, friends, or kindred, than a modern Welshman would dream of a pilgrimage to Asian shores to re-embrace those distant relatives whom Hu Gadarn left

behind him countless centuries ago, when that mythical chief conducted his faithful Cymrians over the Hazy Sea to this happy Island of Honey.*

Two days after his *rencontre* with Arabella in the Green Park, the *soi-disant* Hammond having, in the interim, learned that Darrell was immensely rich, and Matilda his only surviving child, did not fail to find himself in the Green Park again,—and again,—and again!

Arabella, of course, felt how wrong it was to allow him to accost her, and walk by one side of her while Miss Darrell was on the other. But she felt, also, as if it would be much more wrong to slip out and meet him alone. Not for worlds would she again have placed herself in such peril. To refuse to meet him at all?—she had not strength enough for that! Her joy at seeing him was so immense. And nothing could be more respectful than Jasper's manner and conversation. Whatever of warmer and more impassioned sentiment was exchanged between them, passed in notes. Jasper had suggested to Arabella to pass him off to Matilda as some near relation. But Arabella refused all such disguise. Her sole claim to self-respect was in considering him solemnly engaged to her—the man she was to marry. And, after the second time they thus met, she said to Matilda, who had not questioned her by a word—by a look—"I was to be married to that gentleman before my father died; we are to be married as soon as we have something to live upon."

Matilda made some commonplace but kindly rejoinder. And thus she became raised into Arabella's confidence,—so far as that confidence could be given, without betraying Jasper's real name, or one darker memory in herself. Luxury, indeed, it was to Arabella to find, at last, some one to whom she could speak of that betrothal in which her whole future was invested—of that affection which was her heart's sheet-anchor—of that home, humble it might be, and far off, but to which Time rarely fails to bring the Two, if never

weary of the trust to become as One. Talking thus, Arabella forgot the relationship of pupil and teacher; it was as woman to woman—girl to girl—friend to friend. Matilda seemed touched by the confidence—flattered to possess at last another's secret. Arabella was a little chafed that she did not seem to admire Jasper as much as Arabella thought the whole world must admire. Matilda excused herself. "She had scarcely noticed Mr. Hammond. Yes; she had no doubt he would be considered handsome; but she owned, though it might be bad taste, that she preferred a pale complexion, with auburn hair;" and then she sighed and looked away, as if she had, in the course of her secret life, encountered some fatal pale complexion, with never-to-be-forgotten auburn hair. Not a word was said by either Matilda or Arabella as to concealing from Mr. Darrell these meetings with Mr. Hammond. Perhaps Arabella could not stoop to ask that secrecy; but there was no necessity to ask. Matilda was always too rejoiced to have something to conceal.

Now, in these interviews, Jasper scarcely ever addressed himself to Matilda; not twenty spoken words could have passed between them; yet, in the very third interview, Matilda's sly fingers had closed on a sly note. And from that day, in each interview, Arabella walking in the centre, Jasper on one side, Matilda the other—behind Arabella's back—passed the sly fingers and the sly notes, which Matilda received and answered. Not more than twelve or fourteen times was even this interchange effected. Darrell was about to move to Fawley. All such meetings would be now suspended. Two or three mornings before that fixed for leaving London, Matilda's room was found vacant. She was gone. Arabella was the first to discover her flight, the first to learn its cause. Matilda had left on her writing-table a letter for Miss Fossett. It was very short, very quietly expressed, and it rested her justifica-

* *Mel Ymrys*—Isle of Honey. One of the poetic names given to England in the language of the ancient Britons.

tion on a note from Jasper, which she enclosed—a note in which that gallant hero, ridiculing the idea that he could ever have been in love with Arabella, declared that he would destroy himself if Matilda refused to fly. *She* need not fear such angelic confidence in him. No! Even

“Had he a heart for falsehood framed,
He ne’er could injure her.”

Stiffing each noisier cry—but panting—gasping—literally half out of her mind, Arabella rushed into Darrell’s study. He, unsuspecting man, calmly bending over his dull books, was startled by her apparition. Few minutes sufficed to tell him all that it concerned him to learn. Few brief questions, few passionate answers, brought him to the very worst.

Who, and what, was this Mr. Hammond? Heaven of heavens! the son of William Losely—of a transported felon!

Arabella exulted in a reply which gave her a moment’s triumph over the rival who had filched from her such a prize. Roused from his first misery and sense of abasement in this discovery, Darrell’s wrath was naturally poured, not on the fugitive child, but on the frontless woman, who, buoyed up by her own rage and sense of wrong, faced him, and did not cower. She, the faithless governess, had presented to her pupil this convict’s son in another name; she owned it—she had trepanned into the snares of so vile a fortune-hunter, an ignorant child—she might feign amaze—act remorse—she must have been the man’s accomplice. Stung, amidst all the bewilderment of her anguish, by this charge, which, at least, she did not deserve, Arabella tore from her bosom Jasper’s recent letters to herself—letters all devotion and passion—placed them before Darrell, and bade him read. Nothing thought she then of name and fame. Nothing but of her wrongs and of her woes. Compared to herself, Matilda seemed the perfidious criminal—she the injured victim. Darrell but glanced over the letters; they were signed “your loving husband.”

“What is this?” he exclaimed, “are you married to the man?”

“Yes,” cried Arabella, “in the eyes of heaven!”

To Darrell’s penetration there was no mistaking the significance of those words, and that look; and his wrath redoubled. Anger in him, when once roused, was terrible; he had small need of words to vent it. His eye withered, his gesture appalled. Conscious but of one burning firebrand in brain and heart—of a sense that youth, joy, and hope were for ever gone, that the world could never be the same again—Arabella left the house, her character lost, her talents useless, her very means of existence stopped. Who henceforth would take *her* to teach? Who henceforth place their children under *her* charge?

She shrank into a gloomy lodging—she shut herself up alone with her despair. Strange though it may seem, her anger against Jasper was slight as compared with the intensity of her hate to Matilda. And stranger still it may seem, that as her thoughts recovered from their first chaos, she felt more embittered against the world, more crushed by a sense of shame, and yet galled by a no less keen sense of injustice, in recalling the scorn with which Darrell had rejected all excuse for her conduct in the misery it had occasioned her, than she did by the consciousness of her own lamentable errors. As in Darrell’s esteem there was something that, to those who could appreciate it, seemed invaluable, so in his contempt to those who had cherished that esteem there was a weight of ignominy, as if a judge had pronounced a sentence that outlawed the rest of life.

Arabella had not much left out of her munificent salary. What she had hitherto laid by had passed to Jasper—defraying, perhaps, the very cost of his flight with her treacherous rival. When her money was gone, she pawned the poor relics of her innocent happy girlhood, which she had been permitted to take from her father’s home, and had borne with her wherever she went, like household gods—the prize-books, the lute, the costly work-box, the very bird-cage, all which the reader will remember to have seen in her later

life, the books never opened, the lute broken, the bird long, long, long vanished from the cage! Never did she think she should redeem those pledges from that Golgotha, which takes, rarely to give back, so many hallowed tokens of the dreamland called "better days,"—the trinkets worn at the first ball, the ring that was given with the earliest love-vow—yea, even the very bells and coral that pleased the infant in its dainty cradle, and the very Bible in which the lips that now bargain for sixpence more, read to some grey-haired father on his bed of death!

Soon the sums thus miserably raised were as miserably doled away. With a sullen apathy the woman contemplated famine. She would make no effort to live—appeal to no relations, no friends. It was a kind of vengeance she took on others, to let herself drift on to death. She had retreated from lodging to lodging, each obscurer, more desolate than the other. Now, she could no longer pay rent for the humblest room; now, she was told to go forth—whither? She knew not—cared not—took her way towards the river, as by that instinct which, when the mind is diseased, tends towards self-destruction, scarce less involuntarily than it turns, in health, towards self-preservation. Just as she passed under the lamp-light at the foot of Westminster Bridge, a well-dressed man looked at her, and seized her arm. She raised her head with a chilly, melancholy scorn, as if she had received an insult—as if she feared that the man knew the stain upon her name, and dreamed, in his folly, that the dread of death might cause her to sin again.

"Do you not know me?" said the man; "more strange that I should recognise you! Dear, dear!—and what a dress!—how you *are* altered! Poor thing!"

At the words "poor thing" Arabella burst into tears; and in those tears the heavy cloud on her brain seemed to melt away.

"I have been inquiring, seeking for you everywhere, Miss," resumed the man. "Surely you know me now! Your poor aunt's lawyer!

She is no more—died last week. She has left you all she had in the world; and a very pretty income it is, too, for a single lady."

Thus it was that we find Arabella installed in the dreary comforts of Podden Place. "She exchanged," she said, "in honour to her aunt's memory her own name for that of Crane, which her aunt had borne—her own mother's maiden name." She assumed, though still so young, that title of "Mrs." which spinsters, grown venerable, moodily adopt when they desire all mankind to know that henceforth they relinquish the vanities of tender misses—that, become mistress of themselves, they defy and spit upon our worthless sex, which, whatever its repentance, is warned that it repents in vain. Most of her aunt's property was in houses, in various districts of Bloomsbury. Arabella moved from one to the other of these tenements, till she settled for good into the dullest of all. To make it duller yet, by contrast with the past, the Golgotha for once gave up its buried treasures—broken lute, birdless cage!

Somewhere about two years after Matilda's death, Arabella happened to be in the office of the agent who collected her house-rents, when a well-dressed man entered, and, leaning over the counter, said—"There is an advertisement in to-day's *Times* about a lady who offers a home, education, and so forth, to any little motherless girl; terms moderate, as said lady loves children for their own sake. Advertiser refers to your office for particulars—give them!"

The agent turned to his books; and Arabella turned towards the inquirer. "For whose child do you want a home, Jasper Loosely?"

Jasper started. "Arabella! Best of creatures! And can you deign to speak to such a vil—"

"Hush—let us walk. Never mind the advertisement of a stranger. I may find a home for a motherless child—a home that will cost you nothing."

She drew him into the street. "But can this be the child of—of—Matilda Darrell?"

"Bella!" replied, in coaxing ac-

cents, that most execrable of lady-killers, "can I trust you?—can you be my friend in spite of my having been such a very sad dog? But money—what can one do without money in this world? 'Had I a heart for falsehood framed, it would ne'er have injured you'—if I had not been so cursedly hard up! And indeed now, if you would but condescend to forgive and forget, perhaps some day or other we may be Darby and Joan—only, you see, just at this moment I am really not worthy of such a Joan. You know, of course, that I am a widower—not inconsolable."

"Yes; I read of Mrs. Hammond's death in an old newspaper."

"And you did not read of her baby's death, too—some weeks afterwards?"

"No; it is seldom that I see a newspaper. Is the infant dead?"

"Hum—you shall hear." And Jasper entered into a recital, to which Arabella listened with attentive interest. At the close she offered to take, herself, the child for whom Jasper sought a home. She informed him of her change of name and address. The wretch promised to call that evening with the infant; but he sent the infant, and did not call. Nor did he present himself again to her eyes, until, several years afterwards, those eyes so luridly welcomed him to Podden Place. But though he did not even condescend to write to her in the meanwhile, it is probable that Arabella contrived to learn more of his habits and mode of life at Paris than she intimated when they once more met face to face.

And now the reader knows more than Alban Morley, or Guy Darrell perhaps ever will know, of the grim woman in iron grey.

CHAPTER X.

"Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head."

Most persons will agree that the toad is ugly and venomous, but few indeed are the persons who can boast of having actually discovered that "precious jewel in its head," which the poet assures us is placed there. But calamity may be classed in two great divisions—1st, the afflictions which no prudence can avert; 2d, the misfortunes, which men take all possible pains to bring upon themselves. Afflictions of the first class may but call forth our virtues and result in our ultimate good. Such is the adversity which may give us the jewel. But to get at the jewel we must kill the toad. Misfortunes of the second class but too often increase the errors or the vices by which they were created. Such is the adversity which is all toad and no jewel. If you choose to breed and fatten your own toads, the increase of the venom absorbs every bit of the jewel.

Never did I know a man who was an habitual gambler, otherwise than notably inaccurate in his calculations of probabilities in the ordinary affairs of life. Is it that such a man has become so chronic a drunkard of hope, that he sees double every chance in his favour?

Jasper Losely had counted upon two things as matters of course.

1st. Darrell's speedy reconciliation with his only child.

2d. That Darrell's only child must of necessity be Darrell's heiress.

In both these expectations the gambler was deceived.

Darrell did not even answer the

letters that Matilda addressed to him from France, to the shores of which Jasper had borne her, and where he had hastened to make her his wife under his assumed name of Hammond, but his true Christian name of Jasper.

In the disreputable marriage Matilda had made, all the worst parts of her character seemed suddenly revealed to her father's eye, and he saw what he had hitherto sought not to see, the true child of a worthless mother. A mere *masalliance*, if palliated by long and familiar acquaintance with the object, however it might have galled him, his heart

might have pardoned; but here, without even a struggle of duty, without the ordinary coyness of maiden pride, to be won with so scanty a wooing, by a man who she knew was betrothed to another—the dissimulation, the perfidy, the combined effrontery and meanness of the whole transaction, left no force in Darrell's eyes to the commonplace excuses of inexperience and youth. Darrell would not have been Darrell if he could have taken back to his home or his heart a daughter so old in deceit, so experienced in thoughts that dishonour.

Darrell's silence, however, little saddened the heartless bride, and little dismayed the sanguine bridegroom. Both thought that pardon and plenty were but the affair of time—a little more or little less. But their funds rapidly diminished; it became necessary to recruit them. One can't live in hotels entirely upon hope. Leaving his pride for a while in a pleasant provincial town, not many hours distant from Paris, Jasper returned to London, intent upon seeing Darrell himself; and should the father-in-law still defer articles of peace, Jasper believed that he could have no trouble in raising a present supply upon such an El Dorado of future expectations. Darrell at once consented to see Jasper, not at his own house, but at his solicitor's. Smothering all opposing disgust, the proud gentleman deemed this condescension essential to the clear and definite understanding of those resolves upon which depended the worldly station and prospects of the wedded pair.

When Jasper was shown into Mr. Gotobed's office, Darrell was alone, standing near the hearth, and by a single quiet gesture repelled that tender rush towards his breast which Jasper had elaborately prepared; and thus for the first time the two men saw each other, Darrell perhaps yet more resentfully mortified while recognising those personal advantages in the showy profligate which had rendered a daughter of his house so facile a conquest: Jasper (who had chosen to believe that a father-in-law so eminent must necessarily be old and broken) shocked into the most

disagreeable surprise by the sight of a man still young, under forty, with a countenance, a port, a presence, that in any assemblage would have attracted the general gaze from his own brilliant self, and looking altogether as unfavourable an object, whether for pathos or for post-obits, as unlikely to breathe out a blessing or to give up the ghost, as the worst brute of a father-in-law could possibly be. Nor were Darrell's words more comforting than his aspect.

"Sir, I have consented to see you, partly that you may learn from my own lips once for all that I admit no man's right to enter my family without my consent, and that consent you will never receive, and partly that, thus knowing each other by sight, each may know the man it becomes him most to avoid. The lady who is now your wife is entitled by my marriage-settlement to the reversion of a small fortune at my death; nothing more from me is she likely to inherit. As I have no desire that she to whom I once gave the name of daughter should be dependent wholly on yourself for bread, my solicitor will inform you on what conditions I am willing, during my life, to pay the interest of the sum which will pass to your wife at my death. Sir, I return to your hands the letters that lady has addressed to me, and which, it is easy to perceive, were written at your dictation. No letter from her will I answer. Across my threshold her foot will never pass. Thus, sir, concludes all possible intercourse between you and myself; what rests is between you and that gentleman."

Darrell had opened a side-door in speaking the last words—pointed towards the respectable form of Mr. Gotobed standing tall beside his tall desk—and, before Jasper could put in a word, the father-in-law was gone.

With becoming brevity Mr. Gotobed made Jasper fully aware that not only all Mr. Darrell's funded or personal property was entirely at his own disposal—that not only the large landed estates he had purchased (and which Jasper had vaguely deemed inherited and in strict entail) were in the same condition—condition

enviable to the proprietor, odious to the bridegroom of the proprietor's sole daughter; but that even the fee-simple of the poor Fawley Manor-House and lands was vested in Darrell, encumbered only by the portion of £10,000 which the late Mrs. Darrell had brought to her husband, and which was settled, at the death of herself and Darrell, on the children of the marriage.

In the absence of marriage-settlements between Jasper and Matilda, that sum at Darrell's death was liable to be claimed by Jasper, in right of his wife, so as to leave no certainty that provision would remain for the support of his wife and family; and the contingent reversion might, in the mean time, be so dealt with as to bring eventful poverty on them all.

"Sir," said the lawyer, "I will be quite frank with you. It is my wish, acting for Mr. Darrell, so to settle this sum of £10,000 on your wife, and any children she may bear you, as to place it out of your power to anticipate or dispose of, even with Mrs. Hammond's consent. If you part with that power, not at present a valuable one, you are entitled to compensation. I am prepared to make that compensation liberal. Perhaps you would prefer communicating with me through your own solicitor. But I should tell you, that the terms are more likely to be advantageous to you, in proportion as negotiation is confined to us two. It might, for instance, be expedient to tell your solicitor that your true name (I beg you a thousand pardons) is not Hammond. That is a secret which, the more you can keep it to yourself, the better I think it will be for you. We have no wish to blab it out."

Jasper, by this time, had somewhat recovered the first shock of displeasure and disappointment; and with that quickness which so erratically darted through a mind that contrived to be dull when anything honest was addressed to its apprehension, he instantly divined that his real name of Losely was worth something. He had no idea of resuming—was, indeed, at that time anxious altogether to ignore and eschew it; but he had a right to it, and

a man's rights are not to be resigned for nothing. Accordingly, he said with some asperity, "I shall resume my family name whenever I choose it. If Mr. Darrell does not like his daughter to be called Mrs. Jasper Losely—or all the malignant tittle-tattle which my poor father's unfortunate trial might provoke—he must, at least, ask me as a favour to retain the name I have temporarily adopted—a name in my family, sir. A Losely married a Hammond, I forget when—generations ago—you'll see it in the Baronetage. My grandfather, Sir Julian, was not a crack lawyer, but he was a baronet of as good birth as any in the country; and my father, sir,"—(Jasper's voice trembled)—"my father," he repeated, fiercely striking his clenched hand on the table, "was a gentleman every inch of his body; and I'll pitch any man out of the window who says a word to the contrary!"

"Sir," said Mr. Gotobed, shrinking towards the bell-pull, "I think, on the whole, I had better see your solicitor."

Jasper cooled down at that suggestion; and, with a slight apology for natural excitement, begged to know what Mr. Gotobed wished to propose. To make an end of this part of the story, after two or three interviews, in which the two negotiators learned to understand each other, a settlement was legally completed, by which the sum of £10,000 was inalienably settled on Matilda, and her children by her marriage with Jasper; in case he survived her, the interest was to be his for life—in case she died childless, the capital would devolve to himself at Darrell's decease. Meanwhile, Darrell agreed to pay £500 a-year, as the interest of the £10,000 at five per cent, to Jasper Hammond, or his order, provided always that Jasper and his wife continued to reside together, and fixed that residence abroad.

By a private verbal arrangement, not even committed to writing, to this sum was added another £200 a-year, wholly at Darrell's option and discretion. It being clearly comprehended that these words meant so long as Mr. Hammond kept his own secret, and so long, too, as he for-

bore, directly or indirectly, to molest, or even to address the person at whose pleasure it was held. On the whole, the conditions to Jasper were sufficiently favourable: he came into an income immeasurably beyond his right to believe that he should ever enjoy; and sufficient—well managed—for even a fair share of the elegancies as well as comforts of life, to a young couple blest in each other's love, and remote from the horrible taxes and emulous gentilities of this opulent England, where, out of fear to be thought too poor, nobody is ever too rich.

Matilda wrote no more to Darrell. But some months afterwards he received an extremely well-expressed note in French, the writer whereof represented herself as a French lady, who had very lately seen Madame Hammond—was now in London but for a few days, and had something to communicate, of such importance as to justify the liberty she took in requesting him to honour her with a visit. After some little hesitation, Darrell called on this lady. Though Matilda had forfeited his affection, he could not contemplate her probable fate without painful anxiety. Perhaps Jasper had ill-used her—perhaps she had need of shelter elsewhere. Though that shelter could not again be under a father's roof—and though Darrell would have taken no step to separate her from the husband she had chosen, still, in secret, he would have felt comparative relief and ease had she herself sought to divide her fate from one whose path downwards in dishonour his penetration instinctively divined. With an idea that some communication might be made to him, to which he might reply that Matilda, if compelled to quit her husband, should never want the home and subsistence of a gentlewoman, he repaired to the house (a handsome house in a quiet street, temporarily occupied by the French lady). A tall *chasseur*, in full costume, opened the door—a page ushered him into the drawing-room. He saw a lady—young—and with all the grace of a *Parisienne* in her manner—who, after some exquisitely-turned phrases of excuse, showed him (as a testimonial of the intimacy between herself

and Madame Hammond) a letter she had received from Matilda, in a very heart-broken, filial strain, full of professions of penitence—of a passionate desire for her father's forgiveness—but far from complaining of Jasper, or hinting at the idea of deserting a spouse, with whom, but for the haunting remembrance of a beloved parent, her lot would be blest indeed. Whatever of pathos was deficient in the letter, the French lady supplied by such apparent fine feeling, and by so many touching little traits of Matilda's remorse, that Darrell's heart was softened in spite of his reason. He went away, however, saying very little, and intending to call no more. But another note came. The French lady had received a letter from a mutual friend—"Matilda," she feared, "was dangerously ill." This took him again to the house, and the poor French lady seemed so agitated by the news she had heard—and yet so desirous not to exaggerate nor alarm him needlessly, that Darrell suspected his daughter was really dying, and became nervously anxious himself for the next report. Thus, about three or four visits in all necessarily followed the first one. Then Darrell abruptly closed the intercourse, and could not be induced to call again. Not that he for an instant suspected that this amiable lady, who spoke so becomingly, and whose manners were so high-bred, was other than the well-born Baroness she called herself, and looked to be, but partly because, in the last interview, the charming *Parisienne* had appeared a little to forget Matilda's alarming illness, in a, not forward but still, coquettish desire to centre his attention more upon herself; and the moment she did so, he took a dislike to her which he had not before conceived; and partly because his feelings having recovered the first effect which the vision of a penitent, pining, dying daughter could not fail to produce, his experience of Matilda's duplicity and falsehood made him discredit the penitence, the pining, and the dying. The Baroness might not wilfully be deceiving him—Matilda might be wilfully deceiving the Baroness. To the next note, therefore, despatched

to him by the feeling and elegant foreigner, he replied but by a dry excuse—a stately hint that family matters could never be satisfactorily discussed except in family councils, and that if her friend's grief or illness were really in any way occasioned by a belief in the pain her choice of life might have inflicted on himself, it might comfort her to know that that pain had subsided, and that his wish for her health and happiness was not less sincere, because henceforth he could neither watch over the one nor administer to the other. To this note, after a day or two, the Baroness replied by a letter so beautifully worded, I doubt whether Madame de Sevigné could have written in purer French, or Madame de Staël with a finer felicity of phrase. Stripped of the graces of diction, the substance was but small: "Anxiety for a friend so beloved—so unhappy—more pitied even than before, now that the Baroness had been enabled to see how fondly a daughter must idolise a father in the man whom a nation revered!—(here two lines devoted to compliment personal)—compelled by that anxiety to quit even sooner than she had first intended the metropolis of that noble country," &c.—(here four lines devoted to compliment national)—and then proceeding through some charming sentences about patriot altars and domestic hearths, the writer suddenly checked herself—"would intrude no more on time sublimely dedicated to the human race—and concluded with the assurance of sentiments the most *distinguées*." Little thought Darrell that this complimentary stranger, whom he never again beheld, would exercise an influence over that portion of his destiny which then seemed to him most secure from evil; towards which, then, he looked for the balm to every wound—the compensation to every loss!

Darrell heard no more of Matilda, till, not long afterwards, her death was announced to him. She had died from exhaustion shortly after giving birth to a female child. The news came upon him at a moment when, from other causes—(the explanation of which, forming no part

of his confidence to Alban, it will be convenient to reserve)—his mind was in a state of great affliction and disorder—when he had already buried himself in the solitudes of Fawley—ambition resigned and the world renounced—and the intelligence saddened and shocked him more than it might have done some months before. If, at that moment of utter bereavement, Matilda's child had been brought to him—given up to him to rear—would he have rejected it? would he have forgotten that it was a felon's grandchild? I dare not say. But his pride was not put to such a trial. One day he received a packet from Mr. Gotobed, enclosing the formal certificates of the infant's death, which had been presented to him by Jasper, who had arrived in London for that melancholy purpose, with which he combined a pecuniary proposition. By the death of Matilda and her only child, the sum of £10,000 absolutely reverted to Jasper in the event of Darrell's decease. As the interest meanwhile was continued to Jasper, that widowed mourner suggested "that it would be a great boon to himself and no disadvantage to Darrell if the principal were made over to him at once. He had been brought up originally to commerce. He had abjured all thoughts of resuming such vocation during his wife's lifetime, out of that consideration for her family and ancient birth which motives of delicacy imposed. Now that the connection with Mr. Darrell was dissolved, it might be rather a relief than otherwise to that gentleman to know that a son-in-law so displeasing to him was finally settled, not only in a foreign land, but in a social sphere, in which his very existence would soon be ignored by all who could remind Mr. Darrell that his daughter had once a husband. An occasion that might never occur again now presented itself. A trading firm at Paris, opulent, but unostentatiously quiet in its mercantile transactions, would accept him as a partner could he bring to it the additional capital of £10,000." Not without dignity did Jasper add, "that since his connection had been so unhappily distasteful to Mr. Darrell, and since the very payment, each quarter, of

the interest on the sum in question must in itself keep alive the unwelcome remembrance of that connection, he had the less scruple in making a proposition which would enable the eminent personage who so disdained his alliance to get rid of him altogether." Darrell closed at once with Jasper's proposal, pleased to cut off from his life each tie that could henceforth link it to Jasper's, nor displeased to relieve his hereditary acres from every shilling of the marriage portion which was imposed on it as a debt, and associated with memories of unmingled bitterness. Accordingly, Mr. Gotobed, taking care first to ascertain that the certificates as to the poor child's death were genuine, accepted Jasper's final release of all claim on Mr. Darrell's estate. There still, however, remained the £200 a-year which Jasper had received during Matilda's life, on the tacit condition of remaining Mr. Hammond, and not personally addressing Mr. Darrell. Jasper inquired "if that annuity was to continue?" Mr. Gotobed referred the inquiry to Darrell, observing that the object for which this extra allowance had been made, was rendered nugatory by the death of Mrs. Hammond and her child; since Jasper henceforth could have neither power nor pretext to molest Mr. Darrell, and that it could signify but little what name might in future be borne by one whose connection with the Darrell family was wholly dissolved. Darrell impatiently replied, "That nothing having been said as to the withdrawal of the said allowance in case Jasper became a widower, he remained equally entitled, in point of honour, to receive that allowance, or an adequate equivalent."

This answer being intimated to Jasper, that gentleman observed "that it was no more than he had expected from Mr. Darrell's sense of honour," and apparently quite satisfied, carried himself and his £10,000 back to Paris. Not long after, however, he wrote to Mr. Gotobed that "Mr. Darrell, having alluded to an equivalent for the £200 a-year allowed to him, evidently implying that it was as disagreeable to Mr. Darrell to see that sum entered quarterly in his banker's

books, as it had to see there the quarterly interest of the £10,000, so Jasper might be excused in owning that he should prefer an equivalent. The commercial firm to which he was about to attach himself required a somewhat larger capital on his part than he had anticipated, &c., &c. Without presuming to dictate any definite sum, he would observe that £1500, or even £1000, would be of more avail to his views and objects in life than an annuity of £200 a-year, which, being held only at will, was not susceptible of a temporary loan." Darrell, wrapped in thoughts wholly remote from recollections of Jasper, chafed at being thus recalled to the sense of that person's existence, wrote back to the solicitor who transmitted to him this message, "that an annuity held on his word was not to be calculated by Mr. Hammond's notions of its value. That the £200 a-year should therefore be placed on the same footing as the £500 a-year that had been allowed on a capital of £10,000; that accordingly it might be held to represent a principal of £4000, for which he enclosed a cheque, begging Mr. Gotobed not only to make Mr. Hammond fully understand that there ended all possible accounts or communication between them, but never again to trouble him with any matters whatsoever in reference to affairs that were thus finally concluded." Jasper, receiving the £4000, left Darrell and Gotobed in peace till the following year. He then addressed to Gotobed an exceedingly plausible, business-like letter. "The firm he had entered, in the silk trade, was in the most flourishing state—an opportunity occurred to purchase a magnificent mulberry plantation in Provence, with all requisite *magnaneries*, &c., which would yield an immense increase of profit. That if, to insure him to have a share in this lucrative purchase, Mr. Darrell could accommodate him for a year with a loan of £2000 or £3000, he sanguinely calculated on attaining so high a position in the commercial world, as, though it could not render the recollection of his alliance more obtrusive to Mr. Darrell, would render it less humiliating."

Mr. Gotobed, in obedience to the

peremptory instructions he had received from his client, did not refer this letter to Darrell, but having occasion at that time to visit Paris on other business, he resolved (without calling on Mr. Hammond) to institute there some private inquiry into that rising trader's prospects and status. He found, on arrival at Paris, these inquiries difficult. No one in either the *beau monde* or in the *haut commerce* seemed to know anything about this Mr. Jasper Hammond. A few fashionable English *roués* remembered to have seen once or twice during Matilda's life, and shortly after her decease, a very fine-looking man shooting meteoric across some equivocal *salons*, or lounging in the *Champs Elysées*, or dining at the *Café de Paris*; but of late that meteor had vanished. Mr. Gotobed, then cautiously employing a commissioner to gain some information of Mr. Hammond's firm at the private residence from which Jasper addressed his letter, ascertained that in that private residence Jasper did not reside. He paid the porter to receive occasional letters, for which he called or sent; and the porter who was evidently a faithful and discreet functionary, declared his belief that Monsieur Hammond lodged in the house in which he transacted business, though, where was the house, or what was the business, the porter observed, with well-bred implied rebuke, "Monsieur Hammond was too reserved to communicate, he himself too incurious to inquire." At length Mr. Gotobed's business, which was, in fact, a commission from a distressed father to extricate an imprudent son, a mere boy, from some unhappy associations, having brought him into the necessity of seeing persons who belonged neither to the *beau monde* nor to the *haut commerce*, he gleaned from them the information he desired. Mr. Hammond lived in the very heart of a certain circle in Paris, which but few Englishmen ever penetrate. In that circle Mr. Hammond had, on receiving his late wife's dowry, become the partner in a private gambling hell; in that hell had been engulphed all the moneys he had received—a hell that ought to have prospered with him, if he could have economised his villanous gains. His

senior partner in that firm retired into the country with a fine fortune—no doubt the very owner of those mulberry plantations which were now on sale! But Jasper scattered napoleons faster than any *croupier* could rake them away. And Jasper's natural talent for converting solid gold into thin air had been assisted by a lady, who, in the course of her amiable life, had assisted many richer men than Jasper to lodgings in St. Pelagie, or cells in the *Maison des Fous*. With that lady he had become acquainted during the lifetime of his wife, and it was supposed that Matilda's discovery of this *liaison* had contributed perhaps to the illness which closed in her decease; the name of that lady was Gabrielle Desmarets. She might still be seen daily at the Bois de Boulogne, nightly at opera-house or theatre; she had apartments in the *Chaussée d'Antin* far from inaccessible to Mr. Gotobed, if he coveted the honour of her acquaintance. But Jasper was less before an admiring world. He was supposed now to be connected with another gambling-house of lower grade than the last, in which he had contrived to break his own bank, and plunder his own till. It was supposed also that he remained good friends with Mademoiselle Desmarets; but if he visited her at her house, he was never to be seen there. In fact, his temper was so uncertain, his courage so dauntless, his strength so prodigious, that gentlemen who did not wish to be thrown out of a window, or hurled down a staircase, shunned any salon or boudoir in which they had a chance to encounter him. Mademoiselle Desmarets had thus been condemned to the painful choice between his society and that of nobody else, or that of anybody else with the rigid privation of his. Not being a turtle-dove, she had chosen the latter alternative. It was believed, however, that if ever Gabrielle Desmarets had known the weakness of a kind sentiment, it was for this turbulent lady-killer; and that, with a liberality she had never exhibited in any other instance, when she could no longer help him to squander, she would still, at a pinch, help him to live;

though, of course, in such a reverse of the normal laws of her being, Mademoiselle Desmarets set those bounds on her own generosity which she would not have imposed upon his, and had said with a sigh, "I could forgive him if he beat me and beggared my friends; but to beat my friends and to beggar me,—*that* is not the kind of love which makes the world go round."

Scandalised to the last nerve of his respectable system by the information thus gleaned, Mr. Gotobed returned to London. More letters from Jasper—becoming urgent, and at last even insolent—Mr. Gotobed, worried into a reply, wrote back shortly "that he could not even communicate such applications to Mr. Darrell, and that he must peremptorily decline all further intercourse, epistolary or personal, with Mr. Hammond."

Darrell, on returning from one of the occasional rambles on the Continent, "remote, unfriended, melancholy," by which he broke the monotony of his Fawley life, found a letter from Jasper, not fawning, but abrupt, addressed to himself, complaining of Mr. Gotobed's improper tone, requesting pecuniary assistance, and intimating that he could in return communicate to Mr. Darrell an intelligence that would give him more joy than all his wealth could purchase. Darrell enclosed that note to Mr. Gotobed; Mr. Gotobed came down to Fawley to make those revelations of Jasper's mode of life which were too delicate, or too much the reverse, to commit to paper. Great as Darrell's disgust at the memory of Jasper had hitherto been, it may well be conceived how much more bitter became that memory now. No answer was, of course, vouchsafed to Jasper, who, after another extremely forcible appeal for money, and equally enigmatical boast of the pleasurable information it was in his power to bestow, relapsed into sullen silence.

One day, somewhat more than five years after Matilda's death, Darrell, coming in from his musing walks, found a stranger waiting for him. This stranger was William Loesely, returned from penal exile; and while Darrell, on hearing this announce-

ment, stood mute with haughty wonder that such a visitor could cross the threshold of his father's house, the convict began what seemed to Darrell a story equally audacious and incomprehensible—the infant Matilda had borne to Jasper, and the certificates of whose death had been so ceremoniously produced and so prudently attested, lived still! Sent out to nurse as soon as born, the nurse had in her charge another babe, and this last was the child who had died and been buried as Matilda Hammond's. The elder Loesely went on to stammer out a hope that his son was not at the time aware of the fraudulent exchange, but had been deceived by the nurse—that it had not been a premeditated imposture of his own to obtain his wife's fortune.

When Darrell came to this part of his story, Alban Morley's face grew more seriously interested. "Stop!" he said; "William Loesely assured you of his own conviction that this strange tale was true. What proofs did he volunteer?"

"Proofs! Death, man, do you think that at such moments I was but a bloodless lawyer, to question and cross-examine? I could but bid the impostor leave the house which his feet polluted."

Alban heaved a sigh, and murmured, too low for Darrell to overhear, "Poor Willy!" then aloud, "But, my dear friend, bear with me one moment. Suppose that, by the arts of this diabolical Jasper, the exchange really had been effected, and a child to your ancient line lived still, would it not be a solace, a comfort—"

"Comfort!" cried Darrell, "comfort in the perpetuation of infamy! The line I promised my father to restore to its rank in the land, to be renewed in the grandchild of a felon!—in the child of a yet viler sharper of a hell!—You, gentleman and soldier, call that thought—'comfort!' O Alban!—out on you! Fie! fie! No!—leave such a thought to the lips of a William Loesely! He indeed, clasping his hands, faltered forth some such word; he seemed to count on my forlorn privation of kith and kindred—no heir to my wealth

—no representative of my race—would I deprive myself of—ay—your very words—of a solace—a comfort! He asked me, at least, to inquire.”

“And you answered?”

“Answered so as to quell and crush in the bud all hopes in the success of so flagrant a falsehood—answered, ‘Why inquire? Know that, even if your tale were true, I have no heir, no representative, no descendant in the child of Jasper—the grandchild of William—Losely. I can at least leave my wealth to the son of Charles Haughton. True, Charles Haughton was a spendthrift—a gamester; but he was neither a professional cheat nor a convicted felon.’”

“You said that—O Darrell!”

The Colonel checked himself. But for Charles Haughton, the spendthrift and gamester, would William Losely have been the convicted felon? He checked that thought, and hurried on—“And how did William Losely reply?”

“He made no reply—he skulked away without a word.”

Darrell then proceeded to relate the interview which Jasper had forced on him at Fawley during Lionel's visit there—on Jasper's part, an attempt to tell the same tale as William had told—on Darrell's part, the same scornful refusal to hear it out. “And,” added Darrell, “the man, finding it thus impossible to dupe my reason, had the inconceivable meanness to apply to me for alms. I could not better show the disdain in which I held himself and his story than in recognising his plea as a mendicant. I threw my purse at his feet, and so left him.”

“But,” continued Darrell, his brow growing darker and darker—“but wild and monstrous as the story was, still the idea that it *MIGHT* be true—a supposition which derived its sole strength from the character of Jasper Losely—from the interest he had in the supposed death of a child that alone stood between himself and the money he longed to grasp—an interest which ceased when the money itself was gone, or rather changed into the counter-interest of proving a life that, he thought, would re-establish a hold

on me—still, I say, an idea that the story *MIGHT* be true, would force itself on my fears, and if so, though my resolution never to acknowledge the child of Jasper Losely as a representative, or even as a daughter, of my house, would of course be immovable—yet it would become my duty to see that her infancy was sheltered, her childhood reared, her youth guarded, her existence amply provided for.”

“Right—your plain duty,” said Alban, bluntly. “Intricate sometimes are the obligations imposed on us as gentlemen; ‘*noblesse oblige*’ is a motto which involves puzzles for a casuist; but our duties as men are plain—the idea very properly haunted you—and—”

“And I hastened to exorcise the spectre. I left England—I went to the French town in which poor Matilda died—I could not, of course, make formal or avowed inquiries of a nature to raise into importance the very conspiracy (if conspiracy there were) which threatened me. But I saw the physician who had attended both my daughter and her child—I saw those who had seen them both when living—seen them both when dead. The doubt on my mind was dispelled—not a pretext left for my own self-torment. The only person needful in evidence whom I failed to see was the nurse to whom the infant had been sent. She lived in a village some miles from the town—I called at her house—she was out. I left word I should call the next day—I did so—she had absconded. I might, doubtless, have traced her, but to what end, if she were merely Jasper's minion and tool? Did not her very flight prove her guilt and her terror? Indirectly I inquired into her antecedents and character. The inquiry opened a field of conjecture, from which I hastened to turn my eyes. This woman had a sister who had been in the services of Gabrielle Desmarets; and Gabrielle Desmarets had been in the neighbourhood during my poor daughter's lifetime, and just after my daughter's death. And the nurse had had two infants under her charge; the nurse had removed with one of them to Paris—and Gabrielle Desmarets lived in Paris—and, O, Alban,

If there be really in flesh and life a child by Jasper Losely to be forced upon my purse or my pity—is it his child, not by the ill-fated Matilda, but by the vile woman for whom Matilda, even in the first year of wedlock was deserted? Conceive how credulity itself would shrink appalled from the horrible snare!—I to acknowledge, adopt, proclaim as the last of the Darrells, the adulterous offspring of a Jasper Losely and a Gabrielle Desmaretz!—or, when I am in my grave, some claim advanced upon the sum settled by my marriage articles on Matilda's issue, and which, if a child survived, could not have been legally transferred to its father—a claim with witnesses suborned—a claim that might be fraudulently established—a claim that would leave the representative—not indeed of my lands and wealth, but, more precious far, of my lineage and blood—in—in the person of—of—

Darrell paused, almost stifling, and became so pale that Alban started from his seat in alarm.

"It is nothing," resumed Darrell, faintly, "and, ill or well, I must finish this subject now, so that we need not reopen it.

"I remained abroad as you know, for some years. During that time two or three letters from Jasper Losely were forwarded to me; the latest in date more insolent than all preceding ones. It contained demands as if they were rights, and insinuated threats of public exposure, reflecting on myself and my pride—'He was my son-in-law after all, and if he came to disgrace, the world should know the tie.' Enough. This is all I knew until the man who now, it seems, thrusts himself forward as Jasper Losely's friend or agent, spoke to me the other night at Mrs. Haughton's. That man you have seen, and you say that he—"

"Represents Jasper's poverty as extreme; his temper unscrupulous and desperate; that he is capable of any amount of scandal or violence. It seems that though at Paris he has (Poole believes) still preserved the name of Hammond, yet that in England he has resumed that of Losely, seems by Poole's date of the time on

which he, Poole, made Jasper's acquaintance, to have done so after his baffled attempt on you at Fawley—whether in so doing he intimated the commencement of hostilities, or whether, as is more likely, the sharper finds it convenient to have one name in one country and one in another, 'tis useless to inquire; enough that the identity between the Hammond, who married poor Matilda, and the Jasper Losely whose father was transported, that unscrupulous rogue has no longer any care to conceal. It is true that the revelation of this identity would now be of slight moment to a man of the world—as thick-skinned as myself for instance; but to you it would be disagreeable—there is no denying that—and therefore, in short, when Mr. Poole advises a compromise, by which Jasper could be secured from want and yourself from annoyance, I am of the same opinion as Mr. Poole is."

"You are?"

"Certainly. My dear Darrell, if in your secret heart there was something so galling in the thought that the man who had married your daughter, though without your consent, was not merely the commonplace adventurer whom the world supposed, but the son of that poor dear—I mean that rascal who was transported, Jasper too, himself a cheat and a sharper—if this galled you so, that you have concealed the true facts from myself, your oldest friend, till this day—if it has cost you even now so sharp a pang to divulge the true name of that Mr. Hammond, whom our society never saw, whom even gossip has forgotten in connection with yourself—how intolerable would be your suffering to have this man watching for you in the streets, some wretched girl in his hand, and crying out, 'A penny for your son-in-law and your grandchild!' Pardon me—I must be blunt. You can give him to the police—send him to the treadmill. Does that mend the matter? Or, worse still, suppose the man commits some crime that fills all the newspapers with his life and adventures, including, of course, his runaway marriage with the famous Guy Darrell's heiress—no one would blame

you, no one respect you less; but do not tell me that you would not be glad to save your daughter's name from being coupled with such a miscreant's at the price of half your fortune."

"Alban," said Darrell, gloomily, "you can say nothing on this score that has not been considered by myself. But the man has so placed the matter, that honour itself forbids me to bargain with him for the price of my name. So long as he threatens, I cannot buy off a threat; so long as he persists in a story by which he would establish a claim on me on behalf of a child whom I have every motive as well as every reason to disown as inheriting my blood—whatever I bestowed on himself would seem like hush-money to suppress that claim."

"Of course—I understand, and entirely agree with you. But if the man retract all threats, confess his imposture in respect to this pretended offspring, and consent to retire for life to a distant colony, upon an annuity that may suffice for his wants, but leave no surplus beyond, to render more glaring his vices, or more effective his powers of evil—if this could be arranged between Mr. Poole and myself, I think that your peace might be permanently secured without the slightest sacrifice of honour. Will you leave the matter in my

hands on this assurance—that I will not give this person a farthing except on the conditions I have promised?"

"On these conditions, yes, and most gratefully," said Darrell. "Do what you will; but one favour more: never again speak to me (unless absolutely compelled) in reference to this dark portion of my inner life."

Alban pressed his friend's hand, and both were silent for some moments. Then said the Colonel, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "Darrell, more than ever now do I see that the new house at Fawley, so long suspended, must be finished. Marry again you must!—you can never banish old remembrances unless you can supplant them by fresh hopes."

"I feel it—I know it," cried Darrell passionately. "And oh! if one remembrance *could* be wrenched away! But it shall—it shall!"

"Ah!" thought Alban—"the remembrance of his former conjugal life!—a remembrance which might well make the youngest and the boldest Benedict shrink from the hazard of a similar experiment."

In proportion to the delicacy, the earnestness, the depth of a man's nature, will there be a something in his character which no male friend can conceive, and a something in the secrets of his life which no male friend can ever conjecture.

CHAPTER XL

Our old friend the Pocket Cannibal evinces unexpected patriotism and philosophical moderation, contented with a steak off his own succulent friend in the air of his own native sky.

Colonel Morley had a second interview with Mr. Poole. It needed not Alban's knowledge of the world to discover that Poole was no partial friend to Jasper Losely; that, for some reason or other, Poole was no less anxious than the Colonel to get that formidable client, whose cause he so warmly advocated, pensioned and packed off into the region most remote from Great Britain, in which a spirit hitherto so restless might consent to settle. And although Mr. Poole had evidently taken offence at Mr. Darrell's discourteous rebuff of his amiable intentions, yet no grudge against Darrell furnished a motive

for conduct equal to his Christian desire that Darrell's peace should be purchased by Losely's perpetual exile. Accordingly, Colonel Morley took leave with a well-placed confidence in Poole's determination to do all in his power to induce Jasper to listen to reason. The Colonel had hoped to learn something from Poole of the elder Losely's present residence and resources. Poole, as we know, could give him there no information. The Colonel also failed to ascertain any particulars relative to that female pretender on whose behalf Jasper founded his principal claim to Darrell's aid. And so great was Poole's

embarrassment in reply to all questions on that score—Where was the young person? With whom had she lived? What was she like? Could the Colonel see her, and hear her own tale?—that Alban entertained a strong suspicion that no such girl was in existence; that she was a pure fiction and myth; or that, if Jasper were compelled to produce some petticoated fair, she would be an artful baggage hired for the occasion.

Poole waited Jasper's next visit with impatience and sanguine delight. He had not a doubt that the ruffian would cheerfully consent to allow that, on farther inquiry, he found he had been deceived in his belief of Sophy's parentage, and that there was nothing in England so peculiarly sacred to his heart, but what he might consent to breathe the freer air of Columbian skies, or even to share the shepherd's harmless life amidst the pastures of auriferous Australia! But, to Poole's ineffable consternation, Jasper declared sullenly that he would not consent to expatriate himself merely for the sake of living.

"I am not so young as I was," said the bravo; "I don't speak of years, but feeling. I have not the same energy; once I had high spirits—they are broken; once I had hope—I have none; I am not up to exertion; I have got into lazy habits. To go into new scenes, form new plans, live in a horrid raw new world, everybody round me bustling and pushing—No! that may suit your thin dapper light Hop-o'-my-thumbs! Look at me! See how I have increased in weight the last five years—all solid bone and muscle. I defy any four draymen to move me an inch if I am not in the mind to it; and to be blown off to the antipodes as if I were the down of a pestilent thistle, I am not in the mind for *that*, Dolly Poole!"

"Hum!" said Poole, trying to smile. "This is funny talk. You always were a funny fellow. But I am quite sure, from Colonel Morley's decided manner, that you can get nothing from Darrell if you choose to remain in England."

"Well, when I have nothing else left, I may go to Darrell myself, and have the matter out with him. At present I am not out to it. Dolly,

don't bore!" And the bravo, opening a jaw strong enough for any carnivorous animal, yawned—yawned much as a bored tiger does in the face of a philosophical student of savage manners in the Zoological Gardens.

"Bore!" said Poole, astounded, and recoiling from that expanded jaw. "But I should have thought no subject could bore you less than the consideration of how you are to live?"

"Why, Dolly, I have learned to be easily contented, and you see at present I live upon you."

"Yea," groaned Poole, "but that can't go on for ever; and, besides, you promised that you would leave me in peace as soon as I had got Darrell to provide for you."

"So I will. Zounds, sir, do you doubt my word? So I will. But I don't call exile 'a provision'—*Basta!* I understand from you that Colonel Morley offers to restore the niggardly L.200 a-year Darrell formerly allowed to me, to be paid monthly or weekly through some agent in Van Diemen's Land, or some such uncomfortable half-way house to Eternity, that was not even in the Atlas when I studied geography at school. But L.200 a-year is exactly my income in England, paid weekly too, by your agreeable self, with whom it is a pleasure to talk over old times. Therefore that proposal is out of the question. Tell Colonel Morley, with my compliments, that if he will double the sum, and leave me to spend it where I please, I scorn baggling, and say 'done.' And as to the girl, since I cannot find her (which, on penalty of being thrashed to a mummy, you will take care not to let out), I would agree to leave Mr. Darrell free to disown her. But are you such a dolt as not to see that I put the ace of trumps on my adversary's pitiful deuce, if I depose that my own child is not my own child, when all I get for it is what I equally get out of you, with my ace of trumps still in my hands? *Basta!*—I say again *Basta!* It is evidently an object to Darrell to get rid of all fear that Sophy should ever pounce upon him tooth and claw; if he be so convinced that she is not his daughter's child, why make a

point of my saying that I told him a fib, when I said she was? Evidently, too, he is afraid of my power to harass and annoy him; or why make it a point that I shall only nibble his cheese in a trap at the world's end, stared at by bushmen, and wombats, and rattlesnakes, and alligators, and other American citizens or British settlers? £200 a-year, and my own wife's father a millionaire! The offer is an insult. Ponder this; put on the screw; make them come to terms which I can do them the honour to accept; meanwhile, I will trouble you for my four sovereigns."

Poole had the chagrin to report to the Colonel, Jasper's refusal of the terms proposed, and to state the counter-proposition he was commissioned to make. Alban was at first surprised, not conjecturing the means of supply, in his native land, which Jasper had secured in the coffers of Poole himself. On sounding the unhappy negotiator as to Jasper's reasons, he surmised, however, one part of the truth—viz., that Jasper built hopes of better terms precisely on the fact that terms had been offered to him at all; and this induced Alban almost to regret that he had made any such overtures, and to believe that Darrell's repugnance to open the door of conciliation a single inch to so sturdy a mendicant, was more worldly-wise than Alban had originally supposed. Yet partly, even for Darrell's own security and peace, from that persuasion of his own powers of management, which a consummate man of the world is apt to entertain, and partly from a strong curiosity to see the audacious son of that poor dear rascal Willy, and examine himself into the facts he asserted, and the objects he aimed at, Alban bade Poole inform Jasper that Colonel Morley would be quite willing to convince him, in a personal interview, of the impossibility of acceding to the propositions Jasper had made; and that he should be still more willing to see the young person whom Jasper asserted to be the child of his marriage.

Jasper, after a moment's moody deliberation, declined to meet Colonel Morley—partly, indeed, from the

sensitive vanity which once had given him delight, and now only gave him pain. Meet thus—altered, fallen, imbruted—the fine gentleman whose calm eye had quelled him in the widow's drawing-room in his day of comparative splendour—that in itself was distasteful to the degenerated bravo. But he felt as if he should be at more disadvantage in point of argument with a cool and wary representative of Darrell's interests, than he should be even with Darrell himself. And unable to produce the child whom he ascribed the right to obtrude, he should be but exposed to a fire of cross questions without a shot in his own locker. Accordingly, he declined, point-blank, to see Colonel Morley; and declared that the terms he himself had proposed were the lowest he would accept. "Tell Colonel Morley, however, that if negotiations fail, I shall not fail, sooner or later, to argue my view of the points in dispute with my kind father-in-law, and in person."

"Yes, hang it!" cried Poole, exasperated; "go and see Darrell yourself. He is easily found."

"Ay," answered Jasper, with the hardest look of his downcast side-long eye—"Ay; some day or other it may come to that. I would rather not, if possible. I might not keep my temper. It is not merely a matter of money between us, if we two meet. There are affronts to efface. Banished his house like a mangy dog—treated by a jackanapes lawyer like the dirt in the kennel! The Loselys, I suspect, would have looked down on the Darrells fifty years ago; and what if my father was born out of wedlock, is the blood not the same? Does the breed dwindle down for want of a gold ring and priest? Look at me. No: not what I now am; not even as you saw me five years ago; but as I leaped into youth! Was I born to cast sums and nib pens as a City Clerk? Aha, my poor father, you were wrong there! Blood will out! Mad devil, indeed, is a racer in a citizen's gig! Spavined, and windgalled, and foundered—let the brute go at last to the knackers; but by his eye, and his pluck, and his bone, the brute shows the stock that he came from!"

Dolly opened his eyes and—blinked. Never in his gaudy days had Jasper half so openly revealed what, perhaps, had been always a sore in his pride; and his outburst now may possibly aid the reader to a subtler comprehension of the arrogance, and levity, and egotism, which accompanied his insensibility to honour, and had converted his very claim to the blood of a gentleman into an excuse for a cynic's disdain of the very virtues for which a gentleman is most desirous of obtaining credit. But by a very ordinary process in the human mind, as Jasper had fallen lower and lower into the lees and dregs of fortune, his pride had more prominently emerged from the group of the other and more flaunting vices by which, in health and high spirits, it had been pushed aside and outshone.

"Humph!" said Poole, after a pause. "If Darrell was as uncivil to you as he was to me, I don't wonder that you owe him a grudge. But even if you do lose temper in seeing him, it might rather do good than not. You can make yourself cursedly unpleasant if you choose it; and perhaps you will have a better chance of getting your own terms if they see you can bite as well as bark! Set at Darrell, and worry

him; it is not fair to worry nobody but me!"

"Dolly, don't bluster! If I could stand at his door, or stop him in the streets, with the girl in my hand, your advice would be judicious. The world would not care for a row between a rich man and a penniless son-in-law. But an interesting young lady, who calls him grandfather, and falls at his knees, he could not send *her* to hard labour; and if he does not believe in her birth, let the thing but just get into the newspapers, and there are plenty who will: and I should be in a very different position for treating. 'Tis just because, if I meet Darrell again, I don't wish that again it should be all bark and no bite, that I postpone the interview. All your own laziness—exert yourself and find the girl."

"But I can't find the girl, and you know it! And I tell you what, Mr. Losely, Colonel Morley, who is a very shrewd man, does not believe in the girl's existence."

"Does not he! I begin to doubt it myself. But, at all events, you can't doubt of mine, and I am grateful for yours; and since you have given me the trouble of coming here to no purpose, I may as well take the next week's pay in advance—four sovereigns, if you please, Dolly Poole."

CHAPTER XII.

Another halt—Change of Horses—and a turn on the road.

Colonel Morley, on learning that Jasper declined a personal conference with himself, and that the proposal of an interview with Jasper's alleged daughter was equally scouted or put aside, became still more confirmed in his belief that Jasper had not yet been blest with a daughter sufficiently artful to produce. And pleased to think that the sharper was thus unprovided with a means of annoyance, which, skillfully managed, might have been seriously harassing; and convinced that when Jasper found no farther notice taken of him, he himself would be compelled to petition for the terms he now rejected, the Colonel dryly in-

formed Poole "that his interference was at an end; that if Mr. Losely, either through himself, or through Mr. Poole, or any one else, presumed to address Mr. Darrell direct, the offer previously made would be peremptorily and irrevocably withdrawn. I myself," added the Colonel, "shall be going abroad very shortly for the rest of the summer; and should Mr. Losely, in the meanwhile, think better of a proposal which secures him from want, I refer him to Mr. Darrell's solicitor. To that proposal, according to your account of his destitution, he must come sooner or later; and I am glad to see that he has in yourself so judi-

cious an adviser"—a compliment which by no means consoled the miserable Poole.

In the briefest words, Alban informed Darrell of his persuasion that Jasper was not only without evidence to support a daughter's claim, but that the daughter herself was still in that part of Virgil's Hades appropriated to souls that have not yet appeared upon the upper earth, and that Jasper himself, although holding back, as might be naturally expected, in the hope of conditions more to his taste, had only to be left quietly to his own meditations in

order to recognise the advantages of emigration. Another £100 a-year or so, it is true, he might bargain for, and such a demand might be worth conceding. But, on the whole, Alban congratulated Darrell upon the probability of hearing very little more of the son-in-law, and no more at all of the son-in-law's daughter.

Darrell made no comment nor reply. A grateful look, a warm pressure of the hand, and, when the subject was changed, a clearer brow and livelier smile, thanked the English Alban better than all words.

CHAPTER XIII.

Colonel Morley shows that it is not without reason that he enjoys his reputation of knowing something about everybody.

"Well met," said Darrell, the day after Alban had conveyed to him the comforting assurances which had taken one thorn from his side—dispersed one cloud in his evening sky. "Well met," said Darrell, encountering the Colonel a few paces from his own door. "Pray walk with me as far as the New Road. I have promised Lionel to visit the studio of an artist friend of his, in whom he chooses to find a Raffaele, and in whom I suppose, at the price of truth, I shall be urbanely compelled to compliment a dauber."

"Do you speak of Frank Vance?"

"The same!"

"You could not visit a worthier man, nor compliment a more promising artist. Vance is one of the few who unite *gusto* and patience, fancy and brushwork. His female heads, in especial, are exquisite, though they are all, I confess, too much like one another. The man himself is a thoroughly fine fellow. He has been much made of in good society, and remains unspoiled. You will find his manner rather off-hand, the reverse of shy; partly, perhaps, because he has in himself the racy freshness and boldness which he gives to his colours; partly, perhaps, also, because he has in his art the self-esteem that patricians take from their pedigree, and shakes a duke by the hand to prevent the duke holding out to him a finger."

"Good," said Darrell, with his rare, manly laugh. "Being shy myself, I like men who meet one half-way. I see that we shall be at our ease with each other."

"And perhaps still more when I tell you that he is connected with an old Eton friend of ours, and deriving great benefit from that connection; you remember poor Sidney Branthwaite?"

"To be sure. He and I were great friends at Eton—somewhat in the same position of pride and poverty. Of all the boys in the school we two had the least pocket-money. Poor Branthwaite! I lost sight of him afterwards. He went into the Church, got only a curacy, and died young."

"And left a son, poorer than himself, who married Frank Vance's sister."

"You don't say so. The Branthwaites were of good old family; what is Mr. Vance's?"

"Respectable enough. Vance's father was one of those clever men who have too many strings to their bow. He, too, was a painter; but he was also a man of letters, in a sort of a way—had a share in a journal, in which he wrote Criticisms on the Fine Arts. A musical composer, too. Rather a fine gentleman, I suspect, with a wife who was rather a fine lady. Their house was much frequented by artists and literary

men: old Vance, in short, was hospitable—his wife extravagant. Believing that prosperity would do that justice to his pictures which his contemporaries refused, Vance left to his family no other provision. After selling his pictures and paying his debts, there was just enough left to bury him. Fortunately, Sir —, the great painter of that day, had already conceived a liking to Frank Vance—then a mere boy—who had shown genius from an infant, as all true artists do. Sir — took him into his studio and gave him lessons. It would have been unlike Sir —, who was open-hearted but close-fisted, to give anything else. But the boy contrived to support his mother and sister. That fellow, who is now as arrogant a stickler for the dignity of art as you or my Lord Chancellor may be for that of the bar, stooped then to deal clandestinely with fancy-shops, and imitate Watteau on fans. I have now two hand-screens that he painted for a shop in Rathbone Place. I suppose he may have got 10s. for them, and now any admirer of Frank's would give £100 a-piece for them."

"That is the true soul in which genius lodges, and out of which fire springs," cried Darrell, cordially. "Give me the fire that lurks in the flint, and answers by light the stroke of the hard steel. I'm glad Lionel has won a friend in such a man. Sidney Branthwaite's son married Vance's sister—after Vance had won reputation?"

"No; while Vance was still a boy. Young Arthur Branthwaite was an orphan. If he had any living relations, they were too poor to assist him. He wrote poetry much praised by the critics (they deserve to be hanged, those critics!)—scribbled, I suppose, in old Vance's journal; saw Mary Vance a little before her father died; fell in love with her; and on the strength of a volume of verse, in

which the critics all solemnly deposed to his surpassing riches—of imagination, rushed to the altar, and sacrificed a wife to the Muses! Those villanous critics will have a dark account to render in the next world! Poor Arthur Branthwaite! For the sake of our old friend his father, I bought a copy of his little volume. Little as this volume was, I could not read it through."

"What!—below contempt?"

"On the contrary, above comprehension. All poetry praised by critics nowadays is as hard to understand as a hieroglyphic. I own a weakness for Pope and common sense. I could keep up with our age as far as Byron; after him I was thrown out. However, Arthur was declared by the critics to be a great improvement on Byron—more 'poetical in form'—more 'aesthetically artistic'—more 'objective' or 'subjective' (I am sure I forget which, but it was one or the other, nonsensical, and not English) in his views of man and nature. Very possibly. All I know is—I bought the poems, but could not read them; the critics read them, but did not buy. All that Frank Vance could make by painting hand-screens and fans and album scraps, he sent, I believe, to the poor poet; but I fear it did not suffice. Arthur, I suspect, must have been publishing another volume on his own account. I saw a *Monody* on something or other, by Arthur Branthwaite, advertised, and no doubt Frank's fans and hand-screens must have melted into the printer's bill. But the *Monody* never appeared: the poet died, his young wife too. Frank Vance remains a bachelor, and sneers at gentility—abhors poets—is insulted if you promise posthumous fame—gets the best price he can for his pictures—and is proud to be thought a miser. Here we are at his door."

CHAPTER XIV.

Romantic Love pathologically regarded by Frank Vance and Alban Morley.

Vance was before his easel, Lionel looking over his shoulder. Never was Darrell more genial than he was

that day to Frank Vance. The two men took to each other at once, and talked as familiarly as if the retired

lawyer and the rising painter were old fellow-travellers along the same road of life. Darrell was really an exquisite judge of art, and his praise was the more gratifying, because discriminating. Of course he gave the due meed of panegyric to the female heads, by which the artist had become so renowned. Lionel took his kinsman aside, and with a mournful expression of face, showed him the portrait by which all those varying ideals had been suggested—the portrait of Sophy as Titania.

"And that is Lionel," said the artist, pointing to the rough outline of Bottom.

"Pish!" said Lionel, angrily. Then turning to Darrell—"This is *the* Sophy we have failed to find, sir—is it not a lovely face?"

"It is indeed," said Darrell. But that nameless refinement in expression—that arch yet tender elegance in the simple, watchful attitude—these, Mr. Vance, must be your additions to the original."

"No, I assure you, sir," said Lionel; "besides that elegance, that refinement, there was a delicacy in the look and air of that child, to which Vance failed to do justice. Own it, Frank."

"Reassure yourself, Mr. Darrell," said Vance, "of any fears which Lionel's enthusiasm might excite. He tells me that Titania is in America; yet, after all, I would rather he saw her again—no cure for love at first sight like a second sight of the beloved object after a long absence."

DARRELL (somewhat gravely).—"A hazardous remedy—it might kill, if it did not cure."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"I suspect, from Vance's manner, that he has tested its efficacy on his own person."

LIONEL.—"No, *mon Colonel*—I'll answer for Vance. *He* in love! Never."

Vance coloured—gave a touch to the nose of a Roman senator in the famous classical picture which he was then painting for a merchant at Manchester—and made no reply. Darrell looked at the artist with a sharp and searching glance.

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Then all the more credit to Vance for his intuitive perception of philosophical truth.

Suppose, my dear Lionel, that we light, one idle day, on a beautiful novel, a glowing romance—suppose that, by chance, we are torn from the book in the middle of the interest—we remain under the spell of the illusion—we recall the scenes—we try to guess what should have been the sequel—we think that no romance ever was so captivating, simply because we were not allowed to conclude it. Well, if, some years afterwards, the romance fall again in our way, and we open at the page where we left off, we cry, in the maturity of our sober judgment, 'Mawkish stuff!—is this the same thing that I once thought so beautiful?—how one's tastes do alter!'"

DARRELL.—"Does it not depend on the age in which one began the romance?"

LIONEL.—"Rather, let me think, sir, upon the real depth of the interest—the true beauty of the—"

VANCE (interrupting).—"Heroine?—Not at all, Lionel. I once fell in love—incredible as it may seem to you—nine years ago last January. I was too poor then to aspire to any young lady's hand—therefore I did not tell my love, but 'let concealment,' et cetera, et cetera. She went away with her mamma to complete her education on the Continent. I remained, 'Patience on a monument.' She was always before my eyes—the slenderest, shyest creature—just eighteen. I never had an idea that she could grow any older, less slender, or less shy. Well, four years afterwards (just before we made our excursion into Surrey, Lionel), she returned to England, still unmarried. I went to a party at which I knew she was to be—saw her, and was cured."

"Bad case of smallpox, or what?" asked the Colonel, smiling.

VANCE.—"Nay; everybody said she was extremely improved—that was the mischief—she had improved herself out of my fancy. I had been faithful as wax to one settled impression, and when I saw a fine, full-formed, young Frenchified lady, quite at her ease, armed with eye-glass and bouquet and bustle, away went my dream of the slim blushing maiden. The Colonel is quite right, Lionel;

the romance once suspended, 'tis a haunting remembrance till thrown again in your way, but complete disillusion if we try to renew it; though I swear that in my case the interest was deep, and the heroine improved in her beauty. So with you and that dear little creature. See her again,

and you will tease me no more to give you that portrait of Titania at watch over Bottom's soft slumbers. All a Midsummer Night's Dream, Lionel. Titania fades back into the arms of Oberon, and would not be Titania if you could make her—Mrs. Bottom."

CHAPTER XV.

Even Colonel Morley, knowing everybody and everything, is puzzled when it comes to the plain question—"What will he do with it?"

"I am delighted with Vance," said Darrell, when he and the Colonel were again walking arm-in-arm. "His is not one of those meagre intellects which have nothing to spare out of the professional line. He has humour. Humour—strength's rich superfluity."

"I like your definition," said the Colonel. "And humour in Vance, though fantastic, is not without subtlety. There was much real kindness in his obvious design to quiz Lionel out of that silly enthusiasm for—"

"For a pretty child, reared up to be a strolling player," interrupted Darrell. "Don't call it silly enthusiasm. Recall it chivalrous compassion. Were it other than compassion, it would not be enthusiasm, it would be degradation. But do you believe, then, that Vance's confession of first love, and its cure, was but a whimsical invention?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Not so. Many a grave truth is spoken jestingly. I have no doubt that, allowing for the pardonable exaggeration of a raconteur, Vance was narrating an episode in his own life."

DARRELL.—"Do you think that a grown man, who has ever really felt love, can make a jest of it, and to mere acquaintances?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Yes; if he be so thoroughly cured that he has made a jest of it to himself. And the more lightly he speaks of it, perhaps the more solemnly at one time he felt it. Levity is his revenge on the passion that fooled him."

DARRELL.—"You are evidently an experienced philosopher in the lore of such folly. '*Cupsultus insipientis*

sapientia.' Yet I can scarcely believe that you have ever been in love."

"Yes, I have," said the Colonel, bluntly, "and very often! Everybody of my age has—except yourself. So [redacted] man's observation, *that*," continued the Colonel, with much tartness. "No man ever thinks another man capable of a profound and romantic sentiment!"

DARRELL.—"True; I own my shallow fault, and beg you ten thousand pardons. So then you really believe, from your own experience, that there is much in Vance's theory and your own very happy illustration? Could we, after many years, turn back to the romance at the page at which we left off, we should—"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Not care a straw to read on! Certainly, half the peculiar charm of a person beloved must be ascribed to locality and circumstance."

DARRELL.—"I don't quite understand you."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Then, as you liked my former illustration, I will explain myself by another one, more homely. In a room to which you are accustomed, there is a piece of furniture, or an ornament, which so exactly suits the place, that you say—'The prettiest thing I ever saw!' You go away—you return—the piece of furniture or the ornament has been moved into another room. You see it there, and you say—'Bless me, is that the thing I so much admired!' The strange room does not suit it—losing its old associations and accessories, it has lost its charm. So it is with human beings—seen in one

place the place would be nothing without them—seen in another, the place without them would be all the better."

DARRELL (musingly).—"There are some puzzles in life which resemble the riddles a child asks you to solve. Your imagination cannot descend low enough for the right guess. Yet, when you are told, you are obliged to say—'How clever!' Man lives to learn."

"Since you have arrived at that conviction," replied Colonel Morley, amused by his friend's gravity, "I hope that you will rest satisfied with the experience of Vance and myself; and that if you have a mind to propose to one of the young ladies whose merits we have already discussed, you will not deem it necessary to what

effect a prolonged absence might produce on your good resolution."

"No!" said Darrell, with sudden animation. "Before three days, are over, my mind shall be made up."

"Bravo!—as to whom of the three you would ask in marriage?"

"Or as to the idea of ever marrying again. Adieu. I am going to knock at that door."

"Mr. Vyvyan's! Ah, is it so, indeed? Verily, you are a true Dare-all."

"Do not be alarmed. I go afterwards to an exhibition with Lady Adela, and I dine with the Carr Viponts. My choice is not yet made, and my hand still free."

"His hand still free!" muttered the Colonel, pursuing his walk alone. "Yes—but, three days hence—What will he do with it?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Guy Darrell's Decision.

Guy Darrell returned home from Carr Vipont's dinner at a late hour. On his table was a note from Lady Adela's father, cordially inviting Darrell to pass the next week at his country house. London was now emptying fast. On the table-tray was a parcel, containing a book which Darrell had lent to Miss Vyvyan some weeks ago, and a note from herself. In calling at her father's house that morning, he had learned that Mr. Vyvyan had suddenly resolved to take her into Switzerland, with the view of passing the next winter in Italy. The room was filled with loungers of both sexes. Darrell had stayed but a short time. The leave-taking had been somewhat formal—Flora unusually silent. He opened her note, and read the first lines listlessly; those that followed, with a changing cheek and an earnest eye. He laid down the note very gently, again took it up, and reperused. Then he held it to the candle, and it dropped from his hand in tinder. "The innocent child," murmured he, with a soft parental tenderness; "she knows not what she writes." He

began to pace the room with his habitual restlessness when in solitary thought—often stopping—often sighing heavily. At length his face cleared—his lips became firmly set. He summoned his favorite servant. "Mills," said he, "I shall leave town on horseback as soon as the sun rises. Put what I may require for a day or two into the saddle-bags. Possibly, however, I may be back by dinner-time. Call me at five o'clock, and then go round to the stable. I shall require no groom to attend me."

The next morning, while the streets were deserted, no houses as yet astir, but the sun bright, the air fresh, Guy Darrell rode from his door. He did not return the same day, nor the next, nor at all. But, late in the evening of the second day, his horse, reeking-hot and evidently hard-riden, stopped at the porch of Fowley Manor-House; and Darrell flung himself from the saddle, and into Fairthorn's arms. "Back again—back again—and to leave no more!" said he, looking round; "*Spes et Fortuna valet!*"

THE FIRST BENGAL EUROPEAN FUSILIERS AT LUCKNOW.

(Continued from our June Number.)

"Soldiers, wake! the day is peeping;
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping."—SCOTT.

THE route came on the afternoon of the 26th January, 1858, to march next morning. We started about 8 A.M., but the day was so cloudy and foggy that it was almost impossible to see to strike our tents, and for obscurity, quite resembled one in favoured England. Moving on the high-road, we passed over the scene of the action fought on the 5th January by the troops under the command of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, and saw many mementoes of the cavalry pursuit still remaining on the roadside.

We halted at Khodagunge, and, following the high-road, reached Cawnpore by the regular marches on the 3d February. From the last march to this station I rode to see Bhithoor, the abode of the wretch Nana Sahib. The place was occupied by some of our troops and a company of Sappers. The residence of the Nana is "*not*,"—a heap of ruins marks the place where it once stood.

The town looked miserable enough, and but for the filth of the place I should have thought it deserted; all the country round, however, was cultivated with the usual care, and covered by the most luxuriant crops. But nearer Cawnpore this state of things altered considerably; and for some miles from the city the fields were either left without culture, or the crop had been entirely destroyed.

Just as we were entering the cantonment we were surprised to see a number of natives, evidently recruits, undergoing instruction quite in the old style, under their havildars and native officers. The sight itself seemed so strange to us in such a place, that one of our officers rode up and asked one of the drill instructors for what purpose these men were being drilled. The reply, coming as it did from a man of one of those regiments who had fought for us to the death at Lucknow, was most ominous—"Oorāné ké

wasté;" literally, "to blow them away."

We encamped close to the two barracks in which Sir Hugh Wheeler had made his stand, and nothing could be more wretched than the aspect these presented. You are of course aware in England what the place is like, both by verbal description and photography; yet everything must fall short of the truth. Standing amidst the ruins, we no longer wondered that our brave men had been at last obliged to come to terms; the real wonder was, how men could possibly have made a stand in such a place. The question must have occurred to every mind, "where are the defences?" and as nothing had been altered when we were there, the reply was, "there were really none!" The shallow ditch, perhaps two feet deep, had not been completed round the two barracks which, completely riddled by round-shot, alone afforded any protection; and nothing could more distinctly prove the want of real courage on the part of the mutineers than their having been effectually resisted for even one day.

While here, we were joined by Captain Sallusbury, Lieuts. Maxwell, Magniac, and Hall, who had returned from England; the latter had, however, formed part of the garrison of Lucknow, and returned with the Commander-in-Chief's army from that place. The former of these officers brought up a large draft of recruits for the regiment—an increase much required to fill the vacancies in our ranks.

The regiment left Cawnpore on the morning of the 6th, crossing the Ganges by the bridge of boats into Oude, moving towards Oonao. On this march, though the land seemed as fully cultivated as usual, there was no longer that degree of attention to agriculture so remarkable on the right bank of the river, and which has been long under British

rule. The villages, too, more resembled peopled forts than an assemblage of houses occupied by cultivators, and are quite strong enough to resist the attacks of troops unprovided with artillery.

We reached Oonao about 1 P.M. on the 6th, and remained there until the 11th. At this place the Rifles had formed quite a strong intrenched camp, simple in detail, yet most efficient. There was a ditch some four feet deep, the earth from which formed the curtain of the work, while small bastions, armed with light field-guns at the corners, well loopholed, enabled the defenders to pour in a flanking fire on any assailants. Altogether the work was most creditable, and showed how strongly, and with how little trouble, a small camp might be fortified. On the 11th we marched to Nuwabgunge, halting until the 21st. It must not, however, be thought that these were days of rest. The men were constantly employed in escorting trains of carts or camels, the materials intended for the siege of Lucknow passing continually on the road for that place.

On the 21st of February orders were issued for us to be prepared to march to Bunnee when relieved by the Rifles; but early on the 22d, we were directed to make no stay at that place, but march on to Alumbagh. The regiment moved out of camp at 9 A.M., and reached Bunnee at 12 o'clock; here the band of the 79th Highlanders came out to meet us, playing in advance as we marched past their camp. We also received most cordial invitations from the officers to partake of their hospitality; however, though much gratified, we were unable to accept of their kindness. We had heard previously to this that we formed part of the Fifth Brigade, composed of H.M.'s 23d and 79th regiments, commanded by Brigadier Douglas, and glad were we to find ourselves in such good company.

The country appeared to be still less cultivated as we advanced into Oude; but on leaving Bunnee the term barren could hardly be misapplied, extensive plains of sandy soil, sparsely covered with thorns or

wiry grass, forming the landscape; while the mirage, this day frequently seen, only tended to delude the imagination with false ideas of extended lakes and fruitful groves; where crops existed, they were, with the exception of a few favoured localities, markedly inferior to those on the Cawnpore side of the Ganges. Having marched some miles through this uninteresting country, we reached a deserted village; on passing a little beyond which we came in sight of the camp of the army under Sir James Outram. There, within those tents, were the gallant few who had held the thousands of Oude and rebel Sepoys in check so long; yet, who could fancy it was an army in front of a large city occupied by a numerous enemy? Now and then a shot was fired from heavy guns, but these were such exceptional events that nothing could have seemed more quiet than when we marched in.

The camp was formed to the right of the high-road, and our tents pitched next to the Engineers, about a mile distant, and in rear of the main body. The fort of Jellallabad was to our left; and as that post, in which all supplies for the siege were being collected, had been attacked a day or two before our arrival, it was probably with the intention that we might protect that post, should it be necessary, that we were encamped in our present situation.

On the 24th the enemy came out in considerable force; but being obliged to make a detour to the right, so as to avoid the batteries along our front, they exposed themselves to a cavalry charge, and although they could not be pursued to any distance, yet two guns were captured by our horse. On the 1st, the Chief rode into camp, and we heard that the whole of the artillery and siege-train was in park a few miles to our rear; and early on the morning of the 2d, H. M.'s 42d, 38th, 53d, 93d, a Sikh regiment with cavalry, and a large train of artillery, moving across our front, told us the final move was being made. In about two hours the reports of cannon made us aware that they had come in contact with the enemy; the firing soon ceased, and the glad news was brought in, that

the enemy had been driven back, and the Dilkhoosha occupied. We were warned to march at 2 A.M., the next morning; we moved from camp therefore at half-past one, and proceeded very slowly, as we protected a large and important train of guns, ammunition, and stores. The march, which occupied ten hours, was exceedingly tedious, and our tents came up very late to the ground, which was perhaps a mile in rear of the Dilkhoosha, a post occupied by our troops, and an occasional shot told us that it was not distant from the enemy's lines. A brisk fire drew us away from breakfast to see what was going on, but we were unable to distinguish who were engaged in this little affair. At 3 P.M., we were directed to move to the front, leaving our tents standing: marching to the left of the Dilkhoosha, we entered a large mango-grove—Mahommed Bagh—surrounded by a wall, which extended to within 700 yards of the enemy's batteries. In the centre of the grove, or I might rather call it a park, were two tanks, nearly dry, the depth from the top of the bank being about 15 feet, in one of which the men off duty were desired to make themselves *comfortable*; at any rate, we were here well sheltered from the shot of the enemy, and fortunately they seemed to have no shell to spare, as three only fell in the enclosure during the time we were there, and of these one did not explode. I found that it was made of brass, very badly cast, and about the size of a 9-pound shot. Round-shot was fired pretty constantly at us, and rendered a promenade under the pleasant shade of the trees rather exciting, the sound of 18 or 9 pound shot crashing through the branches being not quite so agreeable as listening to a regimental band. However, by attending to the direction the balls took, it was by no means a matter of danger to move about under such deep cover. The course taken by round-shot, after striking live timber, is sometimes very peculiar. Captain Cunliffe, who commanded us, while visiting the pickets, saw an 18-pound shot strike full against a mango-tree; the projectile rebounded about thirty yards, and then, much to Captain

Cunliffe's surprise, began spinning with the utmost rapidity; and then, instead of bounding off at an angle, as he momentarily expected (and it was most unpleasantly close), it again moved in a straight line, and, striking the tree it had first hit, there remained. In this grove we could distinctly hear the bugle-calls of the enemy, and they seemed to have an extra number of drummers; on the left, indeed, our sentries at night were relieved by the time kept in the enemy's lines. The duty was very heavy for our weak corps, from the great extent of wall to be guarded; only one hundred men were off duty, and these remained fully accoutred, so that after forty hours we were not sorry to return to camp on the morning of the 5th.

"And we ran, and they ran;
And they ran, and we ran;
And we ran, and they ran
Awa, man."—*Battle of Shoriffmudra.*

"The Dilkhoosha" (Heart's Delight) is a large building in the style of a French chateau, standing in an extensive enclosure, formerly a deer-park; and about twelve hundred yards to the north stands the "Martinière," built somewhat in the same style—both erected by General Martin, a Swiss, formerly in the service of the King of Oude. The general made a large fortune in all kinds of curious ways—polishing diamonds forming part of his military duties. It is said that the Martinière was built by him in the hopes of the king becoming a purchaser: the king, however, seeing that the general was very infirm, considered that he might get the building at a cheaper rate. The old soldier was not thus to be outmanœuvred, for he directed his body to be buried within the building; and as natives dislike living among tombs, the expectations of the king were not realised. The rest of his property he applied to a noble purpose—being bequeathed to a charity for the support of orphans. The enemy held possession of the Martinière, which was, however, so immediately under the guns in the defences they had erected on the city side of the canal, that it would have been of little use in taking this ad-

vanced position, till prepared to act against their second line of defence. Only a desultory fire, therefore, was kept up on the building—probably more to mask our real intentions than for any other purpose.

On the evening of the 5th we were ordered to be in readiness to move at 2 A.M. of the day following, and as all baggage was to remain behind, we concluded that we should be actively employed on the morrow. We marched as directed, moving towards the Dilkhoosha, but keeping to the right of that building; just before daylight, as we marched very slowly and were frequently halted, we reached the river Goomtee, which was passed by one of the excellent bridges constructed by the engineers the day before; we then turned to the right, thus moving away from Lucknow, and having marched a short mile, were halted until daylight. Just as the grey of the morning made things indistinctly visible, I was struck by the appearance of a most powerful horse, and so taken up with the animal was I that I forgot for a minute to look at the rider. One glance, however, told me that the Bayard of the East was there. Yes, there sat the gallant Outram, quietly inhaling the fragrant weed, and looking as unconcerned as though he was out for a morning ride, and proud were we to form part of the force under such a leader. The men were now ordered to breakfast, each having a day's rations with him; as it chanced, we were standing in a pea-field, so of course the opportunity for a laugh was too good to be lost by a wit of the 28d:—"Ah!" said he, "if the General would only send the ducks, we have got the pease convenient!" After the men were refreshed we advanced, but more to the north, so that we were in fact moving round Lucknow; and we were able to see that we formed part of a corps-d'armée, composed of the Rifle Brigade, 28d, 79th Highlanders, 2d Sikhs under Green, 9th Lancers, Queen's Bays, Probyn's Horse, and, I think, some other irregular cavalry, with a formidable train of light artillery. It was a magnificent sight, the Rifles in green, the gallant 28d Fusiliers in their admirable dress, looking so ready for

work, the old 1st in their blue caps and tunics and clean white belts, the 79th, with waving plumes and tartans, the well-tried Sikhs, the gorgeous Bays, and the Lancers, the glorious 9th: who so glad to see the old dirty-shirts! Many were the greetings as they passed in the morning's uncertain light; "Good morning, Fusiliers;" and "what! is that the old 1st once more?" "And where is—— and ——?" were the frequent questions as they rode along, responded to with hearty good-feeling by our men. Truly the force which crossed the Goomtee was a choice one, and of which any soldier might be proud to form a part.

The ground was undulating, so that the movements could be seen as each regiment marched along, and in the cool morning it was most exhilarating. As the day advanced, however, the sun became extremely warm, and the want of a good supply of water made this the more felt; the men, too, marched with fixed bayonets, and carried arms the whole of the morning after breakfast, and were, therefore, a good deal tired when the report of heavy guns and the firing of musketry about 12 o'clock told us some part of our force was engaged. Just then we were making our way through some rhaba khets (fields of a grain growing on a long stalk) and young mango-trees, and these being above our heads we were unable to see what was going on. Getting free from this sort of cover, we entered an open space with the dry bed of a river running down its centre; here we saw our cavalry in front with the artillery, and on these the enemy were firing; but their position being under trees they could not be very distinctly made out; for if Delhi is green with many gardens, Lucknow is still more verdant; and until you get absolutely within the city, or quite close to it, you see but parts of the buildings peeping out from the surrounding greenery. Lieut. Money's definition, when asked what Lucknow was like, is probably as good a description of the place as can be given in a few words: "It is the greenest city in the world." "and very becoming, too, considering that it is a

Mohammedan city, and green their holy colour," put in Cunliffe. As I said before, we came upon the open plain, and moved down to the bed of the stream, where we halted; and we could not have been very far from the enemy, since while here three round shot passed over the column, fortunately without injury to any one in the rear. One or two guns of our light artillery now opened on the enemy from our left, seemingly with the intention of ascertaining the weight and number of their cannon, as very shortly after we moved off to the right, and about 1½ P.M. took up a position in an enclosure shaded by large mango-trees. Here we rested, strong pickets being sent out in advance; for we were only about one and a half mile from the enemy's works. Our tents and baggage came up so late at night that we were all sound asleep before they arrived, and preferred sleeping on the ground to pitching the tents in the dark. On the morning of the 7th we moved out of our resting-place, the camp marked out, and tents pitched; men and officers were then sitting down to breakfast when the report of several cannon—seven shot from which fell into our men's tents, wounding two of the Fusiliers and one camp-follower—told us the enemy were close, and must have advanced very rapidly. The regiment fell in at once, and was ordered with other corps to the front; the enemy retired as quickly as they came out, pounded by our artillery. The 1st never fired a shot. The villages in front were then strongly occupied, the main body returning into camp.

Here I must mention the conduct of Lance-corporal Maclean, No. 4 Company, as illustrative of the spirit pervading the 1st Fusiliers. This man had lost four of his fingers by a musket-ball at Puttiala, our Doctor, who used to make a great fuss about having kept the thumb, talking no end about conservative surgery, or some such stuff, as if Maclean would not have been much better with a whole wooden hand than with one flesh thumb; however, the man himself, strange to

say, seemed to have more pride in this odd digit than many in their whole five, and on this day nothing would please him but he must go out; and as he could not carry a musket, he took a sword: and this is the stuff the old 1st was made of in 1858.

During the 7th and 8th the enemy continued to annoy our pickets by a fire from guns to which we were unable to reply effectually with our field-artillery; but it was quite astonishing to see how beautifully the Rifles, taking advantage of every particle of cover, kept them in check, and, by preventing their observing our arrangements, rendered their fire almost useless. On the 8th nothing was done, but all were aware that the final contest would not long be deferred, and few were without that restless sort of excitement usually felt, though perhaps not acknowledged, before engaging in mortal strife. By the evening it was known throughout camp that operations would commence on the right, and that Outram's division would advance to the attack after the batteries of the enemy were silenced by our heavy guns, which had now come up. The particular duty assigned to the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers was to protect the heavy pieces, which were to be moved into battery at 2 A.M. Shortly, then, before that hour on the 9th of March we were drawn up before our tents, and as the elephants slowly drew their load along the sandy road, we left our parade-ground and advanced with them. Thus we marched about a mile, when we reached the advanced picket; here the main body halted, two companies only going on with the guns to the battery. It was a moonlight morning, so we could make out the line of trees in which the enemy were sheltered, and the noise in their camp could be distinctly heard; we were therefore surprised that the trumpeting of one of the elephants, and the clanking of the chains attached to the artillery-waggons, did not draw down on us the kind attentions of their gunners, for that we were well within range was proved by the state of the trees

on the road-side. All, however, passed off quietly; every arrangement was complete, and at daylight the whole of the 1st, except those who were on picket, moved down immediately in rear of the guns. The work then commenced by our heavy battery opening on the line of the enemy's works. No reply was made, except from one light gun, which was not fired more than thrice; it was evident therefore that the enemy must have withdrawn their guns, or were afraid to use them. In the mean time the troops on the right belonging to our division were sweeping through the cover to their front, acting against the left flank of the enemy. Our battery now began to search the entire front with grape, and then the order was given to the 1st Fusiliers, with two companies of H.M.'s 79th, to advance. Numbers 1, 2, and 8 companies were sent out to skirmish under Captain Cunliffe, Captain Hume having joined and assumed command on the 7th. The remainder of the regiment moved in support, with the light artillery on our left. We crossed the Kokrail, a small stream, and marched up a gentle rise of a short distance, when the word "charge" was given; on rush the Fusiliers over a long tract of heavy sand with a cheer, and are quickly in the trench cut by the enemy for their musketry. The large house, coloured yellow, in the centre of their position, was also quickly entered and occupied by our men. Just then Outram came up, and directed our colours to be fixed on the top of a small summer-room which had been constructed on the second story of the building. This had been much shattered by our shot, nevertheless young Battye mounted, and fixed the colours there. This was the signal of our success to Sir Colin, who was awaiting the result of our operations at the Dilkhoosha. Meanwhile the body of the regiment pushed on resolutely after the enemy, following them up the river until we met the Rifles, who had advanced from the right; we then halted, occupying the houses and breast-works on the banks of the stream, and keeping up a fire of musketry upon the enemy, who held the walls

and gardens on the city side of the Goomtee. In the meantime those of the regiment who had been left at the yellow house, found that though the second story and upper rooms had been cleared of the enemy, yet on the ground-floor there were many Sepoys, and these men made a most desperate stand. Keeping behind the doorways they were able, without being exposed, to shoot any one attempting to enter; and to reach them, excepting by entering the door, was impossible. Lieutenant Money was ordered with a company to clear out the place, but in making the attempt three or four of our men were killed, and several wounded. Straw was then brought to the doorways, and, being ignited, such a smoke produced as must have suffocated any but a native. The party upon the top of the house, not aware of these proceedings of their friends below, were somewhat taken aback when they saw flames and smoke bursting from the second story, particularly as knowing the way in which powder is usually left about on these occasions; they instantly thought that there must be loose powder upon the premises; they therefore made a precipitate retreat, and were very glad to find themselves out of the building.

After the straw had ceased burning, some of our men again attempted to enter the lower story; but another casualty told them that Pandey, though singed, was still active. Holes were now cut through the floor of the second story, and live shell dropped from above; these exploded, but seemingly without injuring the lodgers; for Captain St. George and Lieutenant Magniac entering one of the rooms, the former was shot through the body. Captain Hume, commanding the regiment, had also a very narrow escape; and Captain Anderson, of the Sikhs, was shot dead. Artillery was now brought to the house; and the Pandies, seeing now that their time was come, made a rush for the river; all were quickly killed except two—one of these ran nearly 300 yards before he was hit; the last reached the stream and plunged in; he was a very strong muscular man, doubtless the

pulwan (champion wrestler) of some native regiment, and he swam bravely; though the bullets whistled round him, he seemed to escape injury. He had reached the shallow water, and was almost out of danger, when Hospital-Serjeant Wilson, who had gone to bring in some wounded men, borrowed a musket, took a steady aim, and the Pandey fell forward upon his face, never more to rise.

The above occurred about 2 P.M., at which time companies 8 and 10 were directed to move to the left, to protect the heavy guns sent to enfilade the enemy's second line of defence, and against which the force directly under Sir Colin Campbell, having captured the Martinière, had now advanced. This party was under command of Captain Sallusbury, and going down the stream, they soon came to that part of the enemy's batteries which touched upon the river. Here the Pandies had made a deep cut, communicating with the Goomtee and the canal, for a little below this point the Lucknow canal runs into the river. The heavy guns were unlimbered, and Major Nicholson of the Royal Engineers commenced his work, observing, at the same time, that the lines seemed deserted. Captain Sallusbury proposed getting boats and crossing a party of the 1st, but as Major Nicholson considered that it might be hazardous to leave the guns, this was not done. Lieutenant Butler, 1st Fusiliers, and four men, however, volunteered to go down to the river and call to the Highlanders, who were about six hundred yards on the other side. They reached the bank, but being unable to make the infantry hear, Lieutenant Butler took off his coat and entered the stream, which runs there strongly, and is perhaps sixty yards wide, swam across, and entered the works from their rear; then, mounting the parapet, quickly attracted the attention of our troops. After a short delay, a staff-officer rode down to where Butler stood, and was informed as to the state of matters, and urged at once to send men to occupy the deserted batteries; he, however, seemed to consider that this would not be correct without having received orders, so cantered off for instructions. Mean-

while Butler began to feel rather uncomfortable: first, he was wet and cold; and next, he saw some natives, who, though distant, might return, and who, in fact, fired at him twice; lastly, although he had taken his fort, yet a garrison of one is rather a small force to hold even a strong place; moreover, he had no arms; he therefore began to telegraph again. This time a Highland officer advanced; he at once saw the importance of securing the fort, and ordered his company on without delay—the rest of the Highlanders and Sikhs following. Lieutenant Butler having thus delivered over his fort, again entered the river, and swam safely to our side. This act speaks for itself, had a great object in view, and was well performed. It must not be fancied that because Butler was only fired at from a distance, he therefore ran no risk; whoever has seen fighting at Lucknow knows the danger of entering seemingly deserted places. The party under Captain Sallusbury returned at night to the place where we bivouacked.

"All was over, day was ending,
As the foeman turn'd and fled.
Gloomy red
Glowed the angry sun descending;
While round Hacon's dying bed
Tears and songs of triumph blending,
Showed how fast the warrior bled."
Hacon's Last Battle.

Though doubtless most of those who peruse these pages have some idea of the general appearance of Lucknow, its palaces and mosques, from the plans, maps, and daguerreotypes which have been before the public in England for some months, yet, to make myself intelligible to all, I must now give a brief description of the place, and the preparations made by the enemy for our warm and uncomfortable reception when we should attempt to enter the city.

Let the reader then imagine a plain with a triangle described in the centre, the two sides being about four miles in length, the apex pointing to the east, and the base about three and a half miles in length towards the west; let him further fancy the northern boundary to be formed by the river Goomtee, winding indeed, but still proceeding pretty

regularly from north-west to south-east; the southern boundary to be formed by a canal running into the Goomtee, and the base entirely occupied by a densely-built and crowded city: Let him further picture to himself the apex of the triangle and river-face as occupied by extensive buildings substantially constructed, each in an enclosure almost park-like; the buildings in themselves, although wanting in the detail considered so necessary in Europe, yet not deficient in a certain magnificence, and, though adorned in a way which partakes of the gaudy—gold being profusely used—yet as by no means displeasing to the eye; let the gardens and enclosures be well filled with trees, with minars and temples peeping through the foliage, and he will then have an indistinct idea of Lucknow.

Alumbagh (the Garden of the World), an extremely scrubby piece of ground enclosed by a wall, having a mosque in the centre, was the first position we occupied in the last attack on Lucknow; it is slightly to the left of the centre of the southern face of the triangle. The Dilkhoosha, the next point occupied, is nearly opposite the junction of the canal and river, and on the same side of the city as Alumbagh. By crossing the Goomtee we threatened the northern side of Lucknow, and the northern bank of the river being higher than the southern, guns there placed commanded the buildings and enclosures on the city-side of the stream. Almost all the river-face is occupied by the residences of the noble and rich of Oude; and now that this final disposition of his force was made by Sir Colin in moving Outram across the river, the plan of attack became fully developed, and the really weak point of the enemy attacked; the left bank of the Goomtee being almost unprotected, while the southern face was guarded by a triple line of defence, each line truly formidable, being heavily armed with artillery.

From the left side of the river our guns not only commanded the buildings already described, but we were able also to enfilade the batteries along the canal; hence, as I have mentioned, these were deserted on

the 9th, as soon as, or even before, our guns were brought to bear on them.

On the 10th we continued to occupy the river-bank; the pickets were relieved and joined headquarters. Our camp was pitched in rear of the yellow house, but the regiment remained out till the morning of the 11th; then moving higher up the stream, we occupied a mosque, with its enclosure, commanding the iron bridge. Being under good cover, the men were well protected from the enemy's shot; and although not touching the stone bridge, still, to all intents and purposes, we commanded that passage into the town. On one of these days I saw a letter taken from the still living body of a Sepoy, who had been hit by a round-shot, and it had evidently been written to his father, but, probably having no means of sending it, he had kept it by him. It began by saying, that they were not to be anxious on his account; that he was determined to fight; that if all went well he would see them again, but if he was killed they need not lament him,—it was his fate. No allusion was made to any hope of attaining any definite object, or any wish on his part seemingly for his friends to join in the rebellion. On the walls of the mosque we occupied were two placards; one published by a professor of divinity, who proposed to give lectures to such as wished to attend, the other was published by royal authority, and had the Begum's signature: this informed the public that Cawnpore had been captured, and therefore their hearts might rest in peace and quiet, and their livers be perfectly cool; for though a few of the bloodhounds remained here and there, who still gave some trouble, yet these would be very shortly exterminated.

We remained in the position which we now held until the 15th, the men never once removing their accoutrements the whole time. Although within reach of the enemy's guns, posted on the city-side of the bridge, only one officer, Captain Sallisbury, was slightly wounded by a spent ball; the bullet, having first passed through Lieutenant Ellis's coat, struck the former on the leg, without, however, penetrating.

In the mean time the heavy guns on our side were not idle; pretty constantly night and day their voices were heard, and the frequent and increasing sound of the artillery from Sir Colin's direction, showed that great progress was being made under the Chief, and that Lucknow must soon be ours. Still much remained to be done, and it was difficult to see the enemy—the fighting seemed on the south-east side to be a constant succession of combats. In one of these, Captain Hodson, 1st Fusiliers, better known as the leader of "Hodson's Horse," who for his gallantry at Delhi had just received his brevet majority, was killed. He had ridden to the front, and having entered a house to see what was going on, went to the window, where he instantly received a ball in his side. Then fell one of the bravest in the Indian army; an officer whose name has been brought too often before the public by those in high command to need my humble word in praise. There was not a man before Delhi who did not know Hodson—always active—always cheery: it did one's heart good to look at his face, when all felt how critical was our position. Ask any soldier, "Who was the bravest man before Delhi?"—who most in the saddle—who foremost? and nine out of ten in the infantry will tell you, "Hodson;" in the artillery, as many will name "Tombs." I once heard one of the Fusiliers say, "Whenever I see Captain Hodson go out, I always pray for him, for he is sure to be in danger." Yet it was not only in the field that Hodson was to be valued: his head was as active as his hand was strong; and I feel sure, when we who knew him heard of his death, not one but felt that there was indeed a vacancy in our ranks.

On the 14th the increased thunder of our heavy guns told us the Chief was near the Imaumbara, and numerous explosions testified to the searching nature of our fire. In the afternoon we heard that not only the Imaumbara, but also the Khyzargarh, had fallen. Throughout all that night the fire from our mortars seemed, if possible, to increase, and then—all was quiet. On the morn-

ing of the 15th, the ear, accustomed to the constant reverberation of artillery, seemed absolutely to want the stimulus, and to be watching for the familiar sound. What the stillness meant we could only guess. Some said Sir Colin had "captivated" the Begum, others that the Sepoys were upon their marrow-bones, with halters round their necks, like the desponding burghers who in times past came out of Calais to pacify the English Edward. At last, the guns and cavalry moving on the road past our post, we learned that the greater part of the rebel force had retreated from the city about 3 A.M.; that the cavalry now passing were to overtake them if possible, and we also to form part of the pursuing column, to be pushed on as far as Seetapore, about fifty miles distant. Neither officers nor men had been unaccustomed for five days and nights; the prospect, therefore, of a fifty-mile march was most refreshing; and on being relieved at about 8 P.M., we marched to camp to make arrangements to start at 2 A.M. Just as we arrived, however, all orders were cancelled. We turned into bed, therefore, being sure of a good night's sleep; but at twelve that night we were warned to be ready for duty at 6 A.M., as there was still a little work to be done in the city. The quiet of the day previous no longer existed; and though the regular pounding of the first five days after our arrival no longer went on, yet the reports of guns, mingled with musketry, were sufficiently frequent to let us know that Lucknow was still in some measure occupied by the enemy. We moved up the river about 7 A.M., and found that a floating bridge had been constructed by our Engineers about three hundred yards above the yellow house: over this passed the 5th Brigade (1st Fusiliers, 23d Fusiliers, and 79th Highlanders), now for the first time fairly in Lucknow. Moving on, we shortly passed the Secundrabagh, where Sir Colin, on his way to the relief of the Residency, killed no less than 1800 of the enemy. We thought it singular that this place should have been left as we found it, entirely undefended by works or men; but probably the shock given to Pandey's

nerves on this spot had been too strongly impressed to permit of his again returning there. From the Secundrabagh one road runs down to the Begum's palace, and another to the city. Taking the latter, we soon reached the (once) 32d Mess-House, opposite which we were halted for nearly an hour, to allow our brigade to pass; that part of the road, which had been cut through by the enemy, being next to impassable. We had therefore time to look round, and certainly the magnitude of the enemy's works, which, not content with burying the Mess-House (a large puckha building) swept down to the river on its left, surprised us not a little. The finish, too, of these earthworks showed a superabundant command of labour, and certainly Pandy paid his own pluck but an indifferent compliment when he so hedged it round with walls and ditches. The front of this position had evidently been cleared of all obstacles likely to offer cover to an attacking party. Hall, who was "out" with Havelock's gallant band, remarked, pointing to a few heaps of rubbish, "When we went in, a house with garden and wall stood there!" Just at this time the Commander-in-Chief met us, and had a conference with Sir James Outram, who shortly directed us to march forward. We passed through the Khyzarbagh—a palace larger than that of Versailles—by an impromptu road made by the Sappers and Miners. As at the Mess-House, so here; the ground was dug up and worked up, more like an old rabbit warren than anything I can think of; the works not only well executed, but showing an amount of engineering skill and a boldness of plan for which we were not prepared. We then advanced towards the Residency, and were shortly under a smart fire of musketry. The word "charge!" was given by Sir James, who was in front, and with a rush we entered the Residency—the 28d leading. The enemy made no stand, and the place was taken where so many were once sheltered, and such sufferings endured. I myself felt an inch taller when looking upon the scene of so much gallantry, suffering, and

noble fortitude. The 23d followed the running enemy; the 1st Fusiliers and Highlanders remaining at the Residency: subsequently the Fusiliers were ordered down the road taken by the 23d, and overtook them, and were then close to the river, between the iron and stone bridges, taking the batteries which protected them in rear, with little or no loss to ourselves. It was near this place Major Brazier was wounded, while advancing at the head of his Sikhs. We were now placed under a Major of Engineers, and ordered to advance, keeping as much under cover as possible, for the enemy here held the houses, which were loop-holed. In this way we reached the Muchee-Bawun, from which place several companies were detached to clear the neighbourhood. Sallusbury's company (30 file) pushed right on to the high and gilded gateway which looks into the Hossainee Bagh, taking a small battery of three guns upon the river-bank, in rear, and also securing another gun (a small one) at the gateway itself. So little did the Pandies seem to know how close we were, that Sallusbury's men met one party of the rebels marching up the road down which they were hurrying. I need not say the greeting was warm, nor add that the Pandies vanished down back lanes, through court yards, and up all sorts of impossible places. It was on this day Lieutenant M'Gregor, late 57th, was made supremely happy. He had joined us shortly after Delhi fell, and never ceased to regret his hard fate, which had not permitted his being present at the final assault. I never met with any officer who had so great a love for the fighting part of his profession. Generally reserved, and by no means talkative, no sooner was there a prospect of a scrimmage than Mac. came out of his box, looking absolutely amiable. At Narnoul he had a delightful day. At Puttiallee he lamented that he was not in the cavalry; yet still that occasion was not without its pleasures; but it was only at Lucknow that he was quite content. As above narrated, companies were detached from headquarters to clear out the streets and houses thereabouts, and with one of

these parties went M'Gregor. The men soon got scattered, and he was left with only some five men, who were drawing water from a well by which he was standing, when out rushed several Sepoys upon the party. Our men at once seized their arms, and the fight commenced—one of the bravest of the rebels engaging M'Gregor, each being armed with a sword. It was a regular tilt; the Pandies cutting, and Mac. guarding, as steadily as though he were practising with his old subahdar. At last M'Gregor gave Pandie a cut over the knuckles, and the next instant sent his sword up to the hilt. Mac. returned, looking very warm, and exceedingly wild and happy. Shortly afterwards these detached companies were recalled to the headquarters of the regiment; but a detachment, under Lieutenant and Adjutant Maxwell and Lieutenant Ellis, while searching for Sepoys, reported by a native to be hid in some of the houses, nearly came to an unhappy end. Entering one of the houses, a quantity of gunpowder was discovered, with all the material required to manufacture that article. One of the recruits unfortunately heard Lieutenant Maxwell say this powder ought to be destroyed. He at once discharged his piece into the loose powder. In an instant a fearful explosion took place, fortunately without serious injury to any, though four were burnt. Lieutenant Ellis had again a narrow escape. Strange to say, although his eyebrows and lashes looked as if they had been clipped off, his eyes felt very sore, and his whiskers were nowhere—showing how much he had been in the flame, yet he was hardly injured: but—how shall I write it?—his mustaches were ruined! I am glad to say he was in a few days able to return to his duty. The next morning (17th) the regiment marched down to Hossainee Bagh, where it has remained to the present time. There was a good deal of firing about and upon this place for a day or so, and the Pandies had the cowardice to make use of women as a means of protecting their own persons; thus involuntarily paying us the highest compliment in their power. Captain Cunliffe, however, showed them they could not even do this

with impunity; for, shooting over the women, he hit the men behind, and the whole party scuttled. Although a few fanatics still remained in the city, there was no fighting after the 17th to speak of; and by the 25th the townspeople were again beginning to return to their homes, and civil authority once more, aided by a powerful police, began to rule the city of Lucknow.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments."
Richard III.

Before taking my final leave, a few remarks upon the state of the country through which we have just travelled may not be without interest. Let me then, dear reader, put by swords and round-shot, and say a few words about our crops and villages. Perhaps the most singular feature in the rebellion of 1857 (and there are many) is, that while the whole of this side of India has been for ten or twelve months past one vast scene of anarchy and confusion, with the country overrun and plundered by bands of men a thousand times more brutal and rapacious than our Sepoys (bad enough in all conscience), with town fighting against town, tribe against tribe, property a mere matter of might, and with human life counting as next to nought;—notwithstanding all this, the poor ryot of India has gone on *scratching* and sowing his fields just as he did, good man, in 1855–56. Turn off the grand trunk road, where there are too many proofs of 1857, get away from the blackened walls of police stations, houses, &c., and you will find it hard indeed, in a country so magnificently cultivated as that we have passed through since we first left Delhi, to believe yourself still in the midst of revolted India.

Large villages everywhere met the eye buried in crops of every species of grain; and although very many of the villages seemed deserted, lowing cows and playing children tell you that the villagers were not far distant. We owe it to our Sepoys, and those who duped them into turning against us, that the villagers begin

intricate and long-debated question, to hear what a Rouman has to say of the condition of his country, and of the rights and wishes of his countrymen. Early in the present month of June there was printed at Geneva the pamphlet named at foot. Its anonymous character robs it of no weight with us, because we happen to have ascertained its authorship, and to know that this has been concealed from no unworthy motives. We know it to be from the pen of a man of honour and intelligence, of sincere patriotism, and of moderate views, and who is, moreover, a member of one of those great Boyard families, to whose errors and crimes his present publication shows that he is neither blind nor lenient. He is neither a practised writer, nor a politician of much practical experience, but it will be seen that he possesses straightforward good sense, and a fluent and pungent pen; and his readers may rest assured, however much they may differ from his views or dissent from his conclusions, that his facts are perfectly trustworthy, that his opportunities of observation have been of the very best possible, and that he is incapable of seeking to further, by misstatement or exaggeration, the cause he ardently advocates, and of whose justice he is profoundly convinced. The editor of the pamphlet, which is, in fact, a small volume, says no more than the truth, when he remarks, in his brief preface, that were it possible to publish the name of the author, the public would understand how well he is qualified to know, and pertinently to judge, the matters of which he treats.

As we can afford but a very limited space to the subject now before us, it would appear the most natural course to enter at once upon the political question. Nevertheless we think it advisable to devote a few pages to certain chapters of the pamphlet, which are rather retrospective and narrative than argumentative: and this we do, first, because they contain statements and revelations which are particularly curious as proceeding from a Rouman pen; and, secondly, with the view of grounding upon some of

them a question to which a satisfactory reply may perhaps be derived from other portions of the work. The first chapter rapidly throws together some salient points of the history of the Principalities, from the cessation of the rule of the Fanariots in 1821 to the commencement of the late war. From 1731, the first year of the Fanariot sway, a national government has been unknown in Moldo-Wallachia. True, that in 1822 the hospodaral crowns were taken from the Greeks; but, instead of being handed to the Roumans, to be by them decerned, in conformity with treaties, to the most worthy, they were given by the Porte to Boyards of its selection. The year 1828 arrived, and these were replaced by two Russian generals; for Russia had declared war upon Turkey, and was in military occupation of the provinces, over which the treaty of Adrianople gave her a right of protectorate. From that date until 1854, the aspirants to the hospodar's dignity were to be sought in the antechambers of the Russian generals and consuls. General Kisseleff was charged to organise the administration of Moldo-Wallachia, and it seems generally admitted, even by the most anti-Russian, that he did this with great talent, and displayed both energy and integrity during his five years' government of the Principalities. "Even at the present day," says the writer now before us, "and whatever the sufferings that Russian policy has inflicted on the Roumans, these are far from confounding in one common sentiment of hatred the name of that great administrator, and the execrated names of Messrs. Rückmann, Datchkoff, &c., &c. By acting in a manner as conformable to the prosperity of the country as to the true interests of Russian policy, did M. de Kisseleff carry out the views of his government? I believe that he did not, and in proof of this I need but refer to the sort of disgrace in which he found himself during the whole reign of the Emperor Nicholas." In 1834 the Boyard Alexander Ghica (the present Caimacan) succeeded Kisseleff in the government of Wallachia, and Michael Stourza (a name odious and infamous in Rouman ears)

obtained that of Moldavia. Ghica was weak, incapable, and surrounded by robbers; the corruption and rapacity of Stourza are to this day proverbial in the Principalities. "In such hands, the administrative machine created by Kisseleff, and which had worked so well under him, gave but negative results. It must also be said that the Russian consuls, with an object easy to understand, did their utmost to impede its action. The idea of Russia has always been to take advantage of the superiority of Kisseleff's administration over that of his indigenous successors, to convince Europe of Rouman incapacity for self-government; whilst at the same time it contributed to render the Roumans sufficiently unhappy to make them regret Russian domination." Ghica seems to have been weak and obstinate rather than himself positively bad, but he allowed his relatives to plunder the country. After eight years' rule the General Assembly of Wallachia drew up an address depicting the state of that principality—robbery and injustice exercised in the face of day, the people wretched beyond description, and a revolution in perspective. Russia had waited only for this. She ordered her ambassador at Constantinople to demand Ghica's dismissal. The Turks, always well pleased at changes of hospodars, which are a source of bribes and *bakshish*, made no objection, and Ghica was removed from his post, the firman of dismissal declaring him faithless and dishonest, and passing the severest censure on the man whom, a few years later, the Porte again placed at the head of his native province. It is scarcely to be wondered at if, during his second term of power, he has given even better grounds for such censure than during his first. Bibesco succeeded Ghica as hospodar, and exceeded him in misgovernment. He was devoted to Russia, to which power he owed his nomination. Relying on the support of Russian bayonets in case of need, he did not fear to drive the Wallachians to extremity by his tyranny and exactions. But he erred in his calculation. In June, 1848, the country rose against him, and before the Russians could come, he was com-

pelled to take refuge on Austrian territory. In Moldavia, Stourza was more fortunate. An attempted movement there was promptly and violently suppressed. Stourza's immense wealth, amassed by extortion and iniquity, had made him powerful friends at St. Petersburg and Constantinople. At Bucharest a provisional government was installed, to cries of "Down with the Russian protectorate!" and "*Vive le Sultan!*" The insurrection was not against Turkey, but against that secret Russian influence to which the Wallachians were sufficiently clear-sighted to trace all their sufferings. At first, Turkey recognised the provisional government, and invited the foreign consuls to do the same, which all did except the Russian agent, who left Bucharest. "You promised to protect us, and it is against you only that we now need protection," were the last words he heard before his departure. A Constituent Assembly was to be convoked, the country was regaining its tranquillity; but the new government, unpractical and over-confident, wasted its time, and lost its opportunity. The finances remained in the state in which Bibesco had left them; thousands of Wallachian volunteers returned to their homes; twenty thousand Turks were allowed to cross the Danube and encamp at the gates of Bucharest; Fuad Pasha, the Turkish commissioner with this force, was prodigal of promises and friendly demonstrations. One day he invited the provisional government and all the chief men of Bucharest to his tent, to receive an important communication. They had hardly entered the camp when they were surrounded by troops and artillery. The Turks poured into the city, and passed the night in plunder, bloodshed, and outrage. We will let the Rouman writer speak.

"A great number (*foule*) of old men, women, and children, were killed. A week previously, an order of the triumvirate had sent away, to a distance of thirty leagues, the whole garrison of the city, consisting of a regiment of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and a battery of artillery. There remained in the capital but two hundred firemen (*pompiers*). Ten thousand Turks

bravely attacked this handful of men. The Wallachians defended themselves with the courage of despair and of indignation, and fought till they were all killed. Omer Pasha, who commanded the Turkish army, slept that night on the *field of battle*. It was not until the next day that he ordered the occupation of the barracks of St. George, in front of which the fighting had taken place. His troops there found a solitary Wallachian sentinel. He was on guard over the colours, and as no relief had come, he had remained there twelve hours. After seeing all his comrades fall, he had the whole night to escape in; but this noble soldier would not abandon his post before the enemy. Such heroism and self-devotion should have found favour in the eyes of the *conquerors*. The Wallachian sentinel was dragged into the middle of the court, and there shot."

We well remember to have heard this anecdote from various persons, two years ago at Bucharest, and to have visited the spot where the two hundred gallant firemen made their brilliant and desperate defence. The Roumans have a high opinion of their own military capacity, and there is no reason, that we are aware of, for believing it to be ill-founded. What is certain is, that on various occasions during the late Austrian occupation, brawls and skirmishes occurred between parties of Roumans and Austrians, and that the former, except when, as at Buses, in June 1856, the odds against them were overwhelming, usually had the advantage. It is probable that, well officered, the Moldo-Wallachs would make excellent troops. The author of the "Letters" is evidently thoroughly convinced of this, and his opinion, as that of a man well acquainted with his countrymen, and who has himself seen hard fighting in a foreign land, merits due weight. "Supposing," he says, in his Chapter on the Future of the Principalities, "that in 1848 and 1853 the Roumans, instead of relying on a Suzerain impotent to protect them, had been able to rely upon themselves, the Russian army would have lost thirty thousand men before reaching Bucharest; perhaps even it would have thought

twice before crossing the Pruth. The more Turkey feels herself feeble internally, the more ought she to fortify her frontiers. When an army has been decimated, it no longer awaits the enemy in the field; it seeks the shelter of intrenchments. Where could be found a better obstacle to the encroachments of Slavonic power than five millions of Latins, contented with their lot, and sincerely attached to Turkey? And it is Turkey herself, and it is Austria, who wish to sever this dyke, thrown by Providence before the flood of Slavonianism!"

Whilst allowing a due margin for the patriotic partiality of which a Rouman writer may find it difficult, even whilst earnestly seeking the truth, entirely to divest himself, it must, we think, be admitted that a well-drilled, well-commanded army of fifty thousand Moldo-Wallachians would form a highly valuable advanced guard for Turkey against her dangerous northern neighbour. And Moldo-Wallachia, which has nearly as large a population as the Sardinian States, and immense resources in its rich soil (as yet but very partially cultivated), would, under a good government, and if delivered from exactions, have no difficulty in maintaining such a force. But to return to the pamphlet: "To the sound of the musketry," says the writer, "the Ottoman commissioner proclaimed the dissolution of the provisional government, and, desiring M. Constantine Cantacuzene to step forward, he proclaimed him Caimacan of Wallachia, in the same tone that Caligula doubtless adopted when he named his horse consul." Cantacuzene, notorious for his cupidity and unscrupulousness, had but a short reign. A few months later Stirbey replaced him, and Gregory Ghica was appointed to the hospodarship of Moldavia. These nominations were agreed upon by Russia and the Porte. Stirbey is a brother of the ex-hospodar Bibesco. They are men of low extraction. Bibesco owed his fortune and position to his wife, who was of wealthy and noble family; his brother changed his name for that of a boyard who adopted him, and left him his fortune. Stirbey was

a pet candidate of the Russian ambassador at Constantinople. "The Turks would have preferred to him a man less openly devoted to the Czar; but some sixty thousand ducats, *judiciously distributed*, triumphed over their scruples." Stirbey served Russia faithfully until he saw fortune going against her; then he became the servile tool of Austria. Those who were at Bucharest during his hospodarship, and especially during its latter portion, and at the moment of his fall, will fully confirm the truth of the following bitter passage: "Corrupt and corrupting, insatiable and vindictive, devoid of every sentiment of shame and of patriotism, Prince Stirbey beheld his powers expire amidst the hatred and contempt of his fellow-countrymen. A worthy emulator of Michael Stourza, like him he acquired, in a few years' reign, and by identical means, a colossal fortune and an odious name." Gregory Ghica, in Moldavia, was honest, but feeble. He did his utmost for his country, and left power poor, but beloved and esteemed. The author of the "Letters" thus sums up the history of the hospodars since 1834: "The reign of Alexander Ghica was that of ineptitude and disorder; the reign of Bibesco, of immorality and violence; that of Stirbey was an era of degradation and corruption; the reign of Stourza was shameless pilage, skilfully organised; and that of Gregory Ghica, the reign of weakness and good intentions. Of all these men, one only is dead—it is the last; one only is worthy of regret—it is also the last. Of the four others, Alexander Ghica, the present Caimacan of Wallachia, is the least hated; and it is he whom the Wallachians will prefer, if—which Heaven avert!—they be condemned to choose a ruler amongst the men of the past."

Persons who have not been in the east of Europe, and who have not acquired, by reading and inquiry, a correct notion of the abuses and corruption there too general, will perhaps tax the author of these "Letters" with exaggeration in some of the strange details he gives of what has occurred, and still occurs, in his own country. The charge would be un-

founded. From our own recollection, and on incontestable evidence, we could add, to the many flagrant instances he mentions—to the shameless iniquities he chronicles—numerous traits and incidents well vouched for in the countries where they occurred, which place in the strongest light the scandalous evil-doings of the men who, by intrigue and bribery, and in virtue of foreign influences, have in turn been placed over the luckless Principalities. One hospodar, not content with the enormous sums his position enabled him to appropriate, went so far as to be a sleeping partner with a notorious band of brigands. This might be difficult to prove, but it is not doubted in the province he governed; and even that such a suspicion should attach to him, suffices to show the reputation he had won. The same man, when leaving the country, appropriated, on his way from his capital to the frontier, the parish-funds of every place he passed through. A somewhat similar trait is recorded in the book before us of an ex-hospodar. "Dismissed, and flying from the legitimate resentment of the Moldavians, he provided himself, before departing for a foreign country, with a bundle of blank patents of nobility, which he sold on the road to persons who had not yet heard of his disgrace." Stirbey was a traitor *par excellence*. He began by disobeying the orders of the Sultan, which enjoined him to retire on the approach of the Russians. Dismissed, nevertheless, by the Russians, he went to Vienna, and returned with the Austrian army, during whose occupation of the Principalities he gave Austria most unequivocal proofs of his devotion. "Nearly two hundred murders of inoffensive inhabitants, committed by Austrian soldiers, remained unpunished. Far from demanding justice, he dismissed the Minister of the Interior for having communicated to a foreign consul the official list of these assassinations." This reminds us of a stinging retort made (if we mistake not) by the same minister whom Stirbey thus dismissed, to Coronini, commanding in chief the Austrian army of occupation. The minister,

having complained to the general of some cruel outrages (at that time of almost daily occurrence) perpetrated by soldiers on peasants, Coronini is said to have replied, that if he were to shoot his brave fellows whenever a sabre-cut or bayonet-thrust was given to a peasant, he should lose some of his best soldiers. "True, General," was the response; "there are so many assassins in your army, that if you were to shoot every one of them, you might find yourself without any army at all."

After sketching the hospodars, certainly in no tender tints or subdued colouring, the writer passes to the boyards, in speaking of whom he abates nothing of his severity. His incisive style qualifies him well for the task he has undertaken. There is no lack of spirit and pungency in his pages, and his satirical *verve* frequently flashes out. He writes with the bitterness of a disappointed man, who loves his country, and considers that it has been ill-used, gulled, and sacrificed. He does not put on gloves, as the French say, to handle those political men, whether natives or foreigners, whom he believes to have betrayed or behaved ill to Moldo-Wallachia. And if he does not sweepingly condemn classes, neither does he shrink from exhibiting the vices even of that to which he belongs. The great boyards, with their privileges, their prodigality, their egotism, their contempt and neglect of their unfortunate peasants, who are consigned to the tender mercies of Greek and Jew farmers or middlemen, receive at his hands no better treatment than they deserve. We may as well ascertain the exact value of the word boyard, which, although familiar, is not very intelligible to many European ears.

"The *Boyarie* is a personal, not an hereditary nobility. It is conferred by the prince (hospodar), with one of the twelve titles pertaining to it. It is divided into the great and little boyarie. To attain the first, it is necessary to pass through the second. The privileges conferred by the great boyarie are—to furnish candidates for the hospodaral throne; to elect the prince, the metropolitan archbishop, the bishops,

the deputies of the great boyarie, and the sub-prefects; to send twenty deputies to the ordinary general assembly, and fifty to the extraordinary assemblies, and to assist, moreover, as eligible, at the elections for the districts made by the little boyards and the sons of boyards; to be exempt from arrest, except by decree of the prince; to be tried by their peers; eligibility to the offices of minister and of member of the high court of justice. The little boyards have the right to share, as deputies for districts, in the deliberations of the chamber, in the election of the prince, archbishops, bishops, and deputies, and, as proprietors, in those of the sub-prefects. They are eligible to public office as high as that of director of a ministry. Both classes of Boyards are exempt from all taxation, from military service, and from corporal or other degrading punishment."

It will be admitted, that this is a handsome list of privileges and exemptions. That from taxation is shared by some other classes, not noble, who have either inherited or purchased it. It is to be bought at various prices, according to circumstances. The crying injustice of such exemptions need not be dwelt upon, nor the corruption and bribery to which it of course gives rise. In Wallachia, whose population is 2,500,000, little more than 1,700,000 persons pay taxes; and the exempt are the wealthiest classes. One forms but a poor idea of an aristocracy and middle class which thus throws the whole burthen of the taxation on those comparatively needy. But this is but one of many abuses. From various parts of the present pamphlet we glean abundant evidence of the egotism and corruptness of the higher orders of Moldo-Wallachians. The author defines the boyarie as a *bureaucratic privilege*. The institution is equivalent to the Russian *tschin*, and this is one reason why it was preserved in Kissel-eff's organic regulations. Also, "because it has always been, in the hands of government, the current coin of corruption." The prince, we learn, can convert his groom, in the course of five or six years, into a great boyard.

A person who had been the valet-de-chambre of a Wallachian gentleman, rose, under Stirbey, by Russian protection, to be great boyard and minister. All the present Caimacan's old footmen are little boyards. "Besides the boyarie, or official nobility, an aristocracy of fact and of tradition exists, enjoying no legal privilege, but whose origin is to be sought in the most brilliant pages of the Rouman annals. Those who, belonging to the category, respect themselves, make it a point of honour not to accept a rank in the boyarie. Of the 400 families that compose the great boyarie of the two Principalities, hardly fifty belong to the historical aristocracy. The nobility or *ennoblement* of the others dates from ten, twenty, or at most forty years back." The writer insists strongly on the difference between a boyarie and an aristocracy, which have been commonly confounded by foreigners. If this confusion be permitted, one may seek in vain for a middle class in Moldo-Wallachia. In Wallachia there are 3000 families of boyards, great and small, but of these 2900 are, socially speaking, bourgeois, or persons of the middle class. In Moldavia, which is smaller than Wallachia, there are twice as many boyards, and the present Caimacan, Végorides, continues to make them.

Whilst endeavouring, by the aid of the "Letters," and of our own recollections, to give the reader an idea of the profound selfishness, shameless venality, and continual intrigues of that influential class in the Principalities from which the hospodars are chosen, we are naturally led to the condition of the unhappy Rouman peasantry. The 18th and 14th chapters give a clear and animated picture of the legal position of the peasant, and of his real one. We shall not dwell long upon them, because much of the information they contain was given, in substance, in a former paper in this Magazine.* The peasants' sufferings date from 1731, at which period the boyards, seduced

by the pomps and splendours of the Fanariot court, ceased to inhabit and to cultivate their own estates, and took up their abode in the capital. In the words of St. Marc Gerardin, "those who were masters in their castles became valets at the court." The custom of farming property then grew general, and all intercourse between proprietors and peasants ceased. Listen to the consequences, as witnessed at the present day. "The best farmers" (and remember that it is a Wallachian landed proprietor who writes this, and who writes of what he has seen) "are those who exact only two or three times as much as they are entitled to. Bad ones exact two hundred days of labour instead of twenty-two,† and occasionally beat a peasant to death. When things are carried as far as this, and a complaint is lodged, the murderer gets off by paying a heavy sum. But as long as a farmer contents himself with beating his peasants moderately, everything is arranged between him and the sub-prefect. Instances of murder are not uncommon. I saw recently, at the Ministry of the Interior, two reports establishing such facts." The sub-prefect is the curse of the peasant. He is usually either the former domestic of some great boyard, or a ruined small proprietor desirous to reconstruct his fortune. Three candidates are elected; the hospodar selects from the three the one who offers most money. Under Stirbey, we learn from this pamphlet, the market price rose to 6000 francs. The salary is 140 francs a-month, on which the sub-prefect has to keep himself, his family, a carriage and four horses, and pay the expenses of his office and the salary of his *employés*. It is clear that in Moldo-Wallachia a man, to be a sub-prefect, must either be very rich, or a great robber. The farmers pay him black mail for liberty to grind and beat their peasants. The peasants seek to conciliate him by such presents as their poverty permits; and when they take the great liberty

* Blackwood's Magazine, Feb. 1857.

† The legal return to the proprietor for the lands he grants to the peasant, and whose quantity is fixed by law, is twenty-two days of labour per annum, a tithe of the corn, and a fifth of the hay.

of presenting a petition to him, they invariably accompany it with a gift—perhaps a pair of fowls, perhaps a calf. From a less authentic and trustworthy source, the following trait would be incredible:—

“If it be a calf that is offered to him (when proceeding on his rounds through his district), the sub-prefect points out the impossibility of carrying it away with him, and says to the petitioner, ‘Keep it.’ The peasant goes away joyful, and rather surprised at such disinterestedness. He sells the calf, or the calf dies, and he thinks no more about it. But, two or three years afterwards, he is applied to for the aforesaid calf, *left in his care*, and which ‘must have grown into an ox.’ Remonstrance is unavailing; the unlucky peasant has to give his best ox. This scene is repeated four or five times in every village: and there are sub-prefects who have acquired by this means magnificent herds of cattle.”

Not only the sub-prefects, but the great majority of all the Moldo-Wallachian functionaries, are corrupt in the highest degree. “At least seventy-five per cent. of the whole number,” says the author of the “Letters,” “and I do not fear contradiction.” Bribery and extortion are the universal rule. This arises in great part from the wretched salaries given to public servants. A judge gets 180 francs a-month; a prefect receives 800, and cannot spend less than 3000. The bad example is set by the very highest in the land—by the hospodar himself and his ministers. The most barefaced peculations and downright theft are left unpunished. When the Russian army retired from the Principalities, the prefect of Jalomitza accompanied it, and took with him the funds of his district, amounting to 80,000 francs. In Russia he received rank and decorations. The war over, he returned to Bucharest. No account was ever demanded of him. Cases of this kind are of frequent occurrence. There are, however, it appears, some honest prefects. In Wallachia, we are told, there are seven out of seventeen, but *all* the sub-prefects rob. “What can the most honest prefect do against a system of pillage, having the hospodar

for the summit, and the gendarme for the base?” In the present state of things, our author assures us, none but rich and extraordinarily virtuous persons can long resist the temptation, and preserve clean hands. He expresses his wonder that there should be so large a proportion of honest functionaries as twenty-five in a hundred, and considers this a proof that honesty, with certain men, is an incurable chronic affection. No previous misconduct, or even infamy, disqualifies for high office in the eyes of the unscrupulous Rouman satraps of the Porte. Alexander Ghica had no sooner assumed the powers of caimacan, than he made appointments which at once disgusted and drove from his side all the respectable men of his party. He seemed to take pleasure in surrounding himself with persons whom public opinion had long since condemned and branded. And public opinion, indignant, extended its scorn and censure to himself. “The old man did not hesitate to strip himself of a popularity which would have adorned his tomb.” Amongst the highest appointments he had to bestow, we are told of that of a Greek, who had been condemned to punishment for embezzlement; of a man who had been sentenced to death for the murder of his father-in-law, and who was pardoned only at the foot of the gallows, and with the condition that he should be suspended from it *by the shoulders* for an hour; of an officer who had been broken for theft; of sub-prefects who had undergone three years’ imprisonment for the same crime, &c., &c. With this acute writer’s picture of the Rouman public servant, we will conclude this sketchy exposition, founded chiefly on the pamphlet before us, of the moral, or rather immoral, condition of Moldo-Wallachia under the present system and rulers.

“The type of the Rouman bureaucrat is a functionary serving, for forty years past, with the same zeal and the same profits, all the governments, Greek, Russian, or indigenous, that have passed in procession over him. The various armies of occupation, which ruined and demoralised his country, enriched him, and placed around his neck a collar of foreign

decorations. Inured to business, skilful, active, and in most cases risen from very low, he ends by becoming grand boyard and minister. Whilst those who follow in his footsteps style him *Excellency*, the people cast in his face the epithet of *Tchokoï*, a word they have created to stigmatise infamy and baseness. *Tchokoï* is untranslatable; it means *vile*, *pie*, *plat*, *liche*, *parvenu*, all combined. In the rest of the world there is probably no word equivalent to it, because there is not another nation that has suffered so much from the baseness and vileness of its ruler."

One question will naturally suggest itself to whomsoever has read the foregoing pages. In a country where the lower classes are notoriously ignorant, and where the greater portion of the higher ones are, upon your own showing, profoundly venal and unpatriotic, where will you find the materials for an honest administration? You ask the union of the provinces under one hereditary prince, who is to rule constitutionally: in short, you aspire to make of Roumania an eastern Piedmont or Belgium, under the *suzeraineté* of Turkey, but restricting the Porte to the rights conferred by that *suzeraineté*—rights which, it must be owned, have hitherto been frequently and grossly abused. But, although we at once allow that you have much cause for complaint, that you have been oppressed and plundered, preyed upon by those who should have protected you, despoiled and exhausted by Turk, Russian, and Austrian, we may ask whether you really think, after the admissions and statement you have made with regard to your countrymen, that the country is fit to walk alone, contains the elements of a good administration, and would not be in danger of becoming, within a short time, were your demands complied with, a pitiable spectacle of misrule and corruption, an arena of intrigues and strife, a playground for unscrupulous adventurers, and a scandal which the nations of Europe could not suffer to exist? If we rightly interpret, and may venture to condense, the views and arguments to be found in several chapters of the

pamphlet, we can state in small compass its author's reply. He maintains that there exists in Moldo-Wallachia a sufficient number of honest men to lead the way to social reforms, and to set an efficacious example. He proposes the abolition of the absurd system of boyards, the cancelling of all these ranks or *tchikins* (which serve merely as means of corruption), and of the unjust exemptions attached to them. Witnessing the incurable venality and selfishness of the great majority of the grand boyards, he looks a step lower for honesty, and believes it might there be found united with capacity. There are unquestionably young men of promise in the Principalities, and it is to be regretted that some of them have embraced republican and even socialist ideas. Not a few of the sons and nephews of the great boyards themselves, of those men who have grown grey in political profligacy and villany, display a far more patriotic spirit than their fathers. Amongst the professional and commercial classes, men of education and practical sense might be found. But, above all, the Rouman writer adjures the great Powers to establish such an order of things in his country as shall enable his countrymen to select their own ruler, and not to have him imposed upon them by this or that foreign influence—exerted often from motives diametrically opposed to the welfare of Moldo-Wallachia, and, not unfrequently, purchased by the gold of the wealthiest candidate. In that country, it has always been from the summit of the social pyramid that the corruption proceeded, spreading downwards and infecting the mass. By suberviency to alien interests, by huge bribes to corrupt ministers, by *bakhshish* unsparingly distributed to countless officials at Stamboul, that sink of official corruption—by every vile and costly means, in short, that will serve his turn, the hospodar attains to power. But it is not merely for the honour of the post that he has wriggled through dirty paths to the proud eminence, in attaining which he has befouled himself morally as much as ever did physically the climber of a greasy pole at an

English fair. He must get back his expenses; he must make a fortune besides; he must also have plentiful funds in hand to make head against the intrigues of his disappointed competitors. So he at once commences an organised system of plunder, extortion, and bribe-taking. His ministers assist him, and follow his example—or if, as has been known in one or two cases of late years, they scruple to do so, they are not long his ministers. The lower classes of officials, generally ill paid, do as they see their betters do. In the provinces, we have already shown how the local authorities and the farmers are leagued together to rob and crush the peasant; if here and there a prefect would gladly do justice, he finds it scarcely possible. He reports a sub-prefect to the minister; the sub-prefect has friends at court, whom he has duly bought, and his superior is told to mind his own business. A public functionary, at all highly placed, who will *not* do as others do, but who strives to do his duty, had better give in his resignation, and it is thus that the obstinately honest generally end. "The healthy portion of the public functionaries," says the author of the "Letters," "those who love their country, and whose hands are pure, live in the fear of a dismissal, which is seldom long in coming, or vegetate eternally in subaltern posts."

The second of the two chapters devoted to the condition of the peasantry concludes with the following paragraphs which we think it apropos to quote here, as throwing additional light on the grievances of the Principalities, and on the mode of action of the remedy proposed by the more enlightened and patriotic portion of their inhabitants.

"Let me not be accused of colouring the picture too highly! There are many other iniquities of which I have said nothing, lest I should appear to exaggerate the shameful vices of the present regime. On whom is to be cast the responsibility of such a state of things? On the law and on the government? But they are themselves only the consequences of a cause which must be sought in a higher sphere, and which

we shall find in the political situation of the Principalities.

"Under the Fanariot regime, the ruin and debasement of these countries was the aim to which the reigning princes directed all their efforts. Subsequently, the Russian protectorate, wishing to attain the same end, employed the same means. The most infamous men were raised to the first dignities of the State; every private vice and every public corruption was sure to find, with the Russian consul, and, consequently, with the Prince, open support and encouragement. On the other hand, honest men were suspected, and no persecution was spared them. Had one of them a lawsuit! He was certain to lose it. Would he rescue his peasants from the rapine of the farmers, and establish himself on his estates to cultivate them himself? Forthwith he was accused of fomenting troubles. Russia only did, after all, what Austria and Turkey have been doing for the last four years. One cannot be a Reschid, a Buol, an Aali—that is to say, a statesman of the *first order*—without understanding that, to reduce the Principalities to the condition of the Herzegovina or of Gallicia, to arrive at their *incorporation*, it does not do to reckon on the co-operation of honest men.

"The consequence which I deduce from all that precedes is, that the best laws are inefficacious when they are not applied; and that, applied by a hand that has been purchased, they become dangerous. So long as the Principalities shall be bound to a political regime forged by their enemies, it will be useless, and even ridiculous, to alter their internal laws. *Messieurs les diplomates*, restore the Roumans to the plenitude of their rights; restore to them their autonomy; let them give themselves a government which shall be neither Turkish, nor Russian, nor English, nor French, and, above all, not Austrian, but which shall be Rouman, and you will see that they know as well as you, if not better, how to apply a remedy to their ills."

It would lead us too far were we to enter upon the question of the union at anything like the length at which our author discusses it; we

can but place upon record two or three salient points of his argument. In reply to a common objection of the anti-unionists, he asks if Russia would find the Principalities an easier prey in the form of a compact well-organised State, containing 5,000,000 of free inhabitants, than in their present mal-administered, divided, and ruined condition. With respect to the rights of the Porte, the integrity of Turkey, which it has been alleged would be infringed by the union of the Provinces, he inquires whether the capitulations by which the two Principalities are linked to Turkey be still in force or not? If they be, the Sultan has no right to more than homage and tribute, which can be paid him as well by one State as by two small ones. If they be not, what title has Turkey to interfere at all with Moldavia and Wallachia? He strenuously denies that the Principalities, if fairly treated by Turkey, would in the least desire to cast off their allegiance to her. "They perfectly understand," he says, "that as long as there shall be a Russia and an Austria which covet them, they must remain attached to Turkey. To say the contrary, is to calumniate them. Have they not given abundant proofs of their fidelity to the Sultan? Without recalling the part played by Moldo-Wallachia in 1828, and its energetic resistance to Greek-Russian ideas, it cannot have been forgotten that, in 1854, when Omar Pasha entered Bucharest, addresses, in which the Wallachians asked to march against the Russians, were covered, in two days, with innumerable signatures, and were rejected by the Allies. During the campaign on the Danube, the Wallachian soldiers, whom their chief had basely delivered to the Russians, deserted by hundreds, and went over to the Turks. It is true that the latter, as *generous enemies*, contented themselves with disarming them, and sending them to their homes, where they were seized and shot by order of the Muscovite generals."

The *suzeraineté* of Turkey, this author observes, restored to its true nature, and circumscribed in the terms of the capitulation, will in no way impede the moral and material de-

velopment of the Principalities. Why, then, should they seek to shake off a light yoke, when they have so long endured one that crushed them? The second point of the political programme voted by the divans was a *foreign prince* over the united Principalities. The chiefs of the national party have been accused of want of judgment in putting forward this pretension, which complicates the question of the union, and renders its solution doubly difficult.

"In the eyes of the powers that signed the treaty of Paris," said M. de Talleyrand in the presence of the author of the pamphlet, "the foreign prince is a graver matter than the union itself, and of a local affair you have made a European question." It appears, however, that the pressure of the masses, the public feeling on this point, was so strong, that the chiefs of the Unionist party had scarcely a choice but to yield. The whole country was unanimous. Even Bibesco and Stirbey, deputies to the Wallachian Divan, and who, it is well known, have their own private hopes for the future, dared not oppose the tide, and voted for the foreign prince. The feeling on the part of the masses had its origin in the abominable misgovernment of the native prince. The foreign prince, however, is not made a *sine quâ non*, although those who best know the Principalities, believe that the appointment of a native would greatly impair the chances of stability of the new order of things.

"I will not conclude without adding, that the Principalities reckon, at this moment, more than twenty earnest pretenders to the supreme power, and that sixteen of these, at least, depend upon foreign governments, to which they have promised a large share of influence in the affairs of the country. To win the favour of the powers that dispose of the fate of Moldo-Wallachia, there is no guilty engagement that this throng of candidates has not beforehand taken. The most skilful are those who promise the same thing to two, and even to three different cabinets. . . . Would you know their titles to the productive honour they seek? These are, an ill-acquired fortune, a

deplorable reputation, and the good graces of some consul or member of the Commission. 'Who will be your prince?' it was lately asked of a Wallachian. 'He who shall have the largest amount of money and vices to place at the disposal of the foreigner,' was the immediate reply. Where is to be sought a remedy for all these rivalries, hatreds, and scandals, unless it be in a prince who has always lived far away from them, who has no engagement with our parties and our corrupters—in a man educated to reign; and who, on arriving at supreme power, should not offer the spectacle and the example of the vices and follies of a *parvenu*?"

It is evident that the Roumans would have no confidence in a prince chosen from amongst themselves; they fear lest the old game should be played again, lest gold and foreign influence should again impose upon them, this time for life, some Stirbey or Stourza, some Bibesco or Alexander Ghica, from whom they could rid themselves only by a revolution. Their choice, were they allowed to make it, would probably fall upon a prince of the house of Savoy. But what would Austria, and Austria's friends, say to that? And since we have referred to the royal family of Sardinia, we will say a few words of a document, very favourable to Rouman aspirations, and proceeding from a source that will be universally admitted to be entitled to high consideration. We speak of a despatch which first obtained publicity a few days ago in a foreign newspaper*—a despatch addressed by Count Camillo Cavour, on the 4th September, 1856, to the Sardinian chargé-d'affaires in London, to be by him communicated to Lord Clarendon. In it the distinguished Piedmontese statesman strongly advocates the union of the Principalities, and advances, in support of the project, arguments, of which some, it must be admitted, are both novel and forcible. Referring first to the opposition of Turkey to that project, he remarks that the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who, in the bosom of the Paris Conference, had shown a

favourable disposition towards the proposed union, seemed, according to what he (Cavour) learned from Sir James Hudson, to have changed his mind, and to be disposed to espouse the views of the Porte. He considers that this modification of opinion may have the most serious and grievous consequences, and he desires to convince the English Cabinet of the fallacy of the arguments advanced by the Porte. He then proceeds to examine the question of the union under two points of view—that of the interests of the Principalities themselves, and that of the interests of Turkey. Without giving an analysis of the whole despatch, which is of considerable length, we will cite some of its principal and most striking points. Count Cavour remarks that the desire of union in the two Principalities is of no recent growth; that for long past they have lost no opportunity of testifying it; and that Turkey herself, when endowing Moldo-Wallachia twenty-five years ago with the Organic Regulations, recognised the principle, in Article 425, in the following terms: "The origin, the religion, the manners, and the common language of the inhabitants of the two Principalities, as well as their common wants, are sufficient elements of a closer union, which hitherto has been prevented and delayed only by circumstances; but the advantages that will arise from the union of the two populations cannot be put in doubt. Thus, the commencement of that union is established in this *Règlement* by an administrative conformity in the government of the two countries." This is clear enough; but Turkey would perhaps explain its discordance with her present policy by recalling the fact that the *Règlement* was drawn up by Russian hands, and promulgated during a Russian occupation. "Austria," says Count Cavour, "has long had her eyes turned in the direction of the Lower Danube. Let it be remembered that she has already contrived to render herself mistress of three millions of Roumans inhabiting Transylvania, the Banat, and Bukovina. Is

* The *Indépendance Belge* of the 22d May, 1858.

it credible that two little states, rendered more feeble by separation, will be able to resist the ambitious and encroaching policy of Austria? The influence of the Vienna Cabinet will produce in the Principalities, at Bucharest especially, effects analogous to that which we see produced in the secondary states of Italy. Separation can but aggravate the state of the Principalities, by causing a profound irritation, and wounding all the instincts of the population. It will render necessary a despotic and violent government, which, to maintain itself, will be obliged continually to have recourse to the intervention of Turkish, and even of Austrian forces." Viewing the question under the second aspect—the interests of Turkey—Count Cavour, whilst admitting that these ought to be seriously considered by Europe, believes that the Porte perhaps exaggerates to itself its rights over Moldo-Wallachia, which are strictly limited to a *suzeraineté*. He denies that the union would be in any respect prejudicial to the just rights and interests of Turkey. With reference to a comparison, instituted in the circular of the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, between the Principalities and the kingdom of Greece, he expresses himself as follows, forcibly and eloquently :—

"The terms of the parallel are not identical. An essential difference exists between the two countries. Greece can never forget the glorious times of Athens, of Sparta, of Thebes, as she also will ever bear in mind the Empire of the East, and the magnificent residence of the Palæologi and the Patriarchs. Greece is everywhere side by side with Turkey in Europe; everywhere, hard by the mosque, the church of Christ arises. By constituting the kingdom of Greece, a centre was created for Greek nationality, whilst at the same time there was left all around the majority of the Hellenic race under the domination of Turkey. From this there naturally resulted an irresistible tendency, on the part of those populations, to unite themselves with their emancipated brethren. It is in vain to struggle against the force of things. The Hellenes of

Epirus, of Albania, of the islands of the Archipelago, will always desire to form part of the Greek kingdom; as, upon the other hand, that kingdom will always be animated by an irresistible desire to absorb the elements that are homogeneous with it, and that have remained under the sceptre of the Sultan.

"The Principalities, on the contrary, constitute a race apart, which has pushed offshoots into no province, but which, at the same time, has not suffered itself to be absorbed by the powerful races that surround it. The Turks have not established themselves as conquerors amongst the descendants of Trajan's soldiers. No mosque rears its head on Rouman soil. Any attempt at assimilation between the Roumans and the Turks, the Greeks and the Slavonians, would be fruitless. We have these four populations belonging to four races entirely distinct by essentially diverse ethnographic characters. The Porte, then, has no reason to fear that the Roumans will seek to combine with the Servians and Bulgarians. There is less sympathy between the Rouman and the Slavonian than between the Rouman and the Turk. On the other hand, the Roumans form an obstacle to the tendencies to draw together (*rapprochement*) which animate the different branches of the great Slavonian family. Rouman nationality is a counterpoise useful to Turkey, useful to Europe, and inimical to the dangerous development of Pan Slavonianism. If we look at the map, we see that the Slavonian race extends from the Uralian mountains and the northern seas to the Adriatic, without other interruption than the territories occupied by the Roumans. If, as is incontestable, Pan Slavonianism is a danger, not only for Turkey, but for the whole of the West, is it not of the highest interest to constitute, in the centre of the Slavonian countries, a nationality which sympathises exclusively with the West, and which may form a real obstacle to the reunion of populations having so great a tendency to form a unity that would perhaps crush the rest of the civilized world?"

Count Cavour proceeds to argue

that the constitution of the Rouman nationality would be useful, not menacing, to Turkey. Antipathy of race will always keep the Roumans aloof from Russia. Their detestation of Austria is well known. To that power they might at some future day be dangerous, should they aspire to regain the Rouman districts which form part of its empire. "The foreign courts, rivals of Turkey, will be formidable in the Principalities only so long as they shall have to do with feeble governments, in antagonism with the national spirit, forced by their false position to seek support, moral and material, financial or military, from those of their neighbours who possess such vast means of corruption and influence. The men, accustomed to make a traffic of the favours of the Porte, may lose somewhat of their illicit gains by the constitution of a single and strong power in the Principalities. The Porte can but gain by it." The Sardinian minister concludes with a general consideration. "If," he says, "as we are assured, and as, notwithstanding the denials of Turkey, everything induces us to believe, the union is the ardent wish of the Principalities, can the Western Powers reject it? Can they incur, in the eyes of the civilised world and of history, the responsibility of having sacrificed the real interests, the legitimate aspirations, of five millions of Christians, to the exaggerated scruples and unfounded fears of the Turkish cabinet?"

We need not remind the reader that Piedmont has, from the time the question was first raised, shown herself a staunch supporter of Rouman demands. This is not surprising. The champion of Italian nationality, she is an *ex-officio* partisan of that of Roumania. Besides the hatred towards Austria, which influences all her foreign policy, leading her always to adopt that view of a question which may be damaging or disagreeable to that power, she, as the representative and hope of Italian independence, naturally sympathises with a kindred race, eagerly seeking, in the far east of Europe, a portion of that liberty which she in the west has already won, and, we trust, for ever secured.

Before laying down our pen we will give a few lines to the European Commission in the Principalities, touched upon in the sixth chapter of the pamphlet before us, where the character, attitude, and line of conduct of each one of the Commissioners are sketched, not, as regards most of them, in very favourable colours. The subject tempts to satirical delineation, but the present writer has not thought proper to avail himself of it to anything like the full extent which his turn for sarcasm would certainly have rendered it easy for him to do. The Commissioners found in the Principalities the warmest and most hospitable reception. If, politically, some of them were looked upon with far greater favour than others (whose governments were known, or believed to be, unfavourable to the wishes of the Moldo-Wallachians), personally all were treated alike. The friends were welcomed as friends; the enemies were received as if their hosts were in hopes of converting them into friends. The French Commissioner—thanks to the attitude of France at that time with regard to the question of the union—was the favourite and preponderant, and might, says the author of the "Letters," have made himself master of the situation. The Sardinian, as an Italian, and as representative of the chivalrous and popular Victor Emmanuel, received many marks of warm sympathy. The Russian, Basili, was a Greek, and therefore, although representing a power most favourable to the union (and also on account of a pedantic and unpleasing manner), he was neither liked nor trusted. "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*" is a maxim which the Fanariots passed a century in engraving on the hearts of the Roumans." Of the English Commissioner this writer speaks in the highest terms as an amiable and accomplished gentleman; but he entirely disapproves the line of conduct which, as a diplomatist and politician, he followed in the Principalities. Of the Austrian and the Turkish he does not tell us much, except, in a note, an anecdote of the former, M. Lehman de Palmrod, which, whether true or

not, *é ben trovato*. "On the point of being ennobled, M. Lehman had to make choice of a more aristocratic name. After long reflection, this diplomatist borrowed from Lord Palmerston the first syllable of his name, and from M. de Nesselrode the last of his, and, soldering them together, made himself a name of favourable augury. I cannot venture to affirm that these ambitious syllables have kept all the promise they contained." If the pamphlet is chary of details about the Commission, we find, in a newspaper* published at Brussels, and exclusively devoted to the affairs of the Principalities, some curious gossip on the subject. This is contained in a letter from Bucharest, which, when it returned in print to that capital, made a great sensation there by reason of the boldness and accuracy of its statements. The Commission was an enormous expense to the Principalities. It was deemed proper to provide its members and their suites with houses, also with carriages and horses, and, in the first instance, with food, lights, and everything they required. The houses were hired by the government at exorbitant rents, and were richly furnished at the cost of the country. Everything was supplied in the most lavish and prodigal manner. Blame is not cast on the Commissioners; it was quite natural that, on their first arrival in a strange capital, where the hotels are not of the best, and to whose ways they were unaccustomed, they should accept a temporary hospitality, which, moreover, was warmly pressed upon them. After a short time, most of them declined to be any longer a burthen on the country, and retained only the quarters that had been prepared for them. Not all, however, were equally considerate; but the chief origin of the expense incurred was the immense amount of jobbery and robbery connected with the supplies furnished to them. Some of the items quoted in the *Etoile du Danube* are curious, by reason of their barefaced extravagance. The best and dearest hotel in Europe would have supplied its best dinners at an infinitely lower rate than that set down for the re-

past of the Commission, during the first three weeks of its stay in Bucharest. In twenty-six days, the table of a single commissioner cost upwards of £300. Of wax lights, 200 lb. per night were charged for. There was an item of 117,000 francs for small expenses, such as lights, cabs, lamps, kitchen utensils, &c. At the time of the installation of Ghica as caimacan, in 1856, the Turkish envoy, Kiamil Bey, sent to invest him with the dignity, passed a week at Bucharest, and of course was kept at free quarters, as a guest. The honest people charged with purveying for him, found means to make him consume strawberries to the value of 7000 Wallachian piastres (nearly £100)! But Saafet-Effendi, the Turkish commissioner in 1857, had no reason to be jealous of the delicacies supplied to his countryman. In the accounts of the commission figures an item of 1200 francs for "perfumes for the use of Saafet-Effendi." The Turk must have needed a deal of sweetening. The Wallachians, making a variation on a well-known proverb, said that "a European commission is equal to half a military occupation." The people of the Principalities, accustomed to be robbed by their rulers, and by officials and contractors of all kinds, would think little of the cost of the Commission, if they thought there was a chance of its labours and report leading Europe to comply with their wishes. But of this they now have little hope. "The international Commission," says the author of the "Letters," "cost the Principalities 3 millions of piastres (about £45,000 sterling); that is to say, the tenth part of their annual budget. The Roumans love to cherish the hope that the result of its labours will be proportionate to this total, or, in popular terms, *that it will give them their money's worth!*"

We must conclude; not, however, without extracting the last page of the pamphlet, which embodies the author's views as to what may not improbably be the result of treating with neglect, if not with contempt, the almost unanimously expressed wishes of the Moldo-Wallachians.

"Our best policy now," he says,

* *L'Etoile du Danube*, of Saturday, 25th July, 1857.

is, in my opinion, to wait and not to despair; but there are not wanting persons who counsel us to another course, and I have the more fear of seeing it prevail, because all Europe seems to conspire in its favour. There is a party which holds to us the following language: 'The Western Powers have lulled you with fallacious promises: recognise at last that they pitilessly deliver you to Austrian brutality, and to the stupidity of the Turk. It is time to look northwards. Whatever harm Russia may have done to you, Austria and Turkey will do you more. Besides, the policy of the Czar is completely changed; do you not see Alexander II. preparing reforms with one hand, whilst he heals, with the other, wounds which he did not make? Your position admits neither of delay nor of hesitation; you need the alliance of one of the three great empires that surround you, in order that you may not serve as a plaything to the ambition of all. Does there remain to you any other support than that of the Czar? Russia is for the union under a foreign prince. With Russia you may hope everything, even complete independence.'

"To decide between these two policies, the Principalities wait till Europe shall have marked out for them their line of conduct.

"One day, perhaps, the advanced guard of the Russian army which shall march upon Constantinople,

will be composed of Roumans! Upon that day, millions of Rayahs will rise as one man, and twenty-four hours will suffice to drive the last Turk into Asia.

"Lords Palmerston, Redcliffe, and Derby, Count Buol, and you, Messrs. Aali and Fuad, *vous l'aurez voulu !*"

We have not attempted, in this paper, to go fully into the complicated political question of the Principalities. We should perhaps have been willing to do so, at the risk of filling a much larger portion of the Magazine than is usually allotted to a single article, had we hoped to command readers for so long an essay on a subject that does not appear to excite much interest in England. Under this disadvantage, all we have sought to do, has been to bring into relief some of the most prominent points of the question; and without making ourselves partisans, or even expressing our opinion, to put forward that of an intelligent and highly-educated native of the country whose grievances are now under discussion in Paris—of a writer whose veracity may be relied upon even by those who do not share his views. Such data as he supplies will be found extremely useful by any persons who may wish to make up their minds on a subject, which the thrilling interest of Indian affairs has deprived of that share of attention which, we incline to think, it will one day be proved that its importance merited.

MY FIRST AND LAST NOVEL.

PART I.

You asked me once if I had ever had a secret from my husband.

Answering "Yes," I promised some day to tell you all about it: I will do so now.

When we were first married, and for a time afterwards, we were poor; neither of us were used to poverty. I was the youngest, and had been the pet, of a large family; I was inexperienced in every way, and somewhat spoiled by indulgence. Kenelm, my husband, was several years older than his little wife; he was good, grave, and wise; there was something in his character that made people afraid of him; when he courted me, my sisters held him in awe; yet, strangely enough, I, coward as I was in most respects, felt nothing of this awe till afterwards, but treated him with girlish audacity and tyranny. I knew my power.

I must not allow myself to tell you of our happiness during the first months after our marriage; that has nothing to do with this story; for then I had not the ghost of a secret from my husband. It is true that I was forced to be very quiet during the earlier part of the day, when the scratching of Kenelm's pen was almost the only sound to be heard in our house; but I indemnified myself in the evening for the morning's silence. I dearly loved to talk to Kenelm! I used then to show him the innermost thought of my heart: he was so gentle and reverent, and in return gave me his full confidence, sometimes speaking to me of things far beyond my comprehension, gladdening me by saying that often a few random words of mine would suggest the solutions of perplexities over which he had long pondered!

Well, we were poor. I had twenty pounds a year; for the rest we depended upon my husband's earnings. We had married in the spring; the following winter Kenelm fell ill, very ill. Necessarily his illness increased our expenses; and I, without any regard to cost, or any thought of whose labour must pay for all, pro-

cured everything that I fancied might please him or do him good. When he was convalescent, the doctor ordered him not to write for months to come. I understood his smile as he listened to this decree; it smote me with sharp, sudden pain; I remember I ran away to weep.

"I must write, my child; we are in debt, we want money." This was all his answer to my tearful remonstrance, when long, long before he was strong, I saw him settle down to work.

For the first time I shrank away from his mild glance; for the first time the deep tenderness of his tone sounded to me as a reproach.

I went from his study into the garden. It was spring; but I paid no heed to the loveliness of the sunny morning. To-day I was too miserable to weep, for the first time in my life perhaps. I stood, leaning my head against a tree, absorbed in self-reproachful thought—knowing, for the first time, how dreadful a thing it was to want money.

I had one friend living near; she had been Kenelm's friend for years and years, but now she was especially mine. It chanced that she passed our gate that morning, and seeing me, came in for a few moments.

"You, Minnie, of all women in the world, to look upon this sweet day with so sad a face? What ails you, dear? Kenelm is getting well."

"But he will be ill again. The doctor says he should have change and perfect rest, and—he is at work. I have been extravagant—we want money." She was grave immediately.

"Poor dear!" she said; "no wonder you are not merry—Oh, that money!" She softly stroked my hand, and fell into meditative silence.

Presently she cried, quite abruptly, "Minnie, you shall write a novel!"

I started, and blushed as if she had proposed to me to commit a crime.

"Yes," she repeated, "you shall

write a novel. I have a little leisure—nothing else, alas!—at your service—you write, I will revise and manage all besides.”

“But—Kenelm—”

“Would he not like it? Ah!—perhaps not—I had forgotten. Good, almost perfect as he is, he has his prejudices.”

“But if I could write a book! If I could earn enough money to take him to the sea-side—I would risk the rest. I will not be afraid; I will try and write a novel—only he shall never know unless I succeed.”

“Is it well to have a secret from your husband?”

“Just this one. I must try. It would be so glorious if I were to succeed.”

“You should know best. But, Minnie, I had rather you told him.”

“No, no, no; not unless I succeed. What makes you think that I can write a book?”

“I have seen little attempts of yours—do not blush—and bits, only bits, of your letters to Kenelm. If Mrs. Kenelm Cameron writes her book as simply and fervently as Minnie Grey wrote her love-letters, it will do—always provided that, before she begins it, she quite makes up her mind what it is to be about.”

“That is the puzzle.”

“It will not long remain so, if the book is destined to be written. I am going from home; you shall have my address; let me help you in any way I can.”

I took leave of her absently, already pondering what my book was to be about.

For three days and three nights I continued to ponder this matter. When Kenelm asked of what I was thinking, I blushed, giving the stupid answer, “Nothing particular.” He looked surprised, but said nothing further.

Now, in all that follows, it may seem to you that if I had given the matter a playful turn, and if my husband had trusted me as he ought to have done, no unhappiness would have ensued. It was not in my power to think of my secret lightly—directly I had a secret from my husband, I turned coward, and became morbidly timid in his presence. And he—he did not suspect me of wrong-

doing—it was my want of confidence towards him that he mourned. I think I have heard Kenelm say that it is in the natures acted upon, not in the acts themselves, that the elements of Tragedy and Comedy are contained. I suppose we each acted as it was our nature to act.

When those three days and nights of meditation had proved fruitless, I drowned my hope in tears. I had found no subject of which I felt competent to treat, no cause to advocate, and I despaired.

A day or two afterwards an acquaintance sent us tickets for a concert: in the evening she called for us. My husband was not well enough to go—I hated to go without him; but he sent me because he thought that I was beginning to pine in a too quiet life. I felt very ungrateful towards the friend who carried me off, so sorely against my will.

It was a “classical” concert of instrumental music: I loved such music. Yet by-and-by I found that I was not listening to it. I was writing—nay, rather contemplating—my book! It did not suggest itself to me bit by bit, but I seemed to grasp it all—plot, purpose, incident—at once. I literally hugged myself under cover of my little white cloak, and said, “This will do.”

“Exquisite! is it not?” my companion exclaimed, thinking I had spoken to her in praise of the music. Her glance dwelt wonderingly on my excited face.

Now I was only anxious to get home. I dreaded that I might forget. Fortunately my friend was sleepy during the drive—the rapid motion continued the excitement the music had produced. When we stopped at my gate, and the lady woke up to say “Good-night,” I astonished her by the fervour of my “Thank you! you do not know what you have done for me.”

“Are you such an enthusiast?” she asked. “Had I known it, I would have sent you tickets before. I will remember you in future—good-night.”

I let myself into the house. I had made Kenelm promise not to sit up, and had ordered Ann to go to bed. How glad I was of this!

The lamp and the fire burned in

the parlour, and the little supper-tray stood ready.

I had made no noise; I stole up to my room, found Kenelm asleep, looking very wan and worn; I bent down and kissed him lightly, then ran away.

In the parlour I sat down to write, and I wrote—hour after hour. When the lamp went out, I looked up in consternation—it was growing light.

Very carefully I gathered together my precious sheets; I put them within a book (a cookery book I remember), and hid that at the bottom of my work-table. I crept to bed cold, tired, and happy, but did not fall asleep till broad daylight.

When I woke, Kenelm stood by my bedside with my breakfast upon a tray. "Is it late?" I asked, starting up.

"Nearly eleven, love. Did you enjoy the concert, Minnie?"

"The concert—oh yes!" Then as I recalled everything, I felt as if he must find out my secret by looking at me, and I turned away yawning.

"Not quite awake yet, sleepy one," he commented.

How I was to manage to write in the daytime was the problem that occupied me while I dressed.

When I was ready, I went to Kenelm in his study. "Must you write to-day?" I asked.

"Yes, I must. Let us dine at four—I will write till then. After dinner we will have a walk. Do not feel anxious, love—I am stronger."

"Can I do nothing for you this morning?"

"Nothing, dear."

He had resumed his pen, and I went away. We had an unfurnished room in our house. I was soon locked into that. I spread my paper on a box, a box that had gone with us on our wedding journey, and crouched upon the floor to write. I left off just in time to prepare for dinner—to smooth my hair, dip my hot brow in water, and wash the ink-stains off my fingers.

"I wanted you to stitch up my manuscript, Minnie," Kenelm said; "but as I didn't find you in the house, I contrived to do it myself. I suppose you have been working in the garden—too hard, I think; you look flushed."

"My face is rather hot. Now, where shall we walk this evening?" I asked, and began to talk hurriedly of primroses, violets, blue-bells, and the probability of our finding them in the fields around.

That was an exquisite evening. As we wandered about the lanes and meadows, Kenelm sometimes leant on me, I sometimes on him; and I said to myself, "So it should be in life; why should my husband work always, and I sit idle all my days?"

That was very well; but, alas! as I worked I lost sight of my good motive in the absorbing interest of my work—forgot all my little daily cares for Kenelm while I struggled to achieve a grand good for him.

My husband came home healthily tired. That night he slept soundly, and I could not sleep; so I rose—I could not resist the impulse to continue my work; again it was the daylight that warned me to my bed.

Kenelm told me at breakfast that he must go into town, and should not get home till evening. He had not incurred this fatigue since his illness, and was not fit for it. I did not think of this then; I did not offer to go for him, or beg to go with him; I thought joyfully of the long day before me. He left home at ten, to return at seven.

I told Ann to say that I was engaged if any one should call, and I locked myself into the empty chamber. I uttered a cry of joy as I began my work—I had such delight in it.

I left off to pretend to dine, but I had no appetite, and soon recommenced.

Towards the end of the afternoon I found I could go on no longer. My temples burned, and yet I felt as if numbed by excessive cold, and my head began to ache intensely.

Kenelm was late; it was getting dusky when he came, and I shunned what little light there was. He was tired, and after tea lay upon the couch; I sat beside him on a low seat, and rested my aching head on his breast.

By-and-by Ann came in with the lamp, and then Kenelm asked me to read to him. I rose with some difficulty, I felt so weak and weary. Unwittingly I turned my face full to the light as I opened the new book he

had brought home, and his eyes were upon me as they generally were, as I had formerly loved to have them.

"Minnie!" he exclaimed—then started up and came to me. He took my hands and gazed into my face. This time I was not sorry to feel thick blushes covering my pallor.

Somewhat pettishly I cried—"You startle me, Kenelm," and I tried to turn away. He would not let me.

"You look wretchedly ill, Minnie. You have been crying much again—so soon! What is it that troubles you? My poor child must tell me!"

"I have nothing to tell you—you are foolish—nothing troubles me!" But he continued to gaze at me so tenderly, so sorrowfully, that I could not bear it. To convince him that nothing was the matter, I burst into tears and sobbed upon his bosom, for he folded me in his arms.

I thought that all was over—that my secret would 'out, or my heart would break; but he questioned me no more, only soothed and caressed me.

Next morning I rejoiced that my secret was still in my keeping.

When I went down into the parlour, Kenelm held a visiting-card in his hand, at which he was looking with surprise.

"My friend Ashtower here yesterday, and you did not tell me! You asked him to come again, I hope; you are well aware that I have long desired to see him."

I paused at the door with a face expressing blank consternation. "I—did not know," I faltered.

Yes; I was afraid of Kenelm—his eyes perused my face keenly.

"You did not know—it was Ann's fault, then. This is very vexatious." He was about to ring the bell.

"Stay!" I cried; "it was not her fault. I told her if anybody came, to say I was engaged; of course she did not know that I would have seen your friend! Till this moment I did not know he had been here."

"And why, my dear wife, would you see nobody yesterday?"

"Don't say 'my dear wife' in that horrid way. I suppose I was not in the humour for company, as you had left me alone!" I took refuge in a kind of petulant naughtiness, pouted, and made an unnecessary noise with the cups and saucers.

My husband did not speak for some time. Then he said, with a measured mildness that I well understood, "I think, Minnie, that you owe me some slight explanation. I trust that your good sense will lead you to offer me such. As I am confident that my wife cannot act in a way of which she has need to be ashamed, I do not understand her having any mystery."

I had heard people say that sometimes my husband appeared to hide an iron hand beneath a velvet glove. I recalled the saying now, and asked myself indignantly if he meant to make me feel the smooth inflexibility of his character. I was angry with him.

I offered no word of apology, but remained silent. I could not eat: the first mouthful seemed like to choke me. This made me seem all the more sullen.

No wonder that my noble, high-minded husband looked grieved to the heart at such signs of childish perversity.

When, after breakfast, I sought the bare room, and locked myself in, I trembled taking home the moral that was evolving, without conscious effort of mine, from the story which I had called "*A Wife's Secret*."

I felt the possibility of my little troubles deepening and widening terribly. I cried passionately, "I will persevere; but I must finish soon—I cannot bear this long."

I had taken it for granted that Kenelm had work to do; but when I had slipped down-stairs, just before dinner-time, I saw him lying on our little lawn, a book beside him.

"He is angry," I thought. "This is the first holiday on which he has done without me."

When we met, I could not be gay or natural; I was constrained in manner, and felt weighed upon and weary.

The few days that followed were uncomfortable. Kenelm tried to resume his usual demeanour, but something was between us, and I was afraid of him. I wrote as much as I could without risk of detection, and forgot my own griefs during those hours.

I told myself that I would not, that I could not give up, now that I had gone so far. Whenever I felt wavering and despondent, I pic-

tured to myself my triumph. Kenelm's surprise, delight, gratitude,—this would pay for all my pain.

There was surely no tedious lingering by the way in my book. I wrote in desperate haste to have finished it.

PART II.

With Kenelm's many letters one morning came a letter to me. I received it from him, and blushed as I slipped it into my apron pocket. It was from my friend, in answer to a note I had sent her about my book.

By this time I had become morbidly nervous. I was haunted by a vague sense of wrong-doing, and a dread of being driven to tell a direct falsehood. I had had more than one terrible alarm of detection.

After pocketing my letter I carefully avoided looking towards my husband.

"Read this, Minnie," he said presently, putting one of the letters he had received before me.

I obeyed.

"What shall you do, Kenelm? Shall you go?" I asked, when I had finished. It was from one of my husband's brothers, begging his mediation with the stern old father, who had been bitterly offended—how, does not concern my story.

"Shall we go, you surely mean, Minnie."

I drooped my head; my work was nearly completed; it would be dreadful to me to leave it now. We had been so estranged lately, my longing to have done with this and every secret was very great; if I were left alone a day or two, it could be safely completed.

"Perhaps you are right, and I ought to go alone," Kenelm said, after a painful silence.

"I think you should. It is an expensive journey; your father does not like me, and"—

"I had rather my wife had been thus eager that we should not separate. You have prudence on your side, but—you are changed, Mary." He rose as he spoke.

"Do not say I am changed! Do not speak so! I cannot bear it." I spoke passionately. He came to my side, sat down by me, and took my hand.

"If I am to be of any use, I should go to-day—at once," he began. "The

last few weeks, Minnie, something has divided us. Shall we not be one again before we part?"

I was silent; I did not raise my eyes. Perhaps in the struggle to appear unmoved, I looked obstinate and cross, for Kenelm's tone changed.

"That letter—remember, Mary, that I do not stoop to suspect you of wrong; it is simply your want of confidence that I deplore."

"Suspect me of wrong, indeed!" I cried, again taking refuge in that petulant unreasonableness which baffles men sorely. "It is you, Kenelm, who have no confidence in me! You treat your wife as if she were a mere child."

"If the time is gone by when she loved to be so treated—when she made me her conscience and hid nothing from me—I must painfully learn how this changed wife desires that I should treat her."

He left the room; when he was gone I wept. But I was a little angry; or, as, passing his study-door on my way up-stairs to pack his clothes, I saw him seated at his study-table with his head bowed upon his hands, I could not have resisted the temptation to go to him and confess everything.

It was only by looking back afterwards that I could understand how much change he found in me—how many signs he saw that my thoughts were not all, or even chiefly his,—besides reading that in my often abstracted face. Many of my little duties were neglected, or performed by Ann; many minute cares for Kenelm omitted during those feverish weeks.

As I packed my husband's clothes, I shed some tears over them. When he was actually gone, after a most painfully calm leave-taking, I felt utterly miserable; I spent the day between crying and sleeping, and only thought of my book with disgust and loathing.

Next morning brought me a cor-

dial—a few kind lines from Kenelm, written the night before, from the resting-place, which was half-way towards his journey's end.

Having further stimulated my courage by re-perusing my friend's note, which told me of the favourable arrangements she hoped to make for the publication of my book, I set to work.

The misery of my heroine was approaching its climax; I was one with her, shaken by her fears, torn by her passions, transported by her hope.

Highly-wrought excitement kept me up. While Kenelm was away, I did not go beyond the garden; I could not eat, and I hardly slept.

One night,—I had heard Ann go to bed long before, and there was no sound or stir in the silent house,—my self-possession, my sense of my own identity, altogether failed me.

I crouched upon the bare floor in the bare room. I struggled to separate myself from the woes into which I had plunged "the wife" of my imagination. I could not—intense emotion overpowered me. Sick with anguish, I cried out, "Husband, husband! Good God! this is more than I can bear!"

I covered my face; that cry had startled me back to myself, and great terror came over me; I had always been timid of night and darkness.

As I continued to crouch there, covering my face, it seemed to me, that something stirred in the room, that chill breath fanned my neck and arms. I raised my head, seeking light.

My candle had burned out; I was alone in stirring darkness—the thick darkness of a close-shuttered room. I strained my eyes into it; I seemed chained to the spot.

Suddenly my excited fancy made my husband present to me, standing in the middle of the room, regarding me. He was pale; his expression was reproachful, his form spectral.

I spread out my arms towards him; my senses failed me, my last consciousness being of a blow and a flash of pain.

Daylight was streaming through all cracks and crevices when I recovered. I found myself lying with my face upon the floor. I sat up with difficulty, and turned sick and dizzy when I saw a pool of blood close to where my face had lain. By-and-by

I managed to get to my bedroom, and, after washing my stained brow; discovered a small but deep wound on my temple. I had fallen against a sharp iron-bound corner of the box which I had used as a desk.

I did not distinctly recall what had frightened me. I felt terribly weak, and lay on my bed quite still for several hours. Then I rang and ordered Ann to bring me some coffee into my room. My window was darkened, and she seemed to notice nothing particular in my appearance. I told her I was not very well, and did not wish to be disturbed.

The hot, strong coffee revived me wonderfully, and my thoughts returned to my all but finished work.

My book was not to be a Tragedy; it was to end quietly, and peacefully, perfectly, as a beautiful summer-day. I laughed softly over the happiness of this summery ending, and the tears rained from my eyes. I sat close to the open window on that lovely day, in a deliciously subdued and sympathetic mood, and wrote my blissful concluding chapters.

With one brief interruption only I continued to write till late in the afternoon.—I no longer wrote with haste and passion, but as I remember, with a quiet sense of perfect power.

I had finished. I said "thank God."

My heroine was happy now, and my heart craved like happiness clamorously. "Make haste and come home, Kenelm!" I cried.

I went down stairs to hunt for string, wax, and stamps; my book must be immediately sent off.

On my work-table lay a letter from my husband. How long had it lain there unopened? I pressed it to my lips and to my bosom before I read it.

It said he would be home this evening! What happiness! This evening at seven, it said; what time could it be now?

Even as I wondered our clock struck—seven.

There I stood in my loose, tumbled white dressing-gown, my hair wildly disordered, my hands stained with ink, and my cheeks with tears. I could not move; it was like a dreadful nightmare dream.

My head began to ache maddeningly. I thought how none of my

intended preparations for Kenelm's return were made; and I—was I fit to meet him? I pressed my hand upon my brow; unwittingly I displaced the plaster upon my wound, from which the blood began again to trickle.

I would have given years of life to recall one hour then.

I heard the garden gate. I saw Kenelm come up the path, and still I could not move.

The room door opened and admitted my husband.

He paused in sad amazement.

His face was like the face I had seen in my vision, which now vividly returned to me. I tried to believe this was a vision too. His form seemed to waver and flicker, and a black gulf opened at my feet.

Both my husband and Ann were standing over me when I regained consciousness; when I raised myself on the couch, Ann disappeared.

"I am so sorry—so grieved," I began, "I did not expect you yet. I had only just read your letter, and"—

"Do not talk now—rest, love. Was this just done?"

"No; I struck my head last night, and"—

"My poor wounded darling!"

I had no need to make excuses. He cared for me to-night instead of I for him, yet he looked very travel-worn and ill. He dressed my wound with tender fingers, and said many tender words. But he looked very sad, and I could not bear to meet his inquiring gaze. I closed my eyes and felt myself a wretched little hypocrite. I passionately vowed never again to have a secret from Kenelm.

My husband made me go to bed early. He read to me till he thought I was asleep; then I knew that he prayed by me before he went away. How I longed to clasp him round the neck and tell him all my secret, but I was afraid and ashamed.

When I had heard him go down stairs and shut the parlour-door behind him, I sprang up. My Blue-beard chamber was unlocked; all my papers lay about the floor!

I secured the key, but, as I got into bed again, it fell from my trembling fingers. I regained it. The noise had disturbed Kenelm. I heard him coming, and buried my face in

my pillow. As I clasped the key I renewed my fervent vows never again to have a secret.

Next day I noticed that my husband seemed very, very sad. His mediation had only availed to draw more of his father's anger upon himself—he had been of no service to his brother.

When we had talked over this and some other family matters, silence fell. I felt afraid of what might come next, for Kenelm's eyes watched me earnestly.

"Minnie, my wife, it is you who want change now," he said presently. "You look ill, and you must be very weak to have been so much disturbed as you were yesterday, merely by my sudden arrival. Would you like to go home for a little while?"

"Oh Kenelm! so much!" I know that my face kindled brightly; for indeed I longed after them all, and thought that it would be a delicious rest to be at home with him.

"Poor child! I thought you would like it. So you have pined for home, Minnie?"

"You shall not say that. This is my home. I will not go to my father's if you say such things."

"Well! well! do not believe I reproach you, darling; we will part in peace."

"Part?"

"I think it will be as well that you should go soon; for a few weeks I must work very hard, and shall be even duller company than ever."

"Do you think I will go home alone? Oh, Kenelm! what does this mean?"

"That is what I cannot tell," he said. "But I know that you are neither well nor happy; I know that our poverty has pressed its privations upon you; I know that you pine in your dull life here—"

"What more do you know?" I asked defiantly.

He answered with mild, even-toned voice, but absolutely hurting me by the urgent pressure of his gaze, "I know that in some sad way—by my own fault, it may be—I have lost my wife's confidence; I also know that this is *not* one of the things I will learn to do without."

"What more, sir?" I demanded hotly.

"This is all. When you are at home, Minnie, and I am alone again for a little while, we may each be able to find out in what, and how far, we have erred, and then be able to begin our married life afresh."

He spoke as if such serious danger impended, as if such utter ruin threatened our peace, that I shuddered; but he spoke, too, as if he forgot all the happy, happy months when I had been a devoted and contented wife, and only remembered the last few weeks—this made me angry; it was unjust!—he was exaggerating everything!

"I will not go home unless you command me, and I am your wife, whom you have no right to send away; you are cruel and unjust!"

"Am I so? We were not talking of rights; I was planning for your happiness; but indeed I work in the dark. I do not see why you should call me cruel and unjust. Again I repeat, I do not stoop to suspect you of wrong; your having a secret from me, and the obstinacy with which you keep it, is my only ground of displeasure. It may be that my own character is alone to blame; that I am too stern; but I have hoped that my wife loved me too well to fear me."

"She does! Oh, Kenelm, she does!" I sprang after him as he turned sadly away. But then my looks belied my words; the key of the Blue-beard chamber fell from my dress, and I stopped, the picture of guilty confusion.

He picked it up. "This is not the first time you have let it fall," he said, as he gave it me.

Then he knew that my last night's sleep had been feigned. It hardened my heart to think how deceitful he must believe me to be, and to remember the innocent, holy motive of all this long concealment.

Kenelm went to his study, as I imagined, shutting himself in there for the morning.

I felt utterly reckless. Unknown to myself, a desire for revenge was beginning to mingle with the other motives that determined me to persevere to the end. I thought that the lower I now sank in my husband's esteem the higher should I rise by-and-by when he knew all, when my hour of triumph came.

Once more I locked myself into the empty room. I packed up my manuscript, addressed it to my friend, and wrote a note to accompany it, passionately entreating her to let me hear soon—to do everything quickly. Then I put on my bonnet and shawl, hid my precious roll under my arm, and set off for the post-office.

As I walked hurriedly along beneath the limes in our lane, and then through suburban streets, my thoughts were quite engrossed in planning for the disposal of the fairy fortune my book was to bring me. Suddenly I swerved aside and turned a sharp corner; in another moment I should have met my husband, whom I had believed to be safe at home. Had he seen me? I thought not. I had disappeared before the abstraction of his look had cleared to recognition.

I made a little circuit—accomplished my purpose, and turned homewards.

My heart sank when I saw my husband pacing up and down beneath the limes. He had seen me, then, and was now waiting for me. The limes were in full blossom; their scent now always takes me back to that afternoon.

When I met Kenelm's eyes, and noted the pinched expression which repressed excitement had given to lip and nostril, I braced myself up for my last and worst ordeal.

He did not speak. He locked my hand under his arm, taking me into custody. He led me into the house, seated me in a chair in his study, then released my hand, and stood opposite to me. I noticed that the hand he leant upon the table quivered. I was sorry; I feared he would do himself harm; but when I raised my eyes to his, his air of judicial sternness had a strange effect upon my nerves. I laughed uncontrollably. Just think how that laugh must have broken upon his highly-wrought excitement and grievous distress!

I fancy that any man less noble than my husband would have struck me. There was intense pain and anger in his eyes—still I laughed my insulting, unnatural laugh. He left me. I chose to believe that he had locked the door; I would not go to ascertain. I ceased laughing, and

grew very indignant. I, Kenelm's wife, to be treated like a naughty child! Very bitterly would he repent his injustice! Then, as I loved him, my heart grew tender at the thought of the pain he would feel when my hour of triumph came. For the first time I doubted of the possibility of this triumph. I could not rejoice if he suffered. We were one.

I threw myself on the ground, rested my head on Kenelm's footstool, and cried myself to sleep. I suppose I was thoroughly worn out. I must have slept many hours. It was dusk when the opening of the hall door and my husband's step in the passage roused me. I heard him enter every room in the house before he came into the study; this, and my not detecting the sound of the turning of a key, staggered me in my belief that I had been looked in; but I would not think that I had been a voluntary prisoner all this while.

My husband could not see me when he entered. He peered about, then hastened to the open window. "Good God! She has jumped out!" he cried.

"I am here, Kenelm!" I said, rising.

"You have been here all the time I have been away!"

"I believe I fell asleep."

"Tea is waiting in the parlour—will you make it?"

I followed him. I noticed upon how haggard a face the lamp shone; but his manner was cold and repressed tenderness. He broke a painful silence by saying:

"Mary! I have made arrangements for your going home to-morrow."

An angry refusal to go rose to my lips. I repressed it, and said nothing.

"Your eldest sister passes through London on her way home from Kent to-morrow. I shall take you to the station to meet her. I have written to her and to your father. Your health requires change of air."

"It is well you should let me know on what plea you send me away."

"The scene of this afternoon taught me that we cannot live together, feeling as we now do towards each other. I will not risk again feeling towards my wife as I did when you laughed

but now. In your absence, I will earnestly strive to discover where I have been wrong in my conduct as a husband."

I hardly heeded his words; my foot was beating the floor restlessly. I answered:

"You will be sorry; my day will come; you will repent this harshness."

"Am I harsh, Minnie? then I shall indeed repent. I strive to be calm and just, only to act for your good."

"Oh, you are very calm; you will be happy without me, quite! But you are most unjust!"

"I repeat again, Mary, that I suspect you of no wrong. Your want of confidence has irritated me. When I am alone I hope to see clearly how I lost your confidence, and how I can regain it. If you were reasonable, you would own that it is best for us to part for a little while."

"I am very reasonable! It is best!" I answered; and I know my eyes shone gleefully, for I had jumped over dismal weeks, and was thinking of our joyful meeting. He left me abruptly.

My heart was ready to break when next day I was whirled away from my husband, who stood on the platform gazing after us. Regardless of all lookers-on, I gave way to a great burst of weeping, hiding my face on my sister's shoulder.

My time at home was chiefly spent in wandering about the garden, orchard, and fields, recalling past courtship-days, and dreaming over my coming triumph.

They were all very kind to me, petting me as they had been used to do; but I liked best to be much alone, to think uninterruptedly of Kenelm. Several times he came to spend an hour or two with us; he rejoiced at my improved looks, but neither of us said anything of my return.

My friend had written to me in most fervent praise of my book. She was working at it diligently—was to write a preface for it, and had made favourable arrangements for its publication.

Time slipped away rapidly. My husband's visits were the only events of my life, which passed in dull dreaminess. I suppose nature was

avenging herself for the excitement in which I had lived for so long.

At last, my book was ready, and I received, through my friend, what I considered a very large sum, as part payment for the work.

My family had reason to think me suddenly demented. Home, home, home! I cried. I insisted on departing the very morning on which I received my friend's letter, only promising to give them an explanation of my strange conduct before long.

Completely roused from my torpidity now, my longing for Kenelm and home was intense. I would travel alone, too; I had planned a meeting of which I could endure no witness.

Leaving my luggage at the station, I walked homewards across well-known fields. But the nearer I approached, the more my courage failed me. It was bright early afternoon; but there seemed to me something eerie in the wind that swept the sun-steeped fields. If Kenelm should be ill!

I paused at the garden gate; the parlour blind was down; I saw no sign of life about the house. I paused longer yet before I could bring myself to open the house door.

My heart stood still when I knocked at the door of my husband's study; then it beat again so violently that I lost the sound of his listless "come in." I waited. A slow heavy step crossed the room—the door opened—my husband stood before me.

"Minnie! my darling! Come back to me of her own accord?" He opened his arms wide. I did not spring to him. I had lost all buoyancy of spirit now—all expectation of rapture. Triumph indeed! In what? In the sorrow-stricken, weighed-down aspect of my husband?

"Yea, Kenelm, I am come back," I answered soberly. I stood before him, feeling very guilty and ashamed. "You must hear all now," I continued. "It was for this." I put a bundle of bank-notes into his hand.

"My child, I do not understand." He turned them over with a perplexed air.

Tearfully and hurriedly I told him all.

When I paused, and in my dream-

ing had planned that I should be clasped in his arms, and hear his exclamations of delight and gratitude, he still did not seem quite to understand. Presently he dropped the notes and hid his face.

I shivered. Where was my beautiful triumph? I had suffered and made him suffer so much—for what?

I sank down at his feet—I laid my cheek against him, and said, "Kenelm, was I very wrong? Cannot you forgive me?"

"Minnie! I shall never forgive myself." He raised me up, and kissed me many times. "This is the pain of poverty indeed; that for these, or such as these, you should suffer as you have done. My darling! how could you do it? How could you endure so long? How could you let me treat you so sternly? Dearest! these were not worth your pain!"

I saw it clearly now: I had burdened him with remorse, overwhelmed him with self-reproach! I, his wife, had irreparably injured him. And when I prayed for forgiveness, he only begged me to forgive him!

With those notes, for which I had worked and endured, lying at our feet, we made a new marriage-compact of mutual confidence and forbearance.

Ah! but I did earn a holiday for Kenelm! I was very ill after that evening of my "triumph." When I grew better, my husband took me to a beautiful little nook by the sea-side; there we had a sweet long rest from all the weariness of our world.

I do not think that Kenelm understood his little wife's nature the less for having read her book; and, when he had grown accustomed to the marvellous fact of its existence, I even fancied that I sometimes detected just a little lurking pride in his eyes and about the corners of his mouth, when people, in our presence, spoke of "A Wife's Secret." At such times I only cared to hide my confusion. Even now, after the lapse of so many many years, I felt a burning flush upon my face the other day, when I suddenly came upon a heap of newspapers and reviews which Kenelm had accumulated, and in them, read the name of my book.

THE GREAT IMPOSTURE.

MR. EBONY.—Will you, out of your infinite kindness, indulge a poor bewildered individual with the space of a few columns, whilst, in plain language and with an earnest spirit, he narrates the cause of his perplexity? I am very much in the situation of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's favourite hero, the lost nigger—owning no master, pertaining to no tribe, but claimed by half-a-dozen fellows with whips, each of whom swears that he is entitled to clap me into the bilboes, and to sell me at the nearest market. So, like the pattern Sambo of the aforesaid Mrs. Beecher, I find myself wandering in a dreary political swamp, with no pleasanter prospect than the cane-brakes and mudbanks where the alligators roll in dalliance; and around me are a good many unfortunate people in the like predicament with myself.

Pardon this somewhat enigmatical or metaphorical preface. I shall try to express myself more clearly. I am a Liberal born and bred; that is, my respected sire was a very strong adherent of the Liberal party about the time of the passing of the Reform Bill. He was a citizen of a town of some importance in the north of England, wherein he drove a reputable trade as a merchant in a small way, dealing in such wares as tape, bird-seed, hosiery, tobacco-pipes, potatoes, and sugar-candy. He attended regularly the meetings of the Political Union, though I am not aware that he ever made a personal attempt at oratory; and he carefully instilled into my youthful mind a cordial hatred of what were, or were supposed to be, the principles of the British Constitution. According to him, the Established Church was a malignant cancer eating out the vitals of the people; the House of Peers an assemblage of bloated aristocrats, who never met without helping themselves to the savings of the poor; nay, I can hardly venture to assert that the Crown itself did not come in for some share of the paternal oburgation. I well remember the ecstasy into which my revered

parent was thrown when the inimitable "Scion," who is still spared to us from Oroux, characterised the voice of a high estate of the realm as the "whisper of a faction." Also I recollect well the glowing eulogium which he passed upon the public spirit and intrepidity of the high-minded Larkins, when that distinguished patriot and demagogue announced his opinion that, for a less offence against the liberties of the people, a fairer head than ever graced the shoulders of Queen Adelaide had ere now rolled upon the scaffold. And I have not forgotten the enthusiastic approval which he gave to the proposed popular march from Birmingham to London, although disqualified by an unfortunate fit of rheumatism from taking part in that glorious expedition. But when the great victory was won, and the Whigs were comfortably installed in office, the ardour of my progenitor began visibly to cool. He had borne the burden and heat of the day, and was certainly entitled to expect that, in the general distribution of good things, he should receive some small crumb of comfort—some stray crust—some little bone with a morsel of meat upon it—so that he might at least have a flavour of the rewards set apart for those who have served their country. But alas! the time had not come when such as he could be permitted to partake even of the refuse of the banquet. As a flock of ravens descends upon the palpitating carcass of a sheep—speeding from the east, and west, and north, and south, till not one particle of wool is visible beneath the unclean flapping of their multitudinous wings,—so stooped the Whigs upon their quarry. Not only the old, but the young ravens also, had to be gorged to the very throat, before any stray kite had license to dig at sinew or intestine; and what, I pray you, was a single sheep among so many? So, while the Elliots, and Greys, and Russells, and Phippses were tearing away like mad—swallowing gobbets so greedily that they almost stuck in their throats,

and croaking to their countless cousins to make haste and improve so splendid an opportunity,—my sire, in company with a good many more disappointed patriots, stood afar off, and, I fear, bestowed not a few execrations upon the late subjects of their idolatry. But even the worst of men, after they have well eaten, become placable and even generous. Polyphemus, after he had chewed up a brace of juicy Ithacans, spoke affable words to Ulysses, and even expressed a wish to do him service; and so, when the Whigs could eat no more, they leaned back plethorically in their chairs, and signified their willingness that now there might be a distribution of the scraps.

And so it came to pass that, after a time, my father, who was a notable in his way, and the centre and oracle of a group of voters, got a share of a Government contract for bees'-wax and molasses, and was enabled materially to extend his business. I could name more than one cadaverous and lanthorn-jawed individual, presently in the House of Commons, whose rise in life may be traced to precisely the same source, and who invariably testify their gratitude to the Whig oligarchy by backing up their nefarious jobs when they are in power, and by seconding their factious plots when they are, as now, in opposition. No such insinuation can be made against my sire, because he never was in the House of Commons, but wisely contented himself by strengthening his position and increasing his influence in his native borough. But he became an eminent Liberal, with a place somewhat in advance of the regular Whig phalanx, which, nevertheless, he was sworn to guard. He rose to municipal honours, achieved considerable opulence, and died of gout at a venerable age, leaving me the undoubted heir to his principles and money in the Funds. So that, when I term myself a Liberal born and bred, I am guilty of no exaggeration.

I have not the vanity to regard myself as a person of strong intellect; nay, I make no scruple in acknowledging that I am rather weak-minded than otherwise. Naturally unassuming, any one can wheedle

or cajole me. I flutter heedlessly into the jaws of humbug, like a weaving-bird into the mouth of a rattlesnake. Had I fallen into the hands of one of those trained, adroit, oleaginous emissaries of the Whigs, who are the most consummate of Jesuits, with smiles bland enough to thaw the heart of a turnpike-keeper, tongues smooth as glycerine, and fingers whose loving pressure conveys the very magnetism of persuasion—he might have done with me what he pleased. But the first specimens of Whiggery with whom I became acquainted were persons of a different stamp. Our borough was represented by two members, the elder of whom, Mr. Samuel Chouser (late of the firm of Chouser, Thimble-rig & Co.), was an independent, who went the whole hog for the ballot and household suffrage. He was not (so he said) a favourite with the Whigs. Lord John Russell treated him with marked coldness, because he had set his authority at defiance, and was resolved to push Liberal principles to the utmost. He (Chouser) had no idea of truckling to the dictation of any man. Lord John had no doubt deserved well of his country, but he required a shove now and then to keep him moving in the right direction. If his (Chouser's) constituents approved of his conduct, good; if not, let them say so, and he was most ready to resign. He occupied that seat, not for his own benefit, but for the good of the people. The Whigs feared, though they did not love him; and more than once he had been asked to take office, but felt it his duty to refuse. He was resolved to die, as he had lived, independent and a Liberal.

So spake Samuel Chouser, Esquire, not once only, but periodically, with little variation, whenever called on to address his constituents; and I must own that, for some time, I heard him very reverently. To the ears of an Englishman there is always something attractive in the assertion of blunt independence. The mere pantomimic act of buttoning up the breeches-pocket looks like the erecting of a bulwark against the insidious approaches of bribery; and in no

character was Mr. Chouser so great as in that of the spurner of office. But to be eminent is, as Macchiavelli justly remarks, to invite enmity. A Radical cobbler, whom Chouser had offended by refusing to renew a bill after an election, lifted up his voice in the market-place, proclaiming that Chouser the immaculate was Chouser the thrice sold; that the self-denying recusant of office for himself was the grasping monopoliser of places for his family; that the intrepid patriot was no better than a paste-board and buckram sham. And by way of proving these assertions, he published a list of the votes of our Chouser ever since his entry into Parliament, by which it certainly did appear that in no one instance had he given a vote which could seriously embarrass the Whigs; and also, what was more awkward, a list of the good things which had fallen to the share of the house of Chouser. That list was headed by the name of the Reverend Aminadab, eldest brother of the self-denying Samuel, whose piety and biblical lore had secured him a benefice of £900 per annum. Then followed Launcelot Gobbo Chouser, also a brother of Samuel, quartered on the Customs at the rate of £600. Then followed the sons of Samuel—Sydney Russell Chouser (Woods and Forests); Charles Grey Chouser (Home Office); Henry Petty Chouser (Victualling Department); and John Cam Hobhouse Chouser (Board of Control);—besides divers others, who did not bear the name of Chouser, but who, nevertheless, were supposed to derive their origin from the same family root. Altogether, the hole which these gentlemen made in the taxes was something rather appalling; and the facts lost none of their pungency when stated by the irascible cobbler.

How replied Samuel Chouser, M.P.? Like a Briton, fearless and bold. He asked if it were any disgrace for a man to serve his country? And as no one could conscientiously venture to say "ay" to such a question, he then went onward to prove that the best citizen must be he who devoted the greatest number of his relatives to the public service! What was the result of the discussion I really

cannot remember at this distance of time; but I recollect perfectly that it gave a considerable shock to my faith in the absolute disinterestedness of advanced Liberals, and made me, for the first time, entertain a suspicion that between them and the Whigs proper there were more intimate relations than the world was permitted to perceive.

Our second member was Lord Viscount Breadberry, a young hereditary Whig, of whom it may justly be said that, had his manners been as polished as his boots, or his intellect as well cultivated as his whiskers, a more accomplished gentleman never drew the salary of an Under Secretary. But I am constrained to say that the boots and whiskers were much better cared for than the qualities of the inner man. A greater fool than Breadberry never buttered a roll. He had neither sense nor capacity, nor the power of uttering three consecutive intelligible sentences. Yet we, the Liberal electors, returned him to Parliament in preference to a man of high genius and accomplishment, a ripe scholar, a shrewd thinker, and a powerful orator, because the latter would not burn a single grain of incense upon the altar which we had set up. Oh, happy country! where wisdom is despised, and idiocy advanced, solely upon the credit of a name!

You will observe, sir, that I have been describing the situation of matters at a period comparatively remote, ere the silken cord which bound all Liberals together was snapped in twain. At that time the common understood object was to keep out the Tories; and whenever a combination was necessary to that effect, poor dear Feargus O'Connor received his card as regularly as Sir Charles Wood. In the vestibule of the Reform Club it was pleasant to hear, on the eve of some grand party struggle, the half-stifled hurroos of those Irish members who had successfully carried through negotiations with the Secretary of the Treasury, as they dug their digits into his shrinking sides, and playfully denominated him "a divvle!" Then walked the stiff old official Whig, type of frozen exclusiveness, narrow-chested, high-should-

dered, vinegar-visaged, arm-in-arm, for the nonce, with John Tacketta, the great manufacturer of nails, and even listening to his violations of grammar with such a sickly smile as radiates on the face of Pantaloon when the Clown applies a red-hot poker to his rear. Then there was the recently-created Whig agricultural lord, as recognisable from his peculiar costume, as Pan from his hairy lips. Behold him in St. James' Street, attired even as he is when interchanging samples of wheat with the hawbucks in his distant county, in a low-crowned, broad-brimmed white hat, with green ribbon; wide-skirted coatee, with pockets each large enough to contain a pig; drab terminations, and a blue bird's-eye handkerchief. Great potentate he, ready to go, if not to the death, at all events to the expenditure of a good many thousands of pounds, for the supremacy of the Whig houses; owner of two snug nomination boroughs, which, had there been consistency in statesmen or principle in reformers, ought long before to have undergone extinguishment under Schedule A; liberal in all matters not affecting his own peculiar interests, but violently opposed to a repeal of the corn-laws, the hour for enlightenment of his party on that particular point not having yet arrived. Then prowled the pseudo-political economist, usually of Caledonian extraction, who, ever and anon refreshing his bulged nostrils with copious pinches of maccabaw, hawked out apothegms from Adam Smith, Ricardo, and the Report of the Bullion Committee, to any weary wight whom he might attach by the button, with the gravity of Aobitophel delivering a lecture to some reprobate companion of Absalom. All these, and many more types, forms, and combinations of liberality, were to be seen clustering and commingling for a common object, though there was as little apparent natural coherence among them, as we may suppose to have existed among the builders of Babel, subsequent to the confusion of tongues.

I sketch from memory, but the scene is as deeply imprinted on my mind as if it had taken place only

yesterday. Gatherings of this kind are of an august and almost solemn nature. They recall to us the array of the Roman Senate when the Gauls were filing through the gates of the eternal city, the stern assemblage of the iron-sheathed Barons at Runnymede, or the midnight muster of the associates of William Tell at the summons of the horn of Underwalden. No wonder that it made an impression upon a raw recruit like myself. What a thrill of awe shot through me as the veteran placeman who condescended to act as my guide, pointed out to me the stately forms of the different leaders, chiefs, and men of renown. Like Cressid instructed by Pandarus, I stood to see the warriors pass over the stage.

"There! look there," he cried; "that's him—that's the man! O what a fellow he is! What an intellect! How gigantic!"

"Who? which? where?" stammered I, in a fever of nervous agitation, staring about for the apparition of some stalwart son of Kish.

"He's gone—you've missed him—it was Lord John Russell. But hush—*ha*—here is a great man indeed!"

Out sauntered a supercilious-looking elderly gentleman, chewing the stalk of a carnation.

"That's Lord Palmerston, the protector of the liberties of Europe."

Involuntarily I raised my hat. The protector of the liberties of Europe looked surprised—smiled, nodded, took another nibble at the stalk of the carnation, and walked on.

"Here is another remarkable man—look at him well. You won't often see such another."

He spoke true—Lord Althorp went by.

"Here now—do, pray, look sharp. There's a man who will be much spoken of yet. That's Clanricarde!"

"Is it indeed?"

"And that's the Hobhouse—fine fellow, Hobhouse! And there's Charley Wood!—he's such a funny chap, you'd die with laughing at his jokes. And that's Joe Hume—good old Joe! And there's Feargus O'Connor. And—Lord help us, here's Dap! Let's take off our hats to Dan; he likes it, and it's down in our whip's order-book for a week. And that's Mr.

Vernon Smith; and now you've seen the best of them."

Fain would I have inquired as to the names and parentage of some likely Whiglings who followed, but my guide could only exclaim with Pandarus, "Assea, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws!" And so that splendid cortège vanished from my view.

Now, why had all these men come together in conclave? Whom were they opposing? What enemy of the State had marched into the bowels of the land? What pernicious influence was at work which required so strong a combination to repress it? Who was the arch-fiend whom those Zephons and Ithuriels sought to scare away? I was not long left in ignorance of that. A deep execration from my friend the placeman warned me of the presence of the evil one. I looked up and saw—

The Duke of Wellington.

A singular destiny was that of the great soldier of the age in connection with the Whigs. Twice by their machinations as a party was his career impeded and reputation assailed, and twice he rose in the universal esteem of the nation above their paltry malice. During the Peninsular campaign they did all that men could do to thwart him. Their malignity was silenced at the crowning victory of Waterloo. During the agitation for the Reform Bill they and their creatures so perverted the popular mind, that the man who saved Europe was pelted in the streets of London, and the windows of his mansion were shattered by the missiles of a brutal mob. Pass a quarter of a century, and the heads even of the lowest are bowed in sorrow as the veteran is lowered into his grave. O yes, the people may be misled; they may be perverted and imposed on—taught to worship false idols, and to put trust in most exceeding knaves, but their instinct is towards true greatness, and nobility of heart and soul, and deception cannot last for ever.

Sir, I speak as a Liberal, not as a Whig. I love liberality in all things.

I like to be liberal with my food, but I refuse to eat it with the thin sauce of Whiggery. I like also, in a reasonable way, to be liberal with my drink, but I won't have your Tavis-tock concoctions of sloe-liquor and verjuice. I am liberal in my opinions, but I deny that they are those of Whiggery. So when I saw, as I then saw, that remarkable combination of persons, many of whom were not considered to be patterns of integrity or virtue, against a party whose most eminent representative was the foremost man in Europe, I began to reflect, somewhat seriously, upon the political aspects of society, and the various sections of politicians. "First," said I to myself, "let me ascertain, if possible, with precision, what this thing Whiggery really is; how far it has gone, and how far it proposes to go; what are its aims and objects, and how far these may be intended for and compatible with the public good. When these points are ascertained, I shall be able to resolve a doubt which has just arisen in my mind, as to whether it is really possible for a Whig to be a Liberal."

Accordingly I set me down, as deliberately as a freshman settles to his Euclid, to solve the first problem, "What is Whiggery?"—but, alas! it has been worse than the *pons asinorum*—I can by no means get over it. Simple as the question seems, just let any one of your readers try to answer it satisfactorily to himself, and I will venture to bet a punchoon of rum that he fails. Try it yourself. You ought to know something about it, for your Magazine has been a hammer, a scourge, a flail, a knout, a cat-o'-nine-tails to the Whigs. They never see it without experiencing sympathetic pains in the back and ribs; they never hear its name pronounced without uttering a short spasmodic squeal. Yet is there one thing wanting in the Magazine, and that is a proper, just, and distinct definition of Whiggery. The origin of the word is said to be Scotch, "whig" signifying some beastly kind of whey in a partial state of decomposition; but that don't help us much, except by the insinuation of bad taste and acrid flavour. Ask

Lord John Russell for a definition, and he will begin a wonderful and wearisome discourse about the great Lord Somers, the acknowledged principles of the British Constitution, Magna Charta, the Jew Bill, the traditions of great houses, Algernon Sydney, the Bill of Rights, and the Constitutions of Clarendon, until your head becomes as bewildered as though you had lost your way in a fog on the Moor of Rannoph. Next call into court Lord Macaulay, the historian of the party, who ought to be able, if any man can do it, to afford us a full explanation, and he will commence somewhat as follows, *ore rotundo*:—"In answering, sir, that question categorically, which I humbly conceive to be the only method of explication suitable for an interrogatory at once so momentous and so intricate, I conceive that it is first necessary to advert to those principles which dictated the revolution settlement of 1688;"—and there you are thrown back to the commencement of his volumes, which you must read through (and they are not finished yet), before you can be brought into a proper frame of mind to understand the nature of his profession. I have, I own, met with some shorter definitions. "What is Whiggery?" said I once to a bluff Radical, who has a sincere abhorrence of the sect. "Jobbery," was the curt reply. "Jaw and nothing else," was the answer of a second. "Selling British folks to foreigners," replied a third, who had some kind of interest in the Vixen; and more than once I have been assured that "bosh" was the proper synonyme. For my own part, I have been compelled to abandon in despair the attempt at any solution beyond a negative one. But sure and certain am I that Whiggery is not Liberalism.

Certainly it is a great discouragement to find at the outset of a speculative disquisition like this, that you cannot clearly define the thing which you are going to discuss. But as there is no help for that, even though we appeal to the collective sapience of the party, the only course which can be pursued is that of the doctors when compelled to investigate a new disease, the nature of

which they do not understand. In short, we must look to the symptoms. These may be discussed under the next head of inquiry: "How far has Whiggery gone, and how far does it propose to go?"

How far has it gone? A very long way, you would be inclined to say, judging from the jaded looks of its professors. But halt you there, my master! Are you quite sure that the respectable gentlemen are not shamming? There is a story told in Holy Writ how the men of Gibeon, being terrified by the might and progress of Joshua, sent certain deputies, feigning to be ambassadors, with patched wine-bottles, mouldy bread, old shoes, and tattered garments, "and they went to Joshua unto the camp at Gilgal, and said unto him and to the men of Israel, We be come from a far country: now therefore make ye a league with us." Now, it seems to me that the Whigs are very much like the men of Gibeon. They took up Parliamentary reform, like everything else, not as a matter of principle, but as a ready means of getting possession of power. The party who really prepared the way for that measure were the Radicals, whom the Whigs used to sneer at and decry, and whose views they treated as visionary. The Whigs, previous to 1830, were *doctrinaires*, carpers, critics—but never earnest workmen. However, when they saw that a change in the system of Parliamentary representation was imminent, they, following the example of the Gibeonites, made a league with the men whom they formerly affected to despise; and not only that, but they had the address to get themselves put at the head of the movement, and to make conquest of the coveted territory. Some cities, however, (I ought to say nomination boroughs), they did not destroy utterly. A few fortalices, such as Calne, Marlborough, and Tavistock, belonged hereditarily to representatives of the "great houses," and these were religiously spared; and the triumphant procession moved on until it halted at Downing Street. Into the stately mansions there the Whigs rushed with precipitation, taking no further notice of the multitude without, than

to desire them, from the windows, to disperse, and go home as quickly as possible, since everything was now arranged entirely to the Whig satisfaction.

Now, I don't say that the Whigs were wrong in moving for Parliamentary reform. I think there was an absolute necessity for reform, and that the Tories committed a great error in not having recognised that necessity, and in not having taken the matter into their own hands. Certainly they have suffered no light penance for that error; seeing that, for the last five-and-twenty years, unremitting efforts have been made by the Whig orators and journalists to represent them as bigoted obstructives and fanatical enemies of progress. That notion has been propagated so very sedulously, that even now its effects are visible. I remember the time when I considered a Tory, however amiable, wise, benevolent, or gifted he might be, as a kind of moral ogre, or at least as a social oppressor. I remember also when I regarded the stupidest Whig as a much better man than the most accomplished Tory; and that because I had been told that the Tory creed was antagonistic to everything like liberty. And even now the same game is being played. In February last the Whig government went to pieces, not broken by a party blow, but shattered by a downright direct stroke from the fist of the country at large, given with hearty British good-will, because all men, except the Whigs and their satellites, felt that the honour of the nation was not safe in their peddling hands. What followed then? Why this—that the Whig Organs began to raise a cry of alarm at the advent of the Tory party. Why? O, because the Tories are, have been, and ever will be, the enemies of progress—remember the Reform Bill! I remember it perfectly, or at least I have read the records of that eventful period; and I find, among the advocates of Parliamentary reform in those days, at least three men who are chiefs in the present Cabinet. The Earl of Derby, Mr. Disraeli, and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton were all conspicuous reformers; and, so far as I know, they have

never recanted one of the opinions which they then expressed. I remember, too, a certain speech which won for a certain noble lord the ludicrous title of "Finality Jack," and which, I suppose, he is not now very anxious to see republished. That the old Tories of the last generation did, indeed, commit an error in opposing Parliamentary reform, is, I believe, admitted now by every man of sense and intelligence. I use the word *error*, not as signifying a blunder in tactics, but a real substantial mistake. The old system was too narrow, too complicated, too inconvenient to be longer continued. The large increase of the population, the acquired wealth, the extended commerce, the new interests which had sprung up, and the general diffusion of education, made a change in the representative system absolutely necessary; and it was and folly to suppose that it was possible for any party to prevent that which the great majority of the nation was determined to obtain. Reform was wanted; but the nature of that reform was an indefinite idea in the minds of most. The Whigs showed great astuteness on that occasion. By securing to themselves the framing of the bill, they gained a double advantage. First, they conciliated the popular favour by the show of taking the initiative; secondly, they were able to adjust the details of the measure, so as exactly to suit their own party purposes.

Certainly they could not have devised a measure more perfectly favourable for themselves; the best proof of which is their intense reluctance to make any further changes. Had Lord John Russell adhered to the finality view which he once announced—had he plainly told the Liberals that, although he had no theoretical objection to a further extension of the franchise, he would not consent to frequent changes in the representation—I should at least have respected his sincerity. But he did nothing of the kind. He gave up the notion of finality, because he thought it might make him unpopular; and, *without communicating with his own party*, he announced a new Reform Bill. There has been a good

deal of speculation as to the real cause of the dissension which prevails in the Whig camp; and various reasons have been assigned for that coldness, and even dislike, which many of his old followers have manifested for some time back, to Lord John Russell, contrasting strangely with the devotion which they once displayed. It has been insinuated that this estrangement arose mainly through rivalry of the chiefs, Tavistock trying emulously, but in vain, to measure its stature against that of Tiverton, and being very sulky in consequence. The plain matter of fact is this, that Lord John Russell lost his influence with his party, on the day when he made that hasty and incautious announcement of a new Reform Bill. Either his evil star was then in the ascendant, or he must have eaten something that disagreed with him.

No wonder that the Whigs were bitterly incensed at this incomprehensible conduct on the part of their little chief. So long as they could command a liberal majority under the existing system, that system was all that they could desire; nay, the best that their imagination could admit of. True, that under that system they never could muster a pure Whig majority—for this simple reason, that the Whigs were but a fraction of the people, and were not peculiarly beloved. They were, however, the aristocrats of Liberalism. All, or almost all, of the Liberal peers were steeped in Whiggery above the eyebrows; their nomination boroughs were represented by an adroit band of practised besiegers of the Treasury; they had a staff of veterans initiated in all the mysteries of office, and unequalled for their tenacity of gripe. They felt thoroughly sure that they could not be superseded by the democratic section of the Liberals. The latter were not numerous nor influential enough to stand by themselves—that is, to aim at office; besides, they wanted cohesion, and were split up into sub-divisions. The grand desideratum was to perpetuate Whig rule by means of Liberal majorities; and as that seemed secured by the operation of the franchise on its present basis, and to its present extent, the

Whigs, being wise enough when their own party interests are concerned, were most loth to contemplate a change.

What could they hope, by any possibility, to gain through a measure which should materially increase the electoral rolls? They did not expect that more Whigs would be returned to the House of Commons. If, indeed, the wit of man could have devised any scheme likely to promote so desirable an end, they would most eagerly have accepted it; but, alas! the thing could not be. They knew full well that they would not be permitted to erect supplementary nomination boroughs; they even trembled for the existence of those which they held, if any great and comprehensive scheme for reforming the representation should engross the attention of the country. In the cities and large towns, Whiggery was put to sore straits in maintaining its ground against Radicalism, and could only do so through the operation of the ten-pound franchise. Even that did not always secure them such victories as they could have desired.

Had Lord John Russell been thoroughly convinced of the propriety and expediency of making a change in the system of our Parliamentary representation, he might have been entitled to some credit for his zeal, though perhaps to little for his discretion, considering the position which he then occupied. For it is undeniable that there was no call throughout the country at large for any great measure of reform. Some things undoubtedly there were which were capable of amendment; but the people generally were contented with the franchise as it stood, and agitation in that direction had quite died away. Still, if Lord John Russell had maturely considered the subject (as he was well entitled to do, he having been the nominal parent of the Act now in existence, and in some measure being answerable for its deficiencies)—if he thought, right or wrong, that the time had arrived for alteration or amendment, I shall not say that he was blamable in giving utterance to that conviction. But in that case, surely his political friends, if not the

public, were entitled to expect that, before so doing, he should have prepared and matured his plan, resolved upon its principle, and adjusted its details, so far at least as to have been ready to obviate any real difficulty which might arise. There is a certain point beyond which rash announcements on the part of a Cabinet Minister become culpable. It is not enough—that he should have the will to apply a remedy to any fettered or disordered part of the body politic—he ought to consider what is the suitable remedy, before he tells the public that he is about to make the application. Also, in such cases, it is convenient that there should be consultations; for it has happened ere now that a too confident and empiric practitioner has clapped on a blister when there was simply occasion for healing ointment. But Lord John, with a jocundity peculiarly his own, despised all counsel; and, what is more and worse, he had not prepared his plan.

That he had not done so, is evident from the fact that he afterwards, in fulfilment of his pledge, brought forward two bills for reform of the representation, which were utterly incongruous and irreconcilable. They were so utterly bad in detail that nobody would look at them; and when the younger bantling of the two was strangled in the House of Commons, the Whigs cordially assisting in the operation, the bereaved father burst into tears! But a pledge of this sort, once given, cannot be easily recalled. It was given, be it remarked, not in name of Lord John Russell as an individual, but in name of his party; and as none of them were bold enough to repudiate it, or perhaps were prevented by prudential considerations from doing so, they have succeeded to what I know they regard as an heritage of woe. They have punished the offender well; they have withdrawn their confidence from him; they have ostracised him; they have handed him over to their organs to be pilloried and pelted; but they could not get rid of that pledge, which hung over them as the curse of Kehama rested on the head of the agonised Ladur-

lad. However, they did what was possible to escape from, or at all events postpone, the evil. In the hands of the jaunty Palmerston that pledge became practically innocuous. It was annually renewed with as much precision as the Mutiny Act; but the performance of it was postponed, owing to the state of foreign affairs. I will say this for Palmerston, that a better man for shelving troublesome questions, on account of intricate relations with other states, never put pen to a protocol. If we were actually not in some mess or other—I own that this looks very like an impossible hypothesis, Palmerston being in office—he could get up a war or a quarrel in any part of the globe at less than a fortnight's notice, quite serious enough to justify the postponement of any disagreeable business. No wonder Palmerston was a favourite with the Whigs! It was as good as a febrifuge to hear him parrying awkward questions, generally with a playful blandness which almost conciliated his opponents, but sometimes, when really galled, with intemperate ferocity. No wonder that they backed him up to the last, called him their own dear old Pam, and swore that he was worth a dozen of the cankered little gentleman who had landed them in such difficulties. And if by the continuance of war all question of home reform could have been avoided, small indeed would have been the labours of the Whigs, so long as Palmerston was to be found in the Ministry.

Well, the Whigs went out, or rather were forced out, in February last, ignominiously as some think—in consequence of a factious combination, as they themselves maintain. Never grudge them that solace, man! Let them have the benefit of that excuse, for they surely need one, as an unguent to their consciences, for their subsequent scandalous behaviour. It is a cruel thing to deprive a malefactor of the mitigating plea of provocation, even though we should be satisfied that the plea is based upon a falsity. They went out, having up to that time given no fulfilment of their pledge; but we were told, in answer to some rather pressing inquiries,

that Her Majesty's Ministers had been engaged in preparing a measure for amending the representation of the people. That certainly sounded satisfactory, for now it appeared certain that there would be some divulgence of the nature of the scheme. A measure of this sort assumes a palpable shape from the time it is brought under the serious consideration of a Cabinet. It involves the collection of a vast mass of material to be hereafter resolved into shape. But—O ye fairies, enchanters, and other necromantic practitioners—what is this? When those who succeeded the Whigs in office came to look through the correspondence, and inspect the pigeon-holes wherein lay stored the records and proofs of the labour of their predecessors, not a single scrap could they find referable in any way to the proposed measure of reform! If the Whig Cabinet had met at all upon the subject, their sitting must have been one of pure somnolence, like that of Barbarossa and his warriors in the cave. Let us accept that explanation. It was indeed a dream; and a dream referring to a delusion.

From all this, I think it is pretty evident that the Whigs have not gone very far, at least in the way of redeeming their promises. How far they may be inclined to go, I really cannot say; but, judging from the past, I am of opinion that they would still undertake a long Sabbath-day's journey along the road of faction.

You will observe that I am treating of the relation between the Whigs and Liberals; it being, in my humble judgment, very desirable that we should understand what are the precise points of similarity which are likely to produce sympathy. If you ask me what I, as a Liberal, expect from a Government, I answer—Peace abroad, and prosperity at home—peace resting on the basis of mutual good-will with other countries, not purchased by humiliating concessions, nor enforced by bullying or menace—prosperity caused by a wise and prudent system of finance, not weighing hard upon industry, encouraging the development of our national resources, but giving no undue stimulus to rash and unprincipled speculation. I wish to see the laws framed, adjusted, and amended according to the

wants of the country and the necessities of the time. I wish to see economy, but not parsimony, made the rule in every department of the public service. I wish for practical, not theoretical reforms, the latter being only called for when the former cannot be obtained.

Such being my standard, and being moreover, as I apprehend, that of every true and conscientious Liberal, I am bound to say that, after a long and patient trial, I have found the Whigs to be in every respect deficient. So far from preserving peace with honour, they have needlessly—I might almost say criminally—involved us in the terrible responsibilities of war. They allowed us to drift into war with Russia, when, by a bold front and determined action, that great misfortune might have been avoided. They smuggled us into a war with Persia—why or wherefore it is truly difficult to explain; and they withheld from Parliament that information which it was their bounden duty, as responsible Ministers, to have afforded. They began a war with China, upon grounds so doubtful that the real existence of a *casus belli* has been vehemently denied; and we are still forced, with India in insurrection, to keep up that paltry contest. On the other hand, they suffered the petty state of Naples to seize, upon the open sea, in defiance of international law, two unoffending British subjects, to incarcerate them in a vile dungeon, and, by dint of protracted examination on a charge too preposterous to have been really believed, to inflict such an amount of moral torture, that the intellect of one of the unhappy men gave way. And—shame of shames—those precious Whigs of ours did not insist upon their freedom, much less upon reparation for their wrongs. With France, too, matters were fast coming to a crisis. Poor weak Clarendon had brought us into this dilemma, that we must either have risked a rupture, or have submitted to something very like degradation. I assure you that I drew a peculiarly hearty breath on the morning when I heard that the Whigs were out. I felt as if relieved from the hideous pressure of Ephialtes.

I shall say nothing more about the

foreign policy or doings of that unhappy crew, because, to tell you the truth, the subject is not a pleasant one. It is painful to reflect that England should be laughed at, even in the person of an incompetent representative; and when I think of Lord John Russell at a Congress—pass we to something else.

As for domestic legislation, I cannot for the life of me remember any good measures in particular which the Whigs have introduced during the last five years. Lawyers tell me that their acts are perfectly unworkable in practice, and so contradictory as to give rise to more litigation than they allay; and they annually produced a considerable number of abortions to be summarily put to death towards the end of July or the commencement of August, when honourable members were beginning to think longingly of the moors. They always cut a sorry figure as financiers, which is not surprising when we reflect that their Chancellors of the Exchequer were men of the calibre of Wood and Lewis; but they had the singular good fortune to go out this Spring without having produced a budget, which probably saved them from some inconvenience and obloquy. Of their economy I can find no trace in the public accounts, which indeed tell a different tale; but I know that they have been most lavish in the creation of new offices, and have jobbed their patronage to the utmost. Other men have been substantially indebted to their Whig connections besides dear delightful Dowd.

And what is the moral of all this? Simply that no Liberal can honestly or in good faith identify himself with the Whigs. I don't care what the professions of that party may be when out of office, in difficulties, or otherwise. I am always ready to accept professions in cases where there has been no trial. We have nothing else to go by, either as regards men or parties, before they have been put to the test; but surely in this instance there has been no lack of patience. We have borne with these men until they became intolerable, and until we were forced to eject them; and is it reasonable to suppose that we should aid in reinstating them now?

For my part I do not repose an atom of confidence in that battered faction. Credulity has its limits. I do not believe in the genuine repentance of the moribund Mother Cole.

Sir, I distinctly refuse to be humbugged. When I perceive that the Liberal cause is in danger, I shall be prepared to act; till then I respectfully decline to aid the Whigs in their machinations. It seems to me that they wish to put Lord Derby out, not because they are apprehensive that he will legislate and administer contrary to the interests of the country, but because they dread the effect of the contrast. Four months have not elapsed since the Conservative Ministry was formed; and in that short time, with all the disadvantages of a hurried start and want of preparation, they have actually introduced more really good measures than the Whigs were able to devise during five long years; they have restored confidence and cordiality abroad; they have vindicated the British honour; they are actively engaged in the work of wholesome and sound legislation, notwithstanding that their progress has been materially hampered and impeded by the repeated attacks of their antagonists.

It is for the country to decide who are the true Liberals. Certain I am that the Whigs have no title to the name. Many men have called themselves saints and apostles who were neither the one nor the other, but, on the contrary, very lewd fellows, steeped in all manner of iniquity, and the reverse of respectable in their walk. When a rogue wishes to swindle you out of a sovereign, he usually puts on a white neckcloth and black coat, sleeps down his hair, and introduces himself as a collector for a charitable scheme. Could you see him, an hour afterwards, over his third glass of gin-and-water, which your misapplied bounty is to pay for—could you hear him facetiously recounting to his fellow-rascals the way in which he tickled his trout and did you out of the money, you would probably thenceforward have less confidence in your own judgment and penetration. In like manner, when a Whig seeks your vote, he does it in the guise of a Liberal. He

pours out his patriotism as from a pump, exhibits the most holy horror at corruption, denounces nepotism, girds at exclusiveness, and very possibly persuades you that he is the purest creature in the universe. Aided by your vote he and his party come into office. You find them useless, deceitful, prevaricating; untrue to their promises; grasping, greedy, profligate of the public money; regardless of the honour of Britain, and playing fast and loose with its inter-

ests—till at last you and your friends combine to kick them out. Lo you! scarce a week has elapsed when there comes a knock to the door. You open. There stands your old acquaintance the Whig, come again to persuade you that he is a Liberal. Under such circumstances there is only one course to be pursued. Slam the door in his face, and tell him to go to Tavistock!

Yours faithfully,

IRACUNDUS.

MR. DUSKY'S OPINIONS ON ART.

"I am a blessed Glendoveer;

'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear."

Rejected Address.

It is quite clear that the Glendoveer of the above couplet was commissioned to deliver to the world a divine message about Art. I argue thus on account of the air of absolute and uncompromising authority with which he announces the conditions of his teaching, Art being a subject on which two opinions ought not to be permitted. To the culpable neglect with which this high commissioner from the Court of Nature was probably treated by the vain and self-sufficient artists of the time, is chiefly to be attributed the lamentable state of Art in general, and Painting in particular, up to eight or ten years ago, when I took up the subject. Since then I am happy to observe that all artists gifted with any degree of talent, and all the public possessing the slightest measure of judgment or reflection, have followed the paths I have so clearly indicated. Of course, as very few artists possess any talent whatever, and the great body of the public is, and must long continue to be, utterly deficient in the qualities I have mentioned, both the authors of fine works and those who patronise and admire them must expect to remain in a minority conspicuously small. But let them be comforted: for as in the stillness and splendour of a summer's evening, when the golden torrents rushing from their fountains in the west, bathe the sky up to the zenith, where commences

that pale green which heralds the approach of twilight, the chirpings of a few grasshoppers resound shrilly amid the glittering grass, while whole armies of sensual caterpillars, mutely feeding on leaf and flower, crawl unheeded; so, by perpetual self-assertion, and utter contempt of all antagonistic sentiment, may the prophets of Art and their disciples secure to themselves, even among the undiscerning, a share of attention immeasurably greater than their mere numbers or consideration would entitle them to claim.

Without affecting any diffidence which in me would be transparent pretence, or any misgivings as to any opinion I have ever delivered, yet I find it necessary to be cautious in wielding, as I annually do, the trenchant weapon of irresponsible criticism, lest, in its whirlwind evolutions, it might haply lop a limb from some humble but trusty follower. It grieved me much to find that a single word of censure uttered by me some years ago, and which, though perfectly just, was too keen and searching for the sensitive nature of the artist whose work I was criticising, had the effect of causing him to abandon painting as a profession, and to revert to his original calling of an oil-and-colour man, in which I hear he is realising a moderate competence. Excellent, therefore, as it is to have a giant's strength, it will

be easily understood how cautious I must be in the exercise of the perilous gift; and when I refrain from noticing a picture in which I find nothing to praise, it is either because I am unwilling utterly to crush and destroy a painstaking though erring artist, or else because, the painter being a personal friend, I prefer gently correcting him in the privacy of social converse to publicly gibbeting him. By these remarks I wish to guard against the imputation of hesitating in, or shrinking from, the formation of decided opinion on the merits of any picture that ever was painted, which I am always ready to accomplish at the shortest notice, my conclusions being generally directly opposite to those which would be arrived at by most other persons, or, in other words, by those less confident than myself in their own infallibility.

The first thing that strikes me, in the work of the present year, is, that though all other seasons and times of the day are reproduced in landscape (except the pitch dark of a winter's night, which it would be difficult for any one, in the present state of art, to place satisfactorily on canvass), yet the particular state of the atmosphere which exists in the month of August from about five minutes before two to about twenty minutes after, when the sun's sultry and lavish splendour is tinged with some foreboding of his decline, and when Nature is, as it were, taking her siesta, is nowhere sought to be conveyed. I thought, on first looking at a small picture in the east room of the Academy, that this hiatus had been filled up; but, on further study, I perceived that the picture in question had been painted rather earlier (about five-and-twenty minutes before two is the time I should assign to it), and is therefore deficient in many of the chief characteristics of the remarkable period I allude to. How comes it, too, that, amid all the rendering of grass and flowers, there is not a single dandelion—a flower which has often given to me, no less than to Wordsworth, "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;" nor a group of toadstools, which can give interest to a foreground else bald and barren;

nor, among the minute studies of insects, a daddy-long-legs, swaying delightedly across the path, and dancing to inaudible music, as the mid-day zephyr waves the slender fabric of his gossamer home. I am surprised, too, to find (so far as my survey has enabled me to note) that there are nowhere any frogs, though every artist who painted out of doors in the first warm days of spring must have heard their choral music from the neighbouring ditches. The old heralds, speaking of the manner of the frog's holding his head, talk of the pride and dignity, or, as they phrase it, "the lordling" of frogs, and gave them a place in heraldry; and their ideas are generally valuable to artists, and worth studying, both for their literal exactness and their allegorical significance. Let us have some frogs next year.

No. 18.—"A Man Washing his Hands" (J. Prig). A step in the right direction. The painting of the nail-brush, showing where friction has worn away and channelled the bristles in the middle, is especially good. But how comes it that, the nail-brush having been evidently made use of, the water in the basin is still pellucid, with no soap apparent, either superficially or in solution? This oversight I should not have expected in so clever an artist. Even granting clearness to the water, the pattern of the bottom of the basin visible through it is of a different character from the exterior of the vessel, which is not the case in any specimen of that particular delf which has come under my notice.

No. 24.—This is directly imitative both of Titian and George Orni-shank, with Smith's handling, and a good deal of Brown's manner.

No. 29.—As I told this artist last year, he is deficient in fulness of form and looseness of texture. He should, therefore, for some years, paint nothing but mops of various colours (without the handles), which would give him woolliness and rotundity. On the other hand, the painter of No. 32 has too much of these qualities, with too little firmness in his darks; and I should recommend him, as a counteracting influence, to study only blocks of coal—not the common

coal (which is too dull), but the kernel or candle coal—a perseverance in which practice he will find attended by the happiest results.

“The Nativity.”—This is nearly perfect. The infant, which at first appears to be wearing a broad-brimmed straw-hat, is distinguished by a peculiar halo, in which there is no trace of servile imitation of those absurd pretenders known as the old masters. Thoughtless and superficial observers have objected to the angel holding the lantern, as an office inconsistent with the dignity of the angelic nature; saying, too, that the act has some officiousness, since the lantern might have been placed on the ground or hung on a nail. For my own part, I consider the idea eminently happy, and if one of the other angels had been represented as snuffing the candle with her fingers, my admiration would have been complete.

No. 40.—The sky is weak and heavy, the distance too hazy, the middle distance absurd, and the foreground like a cartload of bricks ready for use. However, on the whole, I consider this the leading picture of the year.

No. 501.—I was nearly overlooking this picture, which at first sight seemed unworthy of notice, when a second glance showed me what I conceive to be the print of a man's shoe in the dust of the high-road in the corner of the foreground. This little incident gives poetry to the whole composition, and is quite equal to the memorable invention of Defoe, when he makes Robinson Crusoe discover the print of a foot in the sand. The shoe, a hobnailed one, evidently belongs to the owner of the little white-walled cottage in the middle distance, the smoke from whose chimney curls bluely upward against a sky which has in itself nothing remarkable, but which the late J. M. W. Turner would have filled with magnificent cloud-forms of grandest outline and miraculous colour. One feels at once that the wearer of that shoe was one of our conscripts, fighting our battles against the barren swamp and the dull clod, and that, toilworn and careworn, he passed, in his victorious march, up that dusty

road, to the domestic haven where rest, if not glory, awaited him.

“There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Saxon mother—he their sire,
Sweating to make a rich man's holiday.”

It reconciles me in great measure to the inequalities of the gifts of fortune, and to the necessity that almost seems to exist for a class which takes on itself the manual labour of the world, when I consider that we derive from thence the elements of purest pathos in art.

No. 520. “Venus and Adonis” (D. Corum, R.A.)—The great charm for me in this picture is the total absence of all sensual imagination in its treatment. The goddess, purified from all taint of earth-born passion, with the immortal light of divine friendship beaming in her lustrous eyes, invites the reluctant youth to seat himself beside her on the glowing couch of anarantus and asphodels (with some gentianella and one or two ragged robins skilfully introduced), which have sprung responsively to the pressure of her roseate feet; while, in the distance, the fatal boar is seen whetting against the trunk of a blackthorn in full blossom the remorseless tusks which are shortly to be imbrued in the stream of the boy's young life. A similar purity of thought distinguishes the “Susannah and the Elders,” by the same artist, and quite marks a new epoch in art. The Elders, grave men of most reverend appearance, approach the beautiful woman in her bath, evidently for the purpose of studying the flowing outline of her form and the delicate articulations of her joints (the ankles are especially well drawn). Lovers of exalted art, they come, with words of courteous greeting on their lips, to study in leisure and privacy the combinations of lines and gradations of flesh-colour with which Nature in her most perfect efforts delights to exercise the reasoning powers of man; while the matron, “clothed on in chastity,” calmly awaits their coming. The “Satyrs and Nymphs Dancing,” by the same hand, is equally removed from the gross impurity which the

subject would have derived from the licentious Poussin, and the hideous immorality of a modern quadrille. "Potiphar's Wife" is another illustrious instance of the power of Mr. D. Corum to give new life to old subjects. The wife of the great Egyptian noble holds in her hand a roll of papyrus covered with specimens of early Egyptian art, to which she seeks to direct Joseph's attention (by the by, the style of these drawings, especially the man in profile with two eyes, belongs to the time of the later Pharaohs, and not to the pre-Mosaic period); but without success, for the youth, in whose countenance the struggle between curiosity and bashfulness is exhibited in a very remarkable manner, turns resolutely away from his kind instructress. Altogether the treatment of the whole of these works reminds me strongly of the manner of Fra Puritano.

No. 603.—I formerly had some slight hopes of this artist, and consequently bestowed on him a word or two of advice. But as he seems systematically to defy every principle I have ever laid down, and obstinately to ignore every opinion I have ever enunciated, his whole method has of course become hopelessly and irredeemably vile, and his works are in painting what ribaldry is in literature.

No. 650.—This artist had better go without delay to Venice. He will find in one of the vaults of one of the churches there (I forget which) a picture without a name, but which I know to be an indubitable Paul Veronese. The whole composition is fine; but I would particularly note the third hair from the top in the right whisker of the cat in the corner, the painting of which is very precious. This he should study in a reverential spirit, and I will answer for the result.

"The Dead Stonebreaker."—On nothing have I ever insisted more strongly than on the absolute necessity of painting altogether in the open air, with all the accessories of the scene that are to be transferred to the canvass actually present; and here I am happy to see an illustration of the good effect of following

my advice. I have no doubt that this picture was painted strictly under these conditions. Ribald critics may perhaps object that, as atmospheres of that extreme purpleness (as if mulberry-juice were substituted for the ordinary vehicle) are very rare, and that as the mere work of the picture must have occupied several weeks, these infrequent opportunities must have extended over a great length of time, during which the deceased stonebreaker would have become a skeleton, while the weasel could scarcely be expected to remain so long looking at the body. Nevertheless I adhere entirely to my opinion; and I am thus reminded of one particular count of the heavy indictment I formerly brought against that perverter of nature and impostor in art, Claude Lorraine. I pointed out that in a picture of his in the National Gallery, the shadows of two different objects are falling in opposite directions; and this I noted as a blemish, or rather one amid a mass of blemishes. I now perceive that this was owing to the fact that, for once, Claude was honestly studying from nature out of doors; and being absorbed in his miserable work (for the absorption of the artist in his efforts by no means depends on their value), he did not perceive that the sun, which was on his left hand when he began to paint in the morning, had gone round to his right before he left off, and consequently threw the shadows in the opposite direction. This is the only occasion on which I have ever found it necessary to alter an opinion I had once expressed; and I freely admit that what I formerly censured I now consider the sole merit to be found in this painter's numerous works, and he is entitled to so much posthumous fame as my approval in this solitary instance can confer.

No. 902.—A fine example of what may be called the botanico-geologico-astronomico style of art. Here the primeval masses of the old red sandstone, the granitic boulders, which, ere they became fixed for ever, hissed in fierce fusion round the sweltering materials of the chaotic globe, the grey slate, the gneiss, the feldspar, and the gypsium, lend their multifarious variety

of outline to the harmonious forms of the foreground; while, in the coal-strata of the extreme distance, methinks I can descry the faint impress of ferns and other vegetable deposits. Note the fossil tooth of the mastodon in the centre as particularly precious, finely relieved as it is against the leatherly texture of the wing of the pterodactyle. These superb combinations of the dædal forms of the earth are clothed in lavish magnificence with all known and possible specimens of herbaceous life, from the stupendous *Wellingtonia* to the small celandine of our native fields; while over all are set the sentinel stars, Orion and the Pleiades, which shed over the dawn of creation the same sweet influences that still gild its decline. The naturalist may study this picture with profit, only second to that derivable from a knowledge of the works of the late J. M. W. Turner, as expounded by myself. Still there are some natural features not to be found in European landscape, of which I lament the absence. I should therefore recommend the artist to spend the summer on the top of the Peter Bott Mountain, while he may get a suitable foreground in the rich autumnal splendours of the trackless South American forests; and may, on his return, paint in the less important

details from the Botanical Gardens in the Regent's Park. I wish him a pleasant trip, a stout heart, walking-stick, and pair of shoes.

"Red-deer," by Landseer.—I have already told Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, that as she has not yet satisfactorily proved to me that she can paint a man's face, it is a delusion to suppose that she paints horses; they are merely trotting bodies of horses; so I tell Landseer, that as he has never (that I am aware of) painted a porcupine, it is a popular fallacy to suppose that he can paint red-deer. He merely paints their horns, hoofs, and hides.

I have now given the public all that it is necessary for them to know, and more than they can appreciate, of my decisions on the Art of this year. The above pictures are all that I have had leisure to look at. Still, the mere fact of my not having seen them, would not prevent me from criticising all the rest, if it were expedient or necessary. On the whole, I consider the works of this year decidedly in advance of those of the last, as that was of its predecessor, which I attribute to my annual critiques; and I doubt not that, after diligent study of this little brochure, considerable progress will be manifested next summer.

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AUGUST, 1858.

Vol. LXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

GLADSTONE'S HOMER,	127
CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD: ITS COURSE AND HISTORY,	148
WHITE'S EIGHTEEN CENTURIES,	165
LONDON EXHIBITIONS AND LONDON CRITICS,	181
THE BYWAYS OF LITERATURE,	200
KINGSLEY'S ANDROMEDA,	217
WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—	
BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.—PART XV.,	226

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GLADSTONE'S HOMER.

A LONG work from the pen of Mr. Gladstone would contain, we might confidently predict, many ingenious and many excellent observations, and be distinguished by much admirable writing, rising at times into eloquence; but we might almost as confidently predict, from our perusal of his former works, and from the demands made upon him by his parliamentary career, that such a work would betray many signs of haste and imperfect study, that the ingenious observation would not always carry conviction with it, that an air of plausibility would be sometimes thrown round a theory or statement which would not bear examination, and that the fluent pen of one on whom the "winged words," as Homer might say, wait so obediently, would be tempted into too rapid and too voluminous exercise of its power. The reader of Mr. Gladstone's *Homer* will find both these predictions realised, and if he is of the same opinion as ourselves, he will regret to say that the imperfections he expected are more signal and more numerous than the merits and excellencies he was equally prepared to recognise. There is very much of loose and hasty reasoning in these volumes. There is great want of condensation, of clear and explicit statement. A

fertile thinker, and a rapid writer, who never thoroughly examines the premises from which he starts, and is never quite consistent with himself in the conclusions at which he arrives—such is the character which our author here most frequently sustains. That he can build—that the constructive faculty is within him—will be admitted by all; but there is hardly any one we know who builds so rapidly, and explores with so little care the foundation on which he raises his superstructure. Haste seems to be written everywhere, on every page of the book. How far this is owing to natural disposition, or original mental character, and how far to the distractions of a political life, it is impossible for us to say. We suppose that the blame must be shared between them. We are quite certain that a large share must be ascribed to the latter cause. The literary man ought to have done his work before he enters Parliament; or he must retire from it, or from a prominent part in its debates, if he would prosecute any profound study or elaborate any great work. If it is hard for the man of letters and of reflective habits to become an active politician, it is still more difficult for the active politician, engaged night as well as day in parliamentary war-

Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, D.C.L.

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fare and party strifes, and in all the passing topics and urgent interests of the current year, to give himself with the necessary concentration to any great literary task. We do not demand impossibilities from any man. We might perhaps fairly complain of those who attempt impossibilities.

A parliamentary reputation, and a reputation in any of the higher departments of literature, are two very different things, are won by very different qualities of mind, and by a training or mental discipline of an almost opposite character. Mr. Gladstone, as an orator of the House of Commons, stands, by general consent, pre-eminent. Mr. Gladstone, as a writer of books, is by no means pre-eminent. It is not that he cannot *writes* almost as well as he *speaks*; there is at all events no deficiency to be complained of in the style, so far as this can be separated from the thought: it is that the *thinking* which is quite profound and accurate enough for a listening assembly, whose attention is gained by the energy of the speaker, and secured by their own interest in the success of the debate, and who are at all times more struck with the readiness and tact and the skilful fencing that *keeps* a position once taken up, than by the graver processes of reasoning which justify, and should precede, the taking up of any position at all—it is that the thinking which is close and searching enough for the orator, is too careless, hasty, and fragmentary for the author, and will not supply solid material for a book which is to be held in the hand, and turned backwards and forwards, and perused a second time, and read in the silence and the leisure of the study. A facility of theorising, of inventing arguments, detecting analogies, a skill to put forward and conceal facts according to the exigencies of the moment—all these we have in the works of Mr. Gladstone; but we miss the honest, searching, candid inquiry after truth. Even when we agree with him on the premises he has assumed, we do not find that our faith in them has been strengthened; he has done nothing to confirm us in the citadel we are anxious to hold against, perhaps,

vigorous assailants. Very often those premises from which he starts—tripping on with light ingenious alacrity—form the very key of the position, are the very matters on which his intelligent contemporaries are inquiring and discussing. He perhaps passes over with quiet, grave assumption, the real question over which doubt and difficulty are hanging, and then proceeds along his free current of ingenious, inventive argument; playing dexterously with the facts of his case, disposing them in light and shadow as will best suit the purpose of the moment; placing his hand over the picture, and revealing just so much of it at a time as it is desirable that his gentle and tractable reader should see. Very gentle and very tractable must that reader be who continues satisfied with Mr. Gladstone as an expositor of truth, whether he is dealing with the Church of England or with the gods of Olympus.

We could select many passages from this work, and we hope we shall be able to find room in our pages for some of them, which contain separable observations both true and admirably expressed; but we are compelled to report that the philosophical and historical criticism which forms the substance of the book is of a very slight, unstable character—much of it fanciful and visionary. We do not say that a painstaking student of Homer will have gained nothing from a perusal of these three volumes; but we do think that, in the course of his scholarly reading, he will rarely have encountered three such bulky volumes from which he has gained so little. He presses his hand, and the more tightly he grasps the less he retains. So much escapes in mere froth, mere fancy, vague and unaccredited assertion. There is, too, a great deal of repetition; time has not been taken to condense, and so to arrange the material as to avoid this repetition. "Excuse the length of my letter, I had not time to make it shorter," writes the venerable John Wesley. The excuse is permissible in a letter: is it equally permissible in a book?

Mr. Gladstone, in his first volume, escapes altogether from the question

of the authorship of the Homeric poems (as we must all of us at least call them), of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*—flies from it, as one wearied with the din of unprofitable controversy. We can quite participate in this feeling, and we have no desire to enter into a debate which our author has felt himself at liberty to decline. And yet the controversy has most assuredly been brought to no satisfactory conclusion—to no such result that a writer in the position of Mr. Gladstone can fold his arms and retain the old faith in Homer, and quietly assume that all the *Iliad* and all the *Odyssey* was the composition of the same great poet—assume this for the purpose of drawing subsequent deductions of an historical character. He can waive the discussion, if he pleases, as we should be disposed to waive it, on the frank plea that we have nothing new to say—he can waive it as a controversy which is apparently exhausted without being determined; but matters are unfortunately not in such a condition that he can avoid the discussion, and yet assume that one party is right, and adopt that old faith in Homer which existed before the controversy was stirred. That the great poet Homer really lived, and that we have many of his verses, is doubted by few; but there are almost as few who now hold what a hundred years ago was the unshaken creed of all the scholars of Europe. In the days of Pope and Addison there was no English scholar who did not believe that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were as indisputably the works of Homer as the *Paradise Lost* and the *Paradise Regained* were the works of Milton. In our days there is scarcely an English scholar who has the same unhesitating faith. Perhaps he assigns the *Iliad* to one poet and the *Odyssey* to another; and this becomes an important conclusion to the historian, if the critic adds (as he generally does) that the *Odyssey* was a later production than the *Iliad*. Perhaps he makes a distinction between the several books of the *Iliad* itself, and finds in it a combination of two or more poems originally distinct. Whatever theory he rests in, he

never gets back to the early undisturbed faith of his ancestors, or of his own school-days.

The controversy is interminable, because each party will and must rely, in great measure, upon a certain critical appreciation for which he cannot altogether render a reason to another. He feels that there is a different workmanship, a different tone of thought, in one part of a great poem from the rest. It is impossible to argue him out of this feeling, and he finds it almost as impossible to communicate to another the grounds of his own conviction. Thus the two disputants are in a hopeless state of antagonism. It happens, too, that the controversy is implicated with another controversy, on which very different opinions are likely to be retained. At what time was the use of writing introduced into Greece? and what are the inferences we are to draw, if it is decided that the use of writing was not introduced till after the composition of the Homeric poems? The first of these questions may admit of a tolerably decisive answer; it is at least generally concluded that the poems were in existence before the art of writing was known or practised in Greece. But the second question—what are we to conclude therefrom of the original state in which these poems existed, or of the manner of their growth into the form in which they have descended to us?—is not so readily answered—is answered in a very different manner by different persons. It is, in fact, a matter for conjecture. To some of us it seems highly improbable that, where poems are composed only to be recited, a poet would have any *motives* for entering on a composition longer than could be recited on one occasion; and almost as improbable that, without the aid of writing materials, he should have the *ability* to design and execute so long a work as the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. But if one or several poets had written many pieces on the same great subject, as the siege of Troy or the adventures of Ulysses, then it is easily explicable how such separate poems should afterwards have become amalgamated into one. Thus the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* may both

have grown into very nearly the form in which we now have them before the art of writing was introduced, although in the absence of that art it is almost impossible to suppose them to be designed and executed by one man in their present entirety. This reasoning fails to produce its effect on other minds, who, impressed with the internal evidence of unity in the composition, will not yield to what they assert is a mere conjecture as to the motives or the ability of a bard in the heroic times.

Though in the first volume Mr. Gladstone passes over the controversy, and refers us to the works of others, yet in the third volume he so far returns to it as to enter into some discussion with Mr. Grote, and dispute the view which that historian had taken of the authorship of the Homeric poems. Mr. Grote perceives strong evidence of unity of design in the *Odyssey*, and attributes the whole poem to one author; but he judges differently of the *Iliad*. "The *Iliad*," he says, "presents the appearance of a house built upon a plan comparatively narrow, and subsequently enlarged by successive additions. The first book, together with the eighth, and the books from the eleventh to the twenty-second inclusive, seem to form the primary organization of the poem, then properly an *Achilleis*. The twenty-third and twenty-fourth books are additions at the tail of this primitive poem, which still leave it nothing more than an enlarged *Achilleis*; but the books of the second to the seventh inclusive, together with the tenth, are of a wider and more comprehensive character, and convert the poem from an *Achilleis* into an *Iliad*." Mr. Grote does not say that these last-mentioned parts are of inferior merit, or of an appreciably later date. K. O. Müller, in his *History of the Literature of Ancient Greece*, had drawn attention to a distinction between the two parts of the poem, an original part having chief reference to *Achilleis* and the *Greeks*, and the superinduced part having reference to the *entire war*. Mr. Grote has drawn this distinction with more definiteness, and justified it by several remarks which

appeared to us to carry much weight with them. From the second to the seventh book Achilles is scarcely alluded to; "and moreover," adds Mr. Grote, "the Greeks do perfectly well without him. . . . Diomedes is in fact exalted to a pitch of glory in regard to contests with the gods which even Achilles himself never obtains afterwards; and Helenus the Trojan puts him above Achilles in terrific prowess."

These and other reasons for such division of the *Iliad* Mr. Gladstone combats, and is disposed to regard them as "wild suppositions." He sees the same marks of unity of design in the *Iliad* that Mr. Grote had recognised in the *Odyssey*. The reasons *pro* and *con* for this theory of an original *Achilleis* we should not have space to enter on, and after all, every reader of Homer must be left to his own critical feeling and discrimination. We will content ourselves with this very modest observation. It is one thing to contend for such a discrepancy or inequality in the parts, as absolutely forbids the belief that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written originally as entire poems, and by the same poet, and another thing to show such discrepancies, or such redundancies, as would permit us to adopt the theory of their growth from shorter poems, presuming that other considerations favoured such a theory. Great poets are very unequal, the best poems have faults in their structure, strange oversights are committed by the shrewdest of authors, and in ancient works the text may have been corrupted. The evidence must be very stringent, therefore, that would absolutely prove of any work that it *could not* have been designed and executed by one man. But it is a much less degree of evidence we require to permit us to believe that it may have grown up in the manner we have already stated, if the absence of the art of writing, and the fact that poets composed for recitation, point to such a mode of growth. If there is an antecedent probability that several separate, or perhaps *serial*, poems have been interwoven or welded together, we rather look for some manifestations where the *join may*

have been, then where it *must* have been.

But, by whomsoever written, here they are! The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* exist for us; they have descended from a remote antiquity, and give us most valuable intimations of the manners and modes of thought and feeling of ancient times. The precise date when these poems were written may still be doubtful; but this is of little consequence so long as we confine our deductions to a certain period that we are contented to call the heroic period of Greece. When, however, we proceed, as Mr. Gladstone does, to draw inference from them of the political and religious state and condition of Troy, and of the Greeks, as they lived and acted at the siege of Troy, it becomes then necessary to fix the date of their composition with some precision.

Homer—for we shall speak of a one Homer, the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, leaving the doubts which hang over this subject still unresolved,—Homer would necessarily describe the state of manners with which he was familiar. Though his poems are two great romances, and though he deals with gods and demigods, and tells and invents the most marvellous things, he would not invent a whole system of manners, customs, institutions. One may find materials for history, and many true details of life, of customs, and opinions, in the *Arabian Nights*, because the authors of these fictions might invent genii and giants, but they would not, and could not, invent an entirely new state of society, and forms of government and religion that did not exist. We are sure, therefore that we have in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* a valuable record of the age in which they were written.

As a picture of ancient manners, these poems have been well studied. There is very little left here for the discoverer. Mr. Gladstone adds nothing to the terse and compendious descriptions which Mr. Grote has given in the second volume of his *History*. The Greeks of Homer's time were a semi-barbarous race, cruel, revengeful, often brutal, reckless of human life, bound by few ties

of duty; and on the other hand, brave, hospitable, at times generous, and (which is their best trait), sufficiently humanised to treat their wives and their daughters with honour and respect. Their manners are of the most primitive character. Achilles cooks the dinner; Ulysses builds the house. Their political institutions are very unsettled. Their kings or chiefs owe their authority to personal prowess, to a reputation for bravery or sagacity. The prince has as much power as he can keep. There is very little of the government of law. If one man kills another, the relations of the murdered man pursue their own revenge. In lieu of revenge they may accept a fine, but there appears to be no power to compel them to receive this compensation. What we call our obligations to society, are very dimly recognised. Hospitality is practised, as we find amongst other semi-barbarous people, but the stranger was not safe till he had put himself under the protection of the gods; he came as a suppliant, and the host binding himself by an oath, took the character of protector. Wherever there is much dependence placed upon the oath, we may be sure there is very little general and habitual morality. This picture of Homeric manners is seen reflected amongst the gods; they too have very little care for the general good—are capricious, revengeful—moved by personal feelings of hostility or of kindness. The government of Jupiter is as lax and unsettled as the rule of Agamemnon. His deities are self-willed, and Jove himself has to make concessions, and it is as much by skilful management of his refractory council, as by inherent power and authority, that he contrives to get the decrees of Fate executed.

All historians and critics agree in portraying this period in much the same colours. Some are more impressed with the lights, some with the shadows, but the picture cannot be very different to any two candid observers. Mr. Gladstone dwells more frequently on the virtues than the vices of this heroic period, but he does not omit the latter. Perhaps the chief source of the difference

that may be noticed in the estimate formed of this period by any two students of Homer, lies in this, that one will make a greater allowance than another for the peculiar colouring it has received from the imagination or the sentiments of the poet. It is most true that the poet himself is but the highest creation of his own age; it is most true that he cannot stir the minds of others, nor obtain their admiration, unless he, to a certain extent, is in unison with his own age; but it is equally true that a great poet will occasionally attribute to his warriors sentiments which would only arise in the minds of a few reflective men like himself. We think that our Shakespeare has not unfairly represented the English barons of the middle ages; but how many thoughts and sentiments has he given them which were quite unknown to Yorkist or Lancastrian! Homer idealised; he could not otherwise have been the great poet that he was. Something—how much it is hard to say—of what we admire in Achilles and Hector belongs ex-

clusively to the poet, not to the warrior, of that age. In some of the speeches assigned to his heroes we think we see the reflective, meditative man giving out his own especial thoughts; uttering them in the person of that class of fighting men amongst whom they would probably never have originated.*

Some weight must doubtless be attached to a remark which Mitford makes in his *History of Greece*, that, at a time when poets are the only historians, they will be solicitous to perform this part of historian; and will occasionally interweave in their poems mere matter of fact and sober narrative, simply because it is true, and that the record should be preserved. Thus, besides these general intimations incidentally given, there are positive historical facts to be gleaned from the Homeric poems. Still they are chiefly valuable to us for the *unintentional* record they have transmitted to us of a certain phase of human society. Even when examining them in this light, we must proceed with caution. Mr.

* For instance in the Twelfth Book there is a speech assigned to Hector and another to Sarpedon, which seems to bring us into communion with the mind of the poet. We will quote from the prose translation in Bohn's series. It is only in prose that any translator can be faithful to the original. Polydamas has advised Hector to withdraw from the battle; he has seen an eagle flying with a serpent in his talons, and interpreted this into an augury of defeat for the Trojans. Hector rises above auguries—shows a contempt for them. "O Polydamas, thou dost not say things agreeable to me. Truly have the gods destroyed thy judgment from thee, who adviseest me to be forgetful of the counsels of lofty-thundering Jove, which he hath himself undertaken for me and confirmed. And thou exhortest me to obey the wing-expanding birds; which I very little regard, nor do I care for them whether they fly to the right towards the moon and the sun, or to the left towards the darkening west; but let us obey the will of mighty Jove, who rules over all mortals and immortals. There is one augury, the best, to fight for our country."

In the other instance, Sarpedon thus addresses Glaucus: "Glaucus, why are we especially honoured in Lycia both with the first seat in banquet, and with full goblets, and why do all look to us as gods? Why do we also possess a great and beautiful enclosure of the vine-bearing and corn-bearing land on the banks of Zanthus? Now, therefore, it behoves us, advancing amongst the foremost Lycians, to stand firm, and to bear the brunt of the raging fight; so that some one of the closely-armed Lycians may say, 'By no means inglorious do our kings govern Lycia, and eat the fat sheep, and drink the choice sweet wine; but their valour likewise is excellent, because they fight amongst the foremost Lycians.' O dear friend, if indeed, by escaping from this war, we were destined to be ever free from old age, and immortal, neither would I combat myself in the van, nor send thee into the glorious battle. But now—for of a truth ten thousand fates of death press upon us, which it is not possible for a mortal to escape or avoid—let us on: either we shall give glory to some one, or some one to us."

It seems to us that there is a strain of reflection here which the poet gave to, but did not find, amongst his warriors. In estimating the 'Homeric period, we may assign such sentiments to the *Homerids* if we please, but hardly to the military chiefs.

Gladstone finds in Homer an authority for the political and religious institutions of Troy. What did Homer know of Troy? He gave to it institutions which probably existed in his own time in cities of Asia Minor, but Troy had disappeared, had gone for him into the region of fable. It has always been a subject of controversy what interval had elapsed between the siege of Troy and the composition of the *Iliad*. Opinions have varied from eighty to five hundred years. Mr. Gladstone would make the interval less even than eighty. But it matters not what length of time you imagine; this fact remains certain, that, whether fifty or five hundred years, a period had elapsed sufficiently long to throw Troy and the history of Troy into the region of fable. The manner in which the siege terminates is sufficient proof of this. The stratagem of the wooden horse bears some indistinct reference to the fact that peculiar and religious honours were given by the Trojans to the horse. Time enough had elapsed for some mythical or allegorical story to grow into this absurd fable.

Subject to these considerations, we can cordially agree with Mr. Gladstone when he says that, next to the Hebrew Scriptures, the Homeric poems form the most precious record we possess of antiquity. And the Greek and the Hebrew records throw light upon each other. Not that we are able to detect any direct link of connection between the two, but they both originate from, and explain our common humanity. Even in that religious development in which the Hebrew outstript all other nations, they throw light upon each other, because, notwithstanding many marked diversities, and the inferiority of the one, there are also many marked resemblances and great characteristics common to them both. How striking, for instance, is this broad resemblance—with both the early Greek and the early Hebrew, the god rules *here* on earth—inflicts his judgments *here*—bestows his rewards *here*. Hades or Elysium plays but a feeble part in the government of man. In both nations, as the mind grows in knowledge, views of

a future life expand, and the immortality of man shines out both upon Jew and Greek.

It is on the mythology of Homer that Mr. Gladstone has bestowed his chief attention; it is here that he has indeed brought forward some striking novelties. Not that his theory is new—on the contrary, it is the revival of a theory which we thought had passed away from the scholarship of the nineteenth century; but his manner of proving and exemplifying it may assuredly have the praise of novelty. Here, at all events—in this region of mythology—Homer is good authority, for we are in the very region of imagination; and if the poet invents here, he must still be taken as an expounder of the popular creed, for his inventions become a part of it. Here, what people have imagined, and felt, and thought, is the very fact of history we are in search of, and the most interesting of all facts to know.

Mr. Gladstone accords to the Greeks the faculty of invention, and is ready to acknowledge that any amount of nonsense may have grown up spontaneously in this fruitful soil of the human mind; but where there is any approximation in their conceptions of deity, in their religious sentiments or practices, to our own standard of truth and rationality, then he refers us to traditions of an especially divine communication made to Adam and the patriarchs. From such traditions did they obtain what light of truth they possessed; and by the degradation and disintegration of such traditions, and by corrupt additions to them, did they proceed to manufacture their own mythology. He finds, for instance, that Minerva and Apollo have greater attributes than their place in the family of Jupiter would account for—attributes inconsistent with the subordinate position they hold to the Father of gods and men; and he explains this, not as other mythologists have explained it, by showing that these deities had been the supreme objects of worship to other people, or to separate Greek tribes, before Homer had gathered them into his Olympian family—but he refers us for these higher attributes to Messianic traditions de-

scended from patriarchal times, of which those who desire to know more than they will learn from the book of Genesis, may consult the Talmud with advantage. We must endeavour to state Mr. Gladstone's views in his own words, though it will take some trouble to select from his ample and redundant pages any statement that will at once be brief, full, and explicit.

But before we proceed to the further exposition of Mr. Gladstone's theory, or the theory to which he has devoted this exercise of his argumentative ingenuity, let us recall what we had previously learned, from other authorities, to consider as settled conclusions on this subject of Greek mythology. It is always well, before opening a new book, to call to mind what we have obtained by our previous reading and reflection. Nothing can be more plain than that the poems of Homer do not represent to us the earliest form of religious faith; they refer us distinctly to earlier gods, and to gods conceived of in an earlier manner. The fables related of the Olympian deities, their very names and their attributes, carry us back to some period when the gods were more nearly identified with the elements over which they rule than they were in the times of Homer. Many of these fables wear the unmistakable appearance of having been suggested, in the first place, by allegories and personifications which originally were merely methods of describing physical facts. The alternation of day and night, of spring and winter—the power of the sun over all vegetable and animal life—the dawn, the dew, the fertilising shower, the unceasing activity and mutability of nature, life and death, generation and decay incessantly giving place to each other—these were the great patent truths which reflective men, of ardent and imaginative temper, had first to express, and which they perhaps inevitably expressed in the language of metaphor and personification. A statement of natural phenomena expressed in a series of personifications becomes itself a history, or sooner or later tempts to the moulding of it into some narrative. If the imaginative thinker of one age, looking admiringly on the sudden bursting forth

of all the glories and the growths of spring—noting how the earth produces all this marvellous birth, of tree, and flower, and fruit, under the influence of bright skies and moist showers—should proclaim this to be the blessed *marriage* of the heaven and the earth, we may be sure that some subsequent thinker, dwelling on the image here presented to him, would be tempted to describe this marriage—to describe the bridegroom and the bride. These would certainly be king and queen, if such dignities were known to him; and these royal titles would alone suggest a government, as well as a matrimonial union, and subjects to govern both in heaven and in earth. We are launched at once into an anthropomorphic mythology. A *Zeus*, the god of day and light, and of the upper air, marries *Here*, goddess of the earth; and by-and-by we have a King and Queen of Olympus, ruling over men and gods, and a Jupiter and Juno, who are no longer bound to any one element, but to whom all the elements of the world are equally free. The stars of heaven, and the passage of the sun through constellations, named from fancied resemblances to terrestrial objects—our first astronomy, in short—was sufficient of itself to give origin to a multitude of fables. The imaginative poet only needed that two or three positive facts should be given him—the wilder and the more unconnected the better—and he would piece them together into some narrative. The more abrupt and extravagant the fragments given to him, the more likely would they be to stimulate his invention to supply the missing links. The zodiac alone, and the sun, now brighter, and now dimmer, tracing his way through it, was enough to people the world with legends—the labours of Hercules, and the like—which very soon lost all recognisable connection with the sun, and the stars, and the seasons. What is more, when the poets have framed these wild legends out of materials thus accidentally given to them, other men, because they *are* so wild and absurd as narratives, begin to supply profound moral meanings for them.

When we say that the perusal of the Homeric poems alone, without further or collateral evidence, is sufficient to prove an antecedent period of *nature-worship*, we beg leave to add that we by no means understand by that term a worship in which nothing was present to the mind but the literal facts or forces of nature, nothing but physical phenomena. The physical phenomena—if imagination stirs at all within us, if there is any worship at all—have been animated, we may be sure, by a power analogous to human will or human thought. But the term nature-worship is serviceable to point out that epoch when the gods were conceived of as in close combination with the elements, or when some great Pantheistic idea was expressed by a dedication of separate elements.

No religion of any service to man or to society can arise till the god has been so far humanised as to be invested with a *moral character*. Now the separation of the god from the elemental forces of nature, and converting it into a mere "immortal man," seems, in an intellectual point of view, to be a retrograde step; but it is in reality a necessary and progressive step, in order to the subsequent conception of the god as invested with perfect reason and perfect justice. If the anthropomorphic god of Homer seems, because of its very distinctness, a less rational conception than the nature god of the Pantheist, it at all events gives us that representation of the god on which a far higher and more effective conception than the Pantheist possessed could alone be raised. The mythology of Homer represents the deities of Olympus walking in perfect freedom amongst the elements, completely humanised,—but humanised, as yet, after a very imperfect standard of intelligence and morality.

It may be well to note in passing, that personifications are not only made of nature, of the celestial bodies and the elements, but also of the attributes of man—his virtues, or his vices, or his passions. Thus we have *Themis*, a god of justice. And in systems of a more refined and subtle character than the theology of Homer, this kind of personi-

fication had been carried a stage farther, for we have the attributes of the god personified. That *Wisdom*, by which God made the world, becomes a distinct being, an intermediate agent, and the actual commissioned creator of the world, the Supreme Being falling back into what seemed to such thinkers a more honourable obscurity, and a remoteness from any contact with a degrading matter.

Though it seems clear that the imagination which produced the Olympic deities, and the legends related of them, was, in the first instance, prompted, guided, or misguided, by allegories or personifications originally expressing physical facts, it is not pretended by any one that these allegories are always to be traced in the full-grown fable. Once launched upon his story, what was to arrest the poet, until the story itself had assumed a fixed form in the popular belief, and was no longer to be tampered with? Nor can any one trace the subtle progress from what we have described as a nature-worship. When it was that Phœbus Apollo first left the sun fairly behind him, moved freely from it, and entered, without a care about this luminary, into the court of Olympus, or the shady recesses of groves haunted by the nymphs, it is impossible to say; but it is equally impossible to deny that this Phœbus Apollo was born of the light of the sun. This is clear, although there may be another sun-god, earlier or later, a *Helios* also in Olympus, not so far advanced in his humanity, and retaining more of the elemental god. Homer did not want this *Helios*. If he had once brought him on the plains of Troy—once mixed him up in the strife of gods and men—his godship would have assumed a new or more decided character.

But, we repeat, the humanising or anthropomorphic proceeding was not a degradation of a higher conception, unless it interfered with a certain vague Pantheism; and, at all events, if not itself an advancement, was a necessary step towards the representation of the god in that grand personality of perfect will and perfect reason which is our final conception.

Some of the individual deities of the Homeric mythology may have suffered degradation, in order to bring them into their place in the Olympian council. All could not be first. There could be but one Zeus. If gods that had been the sole or chief object of worship in Crete or elsewhere, who had been great local or national deities, were transformed into sons and daughters of Jupiter, we should find certain attributes and certain traditionary fables clinging round them inconsistent with their new position—we should feel that a certain degradation had taken place.

These are some of the general conclusions upon the Homeric mythology which have received the sanction of our best authorities.* Mr. Gladstone does not set these aside, or entirely contradict them, but he considers that the facts here glanced at are not sufficient to account for the Homeric mythology. He regards it as the debasement or corruption, the breaking up and adulteration of the monotheism of Adam and the patriarchs, and of the Messianic traditions that had descended from their times.

There is one great fact which goes far of itself to disprove this theory. The idea of *Creation* which is so

prominent in the Hebrew theology, and in that also of some other Eastern nations, is absent in the early Greek mythology. Jupiter does not create the world—he is born in it, and lives in it, as part of the great system; he is not eternal—he came like ourselves; he is immortal, and *Kronos* has taken precaution that no god shall be born who will supersede him, but he is, neither eternal nor a creator. Could such great ideas as eternity and creation be lost out of the intelligence of a people, lost by its highest as well as its lowest? In the history of religion we frequently see a great idea put forth by superior minds, to be distorted by the multitude, who perhaps take the mere symbol by which it was expressed and worship it. But this does not prove a backward movement even of the multitude, for they never were in clear possession of the higher idea. Is it probable that a whole people, the intelligent as well as the unintelligent, after having once possessed the idea of a creative god, should resign it for the conception of a god born like themselves into a pre-existing world? This seems highly improbable, whereas such lower conception of the god

* The following extract from K. O. Müller's *History of the Literature of Ancient Greece*, may not be unacceptable to our readers. "In the religion of these nations, (the Phrygians, Lydians, and Syrians,) the combination and contrast of two beings, Baal and Astarte, the one male, representing the productive, and the other female, representing the passive and nutritive powers of nature, and the alternation of two states, viz, the strength and vigour, and the weakness and death of the male personification of nature—of which the first was celebrated with vehement joy, the latter with excessive lamentation—recur in a perpetual cycle, which must in the end have wearied and stupified the mind. The Grecian worship of nature, on the other hand, in all the various forms it assumed in different places, places *one* deity as the highest of all, at the head of the entire system, the God of *heaven and light*; for that this is the meaning of the name *Zeus* is shown by the occurrence of the same root (*Div*), with the same signification, even in the Sanscrit, and by the preservation of several of its derivatives, which remained in common use both in Greek and Latin, all containing the notion of *heaven and day*. With this god of the heavens, who dwells in the pure expanse of ether, is associated, though not as a being of the same rank, the goddess of the earth, who in different temples (which may be considered as the mother-churches of the Grecian religion) was worshipped under different names, *Hera, Demeter, Dione*, and some others of less celebrity. The marriage of Zeus with this goddess (which signified the union of heaven and earth in the fertilizing rain) was a sacred solemnity in the worship of these deities. Besides this goddess, other beings are associated, on one side, with the Supreme God, who are personifications of certain of his energies—powerful deities who carry the influence of light over the earth, and destroy the opposing powers of darkness and confusion: as *Athena*, born from the head of her father, in the height of the heavens; and *Apollo*, the pure and shining god of a worship belonging to other races, but who, even in his original form, was a god of light. On the other side are deities allied with the earth, and dwelling in her dark recesses; and, as all life

would naturally arise out of a theology which in some measure identified the god with the forces of nature. Here the gods would, in fact, rise out of nature. Nature would not be, at first, regarded as the creation of the god.

But though the idea of creation is not present in the Homeric poems, we see it emerging in the Orphic poets of a later date, and we see it growing still clearer in subsequent poets and philosophers. Critics have also noticed that between Homer and Pindar a higher conception had grown up of the state of the dead, of the hopes man may entertain of the future. We can fairly attribute these improvements, these advanced thoughts of God and immortality, to nothing else than the general development of the Greek intellect. If the highest ideas we know of can thus develop themselves normally, why should we have recourse to any other explanation for such measure of truth as may appear in Homer?

But it is not only the monotheism taught to man in Paradise by God himself, that Mr. Gladstone sees in the dim light which shines through the mists of heathendom; he especially refers us to certain Messianic traditions, carried also out of Para-

dise, and circulating throughout the world wherever the dispersed family of man betook itself. Many scholars and divines have pleased themselves with tracing in heathen nations the idea of a Messiah, but they have always recognised this idea as retaining the form of a prophecy, the king or prince, or divine power yet *to come*. We have lying before us the Hulsean Lectures of the Rev. R. C. Trench, which bear the title of "The Unconscious Prophecies of Heathendom." Whether such prophetic views were considered as traditions, or regarded as spontaneous products of our common Humanity, aspiring after a better and happier condition than it had yet attained, they have still been always considered as essentially prophecies. Mr. Gladstone would persuade us that these prophecies have, through the imagination of the poet, or other corruptions, been converted into past transactions or the actual attributes of the present god. But it is time that we allow our author to speak for himself:—

"I know not whether it has been owing to our somewhat narrow jealousies concerning the function of Holy Scripture, or to our want of faith in the extended providence of God, and His mani-

appears not only to spring from the earth, but to return to that whence it sprung, these deities are for the most part also connected with death: as *Hermes*, who brings up the treasures of fruitfulness from the depth of the earth; and the child, now lost and now recovered by her mother *Demeter*, *Corra*, the goddess both of flourishing and decaying nature. It was natural to expect that the element of water (*Poseidon*) should also be introduced into this assemblage of the personified powers of nature, and should be peculiarly combined with the goddess of the earth; and that fire (*Hephæstus*) shall be represented as a powerful principle derived from heaven, and having dominion on the earth.

"The Homeric poems (which instruct us not merely by their direct statements, but also by their indirect allusions), when attentively considered, clearly show how this ancient religion of nature sank into the shade, as compared with the salient and conspicuous forms of the deities of the heroic age. The gods who dwell on Olympus scarcely appear at all in connexion with natural phenomena. Zeus chiefly exercises his power as a ruler and a king; although he is still designated (by epithets doubtless of high antiquity) as the god of the ether and the storms. In the Homeric conception of *Hera*, *Athena*, and *Apollo*, there is no trace of any reference of these deities to the fertility of the earth, the clearness of the atmosphere, the arrival of the serene spring, and the like, which, however, can be discovered in other mythical legends concerning them, and still more in the ceremonies practised at their festivals, which generally contain the most ancient ideas. *Hephæstus* has passed from the powerful god of fire in heaven and in earth, into a laborious smith and worker in metals, who performs his duty by making armour and arms for the gods and their favourite heroes. As to *Hermes*, there are some stories in which he is represented as giving fruitfulness to cattle, in his capacity of the rural god of *Arcadia*, from which, by means of various metamorphoses, he is transmuted into the messenger of Zeus, and the servant of the gods."—P. 13 *et seq.*

festations in the world, or to the real incongruity in the evidence at our command, or to any other cause, but the fact at least seems to me to be beyond doubt that our modes of dealing with the Homeric poems in this cardinal respect have been eminently unsatisfactory. Those who have found in Homer the elements of religious truth, have resorted to the far-fetched and very extravagant supposition, that he had learned them from the contemporary Hebrews, or from the law of Moses. The more common and popular opinion has perhaps been one which has put all such elements almost, or altogether, out of view,—one which has treated the Immortals in Homer as so many impersonations of the powers of nature, or else magnified men, and their social life, as in substance no more than as a reflection of his picture of heroic life, only gilded with embellishments and enlarged in scale, in proportion to the superior elevation of its sphere. Few, comparatively, have been inclined to recognise in the Homeric poems the vestiges of a real traditional knowledge, derived from the epoch when the covenant of God with man, and the promise of a Messiah, *had not yet fallen within the contracted forms of Judaism for shelter, but entered more or less into the common consciousness, and formed a part of the patrimony of the human race.*

"But surely there is nothing improbable in the supposition that in the poems of Homer such vestiges may be found. Every recorded form of society bears some traces of those by which it had been preceded; and in that highly primitive form which Homer has been the instrument of embalming for all posterity, the law of general reason obliges us to search for elements and vestiges belonging to one more primitive still. And if we are to inquire in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* what belongs to antecedent manners and ideas, on what ground can it be pronounced improbable that no part of these earlier traditions should be old enough to carry upon them the mark of belonging to the religion which the Book of Genesis represents as brought by our first parents from Paradise, and as delivered by them to their immediate descendants in general? The Hebrew chronology, considered in connection with the probable date of Homer would even render it difficult or irrational to proceed upon any other supposition. . . . Standing next to the patriarchal histories of Holy Scripture, why should it not bear, how can it not bear, traces of the religion under which the patriarchs lived?

"The immense longevity of the early generations of mankind was eminently favourable to the preservation of pristine traditions. Each individual, instead of being, as now, a witness of, or an agent in, one or two transmissions from father to son, would observe or share in ten times as many. According to the Hebrew chronology, Lamech the father of Noah was of mature age before Adam died; and Abraham was of mature age before Noah died. Original or early witnesses remaining so long as standards of appeal, would evidently check the rapidity of the darkening and destroying process."—Vol. ii. p. 2.

It is characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's mind—of his readiness to assume his premises—that he does not for a moment glance at the questions which he knows must arise in every second reader of this paragraph. He is content to cover himself with the broad shield of orthodoxy. But many very excellent Christians receive the earlier chapters of Genesis in an allegorical sense, and many learned critics assign this portion of the sacred writings to a date later than would answer the purposes of Mr. Gladstone. All this he may have it in his power utterly to refute. But surely we might expect from him some word in support of premises which are to support all his subsequent conclusions, more especially as it is evident, from the above quotation, that he is greatly influenced by the consideration that, taking his stand on the literal interpretation of the earlier chapters of Genesis, he *ought* to find the traditions recorded in them extending into heroic Greece.

But it is not only the true and pure idea of an eternal, creative, and beneficent Deity that is supposed to be "the starting-point from which the human mind had to run its career of religious belief and speculation;" we are referred to certain Messianic prophecies, especially to Gen. c. iii., v. 15, which are supposed in some way to be incorporated into the mythological figures of Minerva and Apollo. We find this to be altogether a fanciful supposition.

"The general view, then, which will be given in these pages of the Homeric Theom Mythology is as follows: That its basis is not to be found either in any mere human instinct gradually building it up

from the ground, or in the already formed system of any other nation of antiquity, but that its true point of origin lies in the ancient Theistic and Messianic traditions which we know to have subsisted among the patriarchs, and which their kin and contemporaries must have carried with them as they dispersed, although their original warmth and vitality could not but fall into a course of gradual efflux, with the gradually widening distance from their source. To travel beyond the reach of the rays proceeding from that source was to make the first decisive step from religion to mythology.

"To this divine tradition there were added, in rank abundance, elements of merely human fabrication, which, while intruding themselves, could not but also extrude the higher and prior parts of religion. But the divine tradition, as it was divine, would not admit of the accumulation of human materials until it had itself been altered. Even before men could add, it was necessary that they should take away. This impairing and abstraction of elements from the divine tradition may be called disintegration.

"Before the time of Homer it had already wrought great havoc. Its first steps, as far as the genesis of the mythology throws light upon them, would appear to have been as follows: Objectively, a fundamental corruption of the idea of God, who, instead of an omnipotent wisdom and holiness, now in the main represented on a large scale, in personal character, the union of appetite and power; subjectively, the primary idea of religion was wholly lost. Adam, says Lord Bacon, was not content with universal obedience to the Divine will as his rule of action, but would have another standard. This offence, though not exaggerated into the hideousness of human depravity in its later forms, is represented without mitigation in the principles of action current in the heroic age. Human life, as it is there exhibited, has much in it that is noble and admirable, but nowhere is it a life of simple obedience to God.

"When the divine idea, and also the idea of the relation between man and his Maker, had once been fundamentally changed, there was now room for the introduction without limit of what was merely human into religion. Instead of man's being formed in the image of God, God was formed in the image of man. The ancient traditions were made each to assume a separate individual form, and these shapes were fashioned, by magnifying or modifying processes,

from the pattern that human nature afforded."—P. 32.

This general view our author proceeds to develop more particularly, or more in detail, in the following manner. It is really not our fault if the reader finds the exposition obscure: we have done our best in the selecting of our quotations.

"The earliest Scriptural narrative presents to our view, with considerable distinctness, three main objects. These are respectively—God, the Redeemer, and the Evil One. Nor do we pass even through the Book of Genesis without finding that it shadows forth some mysterious combination of Unity with Trinity in the Divine Nature.

"From the general expectation which prevailed in the East at the period of the Advent, and from the prophecies collected and carefully preserved in Rome under the name of the Sibylline Books, we are at once led to presume that the knowledge of the early promise of a Deliverer had not been confined to the Jewish people."—P. 39.

Mr. Gladstone cannot surely mean that the Trinity suggested here of God, the Redeemer, and the Evil One, is anywhere the Trinity of the Holy Scriptures. If he leaves this impression, it must surely be the result of some obscurity of language. After some further account of these traditions—of which it seems the Sibylline books of Rome are called in as evidence—he proceeds:

"Let us now observe how these traditions severally find their imperfect and deranged counterparts in the heroic age of Greece.

"First, as to the Godhead.

"Its Unity and Supremacy is represented in Jupiter, as the administrator of sovereign power.

"The combination of Trinity with Unity is reproduced in the three Kronid brothers, Jupiter, Neptune, Pluto, or Aidoneus—all born of the same parents, and having different regions of the material creation severally assigned to them by lot.

"Next, as the Redeemer.

"The first form of this tradition is represented chiefly in Apollo. But neither the various attributes which were conceived as belonging to the Deliverer, nor the twofold manifestation of his character as it appears in Holy Writ, could, we must conclude, be held in combination

by the heathen mind. The character, therefore, underwent a marked disintegration by severance into distinct parts; and while it continues, in the main, to form the groundwork of the Homeric Apollo, certain of its qualities are apparently transferred to his sister Diana, and others of them are, as it were, repeated in her.

"The second form of the tradition is that of the Wisdom or *Logos* of the Gospel of St. John; and this appears to be represented in the sublime Minerva of the Homeric system.

"Lastly, Latona, the mother of the twin deities Apollo and Diana, appears to represent the tradition of the woman from whom the Deliverer was to descend.

"Thirdly, with respect to the Evil One —"

But perhaps we have already given our readers sufficient to reflect upon for one time. They would like to take breath and pause a little at the aspect in which Apollo and Diana and Latona are here presented to them. This Latona, who represents, we are elsewhere told, the general idea of "honoured maternity"—and for that reason, we presume, was revenged on Niobe by the slaughter of all her children—is indeed a very obscure goddess, and lies open to many interpretations. She is sometimes represented as the wife, sometimes as the concubine, of Jupiter—suffers strange persecutions from Juno—and becomes the mother of Apollo and Diana. Turning to the classical dictionary of Dr. W. Smith, we find that she represents, and very aptly, "the obscure," or "the concealed;" that, in fact, her legend seems to indicate nothing else than the issuing of light from darkness. The night ever precedes the day. Such simple explanations are not to be accepted by Mr. Gladstone. Scarce will he allow the heathen imagination to have any independent play or exercise. "The rainbow of Holy Scriptures," he tells us, "is represented in the Homeric Iris." The rainbow comes after rain; and the god of the clouds and the shower could hardly have been provided with a more likely messenger. This is surely as probable a process of thought as the converting a *sign* of God's will into a *messenger* of the god.

But it is about these *Dii Majores*, Minerva and Apollo, that Mr. Gladstone gathers all his marvellous subtleties. With the Talmud on one side, and his Homer on the other, he revels in ingenious analogies. He makes distinction between gods of *tradition* and gods of *invention*. Minerva and Apollo are gods of tradition, Venus and Mars of invention. In elaborating this distinction, he appears to us to forget or to remember at pleasure what Homer really says of these his two favourite deities. But, without insisting on this, we find Mr. Gladstone drawing a quite arbitrary line between what may or may not be of human invention, or, in other words, the spontaneous and normal product of the human mind. In one sense, all the gods of Homer are probably *traditional*,—that is, they were the invention of other times. He has brought his own additions to these *traditional inventions*, often enough, perhaps, of a very inconsistent character. But there is no greater difficulty in believing a Minerva the goddess of wisdom to be invented by man, than a Venus the goddess of love. Whether we consider Minerva to have been originally one of the great nature-goddesses, who assumed, in Homer's system, a quite personal and ethical character, or whether we consider her to have been, from the commencement, an impersonation of heavenly wisdom—the wisdom of Zeus—in either case, there seems nothing beyond the bounds of human invention.

It is curious to notice with what dexterity our ingenious author contrives to extract materials for a theological system, and special prerogatives for these deities, out of the mere incidents of a poem, out of descriptions and events in which the *artist*, and not the theologian, was manifestly at work.

"Both Minerva and Apollo are generally exempt from the physical limitations and from the dominion of appetite, to which the deities of invention are as generally subject. Though, when a certain necessity is predicated of the gods in general, they may be literally included within it, we do not find that the poet had them in his eye apart from the rest, and the

particular liabilities and imperfections are never imputed to either of them individually. *What is said of them inclusively with others, is in reality not said of them at all*, but only of the prevailing disposition of the body to which they belong; just as we are told in the *Iliad* that all the gods were incensed with Jupiter because of his bias towards the Trojans, when we know that it was in reality only some amongst them of the greatest weight and power. Neither Apollo nor Minerva *eats, or drinks, or sleeps, or is wearied, or is wounded, or suffers pain, or is swayed with passion*. Neither of them is ever outwitted or deluded by any deity of invention, as Venus is, or even Jupiter is, by Juno, in the Fourteenth *Iliad*."

But Minerva and Apollo sit at the feasts of the gods. To omit them would have been thought a great indignity; for Homer's gods have little else to do than to feast except when they are intermeddling with Greeks and Trojans; and all the deities, with Jupiter at their head, set forth to enjoy the sacrifices of the Ethiopians. But "what is said of them inclusively is really not said of them at all." It is nowhere hinted—except in Mr. Gladstone's book—that Minerva and Apollo enjoyed the sacrifices made to them in any more refined manner than Jupiter and Juno. "Not swayed by passion!" One sees very little else than passion and favouritism in any of the gods; and Minerva is often in a towering passion, and sometimes terribly sulky, as when she and Juno, after having mounted the car, and galloped half-way to the plain of Troy to take part in the combat, are compelled by Jupiter to return, and unharness the steeds, and sit down quietly on their chairs in Olympus.

"Mere attributes of bulk stand at the bottom of the scale of even human excellence; and it is so that Homer treats them, giving them in the greatest abundance to his Otus, his Ephialtes, and his Mara. Minerva has them but indirectly assigned to her; and when arming for war, Apollo never receives them at all."—P. 89.

Yet at another time Mr. Gladstone himself reminds us that the helmet of Minerva was large enough for a whole regiment, and that, when she ascends the cars of Diomed, the axle

creaks under her weight. The fact is, that all the poets find it convenient to treat this attribute of gigantic stature in a very capricious manner. It is a grand image to be occasionally introduced, but it would be extremely embarrassing to have to deal constantly with beings of enormous bulk. Mars covers seven acres when he falls: the image pleased the poet, and when the god was down upon the earth, it was no matter how huge he was; seven acres would lie as quietly as one; he was manageable there. But Homer did not make him seven acres high when fighting with Diomed. Our own Milton deals in the same manner with great height. His archangel stalks before us for a moment in gigantic proportions, but the imagination is not tasked to keep such a conception constantly before it.

Homer, the poet of war, could hardly have done honour to Minerva, his favourite goddess, unless he had invested her with martial attributes. These martial attributes are thus accounted for by Mr. Gladstone:—

"Partly in relation of Minerva to Mars, whom she punishes or controls, but more particularly in the use of the magnificent symbol of the *Ægis* by Minerva and Apollo, we appear to find *that development of the martial character which has been mentioned above as included among the Jewish ascriptions to the Messiah*."—P. 95.

The case is past comment. Yet the manner in which Apollo, and Diana, and Latona are treated, is perhaps even still more extraordinary. Apollo, Mr. Gladstone observes, kills with his unerring arrows; Diana also has the same direct power of inflicting death on women. "There is no instance, if I remember rightly," he adds, "in which any other of the gods brings about the death of a mortal otherwise than by means of second causes." Neptune could drown a man in his waves, but does not strike him dead with his trident. Homer perhaps would not have thought any mortal very safe who should get within the reach of that trident when the god was in anger. But mythologists generally admit that Apollo had some peculiar relation to death. Mr. Gladstone has the peculiar merit of tracing this relation

to certain Messianic traditions. We are afraid to state precisely *what* tradition; for sometimes Apollo represents *part* of the character of the Evil One, and sometimes, and more generally, part of the character of Him *who was to destroy death itself!* We confess ourselves to be utterly bewildered.

"In considering what may have been the early traditional source of these remarkable attributes of the children of Latona, we should tread softly and carefully, for we are on very sacred ground. But we seem to see in them the traces of the form of One who, as an all-conquering King, was to be terrible and destructive to his enemies, but who was also, on behalf of mankind, to take away the sting from death, and to change its iron hand for a thread of silken slumber."—P. 104.

Will a solemnity of manner help us at all through the obscurity in which our author envelopes us? In a subsequent page he asks many questions such as these: Why was Apollo, thus associated with death, likewise the god of foreknowledge? Why did he, and he only, partake of this privilege with Jupiter? Why, again, should the god of foreknowledge be the god of medicine? And why should the god of medicine also absorb into himself the divinity of the sun? And after asking these and other questions, he answers them by saying that Apollo "represented the legendary anticipations of a person to come, in whom should be combined all the great offices in which God the Son is now made known to man as the Light of our paths, the Physician of our diseases, the Judge of our misdeeds, and the Conqueror and disarmer, but not yet abolisher, of death." Some of these questions which Mr. Gladstone asks have received all the answer that mythological questions admit of; but now we also would ask this question, Why is it that Apollo, who represents the legendary anticipation of a Messiah that is to bring happiness and virtue

and a golden age upon the earth, is just as indifferent as the rest of the Olympian deities to the future destinies of man? He who represents the Messianic tradition should surely be a beneficent deity, solicitous to restore or to produce a happy order of things for man. He should have some mission, some office, or at least some desire for the good of all mankind. Not a trace of anything of the kind do we find in the Apollo of Homer. Neither in him, in Minerva, nor in any of the gods, is there the least solicitude for the happiness of the human race.*

If there is any part of Homer's religious system which, more than another, seems the child-like utterance of the human imagination, it is his description of the state and nature of the dead. The dead are mere shadows of the living; they are mere memories that go fleeting through Hades for no intelligible purpose. His dead have nothing to do but to recall the griefs and pleasures of life, and even the recollection of pleasure is a regret. Elysium and Olympus itself are open to favoured heroes akin to the gods, but as yet there is no Heaven open to moral excellence, and where this human nature itself will attain a higher development of goodness and intelligence. Yet even here Mr. Gladstone must help the imagination of Homer by some tradition gathered from the sacred Scriptures. After mentioning that we have in Homer's after-world the leading ideas of a place of bliss, and a place of torment—though the Tartarus was not so much for the wicked as for those who had especially offended the gods—he says:

"A further element of indistinctness attaches to the invisible world of Homer, if we take into view the admission of favoured mortals to Olympus; a process of which he gives us instances, as in Ganymede and Hercules. In a work of pure invention it is unlikely that Heaven, Elysium, and the under-world would all

* When Neptune challenges Apollo to fight for his cause, "O Neptune," he replies, "thou wouldst not say that I am prudent if I should now contend with thee for the sake of miserable mortals, who, like the leaves, are at one time very blooming, feeding on the fruit of the soil, and at another again perish without life. Rather let us cease from combat as soon as possible, and let them decide the matter themselves." This is the excuse which Apollo puts forward; "for," it is added, "he was afraid to come to strife of hands with his uncle."

have been represented as receptacles of souls in favour with the Deity. *But some primitive tradition of the translation of Enoch may account for what would otherwise stand as an additional anomaly.*"—P. 171.

If there is any meaning in this passage, there is a connection traced between Ganymede and Enoch! Indeed, the analogies which Mr. Gladstone finds, and the applications of Scripture which he permits himself to make, surpass anything, for their perverted ingenuity, we have encountered in modern literature. We must go back a century or two to find a parallel case. We are apt to smile at the applications of Scripture texts which pious and simple-minded people, by their very simplicity, are led to make. They are not more strange than some of the applications which our learned author, the very reverse of simple-minded, is led into by his perverse ingenuity. There was amongst the Olympian deities, besides Apollo, a sun-god *Helios*, and this sun-god Mr. Gladstone describes—whether with perfect accuracy or not we will not stay to discuss—as being afterwards absorbed in Apollo. Thereupon he adds:—

"In this view the mythological absorption of the Sun in Apollo is a most striking trait of the ancient mythology: and it even recalls to mind that sublime representation of the prophet, 'The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.'"—P. 265.

The mythological process of the absorption of a nature-god into a heroic god—both having peculiar relations to the sun—is illustrated by the grand metaphor of the Hebrew Prophet that God himself shall be our light! The mind can just catch at a point of resemblance, but only to throw it away again with displeasure.

Homer's deities are not eternal, they are not creative; they have super-human powers, and they are immortal. But it is a poor life when compared to that of human beings, that the poet has been able to imagine for them. The banquet, nectar or ambrosia, is all that the heavens supply.

They have no other resource to vary the monotony of Olympus than to engage in the strife and the passions of men. Even for their loves they come down to earth. They are wearied of each other. And what a subordinate, childish, and irrational part it is they play in the affairs of men! Achilles fights, and Minerva picks up the thrown spear and gives it back again into the hands of the hero. It is a type of all they do. The passions of the maddest of men are reason itself compared to the anger of these gods: they have nothing to fight for, nothing to gain or to lose, and they have as little concern for the just government of the world as the storms that are sweeping over the face of the earth. Some Higher Destiny, apparently, has appointed both these storms and these gods. Mr. Gladstone says truly: "What a wretched spectacle would Hector, Achilles, Diomed, Nestor, Ulysses, and the rest, present to us, were their existence devoted simply to quaffing goblets and scenting or devouring the flesh of slain animals, even though with this there were present the mitigating refinement of perpetual harp and song. And yet such is the picture offered by the Homeric mythology."

Nevertheless, of this mythology our author writes:—

"Thus it was that the sublime idea of one Governor of the universe omnipotent over all its parts, was shivered into many fragments, and these high prerogatives, distributed and held in severalty, are the fragments of a conception too weighty and too comprehensive for the unassisted human mind to carry in its entirety."—P. 209.

Burdened with his too vast idea, the poet breaks it in pieces, and coins these heroic gods out of its fragments. Is this a probable genesis of the Homeric mythology? Do we see even the fragments of the greater conception? And when such men as Aristotle rose to as high conception of deity as any we are able to form, how was it that *then* "the unassisted human mind could carry it in its entirety?"

The gods of Homer are not eternal, neither do they create; but they are immortal. Hardly could the poet do less for them than release them from

death. But the imagination of the Greek must always, according to Mr. Gladstone, be indebted more or less to the traditions of some Hebrew or Semitic patriarch. Accordingly, upon this immortality of the Homeric gods he makes the following observations:—

"There is something curious in the question why it is that they are endowed uniformly and absolutely with this gift, but not with others; why the limitation of Death is removed from them, and yet other limitations are allowed in so many respects to remain.

"It seems as if we had here an independent and impartial testimony to the truth of the representation conveyed in Holy Writ, that death has been the specific punishment ordained for sin; and that therefore, in passing beyond the human order, we, as a matter of course, pass beyond its range."

Men never think or imagine on the principle of *contrast*. They gave immortality to their gods because they were *familiar with this property*, as having been once their own! If our readers feel fatigued at this *wire-drawing*, it is really not our fault: it was necessary to give some specimens, and we might easily have multiplied them.

As might be expected, Mr. Gladstone regards the rite of sacrifice, so extensively prevalent over all the heathen world, as "another portion of the primeval inheritance." It had been instituted before the Homeric age—there can be no doubt of that; but it is one of those institutions which it is needless and idle to trace to any one special origin. Sacrifice, like prayer, has arisen wherever the idea existed of a god who might be induced to favour man. In the Book of Genesis no other account is given of its origin. Cain and Abel are represented as prompted by their spontaneous feelings to testify their gratitude by an offering to God. To bring an offering is, in one period of our mental culture, as natural an act as to utter a prayer: * now Mr. Gladstone does not tell us that prayer,

which is the nobler ritual of the two, descended to mankind from the Hebrew patriarchs. In Homer's time we still see the sacrifice regarded as a present to the god, from which the god himself receives some benefit. The savour of it is agreeable to him: in some manner or other, he derives a personal gratification from the "burnt thighs of fat oxen." As intelligence is developed, we find the Greek, at least the educated Greek, interpreting the sacrifice in quite a different sense. He no longer regards it as something necessary or useful to the god; he ponders only on the benefit to be derived to the worshipper. God accepts it as a sign of gratitude, or a sign of repentance for sin. Or it becomes a mode of communication between the god and the worshipper, the god having in some way entered into the sacrifice offered to him: after this it may be redolent of prophetic knowledge; or the worshipper, by partaking of it, may be a partaker of the divine spirit. Many subtle interpretations follow. These interpretations form the higher part of the religious faith, not the rite itself, to which the very rudest or most child-like conceptions may have given origin.

But although the reader of Mr. Gladstone's book will feel, we suspect, a mere perplexity, a mere distress and vexation, as of labour thrown away in vain, as he follows him through those trains of reasoning by which he supports his mythological theory, he will yet be occasionally rewarded by remarks both of an interesting and an instructive description. When our author liberates himself from the prepossessions which this theory throws around him, he can show himself an intelligent and tasteful critic of Homer. Many observations which he makes, both on his heroes, his gods, and such imaginary beings as his Cyclops, who are neither heroes nor gods, are well deserving of study and remembrance. How well are the Cyclops here delineated:—

* If an animal is to be offered, there are but two ways of doing it, either by preserving it separate or intact, or by killing it. In aid of the last mode came the idea of offering life itself—of pouring out the blood, which contained the life.

"Among them all, the Cyclops, children of Neptune, offer as a work of art by far the most successful and satisfactory result. In every point they are placed at the greatest possible distance from human society and its conventions. Man is small, the Cyclops huge. Man is weak, the Cyclops powerful. Man is gregarious, the Cyclops isolated. Man, for Homer, is refined, the Cyclops is a cannibal. Man inquires, searches, designs, constructs, advances, in a word, is progressive; the Cyclops simply uses the shelter and the food that nature finds for him, and is thoroughly stationary. Yet, while man is subject to death, the Cyclops lives on, or vegetates at least, and transmits the privileges of his race by virtue of its high original. The moral element has been entirely dismissed. Polyphemus is a huge mass of force, seasoned perhaps with cunning, certainly with falseness. This union of a superhuman life with the brutal that dwells in solitude, and has none of its angles rubbed down by the mutual contact between members of a race, produces a mixed result of extreme ferocity, childishness, and a kind of horrible glee, which, as a work of art, is most striking and successful."—P. 318.

His remarks on many of the chief characters, both in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, are such as display a highly cultivated taste, and a refined sympathy with what is noblest or most delicate in such characters. Achilles, Hector, Nausicaa, are all gracefully described; more grace is thrown over them than we should perhaps find in the poet. The whole heroic age in which Homer lived, and which his poetry reflects, is dealt with, at times, in a very indulgent strain. We cannot forget certain unmistakable traits of ferocity which Mr. Gladstone himself occasionally recalls; we cannot disguise from ourselves, for a moment, that Greece made a most conspicuous progress, in morals as well as intellect, in the interval between Homer and Pericles. But still there are certain strong, hardy, spontaneous virtues of this heroic age which it is well to contemplate, and which do honour to our common humanity. Such a passage as the following exhibits at least one phase of this heroic epoch:—

"The Greek mind, which became one of the main factors of the civilised life

of Christendom, cannot be fully comprehended without the study of Homer, and is nowhere so vividly or so sincerely exhibited as in his works. He has a world of his own, into which, upon his strong wing, he carries us. There we find ourselves amidst a system of ideas, feelings and actions, different from what are to be found anywhere else, and forming a new and distinct standard of humanity. Many among them seem as if they were then shortly about to be buried under a mass of ruins, in order that they might subsequently reappear, bright and fresh for application, among later generations of men. Others of them almost carry us back to the early morning of our race, the hours of its greater simplicity and purity, and more free intercourse with God. In much that this Homeric world exhibits, we see the taint of sin at work, but far, as yet, from its perfect work and its ripeness; it stands between Paradise and the vices of later heathenism, far from both, from the latter as well as the former; and if among all earthly knowledge the knowledge of man be that which we should chiefly court, and if to be genuine it should be founded upon experience, how is it possible to overvalue this primitive representative of the human race in a form complete, distinct, and separate, with its own religion, ethics, policy, history, arts, manners, fresh and true to the standard of its nature, like the form of an infant from the hand of the Creator, yet mature, full, and finished, in its own sense, after its own laws, like some masterpiece of the sculptor's art!"—Vol. i. p. 6.

Some of these studies on Homer, those particularly which occupy the third volume, are on separate individual subjects, remote from the leading theory which we have been examining; but we should not now have space to enter on them. We have addressed ourselves to what forms the predominating subject of the work; and so much is it the predominating subject, that we venture to say that no one who is dissatisfied with Mr. Gladstone as an interpreter of Greek mythology, will be so far propitiated by any other portion of the work as to rise from the whole with other feelings than those of weariness and disappointment.

The last section of the work—with the exception of two articles which are reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* on "Homer and his Successors,"

being a general review of epic poetry and the epic poets of Europe—bears the title of *Aoidos*, and treats on various points in the poetry of Homer, his Plot, his sense of Beauty, his Perception, and Use of Number and of Colour. Throughout this section the reader will find many observations of an acute and interesting character; but they are observations which he will have to test and weigh for himself. Mr. Gladstone has the inveterate habit of drawing large conclusions from very narrow premises; or rather, having embraced some conclusion, he hastily constructs ingenious arguments for its defence. But the critical remarks of Mr. Gladstone, if they require, are always worthy of examination. There is much that deserves attention in his little treatise on Homer's Perception, and Use of Number and Colour. We can have no doubt that Homer uses the names of high numbers, hundreds and thousands, merely to convey the general impression of multitude—he has not the least idea of giving accurate statistics. Most early writers, and poets of all periods, use nouns of number in this vague manner. A hecatomb doubtless meant, as our author suggests, merely a large sacrifice, a group of oxen, not absolutely a hundred. The thousand watchfires that the Trojans light mean some number larger than a hundred, not precisely ten hundred. Mr. Gladstone doubts whether Homer's arithmetic would have enabled him to give us more precise statistics, even if this had been his object; he doubts whether Homer knew any rule in arithmetic beyond addition, whether that more rapid mode of addition which we call multiplication was known to him. Homer avoids, he observes, giving us the *sum total*, even where he has supplied us with the several items. This may result only from the general manner with which, as a poet, he would deal with numbers. His object being to convey the sense of multitude, he would do this most effectually by enumerating the lesser numbers, which can be brought more distinctly within the

apprehension; and this being done, the impression would hardly be increased by adding the sum total of these lesser numbers. We, however, think it very probable, that, above a certain point, Homer would have found it very difficult to make an accurate arithmetical calculation. If the art of writing was not known, the art of ciphering must have been generally very little cultivated.

On Homer's appreciation of colour, as separable from brightness, we have here some curious speculations. Very few are the colours that he specifies; and when he describes objects whose colour we very well know, the terms he uses are to us quite inexplicable. If we lay the defect here upon his language, we have still to ask, how came the language to be imperfect? Men find or coin words when they have perceptions to express. Mr. Gladstone limits Homer's range to white, black, yellow, red, violet, and indigo. Thus orange, green, and light blue* would remain without any distinct expression. Orange might be well embraced under red or yellow; but green and blue—the colour of the trees, the colour of the sky!—it is impossible to think that Homer had not words for these. And our lexicons used to give them. The Homeric words for green and blue may also have other meanings, and yet mean, sometimes, green and blue. One sees that the idea of green, shades into that of *pallor*; and also, because it is the colour of spring, the same word may come to signify *freshness*. Let *chlōros* signify both paleness and freshness, it may also signify green; and *glaukos* may be both *bright* and *blue*. Mr. Gladstone thinks that our "blue-eyed Minerva" ought to have been translated "*bright-eyed Minerva*." Perhaps he is right; but there are other occasions on which the epithet *blue* may stand its ground. Nor should it be driven from the sea (*glaukē thalassa*) simply because the sea may be both bright and blue.

We have some good reasons given us, however, why Homer should not have had his eye so well trained and cultivated to the perception of colour

* There is some error of the press in the original: *violet* is put down amongst the colours that are, and are not, distinctly expressed.

as a more modern poet. The art of dyeing, so we are told, had not been invented, or was very little practised. Paints, and all artificial colouring, were but little known; the yellow of gold and brass, and the ruddy hue of copper, were perhaps the brightest colours known in dress or household decoration; and it is not easy to say how much of our ready and apt distinctions between colours is due to the teaching the eye receives from nearer and artificial objects—objects that can be easily embraced and compared in the field of vision.

There is a noticeable superiority in the modern over the classic poet, and of times later than Homer, in this love and appreciation of colour, which is well worth inquiring into. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Gladstone is hasty in his deductions. He lays considerable stress on the "remarkable verse of Albinovanus, an Augustan poet, which applied the epithet, 'purpureus,' to snow—

'Brachia purpureæ candidiora nive.'

The poet is comparing, we presume, a woman's arm to snow, and he has before his imagination the snow with that purple or roseate hue upon it which it receives, not only at sunset, but often at noon. For not unwisely does our poet Shelley speak of "the purple moon's transparent light." The comparison, as we often meet with it in poetry, of a woman's neck to snow in its own proper local colour, is a very cold affair, and one which frequent repetition has never reconciled us to. We think Albinovanus was very right, and regret that we have so little opportunity of making better acquaintance with one who earned amongst his contemporaries the title of *Elegantissimus*.

Mr. Gladstone opens his whole work, commences his *Prolegomena*, as it is learnedly called, with some general observations on the defective study of Homer in our English schools and universities. These observations are expressed with such a logical precision, and so grave an air of plausibility, that we rose from them with the conviction that some reform was urgently called for in our academical studies. But further consideration and a second perusal—

as is not unfrequently the case with Mr. Gladstone's observations—somewhat dissipated this conviction. He finds that Homer is not sufficiently studied in a philosophical and historical point of view. A boy at our public schools reads him for his battles, for the resounding line, for the poetry of the old Grecian—if he reads him for anything else than to construe and translate; whilst at our universities Homer is passed over for Æschylus and Sophocles, and the Greek language and Greek thought are studied in later writers. Homer seems thus deprived of his legitimate share of attention. But when we reflect for a moment on the kind of study of Homer which Mr. Gladstone finds neglected, we are led to ask ourselves whether this is a study which youths at the university are expected to be engaged in, or can, with any profit, be engaged in. "There is," says our author, "an inner Homeric world, of which his verse is the tabernacle and his poetic genius the exponent, but which offers in itself a spectacle of the most profound interest, quite apart from him who introduces us to it, and from the means by which we are so introduced. This world of religion and ethics, of civil policy, of history and ethnology, of manners and arts, so widely severed from all following experience that we may properly call them palæozoic, can hardly be examined and understood by those who are taught to approach Homer as a poet only." Very true; and beautifully expressed. But it happens that there is no book, except it is the *Germania* of Tacitus, which has been so industriously explored as the *Iliad*, for the intimations it gives of an existing state of society; and the Greeks of Homer, and the Germans of Tacitus, have not been unfrequently compared. What may be safely gathered of this kind lies open to every student, to every intelligent reader. In every commentary on Homer, and in every history of Greece, in Mitford, Thirlwall, Grote, a picture of the Homeric age is drawn too interesting in itself to escape any but the dullest of readers. It cannot be *this* that is neglected by our studious youth. This inner

world of Homer must mean, in Mr. Gladstone's apprehension, those more subtle and very disputable deductions which he, and the like ingenious men, may still draw from the verses of the poet. Such subtle matter is not, and cannot be, the subject for academical study. We assign no limit to genius or to learned labour; there may be much yet to be seen in Homer which the eyes of scholars and historians have not hitherto detected; but academic institutions cannot outstrip, or keep pace with, the man of genius. That only which has stood the test of examination can be made the groundwork of scholastic training. The only study of Homer which Mr. Gladstone, on reflection, would find to be defective, is that study which must be pursued by the solitary individual, bringing all the knowledge he has acquired from other sources, all his philosophy, his theology, his history, his critical faculty, to bear on the poems of Homer. It is the study of the mature mind, it is the study of the author. Along this path we must go one by one. We have acquired all we can from schools

and academies before we venture on it.

A university education, which ends at the age of twenty-one, cannot undertake to lead men through all the high and intricate discussions which may very easily be gathered round the poems of Homer. It can only prepare them for such discussions, if they should have the requisite ability or leisure to pursue them in their mature years. And that only which has already obtained some measure of general assent is fit for scholastic teaching. If a professorial chair were endowed at Oxford to expound this inner and innermost world of Homer, whom should we invite to fill it? Whoever filled it, he would have continually to discuss and contend, rather than to teach. Certainly, for our part, it is not Mr. Gladstone himself that we should invite to occupy such a chair. We much prefer that he should still remain the learned Member for the University of Oxford, than that he should transfer those talents which render him so eminent in the House of Commons to a chair of philosophy and historical criticism.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD: ITS COURSE AND HISTORY.

DID Harvey discover the circulation of the blood? To many, the question will sound like an impertinence. To those who have critically examined the historical evidence, the question wears another aspect, and the answer will run somewhat thus: Harvey did, and he did *not*, make the discovery; he made a very great discovery, which has given an imperishable glory to his name, but it was not precisely that which is popularly attributed to him. In endeavouring to mark clearly out that which he discovered, and that which he did not discover, no attempt will be made here to diminish the fame England is justly proud of, by ransacking the archives of science to detect stray passages of meaningless vagueness, wherein older authors may have indicated something like the truths which Harvey established on the firm basis of experiment and reason-

ing. Erudite prejudice has done its worst in this direction, and its worst has only set Harvey's merits in a clearer light.

Harvey discovered the *fact* of the circulation; but he did not discover the *course* of the circulation, nor the *causes* of the circulation. He knew that the blood was carried from the heart through the arteries to the tissues, and from the tissues through the veins and lungs back again to the place whence it started. But he knew not *how* the blood passed from arteries to veins; he knew not *why* the blood thus moved. In our day science is in possession of the exact *course* of the circulation, but the exact *causes* are still under question. We know that the circulating system consists of heart, arteries, capillaries, veins, and lymphatics. Harvey knew not the capillaries and lymphatics; so that his knowledge of the *course*

taken by the blood was necessarily incomplete. To put the reader in possession of what is now known on this subject, and to enable an estimate to be formed of what Harvey discovered, we will first take a rapid view of the circulation.

The heart, as the great centre, shall be our point of departure. It is composed of four cavities: two antechambers, or *auricles*, and two chambers, or *ventricles*. Into the right auricle the blood is poured by the veins; it passes thence into the right ventricle, and is driven therefrom, by a strong contraction, along the *pulmonary artery** into the lungs. Here it comes in contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and changes from venous into arterial blood. It now passes along the *pulmonary veins* into the left auricle of the heart, thence into the left ventricle, from which it is driven by a powerful contraction, into the arteries. The pulsing torrent rushes through the arteries to the various tissues, where it passes into the network of capillary vessels described in our last Paper. Having served the purposes of Nutrition, the blood continues its course along these capillaries into the veins. Here the stream is joined by that of the lymphatics, which, like the roots of a plant in the earth, absorb lymph from the organs in which they arise. This confluence of streams hurries on till the blood is emptied into the right auricle, from which it originally started; and thus is the circuit completed.

The story of this discovery is one of the most interesting and instructive in the whole range of science, and it has recently been re-written by M. Flourens in a very agreeable style.† He declares that before him no one had accurately narrated it. In some sense this is true; but there are important omissions in his own account; and while availing ourselves of his labours, we shall endeavour to complete them. It is a

story whose episodes extend over not less than seventeen centuries; and the two centuries that have elapsed since the discovery, have not sufficed entirely to complete it. Seventeen centuries is a vast span of time for the elaboration of the discovery of a fact which, now we know it, seems so obvious that our marvel is why it was ever unknown; and the moral of the story lies precisely there, teaching, as it does, the remarkable servility of the mind in the presence of established opinions, and the difficulty which is felt, even by eminent men, in seeing plain facts, so hoodwinked are we by our preconceived notions. To those who are unfamiliar with the practical parts of science, it seems singular that men should continue acquiescent in errors so baseless that they vanish immediately they are challenged: and to men who have never trained themselves in the difficult and delicate art of Observation, it seems singular that facts, extremely simple when observed, should continue to be overlooked. But the truth is, observers are at all times rare, because *new* observation requires singular independence of mind; and, unhappily, those who never made an observation themselves, are always ready to dispute the accuracy of new observations made by others.

In the case now before us, there were three capital errors, which for seventeen centuries masked the fact of circulation; and the reader will probably learn with surprise what those errors were. The first error was, that the arteries did not contain blood. The second error was, that the two chambers of the heart communicated with each other by means of holes in the septum dividing them. The third error was, that the veins carried the blood to the various parts of the body. How was it possible that errors so flagrant as these could have maintained their ground a single day after men began seriously to examine the subject. It was obvious that air did enter the body, and

* Although the blood is still venous, this vessel is called an artery; for vessels do not receive their names from the nature of the blood they carry, but from the nature of their distribution. Those which carry blood from the heart are called arteries; those which carry blood to the heart are called veins.

† FLOURENS: *Histoire de la Découverte de la Circulation du Sang*. 1854.

the windpipe. ... in the ... that the air, ... the trachea and ... and continue its ... vessels. When ... body were ex- ... round empty, and ... arteries were chosen ... channels; hence their ... "from *app* and ... occurred to the phi- ... air and blood might ... along the arteries; and ... demonstrated the fact ... arteries did carry blood, he ... to deny the presence of air. ... then, becomes of the air in- ... Galen said it did not enter ... of the body, but was thrown ... again after performing its office, ... being to *cool* the blood. If you open an artery, said Galen, blood will issue, but not air; whence the conclusion seems inevitable, that the arteries do not contain air, and do contain blood. Modern science has proved that atmospheric air is not contained in the arteries, but only the oxygen thereof, with a slight amount of nitrogen, and a certain amount of carbonic acid gas. But as the composition of the atmosphere was not suspected in the days of Galen, the presence of blood, and the absence of air, were facts so firmly established by him, that, in spite of all antagonistics, they finally assumed the place of incontestable truths.

Here, then, we see one error removed. The others still remained. Galen, and all his successors, maintained that the two chambers of the heart communicated directly by means of holes in their septum; an opinion perfectly intelligible when we learn that it rested on a theoretical assumption. Theory wanted the fact, and men saw the fact they wanted. Theory distinguished between venous blood, and *spirituous* or arterial blood. The venous blood nourished all the coarser organs, such as the liver. The spirituous blood nourished all the delicate organs, such as the lungs. In our day we should demand some proof, before accepting such a theory; but

the ancients had a very vague idea of the necessity and the nature of proof: so long as an opinion was logical and plausible, it was held to be irresistible. The spirituous element was supposed to be formed in the left ventricle of the heart; but inasmuch as even venous blood requires some of the spirit for the purposes of nutrition, it was necessary that the two bloods should mingle; and, to meet this necessity, holes were assumed in the partition dividing the two ventricles. So deeply impressed were anatomists with reverence for what Galen had said, and what theory required, that they one and all *acquiesced* the holes—which do not exist. Berenger de Carpi had, indeed, an uneasy doubt on the subject, which he naively expressed in the admission that they were only to be seen with great difficulty—*cum maxima difficultate videntur*; but, by straining the eyes sufficiently, he doubtless saw what Galen required him to see—as thousands daily see what they believe they ought to see. The first man who had sufficient strength of mind to use his eyes, and say what he saw, was Vesalius,* the father of modern anatomy, for whom Titian drew the figures which illustrate his work.

This was the second error overthrown in 1543. The third error—namely, that of the veins carrying the blood *to* the tissues—was somewhat more complex. If the venous and arterial bloods do not mingle in the heart, where do they mingle? We know it is in the lungs that the one passes into the other; but it was an immense discovery to make; and there is something piquant in the fact that it was first divined by a restless and daring theologian, whom Calvin burned, with affectionate zeal, for speculations of another kind. Michael Servetus was the first to announce the existence of the pulmonary circulation: and he announced this in the *Christianismi Restitutio*, a work which was burned by the theologians. Two copies of this work exist: one, still reddened and partly consumed by the flames, is in the Royal Library of Paris; and copious extracts from it are

* VESALIUS: *Opera Omnia*, edit. 1725, i. 519.

printed by M. Flourens in his "History." Nothing can be less equivocal than the description given by Servetus of the passage of the blood from the heart to the lungs, "where it is agitated, prepared, changes its colour, and is poured from the pulmonary artery into the pulmonary vein."^{*}

This idea was as novel as it was true; but we cannot agree with M. Flourens in regarding this as a discovery, in the strict sense of the terms; for although Servetus had some notion of the anatomical evidence furnished by the large calibre of the pulmonary artery, which enables it to carry a far greater quantity of blood than could be needed for the nutrition of the lungs, yet we have only to read the passages in which he describes this pulmonary circulation to perceive that he had no accurate idea of it: he speaks confidently of the nerves being continuations of the arteries, and describes with grave precision how the air passes from the nose into the ventricles of the brain and how the devil takes the same route to lay siege to the soul. All we can say is, that Servetus made one lucky guess among his numerous guesses by no means of the lucky kind. He announced the fact of the pulmonary circulation, and may receive from History the whole credit of such priority; he also guessed rightly that in the lungs and not in the liver, the blood received its elaboration, passing from venous into arterial. But whatever merit may be assigned to Servetus, no influence can be attributed to his discovery, since both he and his treatise were roasted by Calvin, and no one heard of the pulmonary circulation. Six years afterwards, Realdo Colombo re-discovered the pulmonary circulation;† and that the discovery was ready to be made on all sides, is

seen in the fact of its being also made by Cæsalpinus, the great botanist, who does not seem to have been aware of what Colombo had written, since he makes no mention of him, and as M. Flourens observes, *le grand mérite est toujours probe*. Cæsalpinus, moreover, was the first to pronounce the phrase "circulation of the blood."[‡]

Here the reader may ask, What further remained for Harvey to discover? and it may surprise him to hear the answer: Everything! Such is pretty nearly the fact. The pulmonary circulation takes place only through a small arc of the great circle traversed by the blood. Besides this arc, there is the other greater arc, through which the *systemic* or general circulation, takes its course; and of this no one except Cæsalpinus had even a suspicion. Every one supposed that the veins carried the blood to the tissues, and nourished them; no one suspected that this function was reserved for the arteries, and that the veins carried the blood only to the heart. It was thought that the arteries had their origin in the heart, and the veins in the liver; from the liver the veins carried the blood to every part. A single fact, familiar to every surgeon, and to every barber who ever opened a vein, ought to have revealed the error; since every time a ligature was applied, the operator must have seen that the vein swelled *below* the ligature, and not *above* it, from which the deduction seems obvious that the blood in the vein flowed to the heart, and not *from* it. But here, as in so many other cases, familiar facts were not *observed*; they were seen, but not interpreted. Cæsalpinus was the first who observed it; but he has only the merit of having suspected the cause to be the current setting towards the heart.§ His suspicion was not a demonstration; and we are

* "Fit autem communicatio hæc, non per parietem cordis medium, ut vulgo creditur. Sed magno artificio a dextro cordis ventriculo, longo per pulmones ductu, agitur sanguinis subtilis; a pulmonibus preparatur, flavus efficitur, et a vena arteriosa in arteriam venosam transfunditur."

† COLUMBO: *De re Anatomica*, edit. 1672, p. 325.

‡ CÆSALPINUS: *Quæst. Peripitæ*, epit. 1593, lib. v. p. 125. Flourens gives the passage, as well as that from Colombo.

§ "Qui tument vense ultra vinculum, non citrà. Debuisset autem opposito modo contingere, si motus sanguinis et spiritus a visceribus fit in totum corpus." *Questionum Medicarum*, lib. ii. p. 234.

... saying, ...
... to ...
... not de-
... the dif-
... and a de-
... as that be-
... an unwritten
... and the fame
... achieved. If
... achievements, the
... could be thronged
... of heroes. De-
... that the reason why
... have denied the
... is because they
... what he had said in
... *De Plantis*.* Now, if
... to the passage in ques-
... we shall see how far the
... really was from the truth, and
... near his guess went to the
... in animals, we see the food
... by the veins to the heart, as
... centre of innate heat; and there
... acquired its final perfection,
... distributed over the whole body
... through the arteries, by the agency of
... spirit, which is engendered in the
... heart by this same food." Easy as it
... for us to read into this passage al-
... all that we understand by the
... circulation, a close historical criticism
... in it nothing but a guess;
... and, as Bérard remarks, we ought
... not to confound two such vague
... statements as these, themselves re-
... quiring demonstration, and by Cæsalpinus
... himself subsequently contra-
... dicted, with the clear ideas, and
... imposing proofs, on which Harvey
... established his discovery.† The con-
... vincing evidence of Harvey's origi-
... nality is, that not only was this
... guess advanced by Cæsalpinus with-
... out any influence on the theories of
... that day, in spite of his deserved
... authority; but when Harvey promul-
... gated his theory, he found all over
... Europe, the greatest difficulty in
... getting it accepted. Bérard main-
... tains, that so far from any one before

Harvey having had a clear idea of the true theory, no one had even accurately conceived the true theory of pulmonary circulation; for although Servetus, Colombo, and Cæsalpinus knew that the blood passed through the lungs, they fancied only so much passed as was necessary for the reception of the "vital spirits,"—a quantity which their predecessors fancied took its course through the perforated septum of the heart. But they had no conception of the entire mass of blood traversing the lungs; and even had they known so much they would have been wholly at a loss to say whence it came, and whither it went. It was necessary to understand the whole circulation before any part of it could accurately be understood.

The discovery that the veins had valves, opening and closing like doors, brought the discovery of the circulation within compass. It was made in 1574 by Fabricius d'Acquapendente, under whom Harvey studied at Padua. These valves, preventing any flow from the heart, but admitting the flow to the heart, ought to have suggested to their discoverer the true interpretation of their use. But five-and-forty years elapsed before any one arose, who had the sagacity to perceive the real value of this anatomical structure in respect to the blood-currents; and during these five-and-forty years everything that had been discovered or surmised respecting the circulation, was familiar to every anatomist of the great Paduan school in which Harvey studied; nevertheless, when Harvey promulgated his theory, it was vehemently opposed. In 1619 he first publicly taught what he had discovered; and in 1628 he published, for the benefit of Europe, his celebrated treatise, *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*, which may justly be called the basis

* DE BLAINVILLE: *Hist. des Sciences de l'Organisation*, ii. 227—a statement repeated by ISIDORE GEOFFROY ST. HILAIRE: *Histoire Générale des Règnes Organiques*, i. 44.

† CÆSALPINUS: *De Plantis*, i., c. 2, p. 3.—"In animalibus videmus alimentum per venas duci ad cor tanquam ad officinam caloris insiti, et adeptâ inhiberi ultimâ perfectione, per arterias in universum corpus distribui agente spiritu, qui ex eodem alimento in corde gignitur."

‡ BÉRARD: *Cours de Physiol.*, iii. 581. MILNE EDWARDS: *Leçons sur la Phys. et l'Anat. comparée*, iii. 20.

of modern physiology. That the theory was new, and would be opposed as a heresy, no one more clearly divined than he did.* The greatness of the discovery, and the force of genius required to make it, can only be appreciated by those who, familiar with the state of opinion in those days, read the evidence and arguments by which Harvey established his doctrine. It is true that he appeared at a peculiar epoch, when the confluence of various discoveries rendered his discovery possible; but that a man of genius was necessary to interpret and co-ordinate those discoveries, is evident in the fact, that no one except Harvey had, for nearly half a century, seen the significance of the facts.

Here, however, a caution must be interposed. The importance of the valves has been greatly exaggerated, and their real bearing on Harvey's discovery misconceived. They are thought to have rendered the discovery facile, because, inasmuch as they prevent the blood from flowing backwards, while permitting it to flow outwards, the idea of the circulation, it is said, must necessarily have emerged from the contemplation of them. Against this supposition there is one decisive fact: no one *did* deduce the conclusion which is thus said to lie so ready. Moreover, in many cases, circulation takes place entirely without their aid. There are no valves in the veins of the Invertebrata,† none in the veins of fishes and reptiles, and very few in birds; yet the circulation is as complete in these animals as in man. Nay, even in man the chief veins are destitute of valves, although writers on Natural Theology, and even better-informed physiologists, are in the habit of speaking of them as if they were universal and indispensable; it may, therefore, be useful to mention, that there are no valves whatever in the great venous trunks—the *venæ cavæ*, and portal veins—none in the hepatic, renal, and uterine veins—none in the

brachio-cephalic, spinal, and iliac veins, and they are rarely present in the azygos and intercostal veins.

M. Flourens says, that when Harvey appeared everything had been suspected or indicated, but nothing established. This seems to us even less than the truth, for we cannot persuade ourselves that any one had the slightest conception of the process. Acquapendente could make nothing of the valves he had detected. He thought their office was simply to prevent a too great accumulation of blood in the lower parts of the body, and a diminution from the upper parts. Colombo thought with his contemporaries, that the veins had their origin in the liver, and carried blood to the tissues. Cæsalpinus, in spite of his recognition of pulmonary circulation, thought the blood also passed from the right chamber of the heart to the left. But Harvey not only conceived a clear idea of the process, he described it minutely and accurately. He noticed the successive contractions of each auricle and ventricle, which forced the blood into the ventricle, when the auricle contracted, and forced it from the ventricle into the lungs, when the ventricle contracted: a process repeated on the left side with the aerated blood. And at each passage of the blood from one cavity to another, there were the valves, or "little doors" (*ostiola*) opening to let the current pass, and closing to prevent its reflux. He described the course of the blood along the arteries, which he attributed to the pulsations of the heart; and in this, instead of in Galen's "pulsific virtue," he recognised the cause of the blood's movement.

By Harvey the overthrow of ancient authority was completed. Men dared no longer swear by Galen—they swore by Harvey, who had discovered the greatest fact in the animal economy, a fact totally unknown and unsuspected by Galen, or any other ancient. The new era had com-

* "*Adeo iis nova erunt et inaudita, ut nos solum ex invidia querundam ætænam malum mihi, sed vereor ne habeam inimicas omnes homines, tantum consuetudo aut semel inhibita doctrina, altisque defixa radicibus, quasi altera natura apud omnes valet, et antiquitatis veneranda opinio cogit.*"—*Exercit. p. 88.*

† In the aorta of the *Eolis* there is a semi-lunar valve.

menced. It was not in the nature of things for the old system quietly to accept the new; accordingly, the opposition was loud and vehement. Like many other parts of this history, and like most oppositions to new doctrines, it has been immensely exaggerated by historians, and by writers who have chosen it as a theme for rhetoric. It is true that the Faculty rejected the new doctrine. But it is no less true that eminent men accepted it with enthusiasm. If Guy Patin was caustic in opposition, Molière laughed at Guy Patin's prejudice; and Boileau ridiculed the Faculty. Some anatomists accepted the doctrine, and the great Descartes warmly espoused it.* Swammerdam and Malpighi, two of the great names of the century, speak of Harvey with reverence; and soon no one spoke of him in any other tone.

It is impossible to read Harvey's work without the highest admiration for the scientific genius it displays, and the conviction that here the circulation was not only demonstrated, but for the first time conceived. The experiments and arguments by which he establishes the fact, are still worthy of study, as models of investigation. But there were necessary gaps in his doctrine. The *course* of the circulation was not known to him, could not indeed have been discovered by any instruments at his disposal. He supposed the blood passed from arteries to veins by two paths, either through anastomosis (that is to say, the arteries opening directly into veins), or through the porosities of the parts—*aut porositates carnis et partium solidarum pervias sanguini*. He thought it necessary that so much of the blood as was required by the tissues for their nutrition, should remain behind in the tissues, and the rest be carried onwards to the heart. The error is considerable;

and its bearings on the theory of the circulation will be appreciated by any one who reflects on the fact that venous and arterial blood being so obviously distinguished, it is necessary that the passage of the one into the other should be demonstrated—not surmised—before the theory of the circulation can be accepted as complete; for any one might reasonably assume that the blood in the veins is altogether another fluid from that in the arteries, and not merely another state of that fluid. This, indeed, *was* assumed by the adversaries of Harvey; and has found supporters even in our own day. Burdach cites two German physiologists—Willbrand and Runge—whom he thinks worthy of refutation, and who maintained that arterial blood was transformed in a mass into the tissues, and that venous blood was the re-transformed tissues. Unless the passage of the blood into the veins be clearly traced, there can be no reason against supposing that the veins simply absorb from the tissues, in the same way as the lymphatics and lacteals absorb their fluid. To prove that the blood makes a circuit, that circuit must be traced; and Harvey plainly declares that, with all his diligence, he could not succeed in tracing any connection between arteries and veins; in only three places did he find them presenting anything like an anastomosis; in every other place he imagined porosities.

Nor, with the means at his disposal, *could* Harvey have traced the complete course of the blood. The Microscope was needed; and the first to employ the microscope in such researches was Malpighi, who, four years after Harvey's death, in 1661, detected those capillaries which form the channel of communication between arteries and veins. He says

* The culpable carelessness with which history is often written, is exhibited in the criticism of M. ISIDORE ST. HILAIRE: *Hist. des Règnes Organiques*, i. 49; on the passage in CUVIER, *Hist. des Sciences Nat.*, ii. 53, where Harvey is said to have the rare happiness of seeing his discovery accepted by Descartes. M. St. Hilaire remarks that this is an error, because Harvey died in 1657, and Descartes did not publish his *Traité de l'Homme* until 1662. This remark is doubly unfortunate. Descartes having expressed his adherence to the doctrine in his very first work, *Discours de la Méthode*; and Harvey having, in his Second Reply to Riolan, expressed his gratification at this flattering approval of Descartes.

that, at first, he thought the blood poured out from the minute arteries in streams, without detecting any vessels for these streams; but afterwards he detected the distinct walls of these vessels; and he describes the modes of examining them in the lung of the frog. Their reticular arrangement on the pulmonary cells is well described by him.* Nevertheless, in 1668, Leewenhoek describes them as if previously they had been quite unknown. "I used every means I could devise," he says, "to see the complete circulation of the blood—namely, that one of the smallest of those vessels which we call veins, arose from another which is called an artery, and afterwards conveyed its contents to a larger vein; but I found this to be impossible, for when I followed the course of the artery until it became so small as only to admit of one or two globules to pass through it at a time, I then lost sight of it." This was in the wing of a bat; but subsequently he was more fortunate with the tail of a tadpole: "a sight presented itself more delightful than any that my eyes had ever beheld; for here I discovered more than fifty circulations of the blood in different places. I saw that not only the blood in many places was conveyed through exceedingly minute vessels from the middle of the tail towards the edges, but that each of these vessels had a curve or turning, and carried the blood back towards the middle of the tail, in order to be conveyed to the heart. Hereby it appeared plainly to me that the blood-vessels I now saw in this animal, and which bear the names of arteries and veins, are, in fact, one and the same—that is to say, that they are properly termed arteries so long as they conveyed the blood to the farthest extremities of its vessels, and veins when they bring it back towards the heart."† Thus, then, was the demonstration of the course of the blood completed; and we must confess that it is with surprise we find all historians over-

looking the great gap in the doctrine which had been left by Harvey, a gap only filled up by Malpighi and Leewenhoek in their discoveries of these capillaries forming the true passage of arterial to venous blood.

It is necessary to bear in mind that the capillaries are a distinct set of vessels, differing from the arteries and veins which they connect, in their anatomical structure, and in their arrangement as a network. Bichat was the first who systematically conceived them as a distinct system; but their structure was not known until investigated by Henle, in 1841, and by subsequent histologists. The existence of these vessels is not only important to the theory of the circulation, but is even more important to the theory of nutrition; since it assures us that not only does the blood truly circulate, but circulates in a system of *closed* vessels, so that only by oozing through the walls of those vessels can it reach the tissues, and nourish them. Indeed, those who imagined that the blood was poured on to the tissues, were not aware that blood under such circumstances would act like a foreign substance: instead of nourishing, it would destroy. If the reader feels any difficulty in understanding how the blood can ooze through the walls of the vessels in sufficient quantities for the purposes of nutrition, he is referred to any work on Chemistry, which will explain to him the laws of Endosmosis, or the passage of fluids through animal membranes; and having there learned with what facility this passage takes place when the membrane separates two fluids of unequal density, he will be prepared to understand how it takes place even in the blood-vessels of the Slug, which have a continuous layer of *chalk* forming their middle tunica—a fact which considerably surprised us when we first observed it. In other animals the walls of the blood-vessels are more delicate, and the capillaries form a network of vessels, each being about the

* MALPIGHI: *Epist. II. de Pulmonibus*, in *Opera Omnia*, ii. 327 of the 4to. edition. From the *Opera Posthuma*, p. 9, it appears that the date of this discovery was 1661.

† LEEWENHOEK, *Select Works*, i. 92.

two-thousandth of an inch in calibre.*

Harvey did not live to hear of the Capillaries; but there is another system of vessels, of which indeed he heard, although he failed to appreciate their significance. We allude to the Lymphatics, or Absorbents. They are minute vessels, abounding in all the viscera, rare in the muscles, and not yet detected in the nervous centres; when they rise from the alimentary canal, they are called *Lacteals*, or chyliferous vessels, and as such were, until quite recently, supposed to be the channels for the conveyance of the chyle to the blood. We know now that this chyle is not the quintessence of the digested food, and that the lacteals differ from all other lymphatics in carrying a larger proportion of fat, which gives their fluid its milky aspect during digestion. Lymph is blood without the cells—plasma, in short. Chyle is lymph with the addition of fat, and perhaps also the addition of some other products of digestion. Lymph contains albumen, fibrine, fat, salts, and extractive matters, like the blood: and, like the blood, it coagulates at certain temperatures. The chief differences between lymph and blood are the absence of the cells, and the presence of a greater proportion of water. By absorbing the water from the tissues, lymph leaves the plasma in a more concentrated state. Lymph is one of the streams which sets towards the heart, and joins the venous current.

The discovery of the Lymphatics is due to Aselli, Pecquet, Rudbeck, and Bartholin. Anatomists taught that there were three kinds of vessels in the body: the veins, which carried blood; the arteries, which carried spirituous blood; and the nerves, which carried "animal spirits." To the surprise of all, the news came that an Italian anatomist, Aselli, had discovered a fourth kind which carried the chyle. This discovery was announced in 1622—three years after Harvey first announced his discovery, but six years before his book was

published. Aselli was dissecting a dog, and, to his surprise, on opening the abdomen he saw a network of delicate white vessels. What could they be? Did they contain the chyle? He pricked one, and, in a transport of delight, exclaimed *Eureka!* as he saw a milky fluid flowing out. But on opening another dog, he was greatly discouraged, for there was not a vessel of the kind to be seen. Had he been deceived? Was his joy premature? In this perplexity it occurred to him that the first dog had been fed a little while before he was opened; whereas the second dog was fasting. With the insight of genius, Aselli detected here the clue which might lead him to the truth. He fed another dog; four hours afterwards he opened it, and had the intense satisfaction of once more seeing the milky vessels.

But although Aselli made Europe aware of a new system of vessels, which he named *Lacteals*, he failed to trace their issue. He thought they conducted the chyle to the liver. In 1648, a French anatomist, Pecquet, distrusting the conclusions of that "mute and frigid science," as he calls the dissection of dead bodies, determined to seek the truth in the living organism, and began a series of vivisections. He was rewarded by the discovery of the course taken by the chyle in the lacteals, as it passes into the reservoir, still named after him, and along the thoracic duct, to be poured into the subclavian vein, and thence, mingled with the blood, into the heart. In 1650, Rudbeck, a young Swede, discovered the lymphatics in the liver, and their connection with the reservoir of the chyle. In 1652, Bartholin, another Frenchman, completed this discovery by finding the lymphatics in the viscera and limbs, and by tracing them into a common trunk. These discoveries, following in such quick succession, greatly disturbed the equanimity of the Faculty, whose members swore by Galen, and could not tolerate the idea of the ancients being supposed to have overlooked

* The calibre varies in different parts: in some it is as high as $\frac{1}{1250}$ of an inch, in others as low as $\frac{1}{1700}$, or even less; but the average is estimated at from $\frac{1}{2000}$ to $\frac{1}{3000}$.

anything. "Un chacun invente à présent!" was the indignant sarcasm of Riolan, the most renowned teacher of that day—the only adversary whom Harvey condescended to answer, and of whom he stood in such awe, that, even when answering his attacks, he declares the book which contains those attacks, "will live for ever, and when marble shall have mouldered, will proclaim to posterity the glory which belongs to your name."*

Harvey knew indeed of the existence of the lacteals, and says that he had observed them before Aselli published his book. But he denied that they contained the chyle, and he is twitted by Riolan for his disbelief. In consequence of this, a tradition has come down, that Harvey showed the same spirit of opposition towards the novelties of others, as was shown by others towards the novelties he advocated; but this is a mistake. If the reader will turn to Harvey's letter to Dr. Morison of Paris, he will see a very circumstantial and temperate exposition of the objections which Harvey felt against the notion of the lacteals conveying the chyle: many of these objections are of great force, and still remain unshaken. His chief error is, in supposing that the fluid in the lacteals is milk. But he insists very properly that it should be demonstrated that this fluid is really chyle brought from the intestines, and that it supplies nourishment to the whole body; "for unless we are agreed upon this point, all discussion is vain." Subsequent investigations have cleared up what was obscure, and have shown that the lacteals convey lymph mingled with fat, and that the lymphatics convey whatever they can absorb from the tissues, in which they are imbedded like the roots of a tree in the earth. The lacteal and lymphatic streams are confluent with the great venous streams, and thus form part of the circulation.

From this exposition of the march of discoveries, it is clear that Harvey did not discover what *we* mean by the circulation of the blood; but he discovered the great fact, that the

blood does circulate, propelled from the heart along the arteries, and back to the heart and lungs through the veins. Having thus shown that he did not discover the real *course* of the circulation, we have now to show that he did not discover its real *cause*. Before doing so it will be interesting to remark, that in one important respect he was behind Servetus, for he thought that the blood returned to the heart as a fountain, there to receive the additions necessary to its perfection—*tanquam ad fontem sive ad lares corporis, perfectionis recuperanda causa reverti*. Servetus correctly stated that it was in the lungs, and not in the heart, that this perfection was attained. Instead of perceiving that arterial blood acquired its bright colour by its exposure to the air, Harvey maintained that this colour was owing to the lighter part being "strained" from the heavier in its passage through minute openings. "In blood-letting, when the blood forcibly escapes to a distance in a full stream, it is thicker and darker; but when flowing from a small orifice, drop by drop, it is brighter because it is then strained, and the thinner portion alone escapes." We know that the difference is owing to a more perfect exposure of the whole mass to the air when it issues slowly in drops, and that is why the blood is then of a brighter hue. Harvey, having no suspicion of this atmospheric influence, is driven to ingenious devices to explain the change of colour. "In the lungs," he says, "it is more fluid than in the arteries, because it is strained through the pulmonary tissue." His notion of the office of the lungs was, that they served to *cool* the blood, "and prevent it from boiling up."

What is it which causes the blood to circulate? The heart, answers an unhesitating reader. That the heart pumps blood incessantly into the arteries, and that this pumping must drive the stream onwards with great force, there is no doubt; but although one puissant agent in the circulation, the heart is not the sole agent; and the more we study this

* *Exercit. de Circul. ad Riolanum, 1649; last paragraph.*

difficult question, the more our doubts gather round the explanation. Let a few of the difficulties be stated. There have been cases of men and animals born without a heart; these "acardiac monsters" did not live, indeed could not live; but they had grown and developed in the womb, and consequently their blood must have circulated. In most of these cases there has been a twin embryo, which was perfect; and the circulation in both was formerly attributed to the heart of the one; but it has been fully established that this is not the case. Further "it has occasionally been noticed that a degeneration in the structure of the heart has taken place, during life, to such an extent that scarcely any muscular tissue could at last be detected in it, but without any such interruption to the circulation as must have been anticipated if this organ furnishes the sole impelling force."* On the other hand, an influence acting on the capillaries will give a complete check to the action of the heart, although that organ is itself perfectly healthy and vigorous. The circulation in the liver is peculiar, since a complete circuit is there performed by the blood, yet no heart, or pulsating organ, is found in that circle; the small vessels which belong to the intestine converge into a large trunk, and this portal vein on entering the liver ramifies over it in the manner of an artery—that is to say, it branches and branches into the minutest subdivisions, and terminates in capillaries; these once more converge into venous trunks, and carry the altered blood from the liver. Here is a complete circle, analogous to that larger circle which traverses the whole body. It is indeed, very like that found in the fish. The fish has a heart, it is true, but that heart only drives the blood into the gills, not into the rest of the body—it is a pulmonary, not a systemic heart. The blood, aerated in the capillaries of the gills, descends through them

into the aorta, *not* into the heart: and from the aorta it passes to the rest of the body, from whence it returns through veins to the heart. Those who have never watched with attention the circulation in the capillaries, may perhaps imagine that the mere force of the heart which propels the blood into the gills, will suffice to propel it also through the general circuit. They will see the heart of the fish beating vigorously, and will imagine these pulsations suffice. But this will no longer seem so plausible, if we place the tail or gills of a tadpole, or the foot of a frog, under the microscope, and delight ourselves with the wondrous spectacle. We shall immediately perceive that the blood flows with far greater rapidity in the arteries than in the capillaries; we shall note that, although the heart continues its vigorous pulsations, and the blood in the arteries advances in regular leaps, the currents in the capillaries are very irregular, sometimes momentary arrested, and even reversed. Instead of the leaping rush, we perceive an unsteady flow, which is never at any time equal in rapidity to the flow in the arteries. This capillary retardation is a very important point in the present discussion. Although precise estimates are excessively difficult in such cases, we need accept the estimates yet made as only approximative, and our argument is equally fortified by them, for the difference in the rate is enormous: in the arteries the blood rushes at the rate of a *foot* per *second*; in the capillaries only an *inch* per *minute*.† What does that indicate? It indicates that when the heart has driven the blood along the arteries at rapid rate, there is a considerable retardation occurring in the capillaries, which must call for some new force to restore the rate. When we find the blood of the fish driven into the capillaries of the lungs by the heart, and, in spite of the retardation there experienced, driven from the lungs to all the rest

* CARPENTER: *Human Physiology*, p. 249.

† This is Valentin and Weber's estimate. Draper makes the rate in the capillaries an inch in three minutes, which would imply that the arterial current was 2160 times more rapid than the capillary.

of the body with a newly-acquired velocity, we ask, Whence comes this new velocity? Not from the heart, since that force has been retarded. Clearly then from some other cause.

Nor do the difficulties end here. The heart may be removed in cold-blooded animals, and the capillary circulation will continue for some time, in spite of that removal. I had observed this some time ago; but when preparing this paper for publication, I determined on critically investigating the point; and for this purpose removed the heart of a Triton, with as much care as possible, and found the circulation going on in the tail for some minutes afterwards, nor did it entirely cease on separating the tail from the body.* While the fact was thus indubitable, I had many doubts as to the cause. But the fact is enough for our present purpose; and that it also occurs in warm-blooded animals may be inferred, since after death various processes of secretion, and some even of growth (as of hair, beard, &c.), are known to take place; and this surely implies capillary circulation. "After most kinds of death," says Dr. Carpenter, "the arterial system is found, subsequently to the lapse of a few hours, almost or completely emptied of blood; this is partly, no doubt, the effect of the tonic contraction of the tubes themselves; but the emptying is commonly more complete than could thus be accounted for, and must therefore be partly due to the continuance of the capillary circulation. It has been observed by Dr. Bennet Dowler, that in the bodies of individuals who have died from yellow fever, the external veins frequently become so distended with

blood, *within a few minutes* after the cessation of the heart's action, that when they are opened the blood flows in a good stream, being sometimes projected to the distance of a foot or more. It is not conceivable that the slowly-acting tonicity of the arteries could have produced such a result as this; which can scarcely therefore be attributed to anything else than the sustenance of the capillary circulation by forces generated within itself."

Not further to multiply examples, we may take our stand on these, and pronounce the Harveyan doctrine to be incomplete, since it fails altogether to account for many important phenomena. Whatever influence the action of the heart may exert, it is not the sole cause of the circulation, but only *one* of the causes. But before attempting to assign the other causes, let us see the part actually assignable to the heart.

The motions of the heart consist in the alternate contractions and relaxations of its muscular walls. The process is this: The two antechambers (*auricles*) suddenly contract; immediately afterwards, but while the auricles are still contracted, the two chambers (*ventricles*) also contract, having been powerfully expanded by the rush of blood from the auricles. This contraction is named the *systole* of the heart. It continues for a moment, and is followed by a relaxation of the two auricles, which is immediately succeeded by the relaxation of the two ventricles. This relaxation is named the *diastole*.† During each beat, two sounds may be heard; one dull, which may be imitated by pronouncing the word *lubb*; the other, quick-

* A curious fact connected with this investigation may here find a place. Having some doubts as to the cause of the continued circulation, I proceeded to repeat the experiment with another Triton; but no sooner was the thorax opened than I was seized with a sudden giddiness and faintness, which caused me instantly to throw open the window, and breathe energetically for some minutes; and, of course, to give over the experiment. I should have fainted away, had not the remembrance of a passage in Mr. BUCKLAND'S *Curiosities of Natural History* warned me of the danger. He describes a similar effect as having arisen during his dissection of a Triton recently dead. No smell of any kind gives warning; and it is quite a mystery to what this effect is due. Another noteworthy circumstance is, that the effect is by no means constant. I have dissected many Tritons, but this was the only occasion on which any effect was perceptible.

† Although Harvey describes the process correctly, Haller, and, until quite recently, all succeeding writers, described the contraction of the auricles as coincident

ly succeeding it, has a sharper sound, like *dup*. The former sound is supposed to be due to the contraction of the muscular fibres of the ventricles, and the thump of the heart against the chest; aided, no doubt, by the rush of blood, and the closing of the valves. The latter sound is caused by the shutting of the semilunar valves of the aorta and pulmonary artery.

The number of pulsations varies greatly, not only between different sexes and different individuals, but at different ages and conditions of the same person. The following table shows the average at several epochs:—

	Beats per Minute.	
In the foetus in utero, .	150	to 150
Newly-born infant, .	130	" 140
During the 1st year, .	115	" 130
During the 2d year, .	100	" 115
During the 3d year, .	95	" 105
From the 7th to 14th year, .	80	" 90
From the 14th to 21st year, .	75	" 85
From 21st to 60th year, .	70	" 75
Old age, .	75	" 80

These figures open a wide field for speculation, especially when coupled with the differences noticed between the sexes, the female having greatly the superiority over the male in respect of frequency, her pulse beating from ten to fourteen times a minute beyond that of man. It must be remembered, however, that a quick pulse and a strong pulse are very different things. The rate of the pulse varies at different periods of the day, gradually diminishing from morning to night, and notably declining during sleep. It is quickened during exercise and digestion. It is slower when we lie down than when we sit, slower when we sit than when we stand.

What is it causes the beating of the heart? Haller and his school attributed it to the irritability of the muscular walls, which are stimulated by the presence of the blood. There is this fact in favour of such an hypothesis, namely, that *after* the heart has ceased to beat, and its irritability

is extinct, a little arterial blood injected into it will cause it instantly to resume its pulsations. This, however, is met by another fact, that the heart continues to beat long after it is empty of all blood. Nor is the generally assumed fact correct, that the heart *retains* its irritability longer than any other muscle; for I have found the tail and lower extremities of a Triton preserving their irritability, and, indeed, almost all their vital properties, several hours after the heart had ceased to beat; and Bodge found the amputated leg of a frog retain its irritability as long as the heart.* Not, therefore, by the possession of any greater irritability is the heart distinguished from other organs, but by the possession of a power of spontaneous contraction, such as they do not manifest. Other muscles will contract if some stimulus be applied, but they remain quiescent so long as they are undisturbed. The heart does not remain quiescent. Remove it from the body, and you will see its rhythmic pulsations continuing almost as if it were within a living breast. Cut it longitudinally into two halves, and each half will continue beating;† Cut it across, through both auricles and ventricles, and both sections will beat as before.

This is one of those spectacles that assail the mind of the anatomist with somewhat of a tremulous awe. The beating of the heart, which from his childhood he has learned to associate in some mysterious manner with life and emotion, he here sees occurring under circumstances removed from all possible suggestions of emotion or life. What means those throbbings? They are not the equable movements of life; they are not the agitations of terror; they are not the impulses of instinct. Dead and destroyed is the wondrous mechanism of which this heart but lately formed the mainspring; and yet, beside the inert mass lies this beating organ, as if in the expiring agonies of struggle. Why is this? For many years no

with the relaxation of the ventricles. Dr. Carpenter does so in his last edition, p. 226. The movement is really wave-like, and the contraction passes on from one cavity to another before the relaxation supervenes.

* DONDERS: *Physiologie der Menschen*, vol. i. p. 49.

† Harvey was acquainted with this fact.

explanation could be given. We now know that in the substance of the heart there is a complete little nervous system, consisting of ganglia and nerves. The ganglia are to be found at the base of the auricles and ventricles. One ganglion lies just where the great veins enter the auricles: from this two nerves join two other ganglia, close to the junction of the auricles and ventricles. Nerves are thence distributed through the muscular substance. That it is to this nervous apparatus we are to ascribe the spontaneous activity of the heart is easily proved; for if any part be severed from all connection with the ganglia, the pulsations cease at once in that part; but if any part be severed which still retains a ganglion, the pulsations will continue. The movements during life or death are thus seen to be due to the ganglia. But why these ganglia retain their power after the circulation has been destroyed, and why a similar power is not observable in other ganglia, still remains a problem. It seems certain that the power is only retained during the continuance of those molecular changes which we vaguely name vital; for if the heart be subjected to the influence of foreign gases, or be dipped in oil, its pulsations suddenly cease: on the contrary, if arterial blood be injected long after the cessation of all movement (provided decomposition has not commenced), the contractions are resumed.* It has been observed to beat *in vacuo*; which excludes the idea of the atmosphere being the stimulus that sets it going.

The heart pulsates in the embryo long before it contains blood, and long before any nerves have been developed in it, when, indeed, it is nothing but a mass of cells. Nor have we any evidence of the existence of nerves in those pulsatile sacs which constitute the hearts of the simpler animals: not only is there no evidence of such a structure, but all the evidence is decidedly against our sup-

posing that these pulsatile sacs derive their contractions from nervous influence. Here the reader probably thinks he sees a flagrant contradiction in our statements. We first do our utmost to show that the heart contracts only under nervous agency, and we then quietly assert that the embryonic heart, no less than the heart of various animals, is under no such agency whatever, yet it pulsates with a vigour not to be gainsaid. But the contradiction is only apparent. The student of Physiology must expect to meet with such at every stage of inquiry. Extending his investigations into the vast field of animal life, he will gradually learn that Contractility is one of the vital properties of tissue, which may be excited by *various* stimuli. We happen to know with tolerable certainty, that, in the heart of the complex animal, the stimulus acts through the agency of a nervous system; in the embryonic heart of that animal, or in the permanent heart of simpler animals, we do not know the agency by which the stimulus is conveyed, nor do we know what the stimulus is.

Before quitting this beating heart, we may remark, that while on the one hand the pulsations are not in themselves evidence of life, on the other hand their cessation is no evidence of death, but only one among the many signs of death. When death follows on a long or painful illness, the irritability of the heart vanishes almost with the vanishing breath; but if the decease be sudden, the heart will continue beating for some time afterwards. Harless observed it beating in the body of a decapitated murderer an hour after the execution. Margo found the right auricle beating two hours and a half after the execution, although not a trace of irritability could be detected in the other parts of the heart. Dietrich, Gerlach, and Herz, found that both ventricles contracted, if one were irritated, forty minutes after death.† Remak observed the rhythmic contractions in

* Harvey says that one day, after the heart of a pigeon had ceased to beat, he placed his finger on it wetted with saliva, and in a short time, under the influence of this "fermentation," as he calls it, the heart recovered its vigour, and both auricles and ventricles pulsated.

† DOWDERS: *Physiology*, i. 49.

the hearts of birds and mammals two days after death; and Em. Rousseau mentions that a woman's heart had these rhythmic movements seven-and-twenty hours after she had been guillotined. It is not always, indeed, that the pulsations cease even when the death has been gradual. Vesalius had a terrible experience of this. That great anatomist, who had nobly braved so much odium because he would not, as his predecessors had done, content himself with the dissection of animals, but suffered his scalpel to traverse the complexities of the human frame, one day opened the body of a young nobleman, whose medical attendant he had been, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of his death. Imagine the horror which ran through all present at the sight of the heart still equably beating! Vesalius was accused of having dissected a live man; nor was the accusation unreasonable in those days. He had to appear before the Inquisition, and narrowly he escaped with his life. A pilgrimage to the Holy Land was his punishment; but he never outlived the scandal created by this unfortunate occurrence.

Having made ourselves acquainted with the action of the heart, let us now inquire into its influence on the circulation. Every time the blood is pumped into the arteries a pressure is exerted, the force of which is estimated at thirteen pounds. This pressure, being on a column of liquid, it will, by the known laws of hydrostatics, not only drive that liquid onwards, but will also cause a great *lateral* pressure, and thus distend the arterial tubes. These tubes are eminently elastic, owing to the elastic tissue of their outer tunic. They are also eminently contractile, owing to the muscular tissue of their inner tunic. The elasticity is a physical property, and continues after death. The contractility is a vital property, and vanishes with the disappearance of the molecular changes of Nutrition: it is consequently under the influence of the nervous system. Although the arteries are elastic and contractile throughout their whole length, they are so in varying degrees: the elasticity decreases, and the contractility

increases, as the vessels become smaller in calibre. What follows? Why, that when fresh blood is impetuously poured into them from the heart, they expand to receive it, and no sooner is the pressure taken off, by the reopening of the ventricles, than muscular contraction once more restores the arteries to their former size, and in so doing forces the column of blood onwards. The heart's influence is thus decomposed into two portions: one, which is of momentary duration, lasting no longer than the contraction of the heart; another which is occupied in expanding the artery. This second action is not lost, because the contraction of the artery gives it back to the blood. At each injection of blood there is a pulsation. The distension does not occur at the same instant in all the arteries; those nearest the heart yield first, and those more distant a little later. There is, consequently, a *wave of distension* passing along the whole length of the vessel, and another *wave of motion* in the blood itself. The interval of wave-motion from the heart to the wrist is only one-seventh of a second. The sudden impact, and continuous pressure which the column of blood thus receives, suffice to carry it with great velocity to the network of capillaries, which, be it observed, are elastic, but *not* contractile. In them a very noticeable change occurs. Instead of the rushing, leaping movement, which characterises the flow in the arteries, we observe an equable current of much less velocity: it no longer jets like a spring, it wanders like a canal. The absence of contractility in the capillaries prevents their assisting in driving the blood onwards; and when we reflect that the capillary area traversed by the blood is five hundred times greater than the arterial area, and further reflect that, after traversing the capillaries, it has to pass through the veins to the heart, we shall be forced to admit that some new force originates in the capillary area capable of effecting such a movement.

What is that new force which comes into play when the force of the heart is nearly spent? A perfectly satisfactory answer to this question cannot, perhaps, be given

in the present state of science; but we think the hypothesis of Professor Draper is by many degrees the nearest approach to such an answer.* He grounds it on a well-known physical law, namely, that if two fluids communicate in a capillary tube, which have different degrees of affinity for the walls of that tube, the fluid having the highest affinity for the tube will drive the other fluid before it. The two fluids in the blood-vessels are arterial and venous, and the greater affinity of arterial blood for the tissues, causes it to drive the venous blood onwards.

Professor Draper commences by applying this principle to the circulation of the sap in the cells of plants. In the nucleated cell of the *chara*, for instance, a current is observed moving steadily towards the nucleus, and then away from it, coming round again with perfect regularity; but as there is much that is hypothetical in his views of the function of the nucleus, and as the exposition of his views on this point would lead us too far, we content ourselves with referring the curious reader to the work itself, and pass on to the more readily acceptable illustrations of the theory.

"The motions of the sap in plants are clearly dependent on this principle. Leaving out of consideration the minor movements which take place for special purposes, or at specific epochs in the development, it may be truly said that the nutritive changes occurring in the leaf are the primary cause of the motion; for as the ascending sap presents itself on the sky-face of the leaf, it receives carbon under the influence of the sunlight from the air, and becomes converted into a gummy glutinous liquid. And just as in the pores of a bladder, or in those of any pervious mineral, pure water will drive out gum water, and occupy the pore, so will the ascending sap expel the gummy solution from the capillary tubes or intercellular spaces of the leaf. As fast as this takes place the active liquid becomes inactive, by itself changing into a gummy solution, and the movement is perpetuated. And this ensues not only in the leaf but in every part of the plant; the liquid to be changed presses upon that which has changed, and forces it onwards."

The motion of the blood depends on the same principle. The arterial blood, charged with oxygen, passes to all parts of the body in search of organic particles, for which it has affinity. No sooner is this affinity satisfied, than the blood becomes venous, and is pressed onwards by the eager column behind. "In my view of this subject, it is therefore the arterialisation of the blood in the lungs which is the cause of the circulation. I consider the circulation as the consequence of respiration; and though, in one sense, the minor causes are numerous, each portion of nervous material, each muscular fibre, every secreting cell, working its own way—these subordinate actions are all referable to one primordial act, and that is, the exposure of the blood to the air." Professor Draper then refers to the fact that whatever interferes with respiration, interferes with circulation. If an irrespirable gas is thrown into the cells of the lungs, the passage of the blood is instantly arrested, and asphyxia occurs. If the access of air be prevented, as in drowning, in vain will the heart throb convulsively—the blood is not driven forward.

Professor Draper's hypothesis, then, is briefly this: the arterial blood has an affinity for the tissues, which causes it to press forwards in the capillaries; and no sooner is that affinity satisfied, than the blood becomes venous, and is pressed forward by the advancing column. In the lungs, venous blood presses forward to satisfy its affinity for the oxygen which is in the air. Having satisfied this, and become arterial, it is pressed on by the advancing column. If the reader will station himself at the door of a theatre, and watch the column of eager playgoers struggling to get to the money-takers, he will see an image of the forces of the circulation. Each visitor is anxious to put down his half-crown in exchange for a ticket. No sooner has he satisfied that "affinity," than he finds himself pressed forward by the man behind him, still in a state of unsatisfied affinity, and so the rush continues. An image is not an explanation, but

it may render an hypothesis more intelligible; and having attempted to make Professor Draper's hypothesis intelligible, we will add an observation made by Spallanzani, which may fairly be taken as elucidatory of the hypothesis.

Spallanzani, in his celebrated *Mémoires sur la Respiration*, relates that, when snails were confined in vessels, and had absorbed all the oxygen from the contained air, the movement of their lungs ceased, and with it ceased all movement of the heart—the circulation was arrested. He had only to remove the top of their shells, which could be effected without injury, and the phenomenon was easily watched. By keeping a snail thus confined, at a temperature gradually diminishing, the gradual diminution of the respiration and circulation became very evident. When the temperature fell to zero, the heart ceased to beat altogether, and the blood was stagnant in the veins. In this state of suspended animation the animal was kept for several hours; but on raising the temperature, the lungs began once more to inflate, the heart to beat, the blood to circulate; and, as in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, all was vivid activity where a minute before all was the image of death.

Thus the same effect of torpor was produced by the absence of oxygen and the absence of heat. He placed a snail in a vessel containing mephitic gas. In eleven minutes the heart was still, and remained so during five hours. On reintroducing atmospheric air the lungs once more began to move, and life returned. To prove that it was the oxygen of the air, and nothing else, which caused this re-animation, Spallanzani repeated the experiment, substituting nitrogen gas for atmospheric air, as the replacer of the mephitic gas; but no movement was visible. Thus it appeared that the animal ceased to breathe because it had ceased to absorb oxygen. It ceased to absorb oxygen under two conditions—when there was none

present in the air, and when the temperature was too low—the absorption of oxygen being always in a direct ratio to the temperature; and under both conditions the cessation of the absorption of oxygen was followed by the arrest of the circulation.

Viewing the circulation in connection with respiration, we see many arguments favourable to Professor Draper's hypothesis; but that there are some difficulties not easily reconcilable with that hypothesis, cannot be denied. For the present, however, it is enough to have mooted the question, and to have shown that the action of the heart is confined to the conveyance of the blood to the capillaries. "The relation between the interspaces of the capillaries, and the blood thus introduced to them, continues the current. The oxidising arterial blood has a high affinity for those portions that have become wasted: it affects their disintegration, and then its affinity is lost. The various tissues require repair; they have an affinity for one or other of the constituents of the blood; they take the material they need, and their affinity is satisfied; or secreting cells originate a drain upon the blood, and the moment they have removed from it the substance to be secreted, they have no longer any relation with it. So processes of oxidation, of nutrition and secretion, all conspire to draw the current onwards from the arteries, and push it towards the veins."*

We have now brought to a close our survey of the course and cause of the circulation, and assigned to each labourer in this difficult field of research his share in the work. As an episode in the History of Science, the discovery of the circulation will always command the interest of readers; and if the foregoing sketch has had the good fortune to secure the attention of Maga's readers, we hope it may have the further effect of inducing them to go carefully through the immortal works of WILLIAM HARVEY.

* DRAPER, p. 145.

WHITE'S EIGHTEEN CENTURIES.

It is most true, as Mr. White tells us, that the range of history now extends over a time "quite appalling to the most laborious readers. And as history," he continues, "is growing every day, and every nation is engaged in the manufacture of memorable events, it is pitiable to contemplate the fate of the historic student a hundred years hence. He is not allowed to cut off at one end, in proportion as he increases at the other. He is not allowed to forget Marlborough, in consideration of his accurate acquaintance with Wellington. His knowledge of the career of Napoleon is no excuse for ignorance of Julius Caesar. All must be retained—victories, defeats, battles, sieges," &c. We hope not! We hope some classification will be made, or some line drawn, so that events which are but repetitions of other events, or which add nothing substantial to our knowledge of the great course of human affairs, may be dropt from the category of things necessary to be known. Just as the student weeds his library of duplicates, and old editions, and antiquated treatises, so the historian, perhaps, may be able to weed his annals of battles and victories, mere repetitions, or similarities, events that teach nothing new, and have founded nothing great. Meanwhile, however, we are very thankful for such lively compendiums as that which Mr. White has given us. Here we have the eighteen centuries of Christendom—by far the most important era in the world's history—brought before us in the compass of a small volume, and of very pleasant reading. It is quite a peculiar art which Mr. White has—this of writing a rapid summary of events which shall never fatigue us by its dryness. Brief as the narrative necessarily is, it is never reduced to that meagre and distressing skeleton which "Outlines" and "Abridgments" generally present to us. We have often pitied

the young reader. Under the fallacious names of Easy Introductions, and Brief Histories, they have the dryest of all books to master. Brief they may be, but through such brief records one makes the very slowest progress. One travels as if through a map, instead of through the veritable country, and amongst real towns and real rivers. Our halting-place is a name and a date. We have nothing better before us than the red and blue lines of a geographical chart, and a list of kings, and queens, and ministers. We give history to the young, with the life squeezed out of it.

Mr. White's compendium does not partake of this disadvantage. It is spirited, and, we might say, entertaining throughout. And while written in a lively manner, it will be found to be not at all deficient in grave and philosophical reflections. A clergyman and a Protestant, he writes as a Protestant Christian should and must write; but nowhere will the more mature reader detect any traces of narrow-mindedness or uncharitable construction. He is quite capable of perceiving the errors into which his own order have at certain periods fallen—their greed of wealth, their tenacious grasp of power. He can understand the good and the evil of great institutions. It is in a spirit of justice that he characterises each century as it passes before him. Even the enlightened Catholic will find nothing to offend. Some stanch, eccentric Romanist, clinging to every folly of the middle ages, and abusing all who will not bow to his idols, as blind and impious—such a one will hate the cheerful, liberal tone of Mr. White's book. Such men let no one hope to conciliate. There let them stand, half-sunk in their "Serbonian bog," swearing that it is no bog at all, and cursing every spade and mattock that comes near it. Let them curse till they are hoarse, and do

you ply quietly the spade and mattock. They and their bog will one day have vanished from the scene.

Yes, the range of history continues to extend, and what is more, its importance as a study is increasingly felt. The study itself becomes of a more elevated character as the various histories of different nations and epochs are brought together, and surveyed by the light which each reflects upon the other. Speaking broadly, and making exception for theology, there are but two great studies, History and Science. The study of languages may be considered as subordinate to history, and chiefly of use to those who have to write history. For the generality of men, it would be well if good translations were made of whatever exists in dead languages, and whatever is valuable in living and foreign languages, so that they might give all the time they have to bestow on their education to the real discipline of thinking, or the acquisition of substantive knowledge. It is lamentable to reflect how much time is wasted, how much labour thrown away, in mastering mere words, and joining them into sentences. A lad of sixteen and seventeen is seen for hours thumbing a Greek lexicon; he is pouring some modicum of sense or nonsense from Greek into Latin, from Latin into Greek:—so much simple water that he may get from any stream that is flowing, he stands there tossing backwards and forwards from one bucket to another. We call this classical education. We give our academical prizes to what a Greek philosopher would have despised as a slavish drudgery. There is hard work enough in real science; there is discipline in mathematics, or in any book of grave discussion. Why are the first energies and ardours of youth to be wasted on the Lexicon and the Gradus? But this we know is a heresy, and we shall fall under the censure of Mr. Gladstone, and a host of elegant scholars, and a still greater host, who would willingly be thought to have derived such exquisite pleasure from Greek and Latin as no English book ever gave them, and such views of science, morals, and government, as no living

language could unfold. History and Science, we say, are the two great studies, including under history the forms of polity and social organisation, and the aspects of moral opinion; and both studies are increasing in complexity and volume, and taxing more severely, in every subsequent age, the energies of the student.

What a host of reflections arise after closing such a compendium as Mr. White has here given us of the eighteen centuries of the Christian world! We begin with a glance at the Pagan empire; we see Christianity mount the throne in the person of Constantine; but if in Constantine the emperor becomes a Christian, we see in the West the Roman bishop become an emperor. Then are developed all the marvellous power and virtue, the deep devotion, the astounding follies and hypocrisies, of the church of the middle ages. The kings next reassume their place; the municipalities struggle into influence; arts and literature revive, and we have the *Reformation*. It is the development of the Christian faith, or the Christian Church, that gives their intense interest to all these centuries. Without this religious element we should have very little to admire, very little worthy of a grave study. Battles, conquests, attempts more or less successful to reduce turbulent barons and a famished peasantry into civil obedience, is all that would remain. It is the Church that dominates over all, or permeates through all. In the gayest and most festive scene, the cowl of the monk is seen passing through the crowd; and our plumed knight issues from the porch of the church. They are rightly called the Eighteen Christian Centuries.

The time has long since past when it was the habit to bewail the downfall of the Roman Empire, and the irruptions of barbarians. That empire had sunk into the worst characteristics of Eastern despotism—it was well that it should be overthrown; and what better means could be devised than the covering of the soil with a fresh population from the north, bringing new habits, fresh virtues, fresh capacities? The Roman Empire had sunk to such debasement

that even the old heathen mythology had been corrupted, and a living emperor occupied the place of Jupiter or Apollo. There were no powers in the State but the Prince, the Mob, and the Military. The wealth of the patrician, and the intelligence, spread more largely, we believe, than is generally thought, through the better classes of society, were glad if they could exist in peace by any degree of servile submission. At length the military itself became corrupt and enfeebled, and the bolder and more energetic barbarians, who had been slowly adding discipline to their bravery, broke through the barrier, and possessed themselves of the soil. The old germs of civilisation are not, however, quite destroyed, and there is one sacred flame lately kindled, that is by no means destined to be extinguished. You think that all this green fuel—this northern forest thrown upon the fire—will surely stifle and destroy it. Not at all; the heap smoulders and smokes, and by-and-by the flame bursts out higher than ever, fed by that new fuel which at first threatened to extinguish it.

Mr. White gives us some spirited delineations of the Pagan empire, both under its bad and under its good emperors. And indeed, to us, it seems a far greater perplexity, considering the circumstances out of which they were to arise, to account for a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, than for a Nero or Domitian. Here is a passage worth reflecting on at all times, which may convey a warning to ourselves, and be still more applicable to our gallant neighbours the French:—

"We have but faint descriptions even of the aristocracy; but what we hear of them shows more clearly than anything else, the frightful effect on morals and manners of so uncontrolled a power as was vested in the Cæsars, and teaches us that the worst of despotisms is that which is established by the unholy union of the dregs of the population and the ruling power against the peace and happiness and security of the middle class. You see how the combination of tyrant and mob succeeded in crushing all the layers of society which lay between them, till there were left only two agencies in all the world, the Emperor on his throne, and the millions fed by his bounty. The

hereditary nobility—the safest outwark of a people, and least dangerous support of a throne—were extirpated before the end of the century, and impartiality makes us confess that they fell by their own fault. There were spendthrifts in the time of Tiberius, who lavished thousands of pounds upon a supper. The pillage of the world had fallen into the hands of a few favoured families, and their example had introduced a prodigality and ostentation unheard of before. No one who regarded appearances travelled anywhere without a troop of Numidian horsemen and outriders to clear the way. He was followed by a train of mules and sumpter-horses loaded with his vases of crystal—his richly-carved cups and dishes of silver and gold. But this profusion had its natural result in debt and degradation. The patricians who had been rivals of the imperial splendour, became dependents on the imperial gifts; and the grandson of the conqueror of a kingdom, or the proconsul of the half of Asia, sold his ancestral palace, lived for a while on the contemptuous bounty of his master, and sank in the next generation into the nameless mass. Others more skilful preserved or improved their fortunes while they rioted in expense. By threats or promises they prevailed on the less powerful to constitute them their heirs; they traded on the strength, or talents, or the beauty of their slaves; and lent money at such usurious interest, that the borrower tried in vain to escape the shackles of the law, and ended by becoming the bondsman of the kind-hearted gentleman who had induced him to accept the loan.

"If these were the habits of the rich, how were the poor treated? The free and penniless citizens of the capital were degraded and gratified at the same time. The wealthy vied with each other in buying the favour of the mob by shows and other entertainments, by gifts of money and donations of food. But when these arts failed, and popularity could no longer be obtained by defraying the expense of a combat of gladiators, the descendants of the old patricians—of the men who had bought the land on which the Gauls were encamped outside the gates of Rome—went down into the arena themselves, and fought for the public entertainment."

Under such a system it was very little that could be effected even by the remarkable succession of men that followed upon the twelve Cæsars. Mr. White remarks, that after the reign of Domitian, the hereditary

principle is excluded; the reigning emperors appoint their successors, and he attributes much to this departure from the rule of descent, this abrogation of the legal indefeasible right of hereditary succession. And the reflection appears to us very just, that this hereditary right is only seen to advantage in a limited monarchy, where the law is, in fact, the supreme ruler. In an arbitrary monarchy, the wiser rule, perhaps, would be to give the appointment of the successor to the reigning monarch. It would be in vain to set aside altogether the principle of hereditary descent, because an absolute prince, who desired to appoint his own son, would be bound by no such restraining rule. But there would, at all events, be one more chance in the nation's favour, and a sensible sovereign would not be compelled to leave the reins of power in hands utterly incapable of holding them. Mr. White says truly, even of the best emperors:—

"But a government which does everything for a people, renders it unable to do anything for itself. The subject stood quietly by while the Emperor filled all the offices of state, guarded him, fed him, clothed him, treated him like a child, and reduced him at last to child-like dependence. An unjust proconsul, instead of being supported and encouraged in his exactions, was dismissed from his employment, and forced to refund his ill-got gains—the population, relieved from their oppressor, saw in his punishment the hand of an avenging Providence. The wakeful eye of the governor in Rome saw the hostile preparations of a tribe of barbarians beyond the Danube; and the legions, crossing the river, dispersed and subdued them before they had time to devastate the Roman fields. The peaceful colonist saw, in the suddenness of his deliverance, the foresight and benevolence of a divinity. No words were powerful enough to convey the sentiments of admiration awakened by such vigour and goodness in the breast of a luxurious and effeminate people; and, accordingly, if we look a little closely into the personal attributes of the five good emperors, we shall see that some part of their glory is due to the exaggerations of love and gratitude."—P. 33.

Very possible. Mr. White, however, has not felt himself called upon to check his hand, or stint the

praise he bestows upon these remarkable men. Here is his portrait of Adrian:—

"Adrian believed the empire was large enough already. He withdrew the eagles from the half-subdued provinces, and contented himself with the natural limits, which it was easy to defend. But within those limits his activity was unexampled. He journeyed from end to end of his immense domain, and for seventeen years never rested in one spot. News did not travel fast in those days—but the Emperor did. Long before the inhabitants of Syria and Egypt heard that he had left Rome on an expedition to Briton, he had rushed through Gaul, crossed the Channel, inquired into the proceedings of the government officers at York—given orders for a wall to keep out the Caledonians, and suddenly made his appearance among the bewildered dwellers in Ephesus or Carthage, to call tax-gatherers to order, and to inspect the discipline of his troops. The master's eye was everywhere, for nobody knew on what part it was fixed. And such a master no kingdom has been able to boast of since. His talents were universal. He read everything, and forgot nothing. He was a musician, a poet, a philosopher. He studied medicine and mineralogy, and pled causes like a Cicero, and sang like a singer at the opera. Perhaps it is difficult to judge impartially of the qualities of a Roman Emperor. One day he found fault on a point of grammar with a learned man of the name of Favorinus. Favorinus could have defended himself, and justified his language, but continued silent. His friends said to him, 'Why did you not answer the Emperor's objections?' 'Do you think,' said the sensible grammarian, 'I am going to dispute with a man who commands thirty legions.' But the greatness of Adrian's character is, that he *did* command those thirty legions. He was severe and just, and Roman discipline was never more exact."—P. 35.

If the anecdote is true which is told of Adrian in a subsequent page, the grammarian acted very wisely in not disputing with the master of thirty legions. An architect was asked his opinion of a certain series of statues designed by the Emperor, and ranged in a sitting attitude within a temple. "If the goddesses," said the architect, "take it into their heads to rise, they will never be able to get out of the door." The criticism, or the jest, is said to have cost

the man his life. Perhaps the hapless architect suffered as much for his profane levity as for his carping criticism. One detects in his remark a want of respect for the goddesses, as well as for the Emperor; for it is a remark that might have been made of the statues in the most celebrated of heathen temples. Neither Zeus or Athene could have walked out of their temples at Athens. We perceive something of the *infidel*, in the unlucky criticism of the architect; and if the philosophic Emperor thought fit to build a temple to the goddesses, he might also think it fit to uphold proper respect to them in his presence.

Mr. White observes that we are sometimes under a little delusion in the estimates we form of the magnitude of the Roman Empire, or the multitude of troops that it maintained. Russia surpasses it in extent of territory, and maintains an army considerably more numerous. France and Austria, who rank next to Russia in the number of their standing armies, could singly bring into the field a much larger force than the whole Roman Empire. The military force of the Pagan empire is here estimated at 450,000 men; the Christian monarchies of France and Austria are each of them reputed to maintain an army of 650,000 men. And when we reflect upon the invention of gunpowder, and the enormous force of artillery, it is evident that any one of the first-rate powers of modern Europe could bring into the field a destructive force that would sweep from the face of the earth the thirty legions of Adrian. The very division of Europe into a number of States involves this increase of soldiery. In the old Roman Empire the great Mediterranean Sea lay peaceful as a lake, and the Roman ships had nothing to dread but the winds and the waves; whereas in modern Europe many quite artificial boundaries have to be guarded by an array of soldiers. "Belgium defends her flats with a hundred thousand men, and the marshes of Holland are secured by sixty thousand Dutch." "Hitherto everything has tended to develop the military power in Christendom.

We must not linger any longer

over the old Roman empire if we are to thread our way down to the modern epoch of the Reformation. We shall not cross the Hellespont to discuss the character of Constantine, or the nature of that which passes as his conversion. We shall keep to the West. We proceed to the Fifth Century, distinguished in Mr. White's programme by the fall of Rome, and the growth of ecclesiastical authority.

"Alaric now saw all Italy within his grasp. It was not only the Goths who followed Alaric's command. All the barbarians, of whatever name or race, who had been transplanted either as slaves or soldiers—Alans, Franks, and Germans—rallied round the advancing king. There were Britons, and Saxons, and Subians. It was an insurrection of all the many elements of society against the indescribable depravation of the inhabitants of the Peninsula. Nobody could hold out a hand to avert the judgment that was about to fall on the devoted city. Ambassadors indeed appeared, and bought a short delay at the price of many thousand pounds' weight of gold and silver, and of large quantities of silk; but these were only additional incitements to the cupidity of the invader. Tribe after tribe rose up with fresh fury; warriors of every hue and shape, and with every manner of equipment. The handsome Goth in his iron cuirass; the Alan with his saddle covered with human skin; the German making a hideous sound by shrieking on the sharp edge of his shield; and the countryman of Alaric himself sounding the 'horn of battle,' which terrified the Romans with its ominous note—all started forward on the march. At the head of each detachment rode a band, singing songs of exultation and defiance; and the Romans, stupefied with fear, saw these innumerable swarms defile towards the Milvian bridge, and close up every access to the town. There was no corn from Sicily or Africa; a pest raged in every house, and hunger reduced the inhabitants to despair."

But it was a despair which opened the gates of the city, which had not courage to die in its defence. For six days Rome was given up to pilage and slaughter. Alaric, however, did not stay to take possession; he pushed on to complete the conquest of Italy. Dying soon after, Rome had a short respite, till the Vandals, under Genseric, repeated

the assault and pillage. These, too, passed on, and did not stay to govern a city which they cared only to despoil and destroy. But the work of destruction was complete; the strength and spirit of the Roman citizen were utterly subdued. "Some phantom assembly, which still called itself the Roman Senate, sent back to Constantinople the tiara and purple robe, in sign that the Western Empire had passed away."

That Christian power, which was to take possession of the vacant throne, had itself shared in the general corruption. Mr. White observes, that the fall of the Roman Empire was the resurrection of Christianity. The Church had already been corrupted by wealth, and torn with controversy; adversity, and a great task to be performed, and fresh disciples, and ardent convertites, were amongst the means, we presume, of its partial restoration. When the wretched crowd flocked back to their half-ruined capital, what friend did it find but the Christian Church? And when a barbarian ruler sought for any instrument of the native government by which to govern his new subjects, what other presented itself but the Christian Church?

As the centuries roll on we see the institution of monasteries come to the aid of order and the spiritual monarchy of the popes. Perhaps Christianity has had no greater disgrace than the multitude of savage and fanatic monks that swarmed in the East, and were the terror and disgust of Alexandria; and perhaps European Christendom has received more benefit from her Benedictine monasteries than from any other institution that can be named. Under the same appellation such very different men and manners may be embraced. The monastery where labour was first honoured, where peace was at all times secured, where the culture of the land was intelligently and *lovingly* pursued, where architecture was profoundly studied, where civilisation and piety went hand in hand, will remain for all times a subject of deep and grateful interest to the student of modern history. It is too old a story, and we must resist the temptation to

quote from Mr. White's pages, or we should willingly extract a long passage in which he describes the benefit which the people, the king, the church, the pope, derived in so many ways, from the monastic institutions. Spread over all Europe, isolated, yet more or less in communion with each other, not always on friendly terms with the bishop or other clerical authority of their own neighbourhood, the overshadowing power of the pope was to them a protection and a bond of union. They very naturally became zealous advocates of this visible head of the universal church.

Next comes upon the scene the rude but extensive empire of Charlemagne; it soon breaks up into fragments, and the civil government of Europe presents a sadder aspect than ever. There is very little one can honour by the name of civil government. To complete the confusion, a fresh invasion of barbarians from the north is poured over France and England — Danes, Scandinavians, or Norsemen as they are now often called. This island of Great Britain felt the full force of the invasion.

"For many years before this a pirate's boat or two from the north would run upon the sand, and send the crews to burn and rob a village on the coast of Berwick or Northumberland. Pirates we superciliously call them, but that is from a misconception of their point of honour. They were gentlemen, perhaps, 'of small estate' in some outlying district of Denmark and Norway, but endowed with stout arms and a great wish to distinguish themselves — if the distinction could be accompanied with an increase of their worldly goods. They considered the sea their own. They were also persons of a strong religious turn, and united the spirit of the missionary to the courage of the warrior and the avidity of the conqueror. Odin was still their god, the doors of the Walhalla were still open to them after death, and the skulls of their enemies were foaming with intoxicating mead. The English were renegades from the true faith, a set of drivelling wretches who believed in a heaven where there was no beer, and worshipped a god who bade them pray for their enemies and bless the very people who used them ill."

We must not class the next in-

vaders who took possession of our island—the Normans—amongst barbarians, since they came to us after they had been somewhat civilised and Christianised in France. General report gives them credit for being somewhat more civilised than the Saxons whom they conquered. But if we read the pages of the industrious Lappenberg, we shall not rise from his *History of our Norman Kings* with any great respect for the civilisation of the Normans. The gold cup, the suit of armour, the robe of state, they knew how to purloin and appropriate; they set others to build for them; whether we are absolutely indebted to them for anything that really advances the civilisation of a country, seems doubtful. Their only art of government was to conquer and subdue, and keep as much power as possible in one single hand. There is a period in the life of nations, when the establishment of this harsh dominion is very serviceable. In this light the Norman conquest may have been beneficial, tending to unite the people into one strong nation. So far as personal influence was concerned, we were indebted only to such men as Anselm and Lanfranc, Italians by birth, but who may be called Norman bishops. "Anselm," says Lappenberg, "was one of those heroes of love and humility which Christianity has produced in every age." Lanfranc reminds us of his successor in a subsequent century, Cranmer; honest and good in the main, but having something of the wisdom of the serpent. Both Anselm and Lanfranc were amongst the most learned men of their respective ages. For the Norman kings, they seem to have had no virtue but bravery, and an occasional generosity in giving with one hand what they pillaged with the other. Richard I., the most popular of the series, was, as Sismondi tersely says, "a bad son, a bad husband, a bad brother, and a bad king;" but he was the bravest of knights, and his companions in arms loved him with a kind of idolatry. Mr. White does not spare any of them.

"They were sensual, cruel, and unprincipled to a degree unusual even in those ages of rude manners and unde-

veloped conscience. Their personal appearance itself was an index of the ungovernable passions within. Fat, broad-shouldered, low-statured, red-haired, loud-voiced, they were frightful to look upon, even in their calmest moods; but when the Conqueror stormed, no feeling of ruth or reverence stood in his way. When he was refused the daughter of the Count of Boulogne, he forced his way into the chamber of the Countess, seized her by the hair of her head, dragged her round the room, and stamped on her with his feet; Robert, his son, was of the same uninviting exterior; William Rufus was little and very stout [no great harm in that]; Henry the Second was gluttonous and debauched; Richard the Lionheart was cruel as the animal that gave him name; and John was the most debased and contemptible of mankind."—P. 277.

The tenth century has been generally fixed upon as that in which Christendom sank to its most pitiable state, when the light of knowledge was almost extinct—the darkest amongst the dark ages. Something was added to its gloom, and something to its debasement, by a belief which prevailed towards the close of the century, that the end of all things was at hand, and the race of man speedily to be destroyed. The one thousand years had elapsed. A few texts most unskillfully applied, the roundness of the number, and the calamities of the period, were a sufficient foundation for the belief that the world would soon be destroyed. A similar belief has risen in later times less excusably.

The thousand years passed, and in the next century some dawnings of improvement are perceived. But, in reality, such was the complex nature of European society, that it is impossible to fix upon any period in which corruption is not going on in one part, and resuscitation in another. And as the centuries advance, this complication becomes more discernible; for the elements of the old Roman civilisation, its jurisprudence and its literature, emerge from the ruins in which they had been buried. The Greek fathers, too, are again studied. In this century, in the seclusion of an Irish monastery, John Scotus Erigena is

rivalling Origen himself in the subtlety of his speculations. He is reviving the doctrines of Philo and of the Neo-Platonists, and, so far as extracts from his works enable us to judge, he surpasses these later Greeks in logical distinctness. We note, in passing, that the greater lights of Greece—Plato and Aristotle—are, curiously enough, brought back to us in the first instance by Arabian scholars. They were studied in Bagdad and Cordova before they found their way to Paris or Salamanca.

And this reminds us of the great movement *from without*—new nations and a new religion driven upon Christendom—which seems at first to threaten the civilisation of Europe, but which ends by urging it forward by a fresh impulse. It was in the seventh century, when—

“Looking forth already beyond the narrow precincts of his power, Mohammed saw in the distance, across the desert, the proud empires of Persia and Constantinople. To both he wrote letters demanding their allegiance, as God’s prophet, and threatening vengeance if they disobeyed. Chosroes the Persian tore the letter to pieces. ‘Even so,’ said Mohammed, ‘shall his kingdom be torn.’ Heraclius the Greek was more respectful. He placed the missive on his pillow, and very naturally fell asleep, and thought of it no more. But his descendants were not long of having their pillows not quite so provocative of repose. The city of Medina grew too small to hold the Prophet’s followers, and they went forth conquering and to conquer. There were Abou Beker the Wise, and Omar the Faithful, and Khaled the Brave, and Ali the Sword of God. Mecca fell before them, and city after city sent in its adhesion to the claims of a Prophet who had such dreadful interpreters as these. The religion he preached was comparatively true. He destroyed the idols of the land, inculcated soberness, chastity, charity, and, by some faint transmission of the precepts of the Bible, inculcated brotherly love and forgiveness of wrong. But the Sword was the true Gospel. Its light was spread in Syria, and all the adjoining territories.”

We need not be surprised or dismayed at the partial triumph of the Crescent over the Cross. It cannot in fairness be described as the

triumph of the false religion over the true, for the priesthood of the Greek Church, at the time of the fall of Constantinople, had not only departed from the simplicity of the Gospel in the doctrines they taught, but their lives were still less Christian than their faith. There was more true religion, there was more of the real spirit of Christianity, in an Omar or an Abou Beker riding on his camel with his bag of dates for all his provender, and his heart wholly devoted to what he deemed his duty to God and the service of mankind, than in the luxurious priesthood and the idle and quarrelsome people of the city of Constantinople. The Christians fell before the Moslems, because they had ceased to be Christians in everything but name. Such literature as the capital of the Greek Empire still possessed was not altogether lost, for the refugees carried it with them into Europe. The seed was shaken over a better soil.

If the story is true of the destruction of the library at Alexandria, the successors of the Caliph Omar made ample compensation to Europe in the example they set in the prosecution of science and philosophy. We will here extract an eloquent passage from Sismondi’s *History of the Literature of the South of Europe*, which, while it records the achievements of the Saracen, and the obligations of Europe, suggests also other topics of reflection.

After relating what the Arabs or other Mussulmans had accomplished in science, in philosophy, in history, in poetry, in every department of literature, and reminding us that we probably owe to them the invention of gunpowder, the compass, paper, our numbers, &c., he proceeds thus:—“Such was the brilliant light which literature and science displayed from the ninth to the fourteenth century of our era, in those vast countries which had been submitted to the yoke of Islamism. Many melancholy reflections arise when we enumerate the long list of names which, though unknown to us, were then so illustrious, and of manuscripts buried in dusty libraries, which have, in their time, exercised a powerful in-

fluence over the human intellect. What remains of so much glory? The boundless regions where Islamism reigned, and still continues to reign, are now dead to the interests of science. The rich countries of Fez and Morocco, illustrious for five centuries for the number of their academies, their universities, and their libraries, are now only deserts of burning sands, which the human tyrant disputes with the beast of prey. The smiling and fertile shores of Mauritania, where commerce, arts, and agriculture attained their highest prosperity, are now the retreats of corsairs, who spread horror over the seas, and who only relax from their labours in shameful debaucheries, until the plague periodically comes to select its victims from amongst them, and to avenge offended humanity. Egypt has by degrees been swallowed up by the sands which formerly fertilised it; Syria and Palestine are desolated by the wandering Bedouins, less terrible still than the Pasha who oppresses them. Bagdad, formerly the residence of luxury, of power, and of knowledge, is a heap of ruins. The celebrated universities of Cufa and Bassora are extinct. Those of Samarcand and Balkh share in the destruction. In this immense extent of territory, twice or thrice as large as Europe, nothing is found but ignorance, slavery, terror, and death. Few men are capable of reading the works of their illustrious ancestors; and of the few who could comprehend them, none are able to procure them. The prodigious literary riches of the Arabians, of which we have given only a cursory view, no longer exist in any of the countries where the Arabians and the Mussulmans have rule. It is not there that we must seek either for the fame of their great men, or for their writings. What have been preserved are in the hands of their enemies, in the convents of the monks, or in the royal libraries of Europe. *And yet these vast countries have not been conquered.* It is not the stranger who has despoiled them of their riches, who has annihilated their population, and destroyed their laws, their manners, and their natural spirit. The poison

was their own; it was administered by themselves, and the result has been their own destruction.

"Who may say that Europe itself, whither the empire of letters and science has been transported, which sheds so brilliant a light, which forms so correct a judgment of the past, and which compares so well the successive reigns of the literature and manners of antiquity, shall not, in a few ages, become as wild and deserted as the hills of Mauritania, the sands of Egypt, and the valleys of Anatolia? who may say that in some new land, perhaps in those lofty regions whence the Orinoco and the river of the Amazons have their source, nations with other manners, other languages, other thoughts, and other religions, shall not arise, once more to renew the human race, and to study the past as we have studied it,—nations who, hearing with astonishment of our existence, that our knowledge was as extensive as their own, and that we, like themselves, placed our trust in the stability of fame, shall pity our impotent efforts, and recall the names of Newton, of Racine, and of Tasso, as examples of the vain struggle of man to snatch that immortality of glory which fate has refused to bestow?"

A melancholy question, yet one to which we are by no means inclined to give a desponding answer. There is one art these Saracens never understood, that of civil government. Everywhere the religion of the Mussulman carries with it a theocratic despotism—if such an expression is permissible. Civil government never stands on its own basis, as an institution to be created at each epoch by the mundane wisdom of the times, for the mundane interest of the whole society. The Caliph was priest as well as emperor, and the Koran was the code of jurisprudence. There was no political freedom. Just where patriotism should have displayed itself, a religious enthusiasm or a religious bondage intervened. It was a religious enthusiasm, in the day of victory and prosperity; it was a religious despondency, in the day of darkness and of difficulty. There can be no stability where the whole people do not feel, as

a people, a determination to uphold the national prosperity. If Arabian scholars studied, in these our dark centuries, morals and politics in Plato and Aristotle, their studies were purely speculative; they did not, and could not, introduce amongst the people any love of freedom or self-government. Herein lay the peculiar advantage of Europe, that, side by side with the power and teaching of the great Christian priesthood, there was the Gothic or German love of independence, there were the political traditions of the Republic and the Empire, there was the lingering authority of the civil or municipal law. We had a Pope, but no Caliph, or he was Caliph only in the city of Rome. Religion did not bind down the people to any one form of government, and it left an independent influence to law and politics. Contrast at this period the half-savage feudal baron, caring only for battle and the chase, with the polite aristocracy^o of Bagdad and Cordova, and our northern noble does not present to us a very hopeful aspect. But the independence of this man, who would live and rule in his own castle, was saving us from the fate of Bagdad and Cordova.

The eleventh century brings upon the field the Crusades and Chivalry; and here we cannot help remarking on the effect which poetry, or mere works of imagination, may have on the real manners of an age. In chivalry we have an instance how a quite ideal picture of manners may be imitated to some degree, and thus the fictitious history of a past time produce a real history, bearing some faint resemblance to it. Sismondi has observed, that the more we look into this matter the more clearly shall we perceive that the system of chivalry is an invention almost entirely poetical. "It is always represented," he shrewdly observes, "as distant from us both in time and place; and whilst the contemporary historian gives us a clear, detailed, and complete account of the vices of the court and the great, of the ferocity or corruption of the nobles, and of the servility of the people, we are astonished to find the poets, after a long lapse of time, adorning the very same ages

with the most splendid fictions of grace, virtue, and loyalty." The Romance writers of the twelfth century placed the age of chivalry in the time of Charlemagne. This very age of the twelfth century was pointed to with envy by Francis I. Times nearer our own have thought that chivalry flourished in the persons of Du Guesclin and Bayard. But though, if we examine any of these periods, we shall certainly not find the ideal of chivalry, we shall find in some of them an influence of this ideal on the manners of the age. When our Edward the Black Prince treated his royal prisoner with ostentations respect and deference, he was probably translating fiction, as well as he could, into reality. Amongst the multitude of powers, lay and spiritual, that are seen in action throughout the Europe of the middle ages, let the poet too have his place.

We pass over the terrible fate of the Albigenses, but mention the name, because the name alone will suggest that movements hostile to the Church are already making themselves felt. Such hostile movements call to mind also how the threatened Church was strengthened by the new orders of Franciscan and Dominican Friars. The monks laboured and prayed; the friars preached. The first impulse of a monk was the salvation of his own soul; the first impulse of a friar was the salvation of the souls of others. How corruption entered into the new orders we need not repeat; but at their first starting all is pure and noble, and they represent the spirit of intellectual activity, so far as it is allied with the Church. They start nobly; for if they throw themselves on voluntary contributions for their support, they begin by rendering services; they preach, they teach, they confess, they guide. It is a fair and open adoption of the *voluntary principle*. Their services were great; the aims they collected very modest in amount. Afterwards the begging-box went round with great pertinacity, and the services rendered became fewer and of a very doubtful kind. The vow of poverty is evaded; the gift which was at first received in humility is now demanded from the layman as

his first of duties. The preaching of the friars, which was in advance of the regular clergy, grows to be intolerant even of such thought and learning as arise in the Church itself. It is well perhaps that the friars speedily degenerate, and lose the influence their piety gave them, for they are labouring to repress all freedom of thought, all inquiry, all science. They become tools of the pope to collect his revenue and confirm his power. They excite opposition in the clergy as well as in the people, and this opposition is favouring the spirit of free inquiry.

Mr. White, at the commencement of each of his centuries, gives us a list of the principal *dramatis personæ*. At the commencement of the fourteenth century we read in one line the noble and hope-inspiring names of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Froissart. We stop at the last, and give the reader the benefit of Mr. White's description of the Herodotus of the middle ages.

"But more important than the poems of Dante and Chaucer, or the prose of Boccaccio, was the introduction of the new literature represented by Froissart. Hitherto chronicles had for the most part consisted of the record of such wandering rumours as reached a monastery, or were gathered in the religious pilgrimages of holy men. But at this time there came into notice the most inquiring, enterprising, picturesque and entertaining chronicler that had ever appeared since Herodotus read the result of his personal travels and sagacious inquiries to the assembled multitudes of Greece. John Froissart, called by the courtesy of the time Sir John, in honour of his being priest and chaplain, devoted a long life to the collection of the fullest and most trustworthy accounts of all the events and personages characteristic of his time. From 1326, when his labours commence, to 1400 when his active pen stood still, nothing happened in any part of Europe that the Paul Pry of the period did not rush off to verify on the spot. If he heard of an assemblage of knights going on at the extremities of France, or in the centre of Germany; of a tournament at Bordeaux, a court gala in Scotland, or a marriage festival at Milan, his travels began—whether in the humble guise of a solitary horseman, with his portmanteau behind his saddle, and a single greyhound at his heels, as he jogged wearily across the Border, till he finally arrived in Edin-

burgh; or in his grander style of equipment, gallant steed, with hackney led beside him, and four dogs of high race, gambolling round his horse as he made his dignified journey from Ferrara to Rome. Wherever life was to be seen and painted, the indefatigable Froissart was to be found. Whatever he had gathered up on former expeditions, whatever he learned in his present tour, down it went in his own exquisite language, with his own poetical impression of the pomps and pageantries he beheld; and when at the end of his journey he reached the court of prince or potentate, no higher treat could be offered to the 'noble lords and ladies bright' than to form a glittering circle round the enchanting chronicler, and listen to what he had written. From palace to palace, from castle to castle, the unwearied 'picker-up of unconsidered trifles' (which, however, were neither trifles nor unconsidered, when their true value became known), pursued his happy way, certain of a friendly reception when he arrived, and certain of not losing his time by negligence or blindness on the road. If he overtakes a stately cavalier, attended by squires and men-at-arms, he enters into conversation, drawing out the experiences of the venerable warrior by relating to him all he knew of things and persons in which he took an interest. And when they put up at some hostelry on the road, and while the gallant knight was sound asleep on his straw-stuffed couch, and his followers were wallowing amid the rushes on the parlour floor, Froissart was busy with pen and note-book, scoring down all the old gentleman had told him, all the fights he had been present at, and the secret history (if any) of the councils of priests and kings. In this way knights in distant parts of the world became known to each other. The same voice which described to Douglas at Dalkeith the exploits of the Prince of Wales, sounded the praises of Douglas in the ears of the Black Prince at Bordeaux."—P. 336.

A native literature, we see, is rising into existence; kingly power is obtaining its predominance over feudal license, and the mercantile and manufacturing city is displaying its wealth and establishing its municipal rights. The Church may still receive a fealty from all parties, but it cannot have the same pre-eminent sway that it formerly possessed. There are those who will dispute its power, and question its creed. Kings make their

treaties with the pope as with any other foreign potentate; and if the head of the Church withstands one monarch, it is because he has another for his ally.

And now let us open Mr. White's book at the commencement of the sixteenth century. The list of *dramatis personæ* is alone sufficient to call up a host of reflections. With such monarchs as Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII., we are now more familiar than we are with contemporary sovereigns. They all start upon their reigns as zealous orthodox champions of the Church, but impatient of any restraint. The wealthy hierarchy which each finds in his own dominions he is most solicitous to uphold, but he must be permitted in part to govern it, and by no means to be governed by it. The people are, in the main, attached both to their sovereigns and to the Church; but the wealth and luxury amongst the higher orders of the priesthood, and the well-endowed abbeys, have created a scandal amongst the populace; whilst a more serious and enlightened class of men venture to upbraid the whole Church, as persisting to maintain many superstitions which are no longer worthy of the age. Let us now attempt to estimate that great movement called the Reformation.

In the first place it is noticeable, and proves how general were the causes which brought about this movement, that the Reformation breaks out spontaneously about the same time in Germany, France and Switzerland. In Germany, Luther—in Switzerland, Zuinglius—in France, Lefevre and Farel are found preaching much the same doctrines, and quite independently of each other. D'Aubigné gives the precedence, in point of time, to his own countrymen.

It is perfectly certain that Zuinglius taught the doctrines of the Reformed Faith before he had heard anything of Luther's proceedings. The simple fact was, that men had begun to read the Bible, and the perusal of the New Testament would awaken everywhere in minds of a certain susceptibility, the same longing after a pure spiritual religion.

Looking abroad at the Reformation

as a great popular movement, we are soon made aware that this longing after a pure spiritual religion, in which the soul at once, without any priestly intermediary, communes with God or Christ, was not the only motive; the populace in general was led to take part against the established Church by the manifest hypocrisy and scandalous lives of many of the priesthood. It is necessary to bear this in mind, or the course of subsequent events cannot be understood.

Surprise is open expressed that the Reformation, after extending through a certain portion of Europe, ceased to make further conquests, and was even driven back from territories of which it had taken possession. It was driven back because the priesthood of the Roman Church had reformed their own manners; it was driven back by the revived Christian zeal of pious popes, and by the more enlightened and earnest preaching of the Jesuits and of other Roman ecclesiastics. That the Reformation was never able to extend beyond certain barriers, admits, if we look a little closely into the facts, of a very easy solution.

For in no case whatever was the reformatory movement amongst the people so general and so zealous, that it could make its way where the Church was supported by a strong civil government. In Saxony the Government went over to the Reformation. So it did in England. Even in Saxony itself, and in other states of Germany in which it triumphed, the Reformation would have been controlled and repressed if the Imperial Government had been stronger. Happily, neither in the Diet nor in the Emperor did there exist that power which could unite the whole of Germany against this new spiritual insurrection. In Scotland it made its way under a regency, or under a queen more fitted to be the ornament of a luxurious court than the controller of a turbulent aristocracy. In Switzerland it encountered a democracy, and therefore might have expected an easy triumph; but in Switzerland, as soon as the Catholic cantons had allied themselves in a fresh bond of union from which the Protestant cantons were

excluded, war breaks out between the two parties, the Reformation makes no further conquest. The several cantons take up a hostile position to each other; and this is seen to be sufficient to check the growth of the new church.

Some speculative men have fancied that the Reformation could only extend amongst the Teutonic race, and that it was averse to the nature of the Celt. Lord Macaulay, who is by no means a speculative man, but distinguished by his practical sagacity, gives some countenance to this idea. He notices especially, that the cantons in Switzerland where the German language is spoken, are those only in which the Reformation had triumphed. As the Reformation had originated in Zurich, it was likely in the first instance to spread amongst kindred cantons. And the war which broke out between Zurich and the Catholic cantons was sure to check in the latter any tendency to accept its new doctrines. "The league which formed the basis of the Helvetic Union"—we are quoting from D'Aubigné—"contained an article providing that their confederation should from time to time be renewed. Such a renewal the seven cantons of Lucerne, Uri, Schwitz, Unterwalden, Zug, Fribourg, and Soleure, resolved should take place, but they determined that the cantons of Zurich and Basle, and the towns of St. Gallen and Mulhausen, should have no part in the renewal of the alliance." The federal government, in fact, arrayed itself thus early against the Reformation. Geneva at this time was not numbered amongst the cantons of Switzerland, but was only an ally.

That the distinction of race can have very little to do with the boundaries of the Reformation, is proved by this—that in no country were the reformed doctrines received more zealously than in France. This may not be a familiar truth to many, but a perusal of the history will confirm the assertion. But they encountered here a resistance such as in no country have they ever been able to overcome. During a turbulent and unsettled period, the Reformation did make way; but when

the kingly power is again strong, and ranged on the side of the Church, it is seen directly that it must succumb. It must succumb, or France must be remembered.

But though it is impossible to admit that a Celtic population may not be as good Protestants as a Teutonic, we may observe a noticeable difference in the manner in which the new doctrines were embraced in France and in Germany. The Frenchman had no sooner received his new light, than he was for converting—and that by all means in his power—the rest of his countrymen; he was impatient of what he called idolatry, and the moment he had deserted the Virgin Mary, he was for throwing her image into the river in spite of the adoration of all her remaining votaries. Farel meets upon a bridge a procession "which was advancing, repeating prayers to St. Anthony, and having at its head two priests with an image of that saint; Farel seizes the holy hermit out of the arms of the priests, and throws it from the bridge into the river. 'Poor idolaters!' he exclaims to the people, 'will you *never* leave off your idolatry?' Priests and people stood still in amazement. A religious dread seemed to arrest the multitude. But the torpor soon ceased. 'The image is drowning!' exclaims one of the crowd, and to the silence succeed transports and cries of fury. But Farel, we know not how, escaped their rage." D'Aubigné gives several such anecdotes. No sooner had an assembly of French Protestants been gathered together, than they begin to manifest an intolerance against the public worship and public processions of the Catholics. Contrast this impatience, this impetuous proselytism, with the slow progress of the Lutherans. For a long time they submitted to the old ritual, though they had embraced quite incompatible doctrine. "The *doctrine* had been preached for four years in Wittenberg, and yet the *ritual* of the Church went on as usual." "There was a new doctrine," D'Aubigné continues, "in the world, but it had not given itself a new body. The language of the priest formed a striking contrast with the proceed-

ings of the priest. He was heard thundering from the pulpit against the mass as an idolatrous worship, and then seen descending and taking his place before the altar, to celebrate the pompous ceremony with scrupulous exactness. Everywhere the new gospel resounded beside the ancient ritual." Admirable instance of 'Tentonic forbearance! Let but the man possess his own soul in peace, and what ritual or other *practical* arrangements you make does not greatly distress him.

Our Luther himself, but for one doctrine which had become the very life and soul of the man, would have been persuaded or alarmed into an accommodation with the Church of Rome. There was one period in the negotiations between the two parties when, by mutual concessions, a compromise appeared possible, if Luther could have but relinquished his doctrine of "justification by faith alone." Writing of the great German reformer, Mr. White says: "Hungering after better things than the works of the law—abstinence, prayers, repetitions, scourgings, and all the wearisome routine of mechanical devotion—he dashed boldly into the *other extreme*, and preached free grace—grace without merit, the great doctrine which is called, theologically, 'justification by faith alone.'" This *other extreme* was the sheet-anchor of the Reformation. And it is curious to notice that a doctrine, on which Protestants are now divided, was precisely the doctrine which irrevocably separated the Reformed churches, in the first instance, from the great Catholic hierarchy. So far as the Reformation depended upon Luther and his faithful disciples, it was the only vital point on which no compromise was possible. The doctrine of *transubstantiation*, which to the Protestants of a later period seemed the most astounding error of the ancient Church, was maintained to the last by Luther. Some slight modification he may have made, which is indicated in controversial language by the substitution of the term *consubstantiation*; but if Luther could have kept his disciples upon that line at which he himself rested, there would have been no incurable schism on

this head. D'Aubigné gives us a most spirited and graphic account of the conference held upon this subject before the Landgrave at Marburg, between the Swiss reformer, Zuinglius, and Martin Luther. Luther was supported by Melancthon, Zuinglius by Ecolampadius. The Landgrave sat behind a table; "Luther taking a piece of chalk, bent over the velvet cloth which covered it, and steadily wrote four words in large characters. All eyes followed the movement of his hand, and soon they read, *HOC EST CORPUS MEUM*. Luther wished to have this declaration continually before him, that it might strengthen his own faith, and be a sign to his adversaries." And no Catholic could have adhered more pertinaciously to the literal meaning of his text. "I differ, and shall always differ," he exclaimed. "Christ has said, *This is my body*. Let them show me that a body is not a body. I reject reason, common sense, carnal arguments, and mathematical proofs. We have the word of God. *This is my body*," he repeated, pointing with his finger to the words he had written; "the devil himself shall not drive me from that. To seek to understand it, is to fall away from the faith." Zuinglius objected that Christ's body had ascended into heaven; and, if in heaven, it is not in the bread. Luther replied, "I repeat that I have nothing to do with mathematical proofs. I will not, when Christ's body is in question, hear speak of a particular place. I absolutely will not. Christ's body is in the sacrament, but it is not there as in a place." Then, no longer content with pointing his finger at the text he had written, he seized the velvet cover, tore it off the table, and held it up to the eyes of Zuinglius and Ecolampadius. "See! see!" he said, "this is our text; you have not yet driven us from it, and we care for no other proof."

Happily it is not one mind, however energetic, that can arrest or determine a movement like that of the Reformation. It ran its destined course. And now, looking round upon the nations of Europe, we may assuredly congratulate those countries in which, owing to favourable circumstances, the doctrines of the

Reformed Church were able freely to develop themselves. There is no room for doubt or cavil on this head. It is not a question of subtle or disputable tenets. There is this broad matter-of-fact distinction between Protestantism and Catholicism,—the one is the religion of the Book, the other of the Priest. In the one, every peasant consults his Bible as his sacred oracle; in the other, the Priest is his sacred oracle. The immense influence this must have on the education of the people starts to view at once. In the one, a grave responsibility is thrown on each man's mind, and he is prompted to reflect seriously and studiously on the most momentous subjects of human thought; in the other, such studious reflection is habitually repressed. When reflection does come, as at times it certainly will, it takes the form of sudden, impetuous, extreme opinion. We have not the least doubt that if the Reformed doctrines had been allowed by the civil power to spread generally over France, the political revolutions of that country would have been conducted in a less violent manner, with more steadfast aim, and to a far happier result. France would have been spared much crime and much disaster.

Action and reaction is as much a social as it is a mechanical law. Knowledge and the arts—whatever we embrace under the name of civilisation—led to the Reformation; but the Reformation again—(this reflective and studious religion of the Sacred Book, to which man is to bring his understanding and his heart)—reacts on civilisation. *It maintains a steadfast intellectual energy*, whose influence is felt in every department of human enterprise; even in trade and commerce, in colonisation and war, it is the steadfast and somewhat pensive Protestant that ever shows the most persistent zeal and determination. We will not harp upon the *right* of private judgment; we prefer to say that if you remove from the individual the *responsibility* of thinking on religion—a responsibility he is often too willing to be relieved of and to throw upon his teacher—you

abstract from the intellectual and moral life of man one of its most important elements.

Of all the countries which have received the Reformation, none has displayed the subtle, constant influence it has on the national character in so striking a manner as Great Britain. The national characters of the English and of the Scotch cannot be said to be eminently peaceful, and in that respect it may be said they are not pre-eminently Christian. But what marks the character of both people, and of the Scotch in particular, is that steadfastness of purpose which comes from the union of high physical power and a constant habit of reflection. We say that this habit of earnest reflection is due in a great measure to *the religion of the Book*. Each father of the family who opens his Bible and reads it to his children is a priest himself, and looks from the page before him directly up to God. Such a man will walk sure-footed through life, whether he treads the pavement of a commercial city, or marches under the heat of an Indian sun with a rifle in his hand.

The eighteenth and last century of Mr. White's agreeable volume displays, as he says, a still widening prospect, new nations coming into being, and the old extending the sphere of their activity. "The characteristic of this period is constant change on the greatest scale." The United States rise into existence; Russia and Prussia advance upon the arena; England creates by conquest an empire in India, and enters on her still wiser course of colonisation in Australia. These are topics far too vast for us here to touch upon. Mr. White is not deficient in a certain spirit of patriotism, or *John Bullism*, as it is sometimes called. The following passage, with which we must quit his agreeable pages, suggests something for exultation, and something, also, for grave reflection. We are not, it has been often said, "a military nation."

"Not a military nation! How this astounding proposition agrees with the fact that we have met in battle every single nation, and tribe, and kindred, and tongue, on the face of the whole earth, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and

America, and have beaten them all; how it further agrees with the fact that no civilised power was ever engaged in such constant and multitudinous wars, so that there was no month or week in the history of the last two hundred years, in which it can be said, we were not interchanging shot or sabre-stroke, somewhere or other on the surface of the globe; how, further still, the statement is to be reconciled with the fact, perceptible to all mankind, that the result of these engagements is an unexampled growth of influence and empire—the acquisition of kingdoms defended by millions of warriors in Hindostan; of colonies ten times the extent of the conqueror's realm, defended by Montcalm and the armies of France—we must leave to the individuals who make it: the truth being, that the British people is not only the most military nation the world has ever seen, not excepting the Roman, but the most warlike. It is impossible to say when these pages may meet the reader's eye, but at whatever time it may be, he has only to look at the *Times* newspaper of that morning, and he will see that either in the East, the West, in China, or the Cape, or the Persian Gulf, or on the Indus, or the Irrawaddy, the meteor flag is waved in bloody advance. And this seems an indispensable part of the British position. She is so ludicrously small upon the map, and so absorbed in speculation, so padded with cotton, and so sunk in coal-pits, that it is only constant experience of her prowess that keeps the world aware of her power. The other great nations can repose upon their size, and their armies of six or seven hundred thousand men. Nobody would think France or Russia weak because they were inactive. But, with us, the case is different: we must fight or fall.”—P. 482.

We sincerely hope this is not quite an accurate account of the position of England. Indeed, the whole paragraph is written with a certain *abandonment*, a certain exuberance of spirits, that warns us that the author does not desire to be understood quite literally. We are warlike enough, though the statement in the above extract may be somewhat exaggerated; but we trust we are not in that

perilous and frightful position that “we must fight or fall.” Foreign wars are not necessary to our own security as an independent people.

If the military power of France greatly exceeds our own, the danger of an invasion is not lessened by sending the largest portion of our troops to India. But we must bear in mind that, for the purpose of defence, we have not to raise a force to encounter the five or six hundred thousand troops of France; we have only to raise a force equal to such an army as France can transport to our shores. This, notwithstanding our smaller population, we can effect. We could especially keep up such an artillery, and a militia so well practised in the rifle, that even in times of profound peace a powerful defensive army might soon be assembled. The only real danger to England lies in that “ignorant impatience of taxation” and that habitual improvidence which render her negligent of her necessary defences, naval and military. The people will rush into a war without counting the cost, and burden themselves with millions upon millions of debt; but if a single ship rots in the harbour without having received a hostile shot in her hulk, the cry is raised that it was built for no purpose, and that the money ought to have been saved. A reckless extravagance alternates with a wretched parsimony. If the people of England could but learn to spend their thousands systematically, and for prospective ends, they might save the millions they occasionally squander, and rest secure within their island-home.

We must now close, Mr. White's book. We have run through it rapidly and with pleasure. Here and there it has seemed to us that a little more sobriety of tone or manner would be an improvement. We suggest that an index to the volume would be a useful addition; the brief headings of each division are not enough to facilitate reference.

LONDON EXHIBITIONS AND LONDON CRITICS.

WHAT are things coming to? Certain artists and critics seem tacitly to have conspired in order to defraud our national art of her grandeur and dignity. Just in proportion as our empire widens in extent do our pictures lessen in size; in proportion as great thoughts struggle for utterance, do our artists play trivially with small ones; and while we compass sea and traverse mountains in science and through commerce, in our Art, on the contrary, week after week, month following month, the painter pitches his camp-stool on a reedy heath or a sandy rabbit-warren, sufficient for his ambition if he immortalise the rabbits and the weeds. Instead of the grandeur of the storm, the gloom of mountain, the infinity of space, the spectator must botanise among foreground flowers, watch the bee as it buzzes over marsh-mallows, marvel at the plumage of the linnet perched upon the twig, glance at the restless weasel as it treads nimbly over broken stones, or shudder at the spotted serpent gliding in the dewy grass. Year by year still the marvel grows; not so much that the untiring hand is unpalsied by fatigue, not that genius can so stoop to drudgery;—as that nature herself still holds her patience, that the leaf of spring does not grow yellow in autumn, and the sapling mature into the forest oak, ere the painter has dotted in the last leaf upon the tree, or put in, with conscientious patience, the indispensable primrose-bud.

Well may we ask what are things coming to, and where shall we stop? When eager crowds gather round the picture-marvel, to catch but a glance at the emerald ring upon the finger, to find the harebell in the thick grass, or the fungus among the ferns, when lady-worshippers exclaim "How lovely!" "How wonderful!" surely it is too much to expect that the artist should stop in his full career of success, and turn into self-reproach the tumult of applause. Of the artist panting for fame from the gaping multitude thirsting for marvels, what

better can we anticipate? From the critic, however, whose office is to teach by superior wisdom, and guide with calmer discretion, some protest should have come. But when critics acknowledge Mr. Ruskin as their chief, when artists themselves have made him their master, when pictures are expressly painted for the purpose of turning into actual practice the extravagance of his cherished theories, the judge himself enters as party to the strife, the master but dispenses rewards among his pupils, the father but distributes his inheritance among his offspring. A rich inheritance most surely. The garment of that tinsel eloquence, brilliant with cerulean blue, spangled with golden stars, is cast as a coat of many colours among bewildered disciples, who, perhaps, just because they cannot follow their master's ambitious flight through heaven, the more servilely tread in his timid and faltering steps upon the earth, stumbling over foreground stones, stooping to the daisy at their feet, but hearing not the thunder which rends the heavens, seeing not the glory which robes the mountain-heights.

But although "London Exhibitions" have for some years past suffered from this usurped dictation, we rejoice to find that the great artists who constitute the true glory of our English school, have not yet bartered their honour to this noisy clamour. In writing this present summary, in recording the general results of a season now drawing to a close, we again repeat, that while we must call down exceptional censure upon certain pretenders who seek for fame by the eccentric paths which lead only to noisy notoriety, we can yet for the most part applaud the good and the sterling works of men who have grown old, or at least have become honoured, in the service of their country's Art. Some great names, we regret to say, are this year absent: Mr. Herbert is, we believe, engaged upon cartoons for a great national work in the N—

Houses of Parliament; Sir Charles Eastlake probably finds the painting of pictures incompatible with his official duties in the service of Art; and lastly, Mr. Maclise and Mr. Dyce swell the list of absentees from the muster-roll of their fellow-academicians. To these shortcomings, which we deem not merely cause for regret, but somewhat even for censure, we have still further to add the defalcation of Mr. Millais and Mr. Hunt, from whom at least some startling novel sensation might have been anticipated. The pictures, however, of Landseer, Stanfield, Roberts, Creswick, Frith, O'Neil, and Paton, with others which will fall under more detailed mention, still gain for the Academy its accustomed and crowded popularity.

The two Water-colour Exhibitions may be pronounced, we think, as this year worthy of their deserved renown. The Old Society, which is yet markedly pre-eminent, still glories in works whose annual reappearance has long constituted an essential feature in a London season. It is true that Mr. Lewis, having transferred his labours to the Academy, no longer works accustomed marvels in desert encampments and harem revelations. But the President, Mr. Frederick Taylor, still true to the vocation of his special genius, is graceful and graphic in Highland gillies, and Highland hunts, aiding with the persuasive force of pictorial enchantment all that can be urged of the good old baronial times, of noble peasantry and manly sports. Mr. David Cox, too, is still grandly garrulous—wandering incontinently among mountain-masses, losing himself in mountain-mists; and then through splashing, dashing, washing, scrubbing, and other anomalous processes, at length bringing out, as in his "Snowdon," a drawing matchless for its mystery and inexplicable for its grandeur. The neutral grey of Mr. Cox is a marked contrast to the autumn gold of Mr. Branwhite; and the "Moel Siabod" of the one and the "Snowdon" of the other are not less as drawings than as mountains, rivals for kingly supremacy. These two great works are, on all points, opposing contrasts, save in

the one common attribute of grandeur. Mr. Hunt still gives to the bloomy peach and the blossoming whitethorn the solid substance of oils, the pure brilliancy of waters, and the startling reality of actual nature. Mr. Richardson is sunny and Italian; Mr. George Fripp, humble and English; Mr. Carl Haag, scenic and showy; while Mr. Alfred Fripp is detailed, delicate, and subtle. Mr. Jackson, in his "Cumberland Tarn," has given to mountain and to lake the tranquil refinement and poetry which he has hitherto thrown over scenes of ocean; while Mr. Newton, still more markedly in his noble drawing of "Ben Nevis," has opened to this Old Society the promise of a new career. Many other drawings merit commendation, but we shall be saved both space and trouble if our readers will kindly task their memories with works of prior Exhibitions, the beauty and charm of which will appropriately serve as fitting praise for the performance not only of present but probably of future years.

We presume that the Exhibition of the New Water-Colour Society may likewise be pronounced as average. Their President, Mr. Warren, gives us a remarkably elaborate and sumptuous drawing, "The Song of the Georgian Maiden," made up of Eastern shawls and showy accessories—a picture of mere decoration, in which, consequently, the faces are without character or expression, having no pretence even to drawing. Of the same order of merit is Mr. Edward Corbould's "Miracle Play," a work which for any mental attributes is wholly incommensurate with its mere manual effort. The strength of this Exhibition lies in the able though far less ambitious drawings of Haghe, Cook, Bennett, and Rowbotham. Mr. Rowbotham is the Richardson of this Society. He takes Italian scenery in its poetry, in the clearness of its sky, in the blueness of its tranquil lakes, in the atmosphere of distant mountains, all treated with an eye to balanced composition, executed with a cleverness of hand, and ennobled by an enthusiasm suited to great Italian subjects. Mr. Bennett, who this year is not up to the accus-

tomed mark, boasts of excellencies the very opposite. If Rowbotham be of the New Society the Richardson, Mr. Bennett serves as substitute for David Cox. Mr. Cook, by his drawings from the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, has of late years won for himself a deserved reputation. His "Kynance Cove" was especially marked for its soft glowing harmony of sky, sea, cliff, and shore, suffused by the golden haze of a pervading atmosphere. And lastly, Mr. Lewis Haghe, whose drawings will long be remembered among the Manchester Treasures, is here in London represented by less ambitious, but, within their limits, scarcely less able works. His "Drinking Song" is especially characteristic of his accustomed manner: the hall of the olden time, with open and ornamented chimneys; the figures of marked character, high in birth and bearing; the colour rich; the execution and detail, carried just far enough, sharp and effective.

Of remaining Exhibitions it is scarcely needful that we should speak. We presume that the public by this time are sufficiently well aware of what may be expected at the Suffolk Street. After the heated crowds of the Academy, it was a relief to pass into the cool solitude, the haunt and home of this "Society of British Artists." In these spacious rooms, for an entire afternoon, we surrendered ourselves to pleasing mental vacancy, delighted as critics to take easy retreat in the conclusion that of one Exhibition at least the less said the better. However, in a collection of nearly one thousand pictures, extending over a suite of five rooms, it might, by the mere doctrine of chances, be predicted that at least a few works of merit would by happy luck intrude. Accordingly, such a per-centage may be found by those who have patience for their extrication. The figure-pictures are almost, without exception, coarse and common—mere models thrown in to attitudes, with hackneyed accessories long stereotyped in the trade of picture-making. In landscapes, however, the vigorous naturalism of

Syer and of Pettitt, and the grand range of nature taken into the large canvasses of Boddington, are deserving of better company. The Portland Gallery must rank with the Suffolk in opening a roomy refuge to works which elsewhere might not find the appreciation their authors naturally desire. The large family of the Williamses, with Percy, Boddington, and Gilbert among their lists, and the somewhat less numerous ranks of the Messrs. Pettitt, all with more or less of telling scenic effect, furnish the walls of this Portland establishment. Lastly, of the gallery of female artists we shall, in gallantry, say nothing, only hoping that in future years dormant female genius may more worthily assert its claim to honourable distinction.

Let us now discuss more in detail the present aspect and tendencies of our English school. Mr. Ruskin, it is well known, has sought to guide our destinies. He has given to the world bulky and multitudinous volumes, with thoughts careering impetuously over many thousand pages, swelling with ideas dilating into the high heavens, yet asking still for more space to dwell in; and then as an anticlimax, we find, as the only practical result, pictures in size compressed within a few square inches, and for subjects, "wayside nooks, corners of green fields, pools of watercress streams, and the like."** Mr. Ruskin, exulting in this grand result, has now, it would appear, little more than the pleasing duty to perform of congratulating the public on the steady fulfilment of his prophecies, and bestowing upon disciples the reward of patronising praise. Much yet, however, of the unfolded vision of prophecy has evidently still to be accomplished. The dawn of our great school of national art is but in its first opening; we have done much, it is true, but still, in the words of Mr. Ruskin, "everything has to be done yet." See in the following passage what grandeur is still waiting for our ambitious grasp—how manifold nature is ever ready to reveal to gifted genius new wonders which require but a prophet's

* *Notes on the Royal Academy, &c.*, 1857, p. 5.

eye to see, and a painter's creative—no childlike—hand to seize :—

"Nay," exclaims Mr. Ruskin, "even the best of the quiet, accessible, simple gifts of nature are yet to come. How strange that among all this painting of delicate detail there is not a true one of English spring!—that no Pre-Raphaelite has painted a cherry-tree in blossom, dark white against the twilight of April; nor an almond-tree rosy on the blue sky; nor the flush of the apple-blossom, nor a blackthorn hedge, nor a wild-rose hedge, nor a blank with crown-circlets of white nettle, nor a wood-ground of hyacinths; no, nor even heather, and such things of which we talk continually. Nobody has ever painted heather yet, nor a rock spotted richly with mosses; nor gentians, nor Alpine roses, nor white oxalis in the woods, nor *Anemone nemorosa*, nor even so much as the first springing leaves of any tree in their pale, dispersed, delicate sharpness of shape. Everything has to be done yet, and we must not think quite so much of ourselves till we have done it."*

Verily, it is to the last degree lamentable that a writer holding this high position, and wielding so weighty an influence, should thus sink his genius to the level of cherry-blossoms, apple-trees, and a blackthorn hedge. The mischief he is doing is just commensurate with the absurdity of these words. He ought to know—and he does know—that noble art concerns itself with noble thought; that national art throughout the world has been great just in proportion as it has expressed some grand and paramount idea—just as it has shown itself strong enough and broad enough to embrace and embody the largeness of a people's faith and the full glory of a nation's history. When we but think of the greatness to which national art has in the history of the world attained, the mind kindles with ardour, and fires with rival ambition; and when, in contrast, we turn to this contemplated school of cherry-blossoms, apple-trees, and blackthorn hedges, words fail to express the contempt we feel. When we think of the gods of Greece, the Elgin Marbles of Phidias; when, in later and Chris-

tian times, we recall to memory the Sibyls of Michael Angelo, the school of philosophy by Raphael, the Peter Martyr of Titian, grand, tragic, and in every sense large and great; when, again, in mind, we revisit the historic triumphs of Veronese in the ducal palace, or in San Rocco revel in the restless imagination, the scenic and impetuous hand of Tintoretto; when even we once again enjoy in memory Claude's wide fields of space, Gaspar's grand conceptions of castles, hills, and trees, or Salvator's wild tumult of nature's forces;—when we glory in these grand triumphs of art, once again we repeat, words fail to express the contempt in which we hold Mr. Ruskin's cherished school of cherry-blossoms, apple-trees, and blackthorn hedges. Once again, likewise, we express our astonishment that a genius so wide-embracing can content itself in a sphere so narrow; but that it will long find satisfaction within such limits we hold to be impossible. The idolater of Turner who lived to see some evidence in the painter's works of "mental disease"—the critic who one year ranked Mr. Millais with Titian, and the next consigned him to a "prison-house," will, we trust, ere long, show his accustomed versatility by blasting with biting breath this rising school of apple-trees. We warn these disciples, then, of their impending fate. The Nemesis which has not spared a Turner or a Millais, will, in his vengeful justice, lash the cherry-blossom with the black hail of his terrible denunciation; and the men who now sun themselves in the warmth of praise, will scarcely find for their heads a shelter from the fierce torrent of contempt.

For ourselves as critics we aspire not to these awful functions. We neither create nor crush. But if not numbered among the prophets of a new revelation, we at least are not of the fathers who devour their own offspring. We simply take the inglorious course of praising merit irrespective of school, of chastising error unprejudiced by party. In art we acknowledge simply two attributes—poetry in nature, and genius

* Notes, 1858, p. 13.

in man. Accordingly, the range of possible excellence we deem to be infinite, for the school is nature: the master is the mind of man. Wherever in the field of nature poetry walks the earth; wherever in the sphere of man are forms of beauty or deeds of heroism, there art finds its province. We love scarcely less the Alpine flower than the Alpine heights, and "The Stone-Breaker," seated in the foreground sun, is a picture no less than "King Lear contending with the Storm." Art, especially in these wide-embracing days, must include the entire circuit of creation. Let, then, by all means, Mr. Ruskin's cherry-blossom be painted; and if well painted, we will praise it. Still, after all, it will be a cherry-blossom and nothing more, and must take its rank in creation accordingly.

We willingly give to every work, according to its kind, its due; and therefore now proceed to speak not altogether in faint praise of certain individual pictures of "Pre-Raphaelite" tendencies, evincing powers worthy of a better cause. Both Mr. Millais and Mr. Hunt are, as we have said, unfortunately absent. The school, however, of which they are the heroes, may, we think, not inappropriately be introduced to our readers' notice by the following in-secutive sentence, in which it is well to premise Mr. Ruskin points no satire: "Because," he says—"because the humblest subjects are pathetic when Pre-Raphaelitically (!) rendered, the two pieces most representative of the school in the rooms are both of *stonebreakers*—one (Mr. Brett's) of a boy hard at work on his heap in the morning, and the other (Mr. Wallis's), of an old man dead on his heap at night."* We, for once, are happy to agree with Mr. Ruskin in thinking there is something "pathetic" in the breaking of stones, and would only beg to add that, in our opinion, there may be something scarcely less mournfully pathetic in the painting of pictures. We can hardly, indeed, deem it a wholly irrelevant accident, that, in this year's Academy, the Pre-Raphaelites are prominently represented by two *stone-*

breakers; one, a youth in the morning of life and the sunshine of day, battering hard, barren flint, with an ardour and industry worthy of a better calling; the other, the old worn-out pauper, in the twilight of evening, dead upon a heap of granite. We can only hope that these subjects are not too literal symbols of the school itself; but between the *breaking* of stones, and after this fashion the *painting* of stones, we see no vast difference; and we only trust that the painter, unlike the stone-breaker, may find ere long promotion to higher rank in his profession, and so secure his fame, and save his fate. But, as we have said, we will not shrink from giving either to cherry-blossom or to stone-breaking pictures their rightful due. It were certainly unjust not to grant Mr. Brett's picture the merit of close nature-study, and the manual skill of admirable painting. The drawing, detail, and keeping of the distant tree-clad cliff are, in their way, unsurpassed, and the brier in the hedge, the thistle-down, and the clematis blossom, the flint-stones, and the mat basket, are nearly as wonderful on canvass as in reality itself. Still the picture is guilty of the besetting sins fatal to this school—the usual forced striving to escape the commonplace, not so much by rare excellence as by startling eccentricity, and the accustomed attempt to supersede genius by the stipple toil of industry. The men of this clique would seem to say, You have had enough of thunder-storms, and the Turner dread drama of the elements: we give you instead, nature in her simplicity—a clear field of sky, in which absolutely nothing is going on. You have had more than enough of green house camellias, we offer you the unobtrusive wayside daisy. Your palate has been sicklied and satiated by apricots and the hothouse grape; we will take you instead into fields to feed on hedgerow blackberries. To this kind invitation we accede with thanks. We cordially reply, By all means take us anywhere and everywhere, and give us all you will. We cannot at least be losers, for though

* Notes, 1858.

we gladly taste the blackberries, we will stick still to the apricots and grapes; and while we gather the daisy from the country-lane, we will still grow camellias in our greenhouse. Our insatiable appetite craves for all—give us what you will, and we shall ask for more. It is proverbial, we can lose nothing by the asking. Still, in all this we see not the dawn of any great era. Thistle-down, hedge, clematis, daisies, even the renowned cherry-blossom, though each undoubtedly a world of wonder, may one day again sink into mere commonplace. The public may ere long have had more than enough of this rural simplicity. The trick of hand, no longer the secret of the few, may cease to obtain the wondering applause of the many; and the well-dressed, high-born crowds of the Academy may again regain their innate sympathy with the aristocracy of nature, the mountain-heights, the infinity of space, the magnitude and weight of rocky masses—all that give dignity to earth, and sublimity to sky. In the mean time, we content ourselves as best we can with our school of more plebeian art which finds its human inmates at the cottage door, and takes its nature-accessories from weeds of the wayside. These rustic and rural tendencies are, in the present exhibitions, almost universal. Thus Mr. Hook, as is well known, has forsaken Venetian nobles and Carnival balconies for boys gathering eggs on a sea-cliff and simple pastorals of homely peasantry. Thus, likewise, even the drawing-room Misses Mutrie, of cut flowers and forced fruits, have this year walked into the woods to paint the thistle, the fern, the convolvulus, reeds, and foxgloves. "Very pretty indeed!" exclaims Mr. Ruskin, in that patronising condescension with which he is accustomed to bestow his praise. "Very pretty indeed, Miss Mutrie, as usual; but, you know, these are perfect dwarfs of foxgloves. Bud, bell, and seed, I counted one hundred and forty-eight on one stem last summer (under the last crag of the Ochils, that looks to Stirling); and an average foxglove, that has at all enjoyed

its life, will always have seventy or eighty!! One energetic fellow I saw near Inverness, who had not indeed enjoyed his life, but had grandly made the best of it: he had been broken down in his youth—his head laid down-hill, past all rising again; but he had lost no courage, thrown out three upright shoots from the side of his stem, and become three foxgloves instead of one!"* Yes; who could have believed it?—actually three foxgloves instead of one—a grand consummation! What a finale, Mr. Ruskin, to your sentence! What a subject, Miss Mutrie, for your picture!

This year's Exhibitions would appear designed specially to teach us that the fine arts are only a branch of natural history; that the more perfect the picture, the more nearly it approaches to a scientific diagram; that a painting of rock or mountain is worse than "worthless," unless the geologist can bring to it his hammer and bag his specimens; that a foreground is absolutely "dishonest" unless the Microscopic Society could turn it into a studio. The poet is thus fairly ousted from his domain, and imagination lies imprisoned in the hard fetters of positive and visual reality. Thus Mr. Paton, in his "Bluidy Tryste," has, we regret to say, betrayed his better genius, and reduced landscape to the level of flower-painting, and made even the human figures—which appear as an after-thought thrust in to compose a picture from a mere study—subordinate to the richness of robes and the rankness of dank verdure. The whole performance, we admit, is childishly beautiful, and painfully wonderful. Our anguish for the dying man is assuaged by our admiration of his emerald-ring; our horror of the bloody dagger is mitigated by the rich purple of his robe; from hot tears we turn, in some relief to the cool of dewdrops, and gladly find an excuse for leaving the lover to die in the grass, by rushing to the corner of the picture to gather that lovely harebell. Thus emotion the most painful finds its pleasurable antidote, and we scarcely suffer from

* Notes, 1858.

the want of unity in the more exciting dissipation of distraction. Here is missal painting without its worship—infinite labour without adequate object. But we must beg Mr. Paton's pardon. We had all but forgotten the snake upon the stone, in the coils, scales, and spots of which doubtless there is compensating meaning, mystery, and symbolism. We desire, however, to speak with much respect of the painter of "*In Memoriam*," to which we shall hereafter refer.

Mr. Ruskin tells us that Mr. Wallis's "*Dead Conscript Stone-breaker*" is the picture of the year. The story is well told. The old man, with back bent through toil and age, sinks at length in death by life's roadside. The hard-worn hands lie powerless upon the rough stones they had but just broken, still clenched as when in life, the hammer escaping from their last grasp only at death's stroke. The expression on the face is marked by the hard lines of past suffering, with the calm of present peace; it speaks of the haven of rest after life's troublous tossings. Peace and serenity, too, are the words pronounced by Nature, who, in her solitude, has been the only watcher over this last scene of dissolution. It is the close of day; the sun has set; serene light still lingers in the sky; soft reflections settle into twilight slumber in the deep waters of the tranquil lake, while the broad shadow of night gathers around the distant mountain. All these keep watch o'er man's mortality, giving to the picture a deep, indeed an awful pathos from which we would willingly escape. But escape is difficult; for the picture, like a tale of horror, or a graveyard ghost, still haunts the possessed imagination. It is a picture we could almost wish we had never seen; for, the reverse of "*a thing of beauty*," it is a pain for ever. Thus, while we commend it for its pathos, we condemn it for its horror. It may be poetry, but poetry surely of the repulsive. It may be nature, but nature stricken with the plague-spot so often fatal to schools of mere naturalism—human nature in her degradation and overthrow. Art must be sanctified by beauty, and we deem

it of this new school the opprobrium, that truth has thus been ever systematically severed from loveliness. Mr. Hunt's "*Light of the World*" was so far wanting in beauty of form, as to be all but destitute of divinity. But the divine work either of man or of God has always the stamp of loveliness as the mark of the last perfection. The Italian Pre-Raphaelites made the world of angels a sphere of beauty; heaven was a revelation of the beautiful, and earth they peopled with worshippers who, in proportion as they had caught the beatific vision, were robed in heavenly loveliness. In this purest period of Italian art, it was ever the prayerful problem how best to robe the Madonna in the blessedness of beauty—how to give to disciples in the lower world, the pristine type of human, that is, of divine perfection, in which beauty stands as the symbol and the language of the highest truth. Hence, as is well known, did the blessed Angelico, through prayer, communion, and that aspiring endeavour which to the artist is the medium of inspiration, so drink in the ineffable beauty of the unseen world, that earth cast off its dross, was made pure from taint and blot; and human nature, losing its sinfulness, was clothed in the beauty which is perfection. The whole range of early Italian art shows that, just in proportion as the artist's mind was instinct with purity and heavenly truth, were his works adorned with beauty, till, in the highest aspects of spiritualism, the contemplation, and consequently the representation, of the world and man, as marred by sin and deformed by ugliness, became not only to the artist painful, but a task impossible. What shall we say as a contrast, then, to our new English school which systematically shuns the lovely, and seeks to allure by the monstrous and deformed? Great works they have produced, but very far from the greatest. Objects of cast-down poverty are in art all but as wretched as in life; and pictures of poorhouse penury are scarcely less low indications of art-tendencies than the increase of pauperism is fatal in national economy. It has always been a deadly

symptom when painters have painted down to the maxim, false in art as in political economy, that the simplicity and poverty of savage or primitive life is the condition natural and honourable to man. Crabbe and Wordsworth, in poetry, are perhaps in some measure answerable for giving present vogue to this plausible fallacy; and thus, in juxtaposition with a civilisation high-wrought to the utmost, do we now find on the walls of our Exhibitions an art not only humble, but, as in the "Dead Stone-breaker," absolutely pitiable. We have little sympathy with this growing tendency. A national art worthy of our nation, which assuredly we do not yet possess, must represent our glory, not our shame—our civilisation, our wealth, not our poverty and ignorance. The highest subjects of art are human nature under highest exaltation—in her highest types of form, in her noblest deeds—the instruments as the products of the highest civilisation. In these attributes the Anglo-Saxon race is now pre-eminent—a race proverbially among the greatest in the world's history. Therefore do we raise in its behalf the cry of "high art;" for none but the highest is commensurate with its material conquests or civilised mission.

Yet, while we thus ambitiously demand, in the name of England's honour, a national art worthy of her greatness, in the mean time we spurn not minor gifts, or lesser works, the product of honest industry and truthful striving. "The Stone-breakers" of Brett and Wallis, and "The Bluidy Tryste" of Paton, all claim due respect within their subordinate sphere. "The Rabbit-Warren" by Mr. Oakes, with rabbits grazing and rabbits burrowing, a bird on the wing, its mate on the sod, rich in reeds, dandelions, and marsh-mallows, is likewise just of this same modest merit, made up of toil and literal observation, undisturbed by the restlessness of genius, undistracted by the wanderings of imagination. Mr. Lupton's "Rest by the Way" belongs likewise to the same order of painstaking painting; nature in unobjectionable innocence, tranquil, unostentatious, and simple—country-church, parsonage, and farm

all quietly nestling among trees—cattle driven homeward—sheep grazing or ruminating—trees of unsophisticated simplicity, with no idea of growing for picture portraiture—and peasant girl with cottage-boy resting in the foreground, wholly removed in their rustic guise from town life, wholly unconscious of the progress of ideas—constitute a work alike innocent of evil as of genius. All this, within its avowedly narrow limits, is pretty and praiseworthy. It is surely better than much that has gone before; better than Mr. Withrington's lame purposeless halting between detail and generalisation, a half-way compromise between the old school and the new, yet without the largeness of the grand style, or the truth and study which constitute the only justification of the small. This, with other like attempts made by the men of old renown, who have acquired a style and obtained an honoured name under the preceding regime, we deem alike unwise and unsuccessful. We were not among the admirers of Mr. Dyce's attempt last year; still less can we justify Mr. Cope's "Stepping Stones" of this, with primrose and violet bank, wicker-basket—human beings, as usual, studiously repulsive, from whom we turn in thankfulness to the admirable fishing-rod and tackle, to the sparkling fish in the basket—in short, to any trivial detail, rather than mentally associate with humankind so uncongenial. In like manner, we cannot think that Mr. Cooke has enhanced his previous reputation by stooping to the painting of pebbles. Mr. Stanfield has not so surrendered himself. And surely Mr. Cooke's "Dutch Boats in a Calm," large and masterly, his "Sunset on the Lagune of Venice," golden and glorious, fervid with the poetry of Venetian sky and sea, will lead the artist on the road of fame, rather than the petty pandering to a passing fashion in his "Sniff of the Briny," pebbly and sprayey, but without the incoming force of ocean or grandeur in the resisting masses of the shore.

After the grave censure we have passed upon a certain clique in our English school, it is with no slight relief that we are able to turn to

some great works, not less noble in aim than careful in study. We must, however, halt for a moment to guard ourselves against the stigma of applauding a class of work great only by pretence, conspicuous only for that impotence which refuses to execute the dictates of ambition. The work which in this direction sins most offensively is Mr. Hart's "*Athaliah*," provoking to loud censure by the fear of a like repetition. Never was impotent weakness pushed to such extravagant excess—violent action, yet without force; intense colour, without richness; robs the most costly, with utmost poverty of effect; faces with large pretentious features, yet destitute of expression; figures of towering size, which yet the weakest child might withstand or overthrow,—such is the work which the artist evidently designed to rival the school of Venice in colour, that of Florence in expression, and Rome for its ambition! We regret to say that Mr. Richmond, so favourably known in portraiture, has this year, in high art, if not so egregiously transgressed through pretence, at least not less signally failed through inability. His "*Agony in the Garden*" is weak without delicacy, ambitious without elevation, commonplace even to the incident of a clouded sicklied moon lying on the horizon—altogether a painful evidence of the undoubted fact, that the Christianity of the present day has failed to give pictorial expression to the life and character of Christ. Mr. Dobson in his sacred subjects is always pure, gentle, and meek, a happy compromise between early masters and daily nature; but he wants force and unction, gives promise of great things, yet never quite attains them. His "*Hagar and Ishmael sent away*" of the present year is feeble: Abraham wants patriarchal dignity, and Sarah is but a commonplace mortal. Mr. Leslie, we regret to say, has this year, like Mr. Richmond, wandered from his path of accustomed success, only to show, through failure, the limits beyond which it is vain to aspire. His picture of "*Christ and the Apostles*" is much to be regretted. The Apostles are here made by the hackneyed trick of large noses and long beards;

Christ's head is just of that negative perfection which results from the exclusion of all positive attributes, and general grandeur is only attained in the solemnity of dirty colour. As a contrast, we are glad to mark with general approval Mr. Lauder's picture of a somewhat kindred subject, "*Christ Betrayed*," exhibited in the Portland Gallery. There is dignity in the forms, character in the expression, power in the treatment. It wants only more refinement, finish, and delicacy in the colour and execution, more severe study in the cast of the draperies, to place this work in the very first position. The Apostles, however, we think, are somewhat wanting in elevation—they are too merely human; while Christ, too merely spiritual, is weak in His humanity; thus showing that the great mystery in His nature, the union of the divine with the human, is indeed, in its realisation, the greatest of all art-difficulties. Still further, the figures lying prostrate, as if dead upon a battle-field, are certainly a too desperate interpretation of the text, "they went backward, and fell to the ground." The conception of Judas, however, is specially grand: the scowl in his brow, the upward thrust of the shoulders, with the lowering look and the prowling step—so well in keeping with the tempest-clouds, the shadowed mountains, and the troublous sky, all rise to the height, or rather sink to the depth, of a terrible grandeur. This work, notwithstanding faults which remove it far from perfection, is yet the nearest approach we have this year seen in London to the dignity required in religious art.

Mr. Hughes' "*Nativity*," belonging to Mr. Ruskin's school of missal and medieval art, is sanctified in the angels' heads by somewhat of Angelico's purity and loveliness; but the entire work soars so completely into the mere spiritual sphere as to be wholly beyond earthly standards. Hence we cannot pretend to controvert Mr. Ruskin's assertion, that this work is "indicative of greater colourist's power than anything in the rooms." We might indeed have deemed it too fervid in rainbow glory, too crude in prismatic light—we might have objected, with other

"thoughtless people," to "an angel's being set to hold a stable-lantern;" but upon points so aptly appertaining to Mr. Ruskin's theory of spiritual colour—so obviously within his own range of individual vision—we gladly surrender our mere prosaic judgment. Accordingly, with a humbled sense of our own ignorance, we receive the only colouring in the Academy absolutely impossible as actually the best; and notwithstanding all preconceived prejudices to the contrary, we shall henceforth, upon the authority of Mr. Ruskin's published opinion, deem that to be "the highest of all dignity in the entirely angelic ministration, which would simply do rightly whatever needed to be done—great or small—to steady a stable-lantern if it swung uneasily."* We cannot more appropriately terminate the subject of sacred art, as found in the rooms of the Academy, than by this profound reflection.

We confess, even though the avowal should peril our reputation, that we have no faith in these unwonted revelations. Wedded to orthodox prejudices, we prefer Correggio's "Worship of the Shepherds," in the Dresden Gallery, to Mr. Hughes' "Nativity" in Trafalgar Square. There is the essence of divine poetry—the symbol of supernatural radiance and revelation—in that artistic conception which made the infant Saviour in His mother's arms the effulgent source of emanating light, beaming on the Madonna's enrapt features, throwing the rays of a new birth and of a brightening day on the world's outer darkness; the shepherds which had left their flocks for worship, blinded with excess of light, shading their faces from the miracle of the new-born splendour. We again repeat that we are so conservative in our art notions—so wedded to orthodox prejudices—that we prefer Correggio's treatment to Mr. Hughes' conception of light coming from a "stable-lantern." Were the picture, according to the smallness of its size and the insignificance of its merit, permitted to sink with quiet oblivion into the ranks of monkish art and missal-painting, we

should ourselves have scarcely thought fit to break the silence with which this anachronism might have been more appropriately received. This work is, however, unfortunately but the key-note of the grand pictorial opera, for which Mr. Ruskin has long since written the programme, and which he now heralds by the trumpet of his eloquence. Nations, attend! the advent dawns—angels lead and light the way with "stable-lanterns;" and expectant nature, with her reflex landscape-art, is jubilant with "a blackthorn hedge" and "a cherry-tree in blossom!"

After this nightmare wandering in regions half-way between the sublime and the ridiculous, we deem it no ordinary relief to be permitted once more to walk the earth in soberness and sanity. We once again thankfully rejoice in the health and the strength which nature gives—in the dash of ocean and the storm of sky; and yet, in our very love of nature, we glory in that ordinance of God which has crowned man lord of all. Hence the noblest art is that which gives to Nature her creative or destructive forces, and to man his ruling supremacy. It does indeed refresh and expand the spirit to exchange the weed in the narrow glen for the open space given in Mr. Stanfield's canvass; the wide field for foot to tread, eye to range, or imagination to dilate. His "Fortress of Savona" worthily maintains the dignity of the old school, and the supremacy of those masters who have hitherto worthily reigned over the realm of English art. A noble subject painted with manly vigour—a mountain, rocky, storm-lashed coast, cloud-capped, snow-crowned, castle-guarded—a vessel rocking at anchor in the offing—a boat beaten ashore, the crew struggling with the waves: all this takes Nature in the grandeur of her forces and the vastness of her sweep—the contest of elemental powers, the intermingling of sky, earth, and ocean. Mr. Creswick's works offer the delight of contrast. His "Devonshire Stream" is a sylvan solitude, with the blessedness of repose, and comes, after the

world's warfare, as the Sabbath of nature's rest. It is one of those happy spots where trees bend in the shadow of thick leaves, with the embrace of entwining arms, to listen to the murmur of waters running in a pebbly stream; and then pause, making a mirror to admire the shadowy vision of leaves playing in the breeze, of branches bending in worship. The painter seems to have stolen upon Nature just as she was toying and playing with her charms in unobserved simplicity—to have happily strayed among sequestered beauties—all the more beauteous because doomed to bloom unseen—to have caught, as it were, Diana and her nymphs bathing in the brook, and fortunately to have finished his picture ere they found him out. Mr. Creswick's "Road by a Highland Lake" is not less unobtrusive, simple, and beautiful; and his "Mountain Torrent" has grandeur without extravagance. We could wish that our young artists, instead of striving to arrest attention by some strange eccentricity, would content themselves with the unobtrusive simplicity of Creswick, the broad grandeur of Stanfield. These pictures which we have pointed out raise comparatively little noisy clamour, because they quietly acquiesce in the acknowledged laws and observances of art, appeal to the mind only by unobtrusive merit and intrinsic excellence, and thus wisely sacrifice the seductive applause of the moment for the enduring approval of posterity. We must, however, accord to two works, whatever be their school, the praise due only to highest merit. The one is the "Wheatfield," by Mr. J. T. Linnell, remarkable not more for its elaborate detail than for its wide-embracing extent of fertile field, wooded hill, and liquid sky—all lustrous in golden colour, set with figures which tell in foreground as dazzling gems. Scarcely less worthy of note is Mr. Dillon's "Emigrants on the Nile," with palm-trees so true, yet to northern eyes so mysteriously unreal, with pelicans winging their giant flight towards the eternal pyramids, misty in distance, with sun sinking into the past eternity of Egyptian history in that

blood-red glory which we have ever marked in skies which canopy the decay of Southern nations in their overthrow.

We are glad to recognise once again the presence of Sir Edwin Landseer. Of late years we have marked some reaction to the almost unexampled popular acclamation which had for so long awaited his works. The public, not, we think, without some reason, have been by print-selling speculators more than satiated with mezzotint multiplications of silky-coated spaniels, well-groomed horses, and deer in every possible aspect—shot, drowning, or fighting. Some reaction has naturally ensued, and the popular voice, ever greedy of novelty, has for the last few years hailed the opportune advent of Rosa Bonheur, applauding, as a contrast to accustomed delicacies, the vigorous handling and rude nature in the works of this feminine artist. But between the style of Sir Edwin and that of Maddle Rosa the difference is so wide and marked that each may well be permitted to occupy a distinct position, each being indeed little short of perfect, though so widely diverse. Rosa, almost a second Salvator, dashes in her subject with broad vigorous hand, her horses belonging to a rude nature, her men taken fresh from the stable and the plough. Landseer, on the other hand, the Carlo Dolce of animal life, is in handling soft, silken, and delicate; his beasts seem all to have listened to the lyre of Orpheus, to have joined companionship with man through human sympathies, to have taken a place in the world of art by virtue of a kindred and refined poetry in nature. In these high and peculiar qualities Landseer stands alone in the history of his art. The far-famed bull of Paul Potter at the Hague is in comparison an uncivilised savage of the fields: the boar-hunts by Sneyders in Dresden and in Florence are hard, rough, and rude. In Landseer only do we find the spaniel we would fondle, the horse whose glossy neck we desire to pat—animals, in short, so smooth and sleek and clean, that we do not scruple to let them walk into our drawing-room. His picture of this

year, "The Maid and the 'Maggie," though the scene be an outhouse shed, and the principal personages a cow and a goat, is marked by these special characteristics even to excess. The forms want solidity and vigour, and his subject, taken from rustic life, is perhaps more suited to the stable art of Rosa Bonheur, than to the saloon full-dress of Landseer. Mr. Cooper may be said to occupy a middle position between the artificial life of Landseer and Paul Potter's school of simple nature. His picture of this year, sheep and cattle basking in the sleepy sunshine, is, we think, beyond the average of his more recent works.

Mr. Roberts, as with other painters who for many successive years have, through works of high excellence, educated and raised to the pitch of fastidious requirement the public taste,—Mr. Roberts, we say, is himself the rival he has most cause to dread. It is not that other men have surpassed or can approach him; it is simply each year a question whether he has succeeded in outrivalling himself. It is scarcely perhaps reasonable to demand that a man throughout the continuous years of a long life should ever be entering upon new conquests; and especially when he has fairly beaten all competitors, he may, we think, not unnaturally rest at his ease, content with enjoying the position he has rightly and laboriously won. To this enviable rest, this happy fruition, Mr. Roberts has long attained. And thus, as with Sir Edwin Landseer, the worst the world can say is simply this: We have seen all these things before—cannot you show or teach us something further? Now each of these artists, we think, is entitled to the reply: We have told you and shown you in our own way, and according to the measure of our individual ability, what the world had not yet heard or seen. Year by year we have made for you a poetry and a pleasure; you have in return given us reward, and we deserve it. Fresh men may yet work out fresh excellences, for nature is infinite. We have ourselves, in our day, surprised you with novelty; and if you

now say in taunt, It is all the old thing over again, at least in justice admit that it was we who first opened for ourselves and for the world the new career—that the revelation, now grown old, at least first dawned with us. Thus, then, in Mr. Roberts' noble interior, "The Basilica of San Lorenzo, Rome," in his Venetian exteriors on the Grand Canal of "San Giorgio Maggiore," and of the "Ducal Palace," we acknowledge the works of an honoured veteran, and for our part will never cry "enough" while such pleasure-giving pictures are still offered for our easy enjoyment. We cannot therefore but think that Mr. Ruskin unconsciously condemns himself, his own theories, and the basis of his own criticism, when in the following words he passes in contempt Mr. Roberts' picture of the "Ducal Palace." "As this," says Mr. Ruskin, "seems to be a definite and energetic protest by Mr. Roberts against Turner's idea of Venetian colour, and against all I have endeavoured to urge or describe in support of that conception, I can only accept it as such and pass it by," &c.*

We have seen that our religious art is so far beneath its subject dignity as to degenerate almost into the irreligious. In the lower spheres, however, of *genre*, and of actual history, the English school is avowedly more successful. Webster worthily represents Wilkie bringing down to present times and English tastes the school of Dutch interiors. His "Sunday Evening" is, in scale, composition, and finish, essentially of the Holland school, while for refinement, and in its ideal of peasant life—not a Teniers drunken debauch in a filthy tavern, but a simple family met at evening prayers—it is truly English. Such works, though of no great pretence, are veritable sermons—sermons painted, and therefore preached, in the cause of general humanity, claiming for the virtuous poor respect and sympathy. It is the merit of Mr. Webster's pictures that they are natural; on the other hand, it is the wonder of Mr. Lewis's highly-wrought Eastern subjects that they approach

in another sense the supernatural, that in execution and detail they fall little short of the miraculous. We all recollect his Frank tent encampment in the desert of Sinai. The history of art, ancient or modern, European or native, knows no parallel to works such as these. Mr. Lewis surpasses even the French Meissonier in delicacy and sharpness of detail, in subtlety and nicety of drawing. We have now before us a photograph published by Colnaghi, from the drawing exhibited in the Manchester Art-Treasures, called "Camels in the Desert," which possesses all the detail in texture, all the loose awkwardness of camel gait, all the meditative vacancy and stolid impassiveness of Arab indolence, to a perfection not to be surpassed by a photograph even from nature herself. In the Academy of this year, his "Kibab Shop, Scutari," and his "Inmate of the Harem," may be specially pointed out for their Oriental richness of shawls, turbans, girdles, carpets, for the indolent dignity of the Turk, proud even in ruin, for his pretty plaything of the harem, the mere toy of passion. Artists, and the art-loving public, have certainly an interest scarcely less vital than that of the politician in the maintenance of the Turkish empire, with its impracticable prejudices and pictorial decay.

The works of Mr. Lewis, it is well known, are, as we have said, little short of miraculous; but the veritable miracle of the year is Mr. Frith's picture of "The Derby Day." This picture, from the triviality of its subject, and its desultory surface-treatment, has assuredly no pretence to an elevated rank; yet nevertheless, within its limits it is a great success; attains all it attempts, is at least a skilful feat in art; and if without the moral of Hogarth, yields assuredly his measure of amusement. The race itself is naturally subordinate to the gay spectators. It is true that the tail of a horse is seen as a squib or a rocket flashing by, but it is the flash in the eye, the pretty face in the little bonnet, the languishing girls under gay parasols, flirting with the young dandies in green veils and black hats,

which constitute the great attraction, not only to themselves, but of all spectators. There are, too, cries and games of all kinds; the big drum, and the small jugglers and dancers, the little girl with tambourine in opera skirts, the little boy in fleshings, the youth with face distracted through losses, or eyes dim with drink; and not least attractive, because more important still, a servant-man in the foreground arranging a collation of lobster, ice, and cold fowl. The entire picture is a veritable "Vanity Fair." And all these materials, the most multifarious, are brought together in a manner at once dexterous and delicate, connected with skill, though concentration was impracticable; thrown together with some sense of repose, though all is flurry and flutter, seasoned by some quiet thought;—a scene, in short, of much actual vulgarity, subdued to the refinement suited to a work of art. This picture, if not ranked in the high roll of history, will at least be received as a contemporary record of England's great national holiday.

English art, if not "high," is at least wide-embracing. It takes in flower and fruit no less than Alpine barrenness. Like English commerce and enterprise, it encircles the entire world—the torrid sands of Africa, the shores of the Mediterranean, the storms of the open sea, the calm of the inland lake. It is a realm in which all latitudes meet, all peoples congregate, all religions worship. But of these varied lands, climes, and peoples through which the artist wanders, none are more prolific than those of Spain. Here Mr. Lewis made a reputation before he pushed on towards the farther south, and it is this country which now gives to Mr. Phillip and Mr. Ansell the "Contrabandistas," the "Daughters of the Alhambra," the "Spanish Shepherd," and the "Crossing of the Ford." The works of both these artists are vigorous, and in manner large and real, serving as a healthful protest against that growing tendency to elaborate purposeless detail, which we have felt it our duty to condemn. It is obviously beyond both our limits and our purpose individually to mention the multitudinous works which, --

we have said, well-nigh embrace the entire circuit of creation. We signalise those chiefly which would seem to point a moral, to convey a warning, to inspire a hope. We look for tendencies, and seek to point out consequences; we cannot pretend to give a catalogue, we only presume to offer criticisms. Thus in a mere catalogue of pictures, the largest, the most showy, or the most singular, Mr. W. O. Thomas's "*Boccaccio*," pensive and sad, improvising a canzone from a Naples balcony—"Sigh not! sigh not!"—might occupy a space less important even than that which it holds on "the line" of the Academy; but to us it is a work so much to our purpose, that we would claim for it special attention. It occupies just the right intermediate position between the slovenly handling, the commonplace coarseness, of such works as Mr. Ward's "*Alice Lisle*," and the puerile minuteness of Pre-Raphaelite painful pretence. Though small, and comparatively in itself of minor importance, it belongs to that good true school in English art, of which Mr. Herbert's fresco in the Houses of Parliament, "*Lear disinheriting Cordelia*," is the most signal example.

We would willingly pass in silence Mr. Pool's large canvases from the same tragedy—the silly and fond old man watching the dying breath of her whose voice was ever gentle and low—a work no way comparable to the noble, lustrous, and mysterious pictures, "*The Troubadours*," exhibited in Manchester, and the "*Goths in the Gardens of Italy*," which, in bygone years, have been our admiration. We would willingly, also, pass in oblivion the recent works of Mr. Ward, so unworthy of the painter of "*Charlotte Corday*," and of the careful finish of his "*Marie Antoinette*," both of which our readers will with delight recall as among the treasures of the Manchester exhibition. It is melancholy now to mark such wilful faithlessness to powers which, in past years, have done so great honour to the cause of English art. Surely the two pictures, "*painted by command*," "*The Emperor of the French receiving the Order of the Garter*," and the scarcely less dirty daubing "*The visit of*

Queen Victoria to the Tomb of Napoleon," will not receive as their reward the honour of future royal commissions. This manner is not, we should think, precisely the poet or the painter laureate style of art. Even the portraits, as likenesses, are so indifferent, that it was not without some scrutiny we at length distinguished Napoleon from Prince Albert; or our own Queen from the Empress of the French. This exchange of features is an interchange of international courtesies which, even in the moment of warmest rapture, the royal and imperial personages could scarcely have contemplated. Of the characters less illustrious there is scarcely a face, if unfortunately recognised by its owner, he would not take for an insult. Remembering well the careful and noble works which gained for this painter his reputation, we cannot but regret this reckless reversal of his former excellence. If, indeed, these works in the Academy were the painter's worst wrongs upon the nation, we might claim for him some excuse—want of final finish, and subjects, in their decorative character, unsuited to the painter's larger manner. But in the Houses of Parliament, we regret to say, are freecoes by the same hand, for which the people of this country must demand an explanation no less satisfactory than the assurance than such mere piece and job work shall not again pass muster. We ourselves were not among the ardent admirers of Mr. Cope's "*Embarkation of a Puritan Family for New England*." Let that, however, pass with faint praise. But the want of true elevation, and the absence of artistic feeling, which placed this work beyond the pale of our individual sympathies, must surely in Mr. Ward's "*Alice Lisle* concealing the Fugitives after the Battle of Sedgemoor," provoke, not individual, but general censure. Such a work is not to be ranked among the fine arts, but among the rough-and-ready arts. In its attempt at largeness it attains only looseness; for grandeur it gives us rudeness. It is secular, or rather commonplace, to the last degree—certainly as far as possible removed from the

dignity of historic art. The remaining fresco, "The Executioner tying Wishart's Book round the Neck of Montrose," is scarcely better. In composition it is scattered, and in colour crude, dusty, and chalky; the very reverse of liquid and transparent. We are bound to say that we have seen scenery and acting quite equal to these frescoes, which are deemed worthy of a place in our Houses of Parliament as representative of our national art, on the boards of second-rate country theatres. If better art cannot be got, let us at least wait rather than disgrace our nation in the eyes of Europe. But we feel persuaded that Mr. Ward can himself give us better. If he cannot, others at least can. We have always deemed the frescoes of "Lear and Cordelia" by Mr. Herbert, "The Rivers of England" by Mr. Armitage, the "Justice" and "Chivalry" by Mr. Maciase, as the best warranty of our English school; and therefore we learn with special satisfaction that Mr. Herbert is now engaged in a further commission, which, if ever completed, will further redound to the honour he has already conferred upon his country's art.

As a slight digression to the review of our national school, let us turn for a moment to the French Gallery in Pall-Mall. After the reiterated experience of English exhibitions — knowing, as the public for the most part does, precisely the limits beyond which each painter never wanders; having mentally mastered the mannerism which each artist has set for a barrier to his further progression—it is a refreshing mental variety to walk into the gallery of French pictures, in order to study the salient characteristics of this eminently characteristic school. As seen in Paris rather than in Pall-Mall, French art contrasts with English at once by its gigantic size and its diminutive dimensions — by Vernet's panoramic pictures of battles in Algeria on the one hand, and Meissonier's minute

cabinet manipulations on the other. In adaptation, however, if not to English tastes, at least to the English market, pictures of this latter class constitute the staple of the present London importation. French art, as is well known, is particularly clever in its treatment of the genteel comedy of society; it has the merit of never making weary through pretended profundity; of never presuming to be moral through hackneyed moralising. In its play upon society, like a Sheridan comedy, or a Haymarket vaudeville, it is sparkling and elegant, light and cheerful. Thus M. Duverger gives us "Trying-on of the New Dress," and his pupil, M. Seignac, a "Girl taking Tea," and a "Lady with her Pet Dog." M. Plassau rivals the gem-like finish of Mieris; while M. Chaplin, with a taste almost exclusively French, gives us a young coquettish girl looking and listening behind a drawn curtain, her loosened low-falling dress eager to rustle to her feet. The small and somewhat sketchy works of Edourd Frere have a purer aim. He is eminently the painter of the unobtrusive virtues of simple, humble poverty, endowing it, as in the mother pensively watching and working over her infant's cradle, with gentle pathos and subdued quietism.

Of course, we find works of still higher aim. Ary Scheffer's "Marguerite at the Fountain," and his "Faust holding the Poisoned Cup," both, as usual with this painter, belonging rather to German art than to the French school, are marked by his accustomed beauty and chastity of form, and not less by his somewhat forced striving for profundity, and that habitual metaphysical abstraction which, as common in German art, falls little short of absolute vacancy.* But if Ary Scheffer be German to a fault, it is at least the special merit of Madame Jerichan that she is unmistakably Danish, and thus, far removed in the northern peninsula of the Baltic from the southern peninsulas

* In writing the above, we little thought that the world would so speedily be called on to deplore the death of this truly great artist. His "Francesca da Rimini," and his "Dante and Beatrice," with other noble works still fresh in public memory, have long associated the name of Ary Scheffer with the purer and more spiritual aspects of modern art.

of the Mediterranean, it is her characteristic merit, that in rude vigour she is herself the very antipodes of Italian masters. There are heads, however, in her "Reading the Scriptures," of earnest and devout expression, which must win for this somewhat plebeian art deserved distinction. M. Comte's most striking picture is the weird "Sorceress" working her enchantment—mystic and magic—with terror and wonder, fitly mingling the usual superstition of ignorance with the wonted outward semblance of profound science. The colour is appropriately misty and dreamy. Of three great names, the examples are not important. Müller, the painter of that great work, "The Summons to Execution under the Reign of Terror," has a meritorious, but not specially marked picture, "The Reading of the Scriptures." Couture, known by the certainly not less famous work, also in the Luxembourg Gallery, "The Decline of the Romans," is here represented by the sicklied sentiment of an "Italian Shepherd." And, lastly, Rosa Bonheur, instead of the "Horse Fair," has a favourite dog, "Barbaro," remarkable, however, for consummate skill in its art treatment. Works by the well-known Decamps, Gérôme, and Gallais, though not so important as others we have seen by these masters, might merit mention did our space permit. We cannot, however, overlook M. Gérôme's tragic "Duel after a Bal Masqué," so skilful as a picture, and attracting additional attention because this mere pictorial fiction arrived in London just when a still more tragic duel had become a sad reality in Paris. We must now close our cursory notice of the present Exhibition by calling attention to the low-toned yet luminous landscapes of M. Lambinet, in some degree the French representative of our English Pre-Raphaelites, true in minute detail, simple and homely in subject; attaining, however, atmospheric space, and giving to nature almost a plaintive pensiveness. The range of this artist is manifestly narrow; but his works are noteworthy for the modesty and the meekness of their spirit.

The most touching and earnest

pictures of the year have taken their burden of sorrow from the events and calamities which have of late months pressed so heavily upon the hearts and homes of the English nation. Mr. Luard's "Nearing Home," a sick officer lying languidly at length upon ship-deck; the grand allegorical picture of "Retribution," by Mr. Armitage; Mr. O'Neil's touching scene of parting, called "Eastward, ho!" and, lastly, but chiefly, Mr. Paton's Murder of the Innocents, under the title of "In Memoriam"—all more or less directly treat of that history of terror which has just cast its deep shadow over the annals of our nation. Coming warm from the artists' heated imagination, appealing earnestly to the spectators' harrowed sympathy, they are alike remarkable for their truth, their passion, and their pathos. Mr. Luard's appeal is quiet and unobtrusive, touching upon distant calamities delicately—telling, by suggestive implication, of past sufferings and of present dawning hopes, of wounds in battle or shattered health through climate; the bird on the deck from the English shore, coming, like the dove to the ark, with the olive message of repose. The entire treatment is excellent, commendable for its simple unobtrusive narrative of a touching story—for its plain straightforward execution, undistracted by any irrelevant accessories or adornment. These four works, indeed, which we have specially signalled for honourable mention, have each the rare merit of disinterested forgetfulness of the artist's individual self in the gravity of his subject: the painter of each would seem to say, On a national emergency like the present, it becomes every man to forget all minor personalities and parties, to throw aside all petty self-seeking, and to concentrate his utmost energies on a work in his country's service. Hence these pictures, more, perhaps, than any others, rise to the dignity of national works—national, because they utter the sorrows and yet the heroism of a great nation—because they become incorporated in the national history of a people and of a period; painting history, as she passes in retribution by, handing down to future ages the dread events of pre-

sent times. Hence, too, sorrow is their burden—pensive thoughts, the clasped hands of parting, the last agony of expectant massacre, the raised arm of vengeance demanding retribution.

Thus Mr. O'Neil's "Eastward ho!" is a tragic scene of leave-taking—the breaking of stout hearts, the clasping of rough worn hands, brave men moved to sorrow, beauty's form touched to tears. No hackneyed sentimentality on balcony, no sickly imaginary romance by moonlight, but actual as by the light of day, real as on the eve of battle. The ladder of a transport-ship, crowded with troops, with wives, mothers, daughters; the rough side of the black tarred vessel; the ropes and the tackling; the boatman carelessly smoking his short pipe, callously waiting till sisters' tears and mothers' sobs will permit a return to shore—all this, in the manly vigour of the painting no less than in the heartfelt truth of the subject, makes, as we have said, this honest work a worthy record of a nation's history.

The symbolic picture "Retribution," by Mr. Armitage, more than any other work which has fallen under our notice, rises to the large and noble treatment demanded by the highest style of art. It is large in scale, bold and generic in manner, seizing only on the great essentials of the story; in drapery not descending to threads and texture; in the tiger's coat, giving the broad stripes, but not the triviality of individual hairs. The symbolic figure of Britannia, as of an avenging deity, seems endowed with the delegated might of Omnipotence. What power in that avenging arm clatching the wild tiger's throat—what sternness in the lip—what piercing purpose in the eye! All the incidents, though few, are directly to the point. The tropic verdure of the Indian jungle, the minaret and the dome in the distance; the horizon, with the blood-red of sunset, as of a coming day, hot with anger; the dead mother and the dying child, with the torn book and the fallen plaything lying in the foreground, crying like the very stones for vengeance—each and all with terrible

emphasis seem to utter the one word "Retribution."

Lastly, we have reserved till now Mr. Paton's "In Memoriam," because, being in many respects the most complete work in the Academy, we cannot more agreeably close this portion of our notice than by giving its high merits their worthy commendation. That petty and puerile detail which we thought it our duty to censure in his "Bloody Tryste," if in any degree present in this incomparably greater work, are at least here merged in subordination to general effect, and made conducive to intensity of expression. It is, indeed, a picture which, by its subject, its concentration of terror, its skill of composition, and its redeeming beauty of elevated form, may be ranked with Guido's great masterpiece in Bologna, "The Murder of the Innocents." The figures—a woman of noble countenance kneeling in the midst, richly robed in Indian vest, elaborately wrought, with children clinging from common fear, and huddling for one common protection—are all crowded into a rude outhouse, at the further door of which, Sepoys with glaring eyes are ravenously rushing. The details, elaborately wrought, all enhance the terror of the story. The rich Eastern flower-embroidery of the kneeling Indian guardian, the lace-trimming to the dress of the sleeping child, the crocheted-worked sleeves, the cross and ribbon bound round the neck, the gold-clasped book of prayer—all speak of the love and the care of a home destroyed—all contrast the luxury of a high civilisation with the barbarism of a savage invasion. The work is wrought to the highest pitch of tragic intensity, yet saved from mere revolting horror, and brought, we think, within the acknowledged domain of art, by forms of beauty and types of birth—by refined appeal, not to vulgar passion, but to tender sympathy. Every incident in this elaborate work tells its tale. The glazed vacant eye of terror, beyond the relief of tears; the parched panting lip, quivering with fear; the clasped hands wrung together with spasmodic clutch: the unconscious sleep

of the babe, whose utter helplessness is another plea for mercy, make this master work not less mature in thought and expression, than elaborate in detail.

The second clause in our title—"London Critics"—was pointed, in the first place, against Mr. Ruskin's *Notes on the Royal Academy*; and, secondly, against a series of clever criticisms which have adorned the pages of the *Times*. Of these *Notes* we have already said sufficient, and have striven by the whole tenor of our preceding criticisms to counteract the evil which, under Mr. Ruskin's sanction, grows year by year more fatal. We regret to add, that within the last few months he has gained in the *Times* a fresh ally. It is but just to acknowledge that the criticisms which in that paper have successively appeared on the Suffolk Street and Portland Galleries, upon the Water-Colour Societies, New and Old, and lastly on the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, have all been marked by signal ability. This granted, we not less boldly assert that the tendency and purport of these criticisms have been mischievous. We are not unmindful of a certain elevation of intellectual tone, a high standard, a dignity in aim, which cannot be brought to the criticism of Art without, in corresponding degree, enlarging her sphere and ennobling her purpose. So far, these articles are to be hailed as accessions to the good cause. We therefore the more regret that ability so wide-embracing should have surrendered itself as a victim, rather for sacrifice than as a disciple for honour, to a school every year growing more narrow in its limits, and more exclusively dogmatic in its teachings. The day is past when accession of glory can be attained by humble service under Mr. Ruskin's dictation. Wise men may be taught lessons many ways by watching the eccentric wanderings of his erratic genius, but they will show their wisdom rather by standing at a distance expectantly waiting what phenomena may next evolve, than by falling into an orbit which now blazes through heaven as a comet, and anon wanders inconti-

nently as a phantom among malaria marshes.

We will not enhance or perpetuate the mischief done through these able criticisms by their detailed quotation in our pages; we will seek rather to counteract the injury inflicted, by here awarding to the censured artists merited commendation. As might be anticipated, the character of the critic's censure may be inferred from the direction of Mr. Ruskin's praise. Thus Mr. Alfred Fripp, in a moment of happy inspiration, caught a "cat winking in the sun," and daguerreotyped a pot of "pinks" flowering in a window. It was enough; Mr. Ruskin, marking these claims to immortality, at once gave to the painter nearly three pages of printed praise. Accordingly, the *Times'* critic, in close fellowship with Mr. Ruskin, specially applauds these eminently pictorial phenomena—"the cat blinking in the heat on the window-sill beside the pot of pinks." Hence, by a natural consequence, pictures which, in our opinion, most fortunately do not pretend to the miniature painting of a "cat blinking," and a "cat winking," and "pinks" blossoming, are denounced, upon the authority of the *Times*, as sinning "against the modesty of nature," as mere "scene-painting," "taking trickiness," and "fatal facility." We cannot but suspect that the "sinning" thus thundered against is nothing more than the lawful exercise of the painter's—that is, the poet's—prerogative of thought; nothing more culpable than the laudable ambition to paint Nature in her infinity of space and magnificence of phenomena—nothing more wrongful than the appeal to the inward mind rather than to the bodily eye—nothing more derogatory to art than the attempt through imagination, through artistic composition of line, form, light, shade, and colour, to speak out the full beauty and dignity of nature. Thus we believe the crying "sin" of Mr. Richardson to be, that he has not seated himself for weeks in a damp dirty ditch to paint the weeds growing in its bottom, but has preferred the sunny shores of Como—chosen, instead

of chickweed and marsh-mallow, mountains with cloud and snow-capped distance—the blue lake with the shining city on its margin—the vine and aloe terrace, with Italian peasants in the foreground. In like manner, it is the unpardonable sin of Mr. Branwhite that in such drawings as “*Moel Siabod*” and the “*Autumn Mountain Torrent*,” he avowedly merges childish detail into grand general effect, giving to mountains their magnitude and gloom, to still water its tranquillity, to torrents force, and to boulder-rocks resistance. Mr. Boddington, in the Suffolk Street, and Mr. Gilbert, with others in the Portland Gallery, transgress in the same direction. They aspire to the great rather than to the little; they look at nature through the artist telescope rather than in the botanic microscope; they give to nature the expression of transient emotion in the gleam of sunshine—the passing shower or the impending storm, rather than the minute articulation which belongs to petrification, not to changing life. Our sympathy, as already reiterated, is not towards the little, but for the great—a work of art, as, indeed, all other work, human or divine, taking rank according as it manifests and enshrines greatness of thought and nobility of mind. We hold, however, that everything well done is a success, worthy according to its kind and degree of commendation, whether it be a “cat winking” in the sun, or a mountain shrouded in cloud. In the universality of a national art—in the toleration of a charity growing out of the love of beauty and of truth—grant to each and all appropriate honour. We protest, accordingly, once again against the narrowness of that creed and criticism which, making itself the partisan of a petted clique, and of a passing fashion, denounces as a “manufacture” every picture which does not bear the unmistakable stamp of its own workshop.

We trust, however, that each new phase and fashion—that the ever-recurring action and reaction which, in their oscillations, sway the public mind, and govern the art of nations, may, in our own land and age, subserve but the one great law

of general progression. It is the inevitable penalty which, in the hands of democracy, we are doomed in this country to suffer, in art not less than in politics, that public opinion must ever run into extreme and extravagance. Monstrous and ridiculous, however, in its excess, it has generally at least for a basis some actual truth. Pre-Raphaelism, the most noisy and noxious of these party-cries, is perhaps, after all, only the caricature of the fundamental axiom, that Art is the study of nature. Hence, when the clamour shall in its noise have subsided, we may, in the lull given to reflection, find, as we have said, that this school, not according to its extravagance, but proportioned to its basis in truth, has subverted the one paramount law of general progression. This law, however, though fulfilled, even in the extravagant fashion of the hour, is manifested in its wide embrace only through the unfolding of a universal history, and in the evolution of those more extended phenomena which have marked the rise and development of all true art throughout the world. Therefore it is that we decry exclusiveness; therefore it is that we seek to inform the present by the teachings of past experience. Our busy changing world, though ever new, is in art especially no less old—old in wisdom and experience. Let that experience teach us, then, that the sphere of art is wide as creation herself—let it teach, as year by year Exhibitions add page after page to the grand chronicle of universal art-history—let it teach us, we say, how rightly to assign to each recurring fact and phase its due position in the wide phenomena of art-expression. Let those, at least, in authority, teach this larger wisdom, for it is to this end that academies are founded—let them correct the bias of partial passing phenomena by the antidote which history affords; and, especially in this country, let appeal be made to England's pride—the cartoons of Raphael, and the Marbles of Phidias. Finally, let the works and teachings of honoured masters in our own school be still received with reverence. The works of Reynolds, Wilkie, and Etty,

yet merit the rank of masterpieces in "London Exhibitions." The lectures of Reynolds, of Fuseli, and of Barry, still instruct, not to say confute, our "London Critics." We therefore trust that the Royal Academy of this country, mindful of its position and vocation, will rightly guide and guard the arts intrusted

to its keeping—that while it gives honourable position to rising merit, however eccentric, it will uphold in their integrity those canons and observances of art, inherent as the fundamental principles in human nature, universal as the common experience of mankind.

THE BYWAYS OF LITERATURE.

READING FOR THE MILLION.

Not very long ago we spent, perforce, an idle summer-day in one of the most important of our English cathedral towns. An idle summer-day looks like pleasure; let whoso will fill it up with the glorious glowing sunshine—the languid luxurious trees, refreshing themselves with that rustle and twink of leaves which cools the wayfarer by sound and imagination, as much as the real shadow—the drowsy noonday hum, in which every sound is soft—the skies bluer than blue eyes, the clouds whiter than snow, but everything so steeped in light that—strange result, but true, as every one may prove in this July weather—the whole landscape rather loses than gains colour—the fields fall off in softened shades of brown, and the woods, folding over each other in those soft slopes, take a pale ashen tint, as if every tree, like the willow, had a lining to its leaves. Any one who pleases can imagine this; also any one may imagine the sultry dusty glare which is about the environs of the country town—the sunny side of the High Street, where the shops have all their blinds on, and everybody is out of sight; and the shady side, where happier shopkeepers water the flags and lounge at the doors in tantalising enjoyment. This summer day, however, was not a pleasure-day to ourselves. We had one small piece of business to do, occupying about an hour; we knew no one, and having accomplished our solitary object, had some five or six hours to wait for the homely conveyance which had brought us thither. Also the day was too hot for any

great energy either of body or mind. We were a little afraid of our own thoughts, which were busy with grievous matters, very far apart from this present writing, and had with us the restless company of a child. So sight-seeing was rather out of our *role* for the moment. We were too languid in interest to care even for the cathedral, the echoing solemn nave of which our small companion was more awed than pleased with. Our alternative was not a very dignified one; we invested a sixpence in a most miscellaneous and varied collection of literature, and retired with the small heroine who loved the living daisies outside better than the dead effigies within, to the verdant turf of the cathedral close.

There it stood, rising up grey against the sky, with all its clustered crowd of chapels, its little turret-spires thronging upward, its rounded, sheltered, protected apse, where, in the innermost repose and quietness, stood the most sacred altar of the old faith—and the fair old tower, too noble in its delicate proportion to take the full credit of its stature; grey and cool and old, with an ashen tint of age upon its majesty, rising pale upon the noonday skies—its solitary patriarchal presence, solemn and half sad, more like a workman than a work of man, a quiet, high, old brick edifice with a background of garden hedges and sunny and wardirly distant December to clowring greensward, and biferred the sunny roads ly-chosen, reverend and b

and the glory of the old church, which does not look monastic, but everlasting; the air, still as a summer noon could make it—sometimes a passing step—sometimes a child's voice—sometimes a breath of wind rustling among the elm trees, and dropping down upon us in their shadow a whisper that somewhere near blossoms an unseen lime. Nobody looks out from the rows of calm windows in those peaceful old houses—no door is closed or opened to disturb the echoes; the whole close looks as still as if thus it had ever been, and always would be. Does life go on there as it goes elsewhere? one wonders. Under those placid roofs is the air ever athrob with passions or with sorrows, or is this the unreachable halcyon land, where no storms can come? Thinking which thoughts, we strewed upon the grass around us, while our little companion filled her basket with daisies, our sixpenny store of literature, strangely incongruous with the scene. Grave literature and learning, decorum and dignity, the authorities of society, stood represented in those grave old houses, from which no careless human eye looked out; and scattered over the daisies, with the wind among their leaves, lay the unauthoritative, undignified, unlearned broadsheets, which represent literature to a great portion of our country people, despite of all the better provision made for their pleasure. There could not possibly be a more marked or total contrast than between the object of our immediate attention and the scene.

Yet the contrast of itself was not without its suggestion. Progress is something more than the cant of the age; according to its fashion, and within its possible limits, it is as great a reality as can well be supposed. We have advanced, and are advancing, beyond the wildest dreams of our forefathers. The only error

we make is in our self-congratulations, in imagining that the laws of nature are universal, and that they hold good in the bowels of the earth, if not in heaven, as well as on the surface of the globe. But we are apt to make exceptions to the principles of nature. One unprincipled misanthrope after another has been rearing a stately tabernacle for the

depths of which are fully explored only by the eye of their Maker; but it is different with that human soul which dwells and reigns, in uncomprehending sovereignty, over this universe of marvels. The face of the earth has changed a hundred times, but his face is still like Adam's. Governments, customs, the whole tenor of life, have undergone a thousand revolutions; yet his is the self-same restless soul which plucked the apple in Paradise, and fled into the covert to escape from the God it had disobeyed. When all the world whirls and changes, one inconstant, inconsistent, unexplainable being remains always the same. There are no new capabilities to be found out in him, no undiscovered depths from which science can conjure up forces and powers unknown. Progress is but a word for this last and greatest of God's works, meaning what goes on outside of him—the story of the accessories by which he is surrounded. That nature which was only perfect in the earliest days of its earliest possessor, and which will be perfect again only when the world's full chronicle is completed, makes no progress. Comforts increase, power grows, science expands and widens, but the man who is in the midst of all does not change.

Progress rules over science, over manufactures, over all the ingenuities and wisdoms of the race. There is not a workman in existence so perfect but he may learn something of which his work shall be the better. The only things which escape this wide rule of increase are the creative art and the individual man. Here they stand before our eyes, in a strange unvarying juxtaposition. It is so many hundred years since, chapel by chapel, and pile on pile, that fair old minster rose into the poetic perfection of its present being; since then the world has made unthought-of progress. Yet all the sculptors who do or do not design national monuments never to be erected, and all the architects who plan public offices, possibly never to be built, could not, did they club their wits together, surpass this labour of the unenlightened ages, or rear a statelier tabernacle for the

purser faith. Heaven send they did but half as well! Whereas, here, on the other hand, lie rustling upon the fresh grass these dreary sheets of printed paper, flimsy pages, made to kindle fires withal to-morrow; which prove to us, beyond the possibility of doubting, that good sense, good thought, truth, excellence, or refinement of any kind, are by no means included in what is called the spread of literature, and that the human mind has made no particular advance in any direction, to judge from the mental condition of those multitudes of people who find their weekly delectation in publications such as these.

No, the lesser arts progress, but the greater art does not share in the advancement. We print a great deal better than we used to do, but the matter to be printed shows by no means a corresponding improvement. It is three hundred years, or thereabout, since we had our Shakespeare, and such another has not come again. We can no more produce another *Hamlet*, than we can build another cathedral like that at Canterbury. We can cultivate the lesser gifts which we have, but we can put no machinery in motion to originate the greater one, which is not bestowed upon us. No amount of information, no extent of culture, can confer the living spark of genius, on the one hand, or of understanding on the other. These workmen hanging on their perilous scaffolds high up yonder among the niched and sculptured buttresses, where they do their "restorations," are familiar with a host of modern conveniences which would have been little less than miraculous to the old brothers of their craft who first laid these stones together; but we doubt much if the legends of the saints were less wholesome mental fare than the penny papers and penny periodicals which have taken their place in these days. It is a fine thing to talk of the spread of education, the diffusion of knowledge, the constantly increasing extent of "reading for the million." If reading of itself were a virtuous and improving exercise, as innocent people once considered it, we too might echo the exultation with which a

superficial sentiment regards the extending bulk of literature; but when we regard the matter with eyes less arbitrary, we are obliged to confess that it impresses us with a very doubtful satisfaction. True, these gifts of reading and writing are more likely to justify Dogberry's conclusion in respect to them nowadays than ever before. True, every kind of publication has increased tenfold; and there is scarcely a house or a room in the country, down to the very boundary-line where poverty subsides into want, or rather where want meets destitution, in which something readable is not to be found. This is no small thing to say; and it is not wonderful that theorists, who take this simple fact for a foundation, should grow eloquent upon the diffusion of literature, and all its humanising influence. But reading is not always a humaniser; and it will scarcely do to pat our public on the head, as the old wives used to pat the cottage student of ten who scorched his flaxen hair by the fire o' nights, bent double over Captain Cook's *Voyages* or *Robinson Crusoe*. Perhaps, after all, to be "fond of its book" is no such astonishing recommendation to our many-headed *protégé* as one might suppose at the first glance—perhaps even a peep into the book which this big reader loves might not be inappropriate, before we give full course to our raptures. In the days when books were ponderous and readers few, it was only just to give the student credit for mental powers more active and more clear than those of his neighbours, who knew no intellectual appetite. Now, however, a stricter standard is necessary. There is abundance of reading in these days which requires no intellect: nay, we may go farther; to require no intellect is merely a negative; there are publications popular in this enlightened nineteenth century which reject the *Arrow* of mind more distinctly still—houses, of print, which nothing possesses, too, could venture on *Am* for the *Arrows* of words, where ever *ill*; and *the* resembling sense is lost beyond grave of recovery. Let *ring* betw *the* *man* all credit for the *self-monast* of reading;

but before we glorify ourselves over the march of intelligence, let us pause first to look into their books.

These unfortunate masses! When first the schoolmaster began to be abroad, how tenderly we took care of the improvement of their minds, and how zealously exerted ourselves to make literature a universal dominion, graciously enlightening the neophyte on every subject under heaven! Does anybody remember now the Societies for the Diffusion of Knowledge—the Penny Magazines and Cyclopædias through which the streams of useful information fell benignly upon the lower orders?—how we laboured to bring ourselves down to the capacity of that unknown intelligence, the working man!—how we benevolently volunteered to amuse him in a profitable and edifying way, by histories and descriptions of the ingenious crafts, and nice accounts of how they make pins, and laces, and china, or how a steam-engine is put together! What a delightful ideal dwelt then in our inexperienced thoughts! Would any one have supposed that this intellectual creation, austere brought up upon facts and figures, could ever own a guilty longing for stories, or verses, or other such amusements of a frivolous race? The idea was insulting to all our hopes and exertions; and when, by-and-by, the horrid numerals of a statistical account disclosed to us the fatal certainty that the multitude, like ourselves, loved amusement better than instruction—that working men, too, preferred *Guy Mannering* to the *Novum Organum*, and that Byron was more to the purpose than Bacon even in the library of a mechanics' institute—the chill of disappointed expectation consequent upon the discovery is not to be described. So the penny cyclopædias dropped one by one into oblivion, and nobody missed them; and lo, rushing into the empty space, the mushroom growth of a sudden impulse, rapid and multitudinous to meet the occasion, came springing up a host of penny magazines—spontaneous and natural publications, which professed no artificial mission, and aimed at no class-improvement, but were the

simple supply of an existing demand—wares such as the customer wanted, and the market was suitable for. The Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge placed a wooden image of the most severe and edifying demeanour as the representative of literature to the multitude; but the multitude has avenged itself—here is the flesh and blood which has mounted upon the pedestal of useful information. Let us look at this natural index of the taste of the masses, and learn by their own assistance what that is which satisfies them best.

There are few words so difficult to define as that term literature, which is in everybody's mouth. To confine its meaning to that which we call literature, is about as exclusive and limited a notion as it is to confine that other term society to the fashionable world, which claims the name in sublime disdain of all competitors. Almost as numerous as the distinct "circles" which, upward to the highest *haut monde*, and downwards to the genteel coterie of a village, each calls itself by the all-comprehending name, are the widespread oligarchies and democracies of that Republic of Letters, which, like most other republics, claims throughout its ranks a noisy equality, pleasantly varied by the arrogance of individual despotisms. Let us not delude ourselves with the idea that literature is fully represented by that small central body of its forces of whom everybody knows every individual name. Nay, not everybody—only everybody who is anybody—not the everybody who reads the *London Journal* and the *Family Herald*. That eminent group, with which we at least do ourselves the credit to claim acquaintance, are only the chance oligarchs who stand up head and shoulders above the mass of their co-aspirants—whom, by virtue of that accident of stature, other countries see over our cliffs and channels, whom above a certain level of society it is impossible to avoid seeing—nay, even necessary and inevitable to know something of—and whose works are forming the last ring in that big old tree called English literature. But it matters

very little to the people in the valley whether a man stands on the top of the hill or only on the side of it—nay, for all their purposes, the lowest slope, being nearest, is the best; and so in the underground, quite out of sight and ken of the heroes, spreads thick and darkly an indiscriminated multitude—undiscriminated by the critics, by the authorities, by the general vision, but widely visible to individual eyes, to admiring coteries, and multitudinous lower classes, who buy, and read, and praise, and encourage, and, under the veil of their own obscurity, bestow a certain singular low-lying Jack-o'-lantern celebrity, which nobody out of these regions is aware of, and which is the oddest travestie and paraphrase of fame. Some of these are religious writers, who perhaps of all others address the largest and most mixed community; some are eccentrics, moving in queer corners of their own, with a snug little audience close about them, and a little set of doctrines, arguments, and quarrels, "haill o' my ain, and nane o' my neighbours," which grow into the most magnificent grandiloquence of proportions by dint of being contemplated without intermission and very close at hand; and some are neither eccentric nor religious, neither witty nor eloquent, neither political nor philanthropical, but simply and solely the weekly amusers of that multitudinous public which opens its own mind to us, all unawares and unconsciously, by means of those penny papers—not one of which says a syllable about the manners or likings of its audience, in the way of description, but which, every one, help us to the geography of that strange region where such things as themselves can grow and flourish.

Perhaps for mere amusement, the periodical eccentrics of literature, the writers, vehemently inspired with "an object," and continually straining their eyes upon that to the exclusion of all the world beside, are the most inviting; but we will not be tempted aside, in the first place at least, even by the virtuous earnestness of *Notes and Queries*, or the sublime and absorbed devotion of the *Eccelesiologist*. These illustrate a very patent

and unquestionable truth—which is, that a very small matter, placed close before an average pair of human eyes, and gazed at zealously and without intermission, will very soon eclipse the very mountains and seas in magnitude, and throw its shadow upon both earth and heaven. But we find a larger, a less comprehensible, and a more important field in the periodicals printed and published for the amusement of the many, without either object or mission separate from this. We should be afraid to pretend to know even the titles of all these distinguished serials—still less could we presumptuously venture to assume an acquaintance with the gifted contributors who secure their popularity; but the general aspect of these publications is certainly as different as can be conceived from the penny cyclopædias. Their useful information is like Falstaff's half-pennyworth of bread; the amount of sack—which, however, is not sack, but that poor creature small-beer—is quite preposterous and intolerable. There are stories to begin with, stories to end with, and stories in the middle. Two serial tales, continued from week to week, is a moderate allowance for one of those twelve-page broadsheets; and even the little make-weights of history with which some of them ballast their lighter wares, have to be enlivened by an anecdote or a melodramatic scene. One can perceive pretty well at a glance that it is not instruction which the multitude demands most loudly, and that the popular mind does not by nature incline towards philosophy, even should it be the philosophy of the steam-engine, for the relaxation of its leisure hours. No; one genuine natural appetite, at least, if nothing more, displays itself most prominently in this "reading for the million." It is that love of stories which distinguishes all primitive minds, and which has its strongest development in savages and children. No disparagement to our friends of the multitude. They, too, share with the children and the savages a certain absolute and first-hand contact with things and facts, which throws out philosophy. Events great and grievous come upon them as upon their social

superiors; but necessity thrusts them on without the lingering which we have time to make over our graves and shipwrecks. They have to gulp down their sob in the midst of the common work, which, by the compensation of Providence, is the best practical consoler; and with always the first absolute need of nature before them—the necessity to earn their daily bread—live, and are constrained to live a life outside of themselves—not of contemplation, but of activity. So it comes about that these labouring multitudes stand somewhat in the same position as, perhaps, the very knights of romance held four or five hundred years ago. It is not that they differ in natural intelligence from the classes above them; it is not that the delf is duller than the porcelain; it is only that we have got so many centuries ahead by dint of our exemption from manual labours and necessities. They are still among the dragons and the giants, where hard hands and strength of arm are more in demand than thoughts and fancies. We have gained the thoughtful ways of civilisation, when we smile at Archimage, and find St. George's hideous adversary a fabulous creation. Our leisure accordingly plays with all fancies, all inventions—all matters of thought and reason; whereas their leisure, brief and rapid, and sharpened with the day's fatigue, loves, above all things, a story, and finds in that just the amount of mental excitation which makes it somehow a semi-intellectual pleasure. For it is a story, for the story's sake; not a story because it is a good story—a work of genius—a revelation of nature. The simple practical mind is a great deal more absolute than that. Merit is quite a secondary consideration; it is the narrative which is the thing. What does a child care for the probabilities of fiction, for the wit of dialogue, or the grace of style? It is likely they bore him, detaining as they do the current of events with which his interest is linked; and though we will not say quite so much as this for the liking of the multitude, yet the principle is the same. It is the tale which is wanted; give but that, and the qualities of mind con-

cerned in its production are quite a secondary consideration. The characters may be the merest puppets of wood; the springs of the machinery may betray themselves at every movement; the language may be absurd, the invention miserable; yet if it is a story, it will give a certain amount of pleasure to the dormant intelligences: nay, intelligences not dormant, bright enough in their own fashion, possibly a great deal cleverer than the story-teller, answer to the natural fascination.

This principle of mind is just what the societies for the diffusion of knowledge did not find out, and which we fear even the philanthropist of the day, who does popular lectures, persists in ignoring. People working face to face with the primitive powers—people in whose understanding poverty does not mean a smaller house, or fewer servants, or a difficulty about one's butcher's bill, but means real hunger, cold, and nakedness, are not people to be amused with abstractions. And it has often occurred to ourselves, that were all these benevolent, noble, right honourable, and distinguished lecturers to be replaced by so many minstrels of the antique strain, yet of a modern fashion—men with stories on their lips, fresh, new, and living—not stories written in books which anybody can read who has a mind—that the effect would be something quite beyond our modern calm and even level of interest. It has pleased one of our great novelists in recent days to read certain stories of his own to an elegant and refined public, most of whom had read them before, and went to look at the author with purely unexcited and philosophical minds. We presume the audience had what they wanted, and were satisfied; and so probably had the distinguished writer, reader, and actor, who made this entertainment for their benefit; yet after all, though it is becoming common, it is not the most dignified meeting this between the story-teller and his auditory. The relations between them are changed for the time, and not agreeably changed. Somehow it seems a sin against good taste and the reticence of genius, that the

writer, with his own voice, should bring out and emphasize those "points" already singled out by popular approbation, which are sure to "bring down the house." It is altogether different with the actor, whose personal triumph has a certain generous admixture of satisfaction in the growth of another's fame. One cannot but feel a certain pleasure in knowing that Shakespeare was no more fit for the part of Hamlet than we are, and could only do an awkward gnost when necessity urged him; and we confess we do not see what advantage, save the satisfaction of a perfectly unelevated curiosity, is to be gained by hearing from the lips of its author a well-known tale which we have all read already, and can read again to-morrow without trouble to anybody. But let the story-teller bring us a tale fresh from his own conception, and unfamiliar to the world, and the circumstances are changed. It is possible even that this might be the "something new" after which this fatigued capital toils with perseverance so praiseworthy. Suppose Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens, instead of monthly numbers yellow and green, had a monthly assembly, and gave forth the story to a visible public, moved by all the visible emotions over which these magicians exercise their subtle power,—would not that be an experiment sufficient to reinvigorate with all its pristine force the flagging serial—possibly even by the prompt criticism of the audience to bestow a certain benefit upon the tale? And even if an attempt on such a great scale were impracticable, what should hinder us from getting our Christmas stories at first hand, before print had yet made them common, or criticism breathed upon their virginal fair fame? But however that may be, there can be little question that the most practicable mental agent upon the masses, in their present condition of superficial intelligence, is the art of story-telling—whether true lives of true men, or simple fiction, matters little. A genuine story, rapid, clear, and intelligible, something in modern guise like the old ballad-stories which are

the true beginning everywhere of literature for the people, would tell a hundred times better than the prettiest essay ever delivered—better, too, than even an old story of the highest fame, read to the humble audience by their volunteer teacher; for our friends are touchy—as ready to take offence as any knight of the middle ages, and might suspect a covert imputation upon their own knowledge and discrimination, if some one offered to read to them a book which they could read for themselves. No; give the people stories if you love them—narratives fresh, original, and unprinted—and the people will listen once more as their ancestors listened to "Chevy Chase" and "Otterbourne."

Every single page of our sixpenny-worth of periodicals proves more strongly this natural taste; and now it is about time that we should see what the manner of these stories is. In the first place, they have one particular and marked distinction—they are not of the class of those multitudinous tales which the art of criticism once patronised, and now extinguishest; the fiction feminine, which fills with mild domestic volumes the middle class of this species of literature. The lowest range, like the highest range, admits no women. We cannot take it upon us to say what this fact teaches, or if it teaches anything; but it is curious enough as a distinction. And if any one supposes that here, in this special branch of literature provided for the multitude, anything about the said multitude is to be found, a more entire mistake could not be imagined. It is only the higher classes who can find a hero in a tailor, or amuse themselves with the details of a workman's household and economy. An Alton Locke may find a countess to fall in love with him, but is no hero for the sempstress, who makes her romance out of quite different materials; and whereas we can please ourselves with *Mary Barton*, our poor neighbours share no such humble taste, but luxuriate in ineffable splendours of architecture and upholstery, and love to concern themselves with the romantic fortunes of a Gertrude de Brent and a Gerald

St. Manr. No kindly cottage interior, or home of their own rank, opens to this class of readers that kind of gratification which we are so much disposed to accept as the chief charm of imaginative literature. It is not because their own trials are shadowed—their own sentiments expressed—their own life illustrated by the fictitious representation before them, that our humble friends love their weekly story-telling. When the future historian of this century seeks information about the life and manners of our poorer classes, he will find no kind of popular print so entirely destitute of the details he seeks as those penny miscellanies which are solely read by the poor, yet are full of tales about the rich. We suppose, though it is rather contrary to the theory which brings poetry—and fiction as a development of poetry—most close to the heart when it expounds what that heart itself feels without being able to express—that this too is a natural sentiment. In our nobler and loftier sorrows, it comforts us to hear of others who have borne the like affliction; but in our more sordid and petty pangs do we prefer to escape rather into regions where such things are impossible, to forget our mean surroundings in imaginary splendour, and ignore our miserable little cares in a fancied association with the magnificent and lavish? Is this the interpretation? We are unable to pronounce judgment on our own authority; but it would certainly seem so, looking at the proofs before us. Young working-men, to whom not a hope of reaching the world of fashion could ever present itself—whose very highest ambition must be bounded by that obscurity of middle-class competence, which is even less distinguishable from the heights than their own outstanding lower class—will not hesitate a moment between *Pelham* and *Alton Locke*. The exquisite has a hundred chances—nay more, a certainty—to turn the balance against the tailor; and should even the author of *Pelham* turn his genius to an unlikely subject, and give us a romance of the working classes, with a mason or a carpenter for its hero, we are yet

content to stake our veracity that the ineffable dandy shall carry the day with every carpenter and mason whose good fortune places the choice within his reach. Not only so, but this strange anomaly goes further. The multitude not only ignores itself in its reading, but suffers itself to be misrepresented, and takes its view of the humbler individuals in its fictions from its fine hero's superb point of vision, and not from its own actual knowledge; so that it is safer to be contemptuous of the masses when you address themselves directly, than it is to show the same disdain to those who have no personal concern with the matter. Odd as this fact is, it is true. If one wants to see in full force that delightful unconsciousness of all the rest of the world, which characterises the very fine ladies and very fine gentlemen of the "highest circles," reproduced in an amusing but quite sincere caricature, one has but to turn to the literature which addresses the other extreme of society. Now that fashionable novels are slightly out of fashion, here is the refuge for all those fine conversations about Lord Albert and Lady Matilda—all those discussions between the earl and the duchess—all those superdainty embarrassments and complications, which are only possible in that extraordinary condition of existence known in novels as high life. On the page which lies before us, uppermost of our little pile, the leading illustration of the *London Journal*, appears what is meant to be an elegant cabriolet, with a thoroughbred horse and tiger complete, in which the hero of the tale sustains an adventure. Next to that, the first page of our next periodical displays a "grand marriage," where the bridegroom tragically answers "No" to the all-important question, and the laced and lovely bride falls fainting into the arms of the Sir John who supports her; and throughout the whole the same principle holds good. What has to be read in the workshop and kitchen must be enacted at club and boudoir; there must be lackeys at the door, splendid as any macaw of the Zoological Gardens, and stately gentlemen in white neckcloths to

usher the visitor up-stairs. As for the ineffable creatures who are up-stairs, when one reaches that superlative region, what pen can do justice to them? Yet we presume the mere hearing of them—their silken couches, their "dashing carriages," their jewels, their dresses, and their lovers—must somehow please the poor maiden who has none of these fine things, and never will have, yet, who cannot help associating them with grandeur and happiness, and a life like a fairy tale. And so the stories run: even poor superior high-minded governesses, and refined poverty in elegant distress, those staple commodities of fiction, do not flourish in the penny periodicals; *that* public does not care to know how careful gentility makes both ends meet, or how the gentlewoman who has seen better days suffers delicate martyrdom. Enough of the commonplace hardships of life are, we presume, in their own lot, and their choice is to hear of those to whom such hardships are impossible, and whose very troubles are fine and splendid, and out of the common way.

To illustrate this, we can hardly do better than give our readers a passing glimpse of one of those tales, of itself rather "superior," and aiming at something beyond the pretensions of most of the class; superior, that is to say, in intention, though not in carrying out. It is contained in one of the most exemplary and well-intentioned of penny serials—the *Cassell's Illustrated Paper*—which gives its readers sundry other things besides stories, and is a highly moral and edifying publication. This story is distinct from all the others, in being a story of benevolence and philanthropy; but is like the rest in choosing personages of fashion and rank for its agents. The heroine, a young lady called Ada Pemberton, has been changed from a mere young lady of fashion into the highest model of human perfectibility by becoming a teacher in a ragged school. She "tells her footman, who waited for her at some little distance, where to order the carriage to meet her," before she "takes her way to the blind alley," where one of her protégées

lives; and when she has reached home, and descended to the drawing-room, this is her description, as she appeared to her fashionable lover, whom the groom of the chambers has just announced as "Mr. Gerald St. Maur!"

"Her long and abundant hair, with its golden ripples glittering in the morning sun, was not, as he had often seen it before, elaborately plaited and expanded by Pertinette, and its beauty hidden by ribbons and laces, but was simply braided round her oval face; one long thick tress, of what the initiated call 'the back hair,' was plaited, and brought like a coronet round the small Grecian head, while a rich coil of similar plaits formed a scroll behind, and fell in loops on the shoulders. A simple lilac *bâti*ste, very ample, and embroidered richly with white, fitted her fine form, while all her adornment consisted in a collar and sleeves of fine lace, a gold chain round her long white throat, merely to secure the watch hidden in her bosom, and which was now become no idle ornament or fine-lady appendage, but a faithful monitor, marking those hours every one of which had its appointed duty. A miniature, richly set, of her brother, formed her brooch, and those of her father and mother clasped two thick cables of gold round her wrists. She had a little black silk apron, with pockets full of ragged-school reports, lists of the wants of children in her own little class, practical directions from Ellen St. Ange and Jem Goodman, a note-book, a pencil, her charity-purse, and several prospectuses connected with different temperance and ragged-school meetings. What a contrast to the pockets of her fine flounced silks before that memorable evening of her first visit to the Green Fields Ragged School!"

This angelical Ada has her hand kissed, and exclaims, as she "snatches it away," "Come, none of your foreign gallantry here!" upon which the lover with the fine name announces that he is to kiss the Queen's hand the next day, and they fall into brisk conversation; which ends with a mental resolve on the part of the gentleman, when he leaves her, in spite of considerable annoyance at her ragged-school enthusiasm—"I shall formally propose;" and a meditation on the part of the lady—"I think he will propose; more than once he was

on the point of doing so," with which thrilling suggestion this number, and our acquaintance with the history of these very fine people, comes to an abrupt termination.

Yes! let all the teachers learn—hitherto you have adopted quite a wrong mode of action. Who cares for your John Pound, your poor old cobbler, who gathered the ragged lads about his stall, and taught them there? tell the real story where you please, but make John of Yarmouth a Lord John at least when you bring him before the crowd. Don't tell the people of themselves; they know best about themselves, and do not wish to hear. Tell them of the benevolent Earl and the Lady Meliora—tell them that the teacher in that ragged school has her footman waiting outside the door, and her carriage mazing the lane with its splendour a few yards off, ready to carry her to the blind alley, where some poor woman will receive her as an angel of elegance and fashion ought to be received. When you find instances of heroism, of self denial, of noble truth and virtue, among the poor, as, let us thank Heaven, such instances abound, tell them to the rich. But let your palette be splendid with all the colours of the rainbow, and fill the treasury of your imagination with the wealth of the Rothschilds and the blood of the Howards, when you wish to fix the interest and gain the attention of the crowd!

So, at least, says the crowd itself, in its unconscious testimony, through the publications it delights to honour.

The paper from which we have already quoted has the orthodox allowance of two weekly stories—"to be continued"—and two others, complete in themselves, and professing to be incidents from history. The amount of ballast is greater than usual, and of a highly instructive character—beginning under the title of "Hopes and Helps for the Young," with a small prelection upon—of all subjects in the world—Public Speaking! and rules for the successful performance of the same. This is followed by French lessons, and lessons in Natural Philosophy—the art of oratory being, as it appears,

as needful and instructive an exercise for the young of these latitudes, as it is to learn that *un homme* signifies a man, or what is the meaning of centrifugal force. Then there is an article upon the city and principles of Mormonism, and another upon Ragged Schools, where we are told that the name of the Earl of Shaftesbury

"Comes like the south wind o'er a bank of
violets,
Stealing and giving odours;"

by which means we get to the Facetiae at the end, and the page of Answers to Correspondents, which form so strange a feature in periodicals of this class. The *London Journal* is less edifying; but then it has the lofty purpose of acquainting its readers with works of higher character than are to be had nowadays; and so, besides the one superfine story with which its pages open, this serial dispenses in weekly portions the tale of *Kenilworth* to its multitudinous readers; thus showing not only a praiseworthy desire to introduce into these regions the best literature, but a wise discrimination in the choice of its first venture—for Sir Walter is rarely so "thrilling" as in this beautiful romance. *Reynolds' Miscellany*, we are given to understand, is rather unorthodox and disrespectful, though we cannot say that we perceive any particular difference between it and its competitors, the stories being as fine, the personages as lofty, and the events as tragical as in other individuals of the fraternity. The *Home Magazine* is melodramatic and thrilling, dealing with dukes and lazzaroni and Spanish cavaliers, with startling headings to its many chapters, such as the "Midnight Visitor," and the "Father's Fearful Vow!" The *Family Herald* is blandly narrative and story-telling, with a mixture of the fine, the thrilling, and, for a wonder, the domestic. Last of all comes a new experiment, which, perhaps, does not mean to address itself exclusively to the multitude—the *Welcome Guest*—a publication which propitiated many people who may never see its pages by a witty and clever prospec-

tas, and which is, without doubt, quite above the level of its competitors. So much for our sixpenny-worth. For this small amount of capital we have eight complete original tales, and portions of eleven others—serial, and “to be continued”—not to speak of a couple of chapters of *Kenilworth*, and as many of the German novel *Debit and Credit*, which is somewhat shabbily made the leading attraction of the *Welcome Guest*. Here is quantity at all events, if not quality; one-and-twenty stories, or parts of stories, for sixpence! Who would not expend that gracious minature of her Majesty for such a budget of amusement? Who would not willingly encourage literature at so modest a cost? Nor is this all. We have not made trial of *Cremorne* or *Vauxhall* to see how the people look in those refined places of amusement; but the cost is greater, both of money and trouble; and we are much inclined to suppose that we had quite as good an opportunity of fraternising with the multitude, or at least of looking on and finding out what are the pastimes which please them best—while we took our rest under the shadow of the old elm-trees, and the calm eyes of the old houses, in the Cathedral close.

For lastly, in this bundle of periodicals, the lively and ingenuous public who patronise the same, come in, head and shoulders, in their own proper persons, to animate the scene. One cannot but admire and wonder at the aspect of this diffusion of intelligence which is made visible by the lively flutter of pens and flow of correspondence excited by our little group of Magazines for the people; each of these periodicals has some score or two of letters to answer, and devotes its last page to that interesting necessity. The questions asked are of every possible description, from homely applications for recipes up to delicate petitions for advice, all of which, or almost all of which, the patient and benign oracle amiably replies to. We are bound to confess that a large amount of these interrogatories refer to love-matters, in which the Penny Press seems an infallible referee; but there

is no lack of consultations less sentimental. Many anxious correspondents beg to know what Mr. Editor thinks of their handwriting? Some are curious in pronunciation—many concerned about etiquette—there are applications about law, and applications about business—there are questions in history and in natural history—and a miscellaneous crowd besiege the secret and universal adviser, desiring to know how they are to cure their wants, to make their hair curl, to manufacture ink, and to use pomade divine! Never was oracle so overwhelmed; and where the proprietors of these periodicals find persons of information so universal, seems little short of miraculous. Good advice is not such a rare commodity—most people dispense that *con amore*; but the man who shall write you a legal opinion one moment, tell you the date of Pliny's death the next, and wind up by particular instructions about the care of your complexion, must be indeed worthy of his confidential position. Talk of the admirable Orichton! half-a-dozen Orichtons much more admirable than he must be at this present writing, benignly pouring forth from their oceans of knowledge a hundred little streams of personal information to make glad the hearts of Amelia and Eliza, David Copperfield and Coriolanus, A. B. and Y. Z., and all the other letters of the alphabet in the correspondence columns of the Penny Press.

At the same time, we have not the least doubt that a great proportion of these questions are genuine. What an odd under-current of mental flutter and excitation this reveals to us!—what a strange species of intercourse between the multitude and its chosen entertainer! Doubtless the pleasure of seeing their self-chosen names in print is but a different development of the gratification with which the same heroes cut their real appellatives on a garden bench or the base of a monument; but it is odd to find these periodicals, which proclaim themselves to be “weekly records of literature, science, and art—domestic magazines of useful information and amusement,”

and such other high-flown titles, so wise in their generation as to offer ground and scope for these playful self-exhibitions of their admiring public. And it is an odd amusement to see the million rustling and crowding about the seat of the secret conjuror who is to solve their perplexities—the young people putting forth those love problems which are answered so jauntily, and which—a peep into somebody's secrets—the readers enjoy; the conscientious youth of the audience making researches into history, and putting sublime inquiries about etiquette—the older people solicitous of the medical and legal advice which is to be had for a penny. There they go with their full displayed vanities, as harmless, but not so pretty, as the more refined vanities of a higher level—their stereotyped and superficial information—their flutter of ambition to learn “manners,” and be fine like their heroes and heroines. It is something like Hampton Court or Greenwich Hospital on a holiday, and we have no doubt it is very nearly as edifying as Cremorne.

Notwithstanding this odd reciprocity between writers and readers, this multitudinous movement on the part of the audience to originate as well as to receive their own amusement, proves as much as anything can how full an entrance these periodicals have among them. No other portion of the public demonstrates its interest with so much liveliness and candour. Ancient readers of our own, who have taken *Maga* to their bosom all their life, do not dream of calling in the aid of our unflinching discretion to their personal perplexities; and who, alas! would dream of consulting the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly*? A profane irreverence and scepticism has come upon the higher levels of the reading public. We who labour painfully for your entertainment and instruction, ladies and gentlemen, are not, in your disrespectful eyes, the authorities we ought to be; you do not give us credit for knowing everything, as you might do. Fame has fled out of those refined circles where everybody professes criticism—fled

to take refuge underground, and to bestow itself upon heroes unknown to you; for alas! human nature is narrow-minded, and sees nothing which is not immediately under its own observation. We, for our own part, had supposed ourselves aware of the names at least of all the English lights of literature—but our recent investigations have undeceived us. Here is one personage, for instance, whom rival publications vie for the possession of, and whom the happy successful competitor advertises with all the glow and effusion of conscious triumph,—J. F.; nay, let us be particular,—John Frederick Smith, Esq. This gentleman is a great author, though nobody (who is anybody) ever was aware of it. We have no doubt that nothing but a conspiracy of spiteful critics could have kept his name so long veiled under this envious obscurity. He is “the author of ‘Dick Tarleton,’ ‘Phases of Life,’ ‘The Soldier of Fortune,’ ‘The Young Pretender,’” &c.; yet we protest we never read a word of his writings, nor heard a whisper of his existence, until we spread out our sixpenny budget of light literature upon the June daisies. What matter? his portrait from a photograph by Mayall, may be had in those regions where his sway is acknowledged; and the everybody, who is nobody, bestows upon him that deep-rolling subterranean universal applause which is fame. And we never knew of it!—with humiliation we own the limited and imperfect boundaries of our information; yet at the same time, by this public confession, exonerate ourselves from all share in the guilt of putting down or covering over the acknowledged genius of John Frederick Smith, Esquire.

Other authors also are here equally unknown to us, who can nevertheless boast their roll of former publications—titles as long-sounding and more romantic than those of Lord Marmion—authors so popular that the periodicals which have the honour of their support are obliged, as they tell us, to “go to press three weeks before the day of publication, in consequence of their immense circulation.” Dear friends and readers!

are you not ashamed of yourselves? You know no more of these distinguished contributors to the modern literature of your country than we did; yet who is there, among the names you know, who can show such sensible demonstrations of their fame?

Let nobody suppose we have exhausted the light literature which addresses itself to the multitude—so much the reverse, that we have but touched the main body, the decorous and respectable centre of a world of unknown publications. We have not tried to make acquaintance with the flying van or rearguards of this multitudinous army, among which a critic of moralities, we doubt not, might find much to call forth his severest objurgations. In respect to our own sixpenny worth, we can but say that, in the very heart of decorum and propriety, within reach of the Primate of all England, and influence of a most reverend Chapter, we read without fear for our character, finding nothing to alarm our conscience in the budget; and no one who is minded to repeat the experiment need fear a contrary result. *Reynolds' Miscellany*, we confess, looks rather villanous; but even this sublime periodical contained nothing, so far as we could perceive, to offend anybody. We only vouch for what we have tried; other publications abound of which no such testimony could be given; but these half-dozen are, we have grounds for believing, the most generally known and popular of their class. Perhaps the nature of our studies might not have reflected any great credit upon us, in the eyes of the dignitaries, who fortunately are not given to looking out of their windows; and perhaps such of our readers as are sufficiently curious to follow our example may prefer to do it privately. But so far as morals are concerned, these superfine stories, judging from our specimens, may be read before all the world.

The million, however, has also its virtuous penny papers, which are so much better printed, better got up, and even in their way, better written, than their neighbours, that we

fear they are rather intended for the well-behaved boys and girls of "gentle" households, glad of the pictures, and not very particular about the literature, than for the classes which they profess to address. The multitude also has, like other people, its prigs and bores—monitors so severely instructive, and ignoring so entirely that principle which makes the life and popularity of the others, that their very existence is a wonder—a short-lived wonder, we apprehend. One of these lies before us now—a small but most pretentious pennyworth, top-heavy with the weight of its title, which is distinctly too great a burden for the little craft to carry. This is "*The Public Instructor, Literary Review, and Household Oracle*," edited by Professor Wallace, M.A., Collegiate Tutor of the University of London, late editor of the *Popular Educator*, and Author of many Scientific Works, &c." This production is only in its third number, so that the miracle of its existence is not, after all, so marvellous as we supposed at the first glance: had it lived to see thirty, we should indeed have been astonished; and it illustrates very well one of the usual mistakes of that most limited and superficial class, the mere technical men of science, who abound in these days. Sugared with an Eastern tale after the manner of *Rasselas*, this pill of virtue is compounded of articles upon photography, specific gravity, astronomy, chronology, and the radical theory of chemistry—delightfully attractive subjects, calculated to foster quite a little colony of prigs among the mechanics' institutes, where the soil is highly favourable to that interesting development of human nature. This, we suppose, is the legitimate successor of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, as the *Family Herald* is the unlawful universal-suffrage usurper of the place of that obsolete representative of literature; and we may well wonder at the strange want of perception,—strange though it is the very fanatics of progress who are guilty of it, as the blindness of any Bourbon or Stuart. "The longest exile never cared a king." No doubt the Count de Chambord, were he restored to—

morrow, would reign in most royal unconsciousness of all the revolutions and all the emperors by which France has shown what trifling objections she has to the old Legitimate policy and away. It is a big comparison for a small subject; but it is only congenial to the habit of our scientific friends, who, calling themselves the enlightened of the earth, go on blindly upon the old principle, too much absorbed in their devotion to that, to observe what new, irrelevant, and illogical authorities the restless multitude has shown its different taste in choosing. Heaven help those inquisitive schoolmaster souls who think life was made for no better purpose than to make and to hear lectures upon everything! They are as much beyond the reach of ordinary experience as the oldest infatuated lover of the old regime.

When we had read our six periodicals, and begun to think of expressing our sentiments on the subject, it occurred to us to inquire after a little weekly magazine, of very shabby appearance but splendid pretensions, which we remember to have seen in the days of our youth. Any one who has had any acquaintance with those highly enlightened individuals, scattered through all ranks of society, who have emancipated themselves from the common prejudices of religion and belief, have probably heard, one time or another, the name of the *Reasoner*. Let us speak frankly. Publications of evil influence are generally wiser in their generation than those which hold a better cause; and we proceeded to seek out this champion of unbelief, with some expectation of finding in it a really telling and successful claimant for the regards of the multitude. But we were delighted to find our enterprise rather a difficult one. The *Reasoner* had strayed so totally, not only into the by, but the back ways even of the reading for the million, that we only found it with perseverance and labour. When we found it at last, we found to our satisfaction that this pioneer of Progress, like the other, had gone sublimely beyond any vulgar regard for the popular taste or likings. All

honour and glory to that delightful self-esteem of everything which can suppose itself science! A single glance was sufficient to convince us that neither the world nor the multitude were in much danger from this champion of infidelity. Many people think themselves at liberty to smile at the details of missionary operations, and at all the little bustle of committees, and public meetings, —smug speeches, personal exaltation, and chronicles of small-beer, with which the propagation of the faith is accompanied. And, to tell the truth, these are not dignified nor elevating accompaniments; and even the highest motive does not always suffice to ennoble the creaking machinery which human nature and common circumstances seem to make imperative. But if any one wishes to see the least agreeable details of a mission exhibited in their vulgarest light, without a redeeming feature or circumstance, let us direct his attention to this shabby little agent of modern scepticism. The *Reasoner* has high pretensions, in conformity with its name; it is a "Gazette of Secularism," which Secularism means a life entirely divested of Religion and Faith—faith of every kind, save, perhaps, a belief perfectly illogical, and out of agreement with all their other principles, in some certain undiscoverable individuals, known in their own little byway as leaders of everything that is enlightened in opinion, and in reality the only true teachers of a benighted world. It would be absurd to affect to be horrified with this little publication, or to condemn it with any solemnity—but it requires a certain amount of notice among the papers of the people. We are not at all afraid that the sublime hero of the tale, enshrined in its midst, who announces that "all things were always with me mere matter of reasoning, and I studied them as science," will make many converts among the masses, or that even the strong digestion of "the people" can stand articles upon the "science of God," which inform them that this is "purely a political subject." Yet, as a mere literary phenomenon, if it were not for pity, this strange ex-

hibition of an unthought-of mission and propaganda would be amusing enough. We, who are all supposed to be in the uttermost darkness, cannot deny ourselves a smile at the little practical reports, and information about the spread of the great principle of secularism, which follow these sublime speculations. To drop down out of the high abstract of Positive Philosophy, out of the extremely rarified and intellectual air, where a couple of lofty spirits make an end of all our poor little religious delusions, sheer down into a "Recreation-Trip to Yew-Tree Gardens," where "tea can be had for sixpence each," rather takes away one's breath. Scepticism among the working classes is a dim bugbear, which many a good man has been startled by; and that scepticism does exist in such a vapoury gaseous condition as to give a superficial justification to the loosening of religious restraints, and to leave a little platform of imaginary superiority, such as pleases the extreme self-importance of this "order"—which is the most arrogant and self-asserting of all orders—it is impossible to deny. But if any one who is troubled with fears upon the subject will fatigue himself so far as to hunt up, in some low news-shop or doubtful locality, a number of the *Reasoner*, we think, if his nerves are sufficiently strong to bear a little blasphemy by the way, that he will be able to satisfy himself as to any real danger which may threaten the Christianity, such as it is, of the multitude. There is the breath of a multitude about our *London Journals* and *Family Herolds*. The wind of their going is really expressive of a considerable sweep and force of locomotion; but the *Reasoner* is in a dead calm, in a corner, the very type and impersonation of the smallest of sectaries. Talk of Exeter Hall! though Exeter Hall, too, is verily multitudinous; but Exeter Hall has not, in all its missionary records, a list of details so petty and personal as are these reports of the propaganda of infidelity. We forgive them when we know that the mission they accompany is one of the highest mercy, and is surrounded by all the arts and kindnesses of

the Christian life; but it remains for such publications as the *Reasoner* to prove to us how vulgar, and petty, and laughable are all the evening meetings, and committees, and mechanisms "for the diffusion" of a knowledge so little worth having. The tea-party of a Dissenting Salem or Bethesda is not a very edifying assembly—but the tea-party of the disciples of "free thought," poor hapless mountebanks! is something far more dismal; and, combined as it is with philosophies of the most transcendental character and pretensions of extreme superiority, there is something inexpressibly ludicrous as well as melancholy in the picture it portrays.

We have not touched upon a half, or indeed a tenth part, of that reading for the million which has become so multitudinous. We have not even attempted to notice the countless swarms of serial stories, separate publications issued like the magazines in weekly numbers, printed on the worst paper, with the worst type and poorest illustrations of which the arts are capable, which, we believe, are about as popular as the periodicals themselves;—these are bought by the very poorest classes, but they are by no means *cheap* literature, though the weekly pennyworth, we presume, persuades these humble readers into supposing so—nor the penny papers, which, though bought by everybody, undoubtedly address themselves to the multitude. But, upon the whole, it is not with a very lofty opinion of the multitude that we turn from our inspection of their peculiar literature. The apologists and the assailants of this large portion of the community have equally ignored the fact, that it is a varied and fluctuating mass, as uncertain and changeable as any other class of the community, acted upon by peculiar and not very favourable circumstances, but acting with the same fickleness, short-sightedness, and inconsistency which rule over everybody else, that forms the lower order and basis of our commonweal. They are not to be kept in perpetual lecturedom any more than we are; they are not inspired by a heroic antipathy to their betters, nor pos-

seemed with an incurable political fever like model Chartist novels; neither do they surpass their neighbours in honesty, sincerity, and single-mindedness, as some of us would have the world to suppose. Circumstances alone distinguish them, as it is circumstances which distinguish the other extreme of society. Some of these we have already pointed out. A life which has to be lived in the face of hard practical difficulties, and under the constant pressure of manual toil—an acquaintance with the world necessarily limited and narrow, and destitute of those experiences which force many men, no wiser by nature, into a more just estimate of themselves—education which, in most cases, cannot choose but be superficial, and which, striving with vain emulation over the widest area, drops the quality of depth altogether; all these accidents of their condition give colour to the character of the masses, and are faithfully reflected in the literature they patronise. For these reasons it is that political nostrums, warranted, by one arbitrary Act of Parliament, to cure everything, find ready acceptance among them. Their limited opportunities of observation have a constant effect of youth upon the whole class, and confer upon them all a certain class inconsequence and want of logic, which everybody must have perceived one time or another—a propensity to blame somebody for every grievance or hardship they experience, and to expect perfectly unreasonable results from every exercise of that power which they do not possess;—all these impatient qualities of mind forbid patient reading, or a modest complexion of literature; and we find, accordingly, that the merest and slightest amusement overbalances, to the most prodigious extent, everything else attempted by this reading for the million. As a general principle, they have no leisure to concern themselves with those problems of common life which all the philosophers in the world cannot solve, nor to consider those hard conditions of existence under which they and we and all the race labour on towards the restoration of all things. It is much easier

to conclude that something arbitrary can mend all, and to escape out of the real difficulties into those fictitious regions of delight, where every difficulty is made to be smoothed away—those superlative and dazzling regions of wealth and eminence, where, to the hard-labouring and poverty-pinched, it is hard to explain where the shadows lie.

Whether the existing literature of the multitude is improbable, we will not take upon us to say; but certainly no one ever will improve it efficiently without taking into full account all the class-characteristics which have helped it into being. Once we were deeply impressed with the idea that to reach this class most effectually, one needed to enter into their own life, and make them aware of one's thorough acquaintance and familiarity not from a "superior" elevation, but on the same level with the everyday circumstances of their existence. Now our opinion is changed; we trust we have too much candour of mind to hold by our theory in the face of so many demonstrations to the contrary. No; let us change our tactics. The masses find no heroes among themselves; it is easy to do a little vapouring on the subject of aristocracy, and maintain against all the masters and all the rulers, natural antagonists of this perennial youth of civilisation, the innate superiority of the working man. But somehow a much more subtle evidence remains against him. No hero labouring with his own hands, no household maintaining its humble honour on the week's wages, no serving maiden, fair in her homely duties, conciliates in their own chosen medium of story-telling the favour of the multitude. The workman is no hero to the shop-girl, nor the poor seamstress to the workman—so the real hero dashes forward in his cab, and the true heroine tells her footman where the carriage is to meet her—and the one has five thousand a-year, and unlimited possibilities, while the other is troubled with the shadow of a coronet—and they talk of Shakespeare and the musical glasses, and see no end of fine society; and the penny magazine which contains their

history circulates so widely that it has to go to press three weeks before the day of publication—and so, with a triumphant demonstration not to be disputed, we learn the likings of the multitude.

Let us take warning, and be the better for the lesson;—but notwithstanding, we cannot help going back to that sunny afternoon in the sultry summer stillness of the cathedral close. The men who built that fair cathedral, and the women who ministered to them, had haply only legends of the saints, and far-away ballads of a forgotten antiquity, for *their* solacement and pleasure. We are severely, steadfastly, unshakably orthodox. "The Paip, that pagan full of pride," has never charmed our Protestant imagination, and we are ready to defy all the united attraction of the Belgravian Paul and Barnabas. Nevertheless the hero in his cab, and the heroine whose footman waits outside the ragged school—are they, think you, such a long way superior to the saintly Catherine and the maiden Margaret—stout old Christopher with his giant's heart, and gallant young Sebastian among

the arrow? Oh, still immovable old houses, where troubles never come! oh, life becalmed among those sabbatic walls, free of the passions and the sorrows which are abroad in this unquiet world!—which is the best? The burdened wheels of this common existence roll easier, the road is smoother, the heavy old vehicle hangs on springs, the passenger has cushions and contrivances of comfort unknown to these old times—but the grass is no greener, the daisies no fairer—and there they cluster close in their long worship, those fair religious walls, to which all these years can bring no superseding beauty. No, this human nature is bigger than Progress, greater than Time, an unprogressive arbitrary soul. All other matters may obey a law, but Art and Man only a glorious unexplainable caprice, whose coming and going God alone determines; and so it is that the new goes on bettering the old, and the old stands up triumphant over the new, and that neither the one nor the other, but both together, the defects and the improvements, the dullnesses and the glories, make up the perfect world.

KINGSLEY'S ANDROMEDA.

WHEREIN lay the power and merit of the Greek poets? What had those old heathens in common with us? What was the spirit which clothed itself in works which we moderns, heirs of long centuries of thought, propose to ourselves as models, and find ever unattainable? Such are the questions which occur to many intelligent people, some even of considerable classical attainments, when noting the influence of ancient Greece on modern art; to whom Kingsley's *Andromeda*, rightly considered, gives, in some sort, a response.

The vestibule of every art—poetry, painting, sculpture, music—is illuminated by a flood of glory. There sits the Muse, heaven-born genius of the place, and whispers to the first comers divine precepts, giving them strength, so that they faint not at the marvels that crowd on the soul; faith, so that they believe in their own inspiration; and instinct, to choose aright from the wealth of material before them. Every breeze brings the freshness of eternal youth—the air swarms with magic sounds—all objects at the touch of the artist turn to gold, as he revels amid the pomp of prodigality. Rules do not trammel him, for he will unconsciously originate rules for others to expound. Criticism chills him not, for the thirsting crowd outside, just wise enough to be eager and thankful, wait on his accents as on those of a divinity, and receive each message with triumphal shouts. And so from the first bloom and fragrance of art is distilled the essence of immortality.

Those who come after find the Muse gone, and in her place her statue—beautiful, but unanswering. The air of the place is still enchanting, but it has lost its first freshness, overpowering some, intoxicating others, while many find it poisonous. False and earth-born accents mingle with, and almost overpower, the celestial utterances, bewildering the adventurer, till, like the prince of the Arabian tale, he stands still, and is turned into stone: nevertheless,

divine echoes still haunt the walls, which, when they strike a true ear, are shaped into thoughts that never die. But at last all the region is explored, mapped, parcelled, settled; and though, by industrious cultivation, new, strange, and sweet flowers spring up, who shall wonder that the amaranths and asphodels are gone for ever?

Before poetry first took form in Greece, its elements existed in rich profusion. Such was the beauty of the isles, lying amid summer seas, in that golden clime, that the inhabitants conceived them to be no unworthy dwelling-place for the immortal gods. These were no dim mysterious abstractions, far removed from the interests and passions of men. The influences, on whose currents men are tossed like straws or feathers, were supposed to be direct emanations from living and presiding powers. Man's inner and outer worlds were both territories partitioned among immortal rulers. It was not merely that Zeus held dominion in the skies, Poseidon in the seas, and Pluto in the realms of the dead,—but the caves, woods, and streams, were all the abodes of superhuman powers. Pan and his sylvan attendants roamed through the glades and thickets; the sweet fountain, that bubbled in far recesses where man seldom set foot, did not sparkle on its way merely to slake the thirst of the boar and the deer—it was the haunt of a nymph not always invisible to human eye. The majesty and luxuriance of the forest were attributes of an informing spirit; and “that which breathed within the leaf could slip its bark and walk,” in the form of a dryad. The crafts and arts of daily life were first practised and taught by divinities. The God of Light and the Goddess of Wisdom lent to the unravelment of man's affairs the aid of their divine intelligence; and the rulers of Olympus took part in the factions and jealousies of mortals.

So splendid in intellect and beauty was the race that tenanted the clime,

that these superintending deities were believed to have held familiar converse and counsel with its heroes and sages, and to have been rivals with earthly lovers for the embraces of its daughters. So the whole land was filled with traditions of what had been done by godlike men, directed by their divine patrons, to whom some of them owed even their birth. And as the Greek, with all his sense of beauty and enjoyment, felt keenly the adverse influences whose shadows give to humanity its dark side, so he believed readily in cruel Fates, avenging Furies, and Titans who warred against gods, and even ascribed to gods themselves frequent caprices and injustice. And seeing that, when he left his own beautiful and blessed isles, he came upon strange shores, where tempests, volcanoes, whirlpools, monsters, and shattering rocks threatened, and often inflicted, destruction, he figured, as the inhabitants of those regions, Harpies, Gorgons, Sirens, and dire Chimeras, terribly powerful, and implacably hostile to man; and the business of heroes was then, as it is now, to wage against such hateful foes perpetual war.

Thus the old Greek walked in his fair country surrounded by another world, whose influences pervaded his daily life, his actions, and his discourse. And thus the old poets, secure of their audience, set no trammels to their invention, but let their winged thoughts roam at will; not like we poor moderns, "cabinéd, cribbéd, confinéd," by a decorous credibility, but "wide and general as the casing air;" and they boldly and rightly called in supernatural aid in inventing fables and situations which should most strongly stir the sympathies of men. Thus there came floating down the stream of tradition, from sources lost in distance and darkness, the tales of love and adventure, of crime, remorse, and retribution, of heaven-scaling ambition and godlike power, which delighted and inspired all beathendom.

The mere framework of these was of such excellent materials, that even, all unclothed and unadorned, it still had potent influence. Take, for instance, in its mere simplicity, this

story of *Andromeda*. Queen *Cassiopeia*, in her love for her beautiful daughter, said she was fairer than the Goddess of Beauty. Therefore the goddess, in revenge, sent a sea-monster to ravage the coast. The priests were consulted, and cast lots to divine the cause of the immortal's wrath: the lot fell on *Cassiopeia*, who was doomed to expiate her offence against the majesty of the goddess, by exposing her daughter on the rocks, as an offering to the monster. So *Andromeda* was bound, and her mother, wallowing over her, at length departed, and left her alone all night. In the morning came young Prince *Perses* over the sea, his feet bound with the magic wings of *Hermes*, and bearing with him the head of *Medusa* the Gorgon, whom he had slain, the sight of which was death. Cheering the virgin with his words and caresses, he met and slew the monster, uncovering the deadly visage of the Gorgon: then, freeing the virgin from her bonds, he took her to his own country, and married her.

This *Atergatis* was the Syrian *Venus* or *Aphrodité*—and in those days the Goddess of Beauty was acknowledged as a potent divinity. Now, were she to reappear, where would be her shrine or worshippers? Daughter of *Jove*!—Queen of the Laughing Eyes!—*Cestus*-wearer!—divinity, indeed!—ah, disreputable impostor, despised by the respectable, ignored by the world, where will you hide the laughing eyes? Social evil that you are, you must exchange the heights of *Olympus* for the pavement of the Hay-market, and instead of *Paphos* must make your haunt in *Oremorne*.

But where was the use of any ancient Greek, male or female, denying the power of *Aphrodité*? Ask any Spartan, Theban, or Athenian, between fifteen and fifty, whom he considered the most blest of mortals, and what name would be universally uttered? Why, *Anchises*, to be sure. Not only do the laughing eyes gleam through the slumbers of half the youth of Greece, but the goddess lends often to mortal beauty her subtle mighty power. Look at that statesman with the lofty forehead, dome of the astutest brain in Athens

—ruler of a people's destiny—nurse of new-born art—moulder of undying policy—yet now utterly besotted, as is notorious to the whole city, because Aspasia has given him a philtre. Why lingers Alcibiades when the trumpet calls the youth to the field?—why, but that his hero-spirit, like that of the Achilles whom men believe in when they look on him, is lulled in the charmed lap of another Briseis. The mother who sees her boy pale, worn, sleepless, unanswering, careless of food, forgetful of kindred, sighing away his existence, attempts no feeble palliative of precept or advice, knowing that he is but struggling in the inevitable net, that is spread on the threshold of manhood by that gay, smiling, almighty divinity. And the forsaken virgin, watching the averted eye of him who was her lover, knows that he is the sport of a mighty power, and goes, with many tears, to lay a propitiatory garland on the altar of the terrible Aphrodite.

Believing these passions to spring from a divinity, and knowing well how irresistible they were, it is no wonder that the trembling pagans, who had either felt their effects or seen them exhibited in others, should have feared to incense the goddess. And therefore the Greek mother, hearing that old tale of Andromeda, and remembering, perhaps, how she had half-whispered to herself that her own dark-haired and white-limbed daughter was fair as the Queen of Love, would shudderingly and remorsefully recall the impious thought, and feel her heart pause as she thought of the parting between Cassiopeia and her child on the wave-worn rock. So the tale of Andromeda may have gone on for centuries, exciting even in that simple form pity, awe, and love. Still, common natures, even among a poetic people, require to have these things strongly presented. So some ancient bard, some Greek Blondel or Joyeuse, sitting at a great festival, or in the hall of a chieftain, would enlarge on the theme, chanting, with rude inartistic eloquence and much irrelevant matter, the mother's sorrow, the virgin's despair, the de-

liverer's valour, till the roof-tree rang with applause, or till silence and tears gave truer proof of the sympathy of his untutored audience.

But at last there came a Poet—a man of Æolian heart—whose chords, vibrating at the breath of these old traditions, gave forth music which was to reverberate through the furthest arches of time. Full to overflowing of sympathy for all that was tender, passionate, and adventurous, his was also an imagination so teeming, that a touch, a sound, a passing thought, evoked persons, incidents, and scenes. In the thunder he heard the voice of the angry Zeus; in the rising sun he beheld a heavenly archer splintering his bright arrows on billow and headland. Solitary places were for him peopled with informing spirits: when he sat on the shore watching the long roll of the waves, and listening to their gurgle as they fretted the pillars and sapped the caverns beneath the cliffs, he saw not only the deep, but its mystic inhabitants—"had sight of Proteus rising from the sea, and heard old Triton blow his wreathed horn." Teeming with these sympathies and these thoughts, he had also the art, or, better still, the instinct, which it is the business of art to study and imitate, to communicate to colder and duller natures some of his own ardour, and power of seeing and feeling what, but for him, were unfelt, invisible, and untold. When such gifts go to make a poet, what wonder that he should be among the rarest of men, and that the race should be eager to do him honour!

Seizing, then, some familiar theme, he, by the magic which we call art, presents it in that aspect which is most forcible, affecting, and enduring. Suppressing all that was unnecessary, bringing the characteristic features into strong relief, he rounds the whole into symmetry and harmony, supplying such natural, familiar touches as cause abstractions and airy nothings to live and move and have being. Such is the process by which thoughts are embalmed by art.

But not only did the poet's power in those times come from within—he was surrounded by influences full

of inspiration. First there was the sense of freshness and buoyancy that greets the entry on untrodden fields. Then the themes how inspiring!—in *Andromeda's* tale, for instance, the interests of a nation—the wrath of an immortal—the expiation of a sovereign. Consider merely the *situation*—and first, reader, take up that new novel, and turn to the thrilling scene, where Frederick nobly avows his intention to snatch Caroline from her uncongenial home and make her his wife, provided his stern father will agree to settle on them six hundred a-year. Over that scene your sensitive sister nearly broke her heart, your maiden aunt avowed with a sniff and a sob that it was extremely affecting, and even your aged grandmother dropt on the page a tear from a source supposed to have been dried up since the crowning misfortune of *Olariessa Harlowe*. Well, admitting the power of the popular author of this pathetic modern incident—think now of the virgin princess, innocent, beautiful, chained like a gleaming cross to the cold rocks, a forsaken sacrifice. Her mother's last wail has died away behind the cliff, and she is alone, never more to behold a human face, nor to see another dawn after that which will surely bring the unknown terrible creature that is to destroy her. Then think of *Perseus*, with the first beam of morning flying homeward victorious from his combat with the Gorgon; who, seeing this fair victim bound on that rude altar, darts towards her, questions her, and in the might of youth and love and god-given strength determines to save her or die, though all Olympus were against them.

The poets of later times, seeing the simple grandeur of the antique themes, have sometimes adopted them—Tennyson, for instance, in *Ænone*; but with the difference of audience, how different also must be the inspiration! The poet, now, sings

to those who see *Ristori* act *Medea*, and Mr. Robson travesty the same, with equal applause, equal enthusiasm. Then the poet sang to those who sympathised in his creations with the full sympathy of perfect faith. He could securely give supernatural terror, power, revenge, and love, shape and existence, when the whole earth was, for his hearers, filled with dark mysterious regions. Nowadays, if a sea-monster were reported off the coast, Mr. Layard would appoint himself a commissioner to inquire into the matter; and, in a lecture at St. James's Hall, wherein he would state the opinion of the first fisherman he had met, would disprove the creature's existence. But—imagining yourself for a moment in ancient Greece—if you told that old mariner, stepping into his bark moored off the *Piræus*, and bound for the *Cimmerian Bosphorus*, that the good *Poseidon* was a fiction of the poets, would he not snatch his oar and strike you to the earth before your blasphemy was ended? Does he not know that, if he gave ear to the impious words, the Earth-shaker would, on the stormy *Eaxine*, assert himself in his dreadful might, and dash him, like a tangled weed, amid the fragments of his bark, upon the rock-bound shore? Does he not know, too, that his son, whose form he saw borne down by the current of the *Hellespont*, beneath the waves of which his bones are still restlessly drifting, is lulled for ever in the soft bosom of a sea-maid? Had he not talked with a ship's captain, who, with all his crew, was startled, while coasting along the roots of *Caucasus*, by the groans of *Prometheus*—eternal living monument of the wrath of *Zeus*? And did he not once himself hear, with shuddering delight, wafted on the night wind, some notes of the *Siren's* song?

Thus, from the mystery that enveloped the earth, and from the belief in the

“Spirits and gods that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend,”

the old Greek poetry drew its grandest elements. But now, as Schiller

says, rendered by Coleridge,—

"The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunt by dale or piny mountain,"

have all departed, while mystery, the poet's ancient indisputable domain, is no more. Wherever he goes science ties him down, scepticism mocks him. So our poets, finding little opportunity to soar or to create, employ themselves in scrutinising, analysing, and explaining. They have "turned their wit the seamy side without." Instead of telling us what's o'clock, they give us a lecture on toothed-wheels and main-springs. It is musical metaphysics: very beautifully done it sometimes is, and we may admire and enjoy it; but still this kind of poetry must be the fruit of reflection, not impulse, and no reader can be carried far by fashion that stops to feel its own pulse.

So, most of what is ideal in art nowadays is imitative or reverberatory; and most of what is original comes from what is real. Since science has taken us behind the scenes of the universe, we can no longer believe in the tinsel or the mock thunder; but we feel that insight is not altogether gain, and that blind Homer, in his own way, saw farther than we can with spectacles. Therefore, modern art either tries to recover the results of ancient art—and tries vainly because the conditions exist no longer—or takes refuge altogether in the actual. Our sculptors, after studying the Elgin Marbles, either produce diluted Venuses and weak Apollos, or else a hideous representation of the Duke of Wellington's nose, boots, and cocked-hat—the man certainly in his habit as he lived, but not, according to classic ideas, a work of high art. Our painters either study the nude, like Etty, and draw Leda and swans,

nymphs and satyrs, or reproduce what we see daily in cottages and harvest-fields. So our poets draw us faithfully as they can what is contained within the limits of experience, or else fly to fable, classic or chivalrous, and paint Ulysses or Sir Galahad, of which we say that it *is* fine, and *would be* perfect if it expressed anybody's belief. It is now only the musical expression of vanished feelings and curious facts. And there is this difference to the reader between a genuine antique and the best modern antique—in the one case we feel that we have an effusion; in the other, a manufacture.

When we say the inspiration which dictates the modern antique is different from that of old, we are far, indeed, from meaning any disparagement to King Alfred, to whom be all praise and honour. We cannot regret that he who has given us "*Ceone*" and the "*Morte d'Arthur*," was neither an old Greek nor an old Troubadour; rejoicing to have him amongst us, distilling from our English landscape the most perfect of idyls, or reproducing, with all the finish of modern art, some grand old melody originally played upon a three-stringed lute. But it makes a great difference to the reader, not only whether he himself has faith in what he is reading or not, but whether the poet believed in what he wrote, or only simulated belief. The result of a classic subject, treated by a modern, is not classic. But it may be something very genuine and delightful of its kind; and thus a new grace is shed on the statuesque beauty of the classical, and the picturesque nobleness of the chivalrous, when the sorrows of the forsaken *Ceone*,

"Mournful *Ceone*, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills,"

and the grandeur of Arthur's death, are reilluminated by a spirit imbued with the best influences of our time.

Two years ago, Mr. Kingsley published a little book called *The Heroes*, dedicated to his children, containing some of the fabulous

legends of Greece; and we presume that, while so employed, he was struck with the poetical capacities of the subject of *Andromeda*, and resolved to make it his theme—not as a mere translator, but aiming, by dint of classic learning and a kindred

mind, to treat it as an old Greek might have done, and so give such English men and women as know the ancients only by repute, some idea of the merits which moderns reverence and study. Excellently well, in our opinion, has he done it, producing the clearness of outline, simplicity, grandeur, and natural touches that distinguish classic poetry. And though we have an ancient prejudice against hexameters, to which *Evangelino* has never reconciled us, we forget, in the flow and music of many of Mr. Kingsley's lines, our rooted objection, and fully believe that

in no other measure could he have so successfully conveyed his conception.

First he tells us of the manners of that strange old Ethiop people, and how they are sorely scourged with floods, followed by a terrible sea-monster that ravages the shore. The priests, with incantations and prayers, cast lots to discover the cause of the visitation, and the lot falls on Cassiopeia, wife of Cepheus the king. She it is who is the author of the evil; but only one fault does her memory charge her with—one word that she had rashly spoken:—

“Watching my child at her bath, as she plunged in the joy of her girlhood,
Fairer, I called her in pride than Atergatis, queen of the ocean.
Judge ye if this be my sin, for I know none other.” She ended.”

A small crime, as it appears to us, to call forth such terrible vengeance—but the gods of those old pagans were jealous gods. No hint was dropt by those uncompromising ministers of religion that the offence was light, and the penance they were about to decree terrible. The ma-

jesty of an immortal had been offended, and no amount of human woe was too great for just expiation. As the queen in her pride had boasted her daughter fairer than the goddess, so much she now offer her as an expiatory victim:—

“Take her with us in the night, when the moon sinks low to the westward;
Bind her aloft for a victim, a prey for the gorge of the monster,
Far on the sea-girt rock, which is washed by the surges for ever.”

Here occur what we think two weak points in the poem: First, Cepheus yields this beautiful daughter with a promptitude that gives us a higher idea of his piety and docility than of

his paternal affection; next, when the virgin is bound, her mother, before leaving her, asks the fair victim not to curse her for causing her untimely fate:—

“Curse thee! Not in the death-pang!” The heart of the lady was lightened.

Slowly she went by the ledge; and the maid was alone in the darkness.”

This is decidedly weak and unsatisfactory on a great occasion; for the whole poem does not present a stronger, though it may present many a more agreeable, point than this. How differently does Andro-

mache part from Hector, in that prophetic moment in the Scæan gate!

And now comes one of the descriptive touches we spoke of as so natural, picturesque, and Homeric—the maiden is left alone:

“Tearless, dumb with amaze she stood, as a storm-stunn'd nestling
Fallen from bough or from eave lies dumb, which the home going herdsman
Fancies a stone, till he catches the light of its terrified eye-ball.”

So the poor nestling is left alone on the rocks—nothing audible but the dash of the tide, nothing visible but the glimmer on the horizon, out of which will come with the daybreak her terrible destroyer. After gazing

for hours into the darkness, she begins to bewail her fate, but her lamentation is interrupted by a procession of sea-maids and their attendants, who rise from the chambers of the deep, and pass by her in splendid array.

"Onward they came in their joy, and around them the lamps of the sea nymphs,

Myriad fiery globes swam panting and heaving; and rainbows
Crimson, and azure, and emerald, were broken in star-showers, lighting
Far through the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of Nereus,
Coral, and sea-fan, and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean.
Onward they came in their joy, more white than the foam which they
scattered,

Laughing, and singing, and tossing, and twining, while eager, the Tritons,
Blinded with kisses their eyes, unproved; and above them in worship
Hovered the terns, and the sea-gulls swept past them on silvery pinions,
Echoing softly their laughter; around them the wantoning dolphins
Sighed as they plunged, full of love; and the great sea-horses which bore
them

Curved up their crests in their pride to the delicate arms of the maidens,
Pawing the spray into gems, till a fiery rainfall, unharmed,
Sparkled and gleamed on the limbs of the nymphs, and the coils of the
mermen."

Will they not help her, those beau- of love and joy, and yet have no
tiful beings? Can they be so full pity?

"Onward they pass'd in their joy, on their brows neither sorrow nor anger;
Self-sufficing as gods, never heeding the woe of the maiden.

She would have shrieked for their mercy, but shame made her dumb; and
their eyeballs

Stared on her careless and still, like the eyes in the house of the idols.

Seeing they saw not, and passed like a dream on the murmuring ripple."

So they pass, and she is again alone. very long while, grand in imagery,
And now comes the finest piece of musical, and full of the happiest
description we have met with this adaptations of sound to sense.

"Over the mountain aloft ran a rush and a roll and a roaring;
Downward the breeze came indignant, and leapt with a howl to the water,
Roaring in cranny and crag, till the pillars and clefts of the basalt
Rang like a god-swept lyre, and her brain grew mad with the noises;
Crashing and lapping of waters, and sighing and tossing of weed-beds,
Gurgle and whisper and hiss of the foam, while thundering surges
Boomed in the wave-worn halls, as they champ'd at the roots of the
mountain.

Hour after hour, in the darkness, the wind rushed fierce to the landward,
Drenching the maiden with spray; she, shivering, weary, and drooping,
Stood with her heart full of thoughts, till the foam-crests gleamed in the
twilight,

Leaping and laughing around, and the east grew red with the dawning.

Then on the ridge of the hills rose the broad bright sun in his glory,
Hurling his arrows abroad on the glittering crests of the surges,"—

Excellent, every word. But now in the next line as a—Jarver and
Apollo having just shown himself in Gilder? Yet such is the singular
his true character as Archer of the transformation he undergoes in the
Skies, who would expect to see him space of one comma—

"Gilding the soft round bosoms of wood, and the downs of the coast-land,
Gilding the weeds at her feet."

Out with it, Mr. Kingsley, in the ing eye looks on all deeds done on
next edition. the earth. As if in answer to her

Then the maiden shrieks for mercy prayer there comes—what? is it a
to the sun—to the god whose burn- vision? A beautiful youth, armed

with sword and flashing shield, hovering like a sea-bird over the waves. It is Perseus, the mortal son of Zeus, favourite of the gods, and now returning from his adventurous

quest, destroyer of the fatal Gorgon, who comes to her, upborne on the magic sandals of Hermes; and alights by her side.

"Sudden he flashed into sight by her side; in his pity and anger, Moist were his eyes; and his breath like a rose-bed, as bolder and bolder, Hovering under her brows, like a swallow that haunts by the house-eaves, Delicate-handed, he lifted the veil of her hair."

Ah, ha!—rather a different visitor this from the expected monster; thrilling her, indeed, but not with terror. And will he, too, vanish like the sea-maids, and leave her to be the prey of the beast? Not if love can chain him—for already he feels that here, cast like a waif on the

shore, abandoned and unprized, is what will be the tenfold guerdon of all his toils. And he tells her so, and tells her that he is eager to be her champion; but still she weeps in fear, though she must be already experiencing some gleams of comfort under such treatment as the following:—

"Beautiful, eager, he wooed her, and kissed off her tears as he hovered, Roving at will, as a bee, on the brows of a rock nymph-haunted, Garlanded over with vine, and acanthus, and clambering roses, Cool in the fierce still noon, where streams glance clear in the moss-beds, Hums on from blossom to blossom, and mingles the sweets as he tastes them. Beautiful, eager, he kissed her, and clasped her yet closer and closer, Praying her still to speak."

Warm imagery this, and classic too—such as would have made the youth of Athens flush and turn pale with sudden surging emotion, wishing, each one, that her he loved could have been so rescued by his victorious sword, and so claimed as the rightful prize of his loving championship. Happy Perseus! would they have said—and so, too, will say the youth

of Britain, or, rather, so will feel, being not much addicted to the expression of emotion. At the hero's caresses the virgin's fears are charmed away—the process being described after a manner that makes us suspect Mr. Kingsley of having been for some time conversant with the practices of Rarey, Tamer of Horses.

"Just as at first some colt, wild-eyed, with quivering nostril, Plunges in fear of the curb, and the fluttering robes of the rider; Soon, grown bold by despair, submits to the will of his master, Tamer and tamer each hour, and at last, in the pride of obedience, Answers the heel with a curvet, and arches his neck to be fondled, Cowed by the need, that maid grew tame."

Then the hero, drawing from his thigh *Herpès*, the magic falchion of *Hermès*, severs the maiden's bonds, and the white arms fall on his shoulder. For a moment she forgets all but her deliverer—only for a moment—for see! the Monster, huge, terrible, unrelenting. And shall he, in the splendour and bloom of his youth, be another victim? No! let her die alone—why should he die too? There is no love in the cold realms of the

dead—(strange that, in those few moments, she should have learned that there was love elsewhere!)—let him leave her to descend thither alone! So she entreats, weeping. But not to such prayers do heroes listen. Shall he, slayer of the Gorgon, fear a beast of the sea? Would he not, in her behalf, defy the everlasting gods themselves? One kiss, and he goes to the encounter.

"Blushing she kissed him: afar on the topmost Italian summit
Laughed in the joy of her heart, far-seeing, the Queen *Aphroditè*."

No doubt—and she was quite right to laugh—never had her power been more triumphant. The girl, not yet delivered from frightful immolation, shivering with her cold vigil on the sea-rocks, can yet lift her head to give her deliverer, not a formal kiss of gratitude, but a warm blushing kiss of love. And Perseus, no doubt invigorated by it, goes forth exultingly to meet the monster. This is the way he encounters him—another Homeric image:—

“As when an osprey aloft, dark-eyebrowed, royally crested,
Flags on by creek and by cove, and in scorn of the anger of Nereus
Ranges, the king of the shore; if he see on a glittering shallow,
Chasing the bass and the mullet, the fin of a wallowing dolphin,
Halting, he wheels round slowly, in doubt at the weight of his quarry,
Whether to clutch it alive, or to fall on the wretch like a plummet,
Stunning with terrible talon the life of the brain in the hind-head;
Then rushes up with a scream, and stooping the wrath of his eyebrows,
Falls from the sky like a star, while the wind rattles hoarse in his pinions.”

It was by such forcible painting as this that the old poets brought, with the principal object of the scene, the scene itself before their audience, giving a reality to the wildest fable. Who can doubt the result of the combat? The monster, untouched by the sword, perishes at the freezing sight of the Medusa's head. And now, indeed, for the reward:—

“Beautiful, eager, triumphant, he leapt back again to his treasure;
Leapt back again, full blest, towards arms spread wide to receive him.
Brimful of honour, he clasped her, and brimful of love she caressed him,
Answering lip with lip; while above them the queen Aphrodite
Poured on their foreheads and limbs, unseen, ambrosial odours,
Givers of longing, and rapture, and chaste content in espousals.
Happy whom, ere they be wedded, anoints she the queen Aphrodite!”

Happy indeed! No tame lovers these—no humdrum pair, making up their minds to unite in calm, respectable, and well-considered bonds—but fresh as nature, ardent as the summer, beautiful as day, and meeting with all the shock of a rebound from a terrible fate. She, loving, beautiful, and saved—he, loving, beautiful, and the deliverer—could Aphrodite or Pallas Athene add one ray to their rapture? Yet both goddesses come to shed over the betrothal the warmth and splendour of immortal joy. Well did the old Greeks know how to move their listeners, exalting while they moved them; well does Mr. Kingsley reveal their charm to us in this graceful and beautiful poem. And so, in the radiance of happiness and love, the glorious pair vanished into the darkness of oldest time.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART XV.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

CHAPTER XVII.

A Man's Letter—unsatisfactory and provoking as a man's letters always are.

GUY DARRELL TO COLONEL MORLEY.

Fawley Manor-House, August 19, 18—.

I HAVE decided, my dear Alban. I did not take three days to do so, though the third day may be just over ere you learn my decision. I shall never marry again. I abandon that last dream of declining years. My object in returning to the London world was to try whether I could not find, amongst the fairest and most attractive women that the world produces—at least to an English eye—some one who could inspire me with that singleness of affection which could alone justify the hope that I might win, in return, a wife's esteem and a contented home. That object is now finally relinquished, and, with it, all idea of resuming the life of cities. I might have re-entered a political career, had I first secured to myself a mind sufficiently serene and healthful for duties that need the concentration of thought and desire. Such a state of mind I cannot secure. I have striven for it; I am baffled. It is said that politics are a jealous mistress—that they require the whole man. The saying is not invariably true in the application it commonly receives—that is, a politician may have some other employment of intellect, which rather enlarges his powers than distracts their political uses. Successful politicians have united with great parliamentary toil and triumph legal occupations or literary or learned studies. But politics do require that the heart should be free, and at peace from all more absorbing private anxieties—from the gnawing of a memory or a care, which dulls ambition and paralyses energy. In this sense politics do require the whole man. If I returned to politics

now, I should fail to them, and they to me. I feel that the brief interval between me and the grave has need of repose: I find that repose here. I have therefore given the necessary orders to dismiss the pompous retinue which I left behind me, and instructed my agent to sell my London house for whatever it may fetch. I was unwilling to sell it before—unwilling to abandon the hope, however faint, that I might yet regain strength for action. But the very struggle to obtain such strength leaves me exhausted more.

You may believe that it is not without a pang, less of pride than of remorse, that I resign unfulfilled the object towards which all my earlier life was so resolutely shaped. The house I had promised my father to refund dies to dust in my grave. To my father's blood no heir to my wealth can trace. Yet it is a consolation to think that Lionel Haughton is one on whom my father would have smiled approvingly. At my death, therefore, at least the old name will not die: Lionel Haughton will take and be worthy to bear it. Strange weakness of mine, you will say; but I cannot endure the thought that the old name should be quite blotted out of the land.—I trust that Lionel may early form a suitable and happy marriage. Sure that he will not choose ignobly, I impose no fetters on his choice.

One word only on that hateful subject, confided so tardily to your friendship, left so thankfully to your discretion. Now that I have once more buried myself in Fawley, it is very unlikely that the man it pains

me to name will seek me here. If he does, he cannot molest me as if I were in the London world. Continue, then, I pray you, to leave him alone. And, in adopting your own shrewd belief, that after all there is no such child as he pretends to claim, my mind becomes tranquillised on all that part of my private griefs.

Farewell, old school-friend! Here, so far as I can foretell—here, where my life began, it returns, when Heaven pleases, to close. Here I could not ask you to visit me: what is rest to me would be loss of time to you. But in my late and vain attempt to re-enter that existence in which you have calmly and wisely gathered

round yourself “all that should accompany old age—honour, love, obedience, troops of friends”—nothing so repaid the effort—nothing now so pleasantly remains to recollection—as the brief renewal of that easy commune which men like me never know, save with those whose laughter brings back to them a gale from the old play-ground. “*Vive, vive!*” I will not add, “*Sis memor mei.*” So many my obligations to your kindness, that you will be forced to remember me whenever you recall the *not* “painful subjects” of early friendship and lasting gratitude. Recall only those when reminded of

GUY DARRELL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

No coinage in circulation so fluctuates in value as the worth of a Marriageable Man.

Colonel Morley was not surprised (*that*, we know, he could not be, by any fresh experience of human waywardness and caprice), but much disturbed and much vexed by the unexpected nature of Darrell's communication. Schemes for Darrell's future had become plans of his own. Talk with his old schoolfellow had, within the last three months, entered into the pleasure of his age. Darrell's abrupt and final renunciation of this social world, made at once a void in the business of Alban's mind, and in the affections of Alban's heart. And no adequate reason assigned for so sudden a flight and so inorbid a resolve! Some tormenting remembrance—some rankling grief—distinct from those of which Alban was cognisant, those in which he had been consulted, was implied but by vague and general hints. But what was the remembrance or the grief, Alban Morley, who knew everything, was quite persuaded that Darrell would never suffer him to know. Could it be in any way connected with those three young ladies to whom Darrell's attentions had been so perversely impartial? The Colonel did not fail to observe that to those young ladies Darrell's letter did not even allude. Was it not possible that he had really felt for one of them a deeper sentiment than a man advanced in

years ever likes to own even to his nearest friend—hazarded a proposal, and met with a rebuff? If so, Alban conjectured the female culprit by whom the sentiment had been inspired and the rebuff administered. “That mischievous kitten, Flora Vyvyan,” growled the Colonel. “I always felt that she had the claws of a tigress under that *patte de velours!*” Roused by this suspicion, he sallied forth to call on the Vyvyans. Mr. Vyvyan, a widower, one of those quiet gentlemanlike men who sit much in the drawing-room and like receiving morning visitors, was at home to him. “So Darrell has left town for the season,” said the Colonel, pushing straight to the point.

“Yes,” said Mr. Vyvyan. “I had a note from him this morning, to say he had renounced all hope of—”

“What?” cried the Colonel.

“Joining us in Switzerland. I am so sorry. Flora still more sorry. She is accustomed to have her own way, and she had set her heart on hearing Darrell read ‘Manfred’ in sight of the Jung Frau!”

“Um,” said the Colonel. “What might be sport to her might be death to him. A man at his age is not too old to fall in love with a young lady of hers. But he is too old not to be extremely ridiculous to *such* a young lady if he does.”

"Colonel Morley—Fie!" cried an angry voice behind him. Flora had entered the room unobserved. Her face was much flushed, and her eyelids looked as if tears had lately swelled beneath them, and were swelling still.

"What have I said to merit your rebuke?" asked the Colonel, composedly.

"Said! Coupled the thought of ridicule with the name of Mr. Darrell?"

"Take care, Morley," said Mr. Vyvyan, laughing. "Flora is positively superstitious in her respect for Guy Darrell; and you cannot offend her more than by implying that he is mortal. Nay, child, it is very natural. Quite apart from his fame, there is something in that man's familiar talk, or rather, perhaps, in the very sound of his voice, which makes most other society seem flat and insipid. I feel it myself. And when Flora's young admirers flutter and babble round her—just after Darrell has quitted his chair beside her—they seem very poor company. I'm sure, Flora," continued Vyvyan, kindly, "that the mere acquaintance of such a man has done you a great deal of good; and I am now in great hopes that, whenever you marry, it will be a man of sense."

"Um!" again said the Colonel, eyeing Flora askant, but with much attention. "How I wish, for my friend's sake, that he was of an age which inspired Miss Vyvyan with less—veneration."

Flora turned her back on the Colonel, looking out of the window, and her small foot beating the ground with nervous irritation.

"It was given out that Darrell intended to marry again," said Mr. Vyvyan. "A man of that sort requires a very superior, highly-educated woman; and if Miss Carr Vipont had been a little more of his age, she would have just suited him. But I am patriot enough to hope that he will remain single, and have no wife but his country, like Mr. Pitt."

The Colonel having now satisfied his curiosity, and assured himself that Darrell was, there at least, no rejected suitor, rose and approached

Flora to make peace, and to take leave. As he held out his hand, he was struck with the change in a countenance usually so gay in its aspect—it spoke of more than dejection, it betrayed distress; when she took his hand, she retained it, and looked into his eyes wistfully; evidently there was something on her mind which she wished to express, and did not know how. At length she said in a whisper, "You are Mr. Darrell's most intimate friend; I have heard him say so; shall you see him soon?"

"I fear not; but why?"

"Why? you, his friend; do you not perceive that he is not happy? I, a mere stranger, saw it at the first. You should cheer and comfort him; you have that right—it is a noble privilege."

"My dear young lady," said the Colonel, touched, "you have a better heart than I thought for. It is true Darrell is not a happy man; but can you give me any message that might cheer him more than an old bachelor's commonplace exhortations to take heart, forget the rains of yesterday, and hope for some gleam of sun on the morrow."

"No," said Flora, sadly, "it would be a presumption indeed in me to affect the consoler's part; but—(her lips quivered)—but if I may judge by his letter, I may never see him again."

"His letter! He has written to you, then, as well as to your father?"

"Yes," said Flora, confused and colouring, "a few lines in answer to a silly note of mine: yes, tell him that I shall never forget his kind counsels, his delicate, indulgent construction of—of—in short, tell him my father is right, and that I shall be better and wiser all my life for the few short weeks in which I have known Guy Darrell."

"What secrets are you two whispering there?" asked Mr. Vyvyan from his easy-chair.

"Ask her ten years hence," said the Colonel, as he retreated to the door. "The fairest leaves in the flower are the last that the bud will disclose."

From Mr. Vyvyan the Colonel went

to Lord ——'s. His lordship had also heard from Darrell that morning; Darrell declined the invitation to —— Hall; business at Fawley. Lady Adela had borne the disappointment with her wonted serenity of temper, and had gone out shopping. Darrell had certainly not offered his hand in that quarter; had he done so—whether refused or accepted—all persons yet left in London would have heard the news. Thence the Colonel repaired to Carr Vipont's. Lady Selina was at home, and exceedingly cross. Carr had been astonished by a letter from Mr. Darrell, dated Fawley—left town for the season without even calling to take leave—a most eccentric man. She feared his head was a little touched—that he knew it, but did not like to own it—perhaps the doctors had told him he must keep quiet, and not excite himself with politics. "I had thought," said Lady Selina, "that he might have felt a growing attachment for Honoria; and considering the disparity of years, and that Honoria certainly might marry any one, he was too proud to incur the risk of refusal. But I will tell you in confidence, as a relation and dear friend, that Honoria has a very superior mind, and might have overlooked the mere age; congenial tastes—you understand. But on thinking it all over, I begin to doubt whether *that* be the true reason for his running away in this wild sort of manner. My maid tells me that his house-steward called to say that the establishment was to be broken up. That looks as if he had resigned London for good; just, too, when, Carr says, the crisis, so long put off, is sure to burst on us. I'm quite sick of clever men—one never knows how to trust them; if they are not dishonest, they are eccentric! I have just been telling Honoria that clever men are, after all, the most tiresome husbands. Well, what makes you so silent? What do you say? Why don't you speak?"

"I am slowly recovering from my shock," said the Colonel. "So Darrell shirks *THE CRISIS*, and has not even hinted a preference for Honoria, the very girl in all London that would have made him a safe, rational

companion. I told him so, and he never denied it. But it is a comfort to think he is no loss. Old monster!"

"Nay," said Lady Selina, mollified by so much sympathy, "I don't say he is no loss. Honestly speaking—between ourselves—I think he is a very great loss. An alliance between him and Honoria would have united all the Vipont influence. Lord Montfort has the greatest confidence in Darrell; and if this crisis comes, it is absolutely necessary for the Vipont interest that it should find somebody who can speak. Really, my dear Colonel Morley, you who have such an influence over this very odd man, should exert it now. One must not be over-nice in times of *CRISIS*; the country is at stake, Cousin Alban."

"I will do my best," said the Colonel; "I am quite aware that an alliance which would secure Darrell's talents to the house of Vipont, and the House of Vipont to Darrell's talents, would—but 'tis no use talking, we must not sacrifice Honoria even on the altar of her country's interest!"

"Sacrifice! Nonsense! The man is not young certainly, but then what a grand creature and so clever."

"Clever—yes! But that was your very objection to him five minutes ago."

"I forgot the *CRISIS*.—One don't want clever men every day, but there *are* days when one does want them!"

"I envy you that aphorism. But from what you now imply, I fear that Honoria may have allowed her thoughts to settle upon what may never take place; and if so, she may fret."

"Fret! a daughter of mine fret!—and of all my daughters, Honoria! A girl of the best-disciplined mind! Fret! what a word—vulgar!"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"So it is; I blush for it; but let us understand each other. If Darrell proposed for Honoria, you think, ambition apart, she would esteem him sufficiently for a decided preference."

LADY SELINA.—"If that be his doubt, reassure him. He is shy; men of genius are; Honoria *would*

... he has actually
... compromise her
...
... And if that
... and if I ascertain
... idea of proposing,
...
... —“Despise him.
... your countenance that
... should prepare her. Is
...
... ”

COLONEL MORLEY.—“Frankly then, I think Guy Darrell, like many other men, has been so long making up his mind to marry again, that he has lost the right moment, and will never find it.”

Lady Selina smells at her vinaigrette, and replies in her softest, affectedest, civilest, and crushingest manner—

“*Poor—DEAR—OLD MAN!*”

CHAPTER XIX.

... permitted, with ultimate impunity, to exasperate the envious, and insult the miseries of those around him, by a systematic perseverance in wilful—
... In vain may he scheme, in the marriage of injured friends, to provide arm-chairs, and footstools, and prattling babies for the luxurious delectation of his indolent age. The avenging Eumenides (being themselves ancient virgins neglected) shall humble his insolence, baffle his projects, and condemn his declining years to the horrors of solitude,—rarely even wakening his soul to the grace of repentance.

The Colonel, before returning home, dropped into the Clubs, and took care to give to Darrell's sudden disappearance a plausible and commonplace construction. The season was just over. Darrell had gone to the country. The town establishment was broken up, because the house in Carlton Gardens was to be sold. Darrell did not like the situation—found the air relaxing—Park Lane or Grosvenor Square were on higher ground. Besides, the staircase was bad for a house of such pretensions—not suited to large parties. Next season Darrell might be in a position when he would have to give large parties, &c. &c. As no one is inclined to suppose that a man will retire from public life just when he has a chance of office, so the Clubs took Alban Morley's remarks unsuspiciously, and generally agreed that Darrell showed great tact in absenting himself from town during the transition state of politics that always precedes a Crisis, and that it was quite clear that he calculated on playing a great part when the Crisis was over, by finding his house had grown too small for him. Thus paving the way to Darrell's easy return to the world, should he repent of his retreat (a chance which Alban by no means dismissed from his reckoning,) the Colonel returned home to find his nephew George awaiting him there. The scholarly clergyman had ensconced

himself in the back drawing-room, fitted up as a library, and was making free with the books. “What have you there, George?” asked the Colonel, after shaking him by the hand. “You seemed quite absorbed in its contents, and would not have noticed my presence but for Gip's bark.”

“A volume of poems I never chanced to meet before. Full of true genius.”

“Bless me, poor Arthur Branthwaite's poems. And you were positively reading those—not induced to do so by respect to his father?—Could you make head or tail of them?”

“There is a class of poetry which displeases middle age by the very attributes which render it charming to the young; for each generation has a youth with idiosyncrasies peculiar to itself, and a peculiar poetry by which those idiosyncrasies are expressed.”

Here George was beginning to grow metaphysical, and somewhat German, when his uncle's face assumed an expression which can only be compared to that of a man who dreads a very severe and long operation. George humanely hastened to relieve his mind.

“But I will not bore you at present.”

“Thank you,” said the Colonel, brightening up.

"Perhaps you will lend me the book. I am going down to Lady Montfort's by-and-by, and I can read it by the way."

"Yes, I will lend it to you till next season. Let me have it again then, to put on the table when Frank Vance comes to breakfast with me. The poet was his brother-in-law; and though, for that reason, poets and poetry are a sore subject with Frank, yet, the last time he breakfasted here, I felt, by the shake of his hand in parting, that he felt pleased by a mark of respect to all that is left of poor Arthur Branthwaite. So you are going to Lady Montfort? Ask her why she cuts me!"

"My dear uncle! You know how secluded her life is at present; but she has charged me to assure you of her unalterable regard for you; and whenever her health and spirits are somewhat more recovered, I have no doubt that she will ask you to give her the occasion to make that assurance in person."

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Can her health and spirits continue so long affected by grief for the loss of that distant acquaintance whom the law called her husband?"

GEORGE.—"She is very far from well, and her spirits are certainly much broken. And now, uncle, for the little favour I came to ask. Since you presented me to Mr. Darrell, he kindly sent me two or three invitations to dinner, which my frequent absence from town would not allow me to accept. I ought to call on him; and, as I feel ashamed not to have done so before, I wish you would accompany me to his house. One happy word from you would save me a relapse into stutter. When I want to apologise, I always stutter."

"Darrell has left town," said the Colonel, roughly; "you have missed an opportunity that will never occur again. The most charming companion; an intellect so manly, yet so sweet! I shall never find such another." And for the first time in thirty years a tear stole to Alban Morley's eye.

GEORGE.—"When did he leave town?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Three days ago."

GEORGE.—"Three days ago! and for the Continent again?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"No, for the Hermitage. George, I have such a letter from him! You know how many years he has been absent from the world. When, this year, he reappeared, he and I grew more intimate than we had ever been since we had left school; for though the same capital held us before, he was then too occupied for much familiarity with an idle man like me. But just when I was intertwining what is left of my life with the bright threads of his, he snaps the web asunder; he quits this London world again; says he will return to it no more."

GEORGE.—"Yet I did hear that he proposed to renew his parliamentary career; nay, that he was about to form a second marriage, with Honoria Vipont?"

COLONEL MORLEY.—"Mere gossip—not true. No, he will never again marry. Three days ago I thought it certain that he would—certain that I should find for my old age a nook in his home—the easiest chair in his social circle; that my daily newspaper would have a fresh interest, in the praise of his name, or the report of his speech; that I should walk proudly into White's, sure to hear there of Guy Darrell; that I should keep from misanthropical rust my dry knowledge of life, planning shrewd panegyrics to him of a young happy wife, needing all his indulgence—panegyrics to her of the high-minded sensitive man, claiming tender respect and delicate soothing;—that thus, day by day, I should have made more pleasant the home in which I should have planted myself, and found in his children boys to lecture and girls to spoil. Don't be jealous, George. I like your wife, I love your little ones, and you will have all I have to leave. But to an old bachelor, who would keep young to the last, there is no place so sunny as the hearth of an old school-friend. But my house of cards is blown down—talk of it no more—'tis a painful subject. You met Lionel Haughton here the last time you called—how did you like him?"

"Very much, indeed."

"Well then, show you cannot call on Darrell, and so on."

George (with animation).—"It is not what I mean to do—what is his address?"

LIONEL MORLEY.—"There is his name—under it. He was here last night as I knew where Darrell had gone, though no one in his household, nor I either, suspected till this

morning that Darrell had left town for good. You will find Lionel at home, for I sent him word I would call. But really I am not up to it now. Tell him from me that Mr. Darrell will not return to Carlton Gardens this season, and is gone to Fawley. At present Lionel need not know more—you understand? And now, my dear George, good-day."

CHAPTER XX.

Each generation has its own critical canons in poetry as well as in political creed, financial systems, or whatever other changeable matters of taste are called "Settled Questions" and "Fixed Opinions."

George, musing much over all that his uncle had said respecting Darrell, took his way to Lionel's lodgings. The young man received him with the cordial greeting due from Darrell's kinsman to Colonel Morley's nephew, but tempered by the respect no less due to the distinction and the calling of the eloquent preacher.

Lionel was perceptibly affected by learning that Darrell had thus suddenly returned to the gloomy beechwoods of Fawley; and he evinced his anxious interest in his benefactor with so much spontaneous tenderness of feeling, that George, as if in sympathy, warmed into the same theme, "I can well conceive," said he, "your affection for Mr. Darrell. I remember when I was a boy, how powerfully he impressed me, though I saw but little of him. He was then in the zenith of his career, and had but few moments to give to a boy like me; but the ring of his voice and the flash of his eye sent me back to school, dreaming of fame, and intent on prizes. I spent part of one Easter vacation at his house in town; he bade his son, who was my school-fellow, invite me."

LIONEL.—"You knew his son? How Mr. Darrell has felt that loss!"

GEORGE.—"Heaven often veils its most provident mercy in what to man seems its sternest inflictions. That poor boy must have changed his whole nature, if his life had not to a father, like Mr. Darrell, occasioned grief sharper than his death."

LIONEL.—"You amaze me. Mr. Darrell spoke of him as a boy of great promise."

GEORGE.—"He had that kind of energy which to a father conveys the idea of promise, and which might deceive those older than himself—a fine bright-eyed bold-tongued boy, with just enough awe of his father to bridle his worst qualities before him."

LIONEL.—"What were those?"

GEORGE.—"Headstrong arrogance—relentless cruelty. He had a pride which would have shamed his father out of pride, had Guy Darrell detected its nature—purse pride! I remember his father said to me with a half-laugh, 'My boy must not be galled and mortified as I was every hour at school—clothes patched and pockets empty.' And so, out of mistaken kindness, Mr. Darrell ran into the opposite extreme, and the son was proud, not of his father's fame, but of his father's money, and withal not generous, nor exactly extravagant, but using money as power—power that allowed him to insult an equal or to buy a slave. In a word, his nickname at school was 'Sir Giles Overreach.' His death was the result of his strange passion for tormenting others. He had a fag who could not swim, and who had the greatest terror of the water; and it was while driving this child into the river out of his depth, that cramp seized himself, and he was drowned. Yes, when I think what that boy would have been as man,

succeeding to Darrell's wealth—and had Darrell persevered (as he would perhaps, if the boy had lived) in his public career—to the rank and titles he would probably have acquired and bequeathed—again I say, in man's affliction is often Heaven's mercy."

Lionel listened aghast. George continued—"Would that I could speak as plainly to Mr. Darrell himself! For we find constantly in the world that there is no error that misleads us like the error that is half a truth wrenched from the other half; and nowhere is such an error so common as when man applies it to the judgment of some event in his own life, and separates calamity from consolation."

LIONEL.—"True; but who could have the heart to tell a mourning father that his dead son was worthless?"

GEORGE.—"Alas, my young friend, the preacher must sometimes harden his own heart if he would strike home to another's soul. But I am not sure that Mr. Darrell would need so cruel a kindness. I believe that his clear intellect must have divined some portions of his son's nature which enabled him to bear the loss with fortitude. And he did bear it bravely. But now, Mr. Haughton, if you have the rest of the day free, I am about to make you an unceremonious proposition for its disposal. A lady who knew Mr. Darrell when she was very young, has a strong desire to form your acquaintance. She resides on the banks of the Thames, a little above Twickenham. I have promised to call on her this evening. Shall we dine together at Richmond? And afterwards we can take a boat to her villa."

Lionel at once accepted, thinking so little of the lady that he did not even ask her name. He was pleased to have a companion with whom he

could talk of Darrell. He asked but delay to write a few lines of affectionate inquiry to his kinsman at Fawley, and, while he wrote, George took out Arthur Branthwaite's poems, and resumed their perusal. Lionel having sealed his letter, George extended the book to him. "Here are some remarkable poems by a brother-in-law of that remarkable artist, Frank Vance."

"Frank Vance! True, he had a brother-in-law a poet. I admire Frank so much; and, though he professes to sneer at poetry, he is so associated in my mind with poetical images, that I am prepossessed beforehand in favour of all that brings him, despite himself, in connection with poetry."

"Tell me, then," said George, pointing out a passage in the volume, "what you think of these lines. My good uncle would call them gibberish. I am not sure that I can construe them; but when I was your age, I think I could—what say you?"

Lionel glanced. "Exquisite indeed!—nothing can be clearer—they express exactly a sentiment in myself that I could never explain."

"Just so," said George laughing. "Youth has a sentiment that it cannot explain, and the sentiment is expressed in a form of poetry that middle age cannot construe. It is true that poetry of the grand order interests equally all ages; but the world ever throws out a poetry not of the grandest; not meant to be durable—not meant to be universal, but following the shifts and changes of human sentiment, and just like those pretty sundials formed by flowers, which bloom to tell the hour, open their buds to tell it, and, telling it, fade themselves from time."

Not listening to the critic, Lionel continued to read the poems, exclaiming, "How exquisite!—how true!"

CHAPTER XXI.

In Life, as in Art, the Beautiful moves in curves.

They have dined. George Morley through the dance of waves flushed takes the oars, and the boat cuts by the golden sunset. Beautiful river!

...the English tale-
...as those
...by Hydaspes,
...which Cephalus
...the songs of night-
...wealth of violets!
...the English poet ever
...the River Thames, with-
...tribute? And what
...summer noons
...grassy banks, nor hallowed
...among the fairy

Lionel bent over the side
of the gliding boat, his mind carried
back to the same soft stream five
years ago. How vast a space in
his short existence those five years
seemed to fill! And how far, how
immeasurably far from the young
man, rich in the attributes of wealth,
armed with each weapon of distinc-
tion, seemed the hour when the boy
had groined aloud, "Fortune is so
far, Fame so impossible!" Farther
and farther yet than his present world-
ly station from his past, seemed the
image that had first called forth in his
breast the dreary sentiment, which
the sternest of us in after life never
utterly forget. Passions rage and
vanish, and when all their storms are
gone, yea, it may be, at the verge of
the very grave, we look back and see
like a star the female face, even though
it be a child's, that first set us vaguely
wondering at the charm in a human
presence, at the void in a smile with-
drawn! How many of us could re-
call a Beatrice through the gaps of
ruined hope, seen, as by the Floren-
tine, on the earth a guileless infant,
in the heavens a spirit glorified! Yes
—Laura was an affectation—Beatrice
a reality!

George's voice broke somewhat dis-
tastefully on Lionel's reverie. "We
near our destination, and you have
not asked me even the name of the
lady to whom you are to render
homage. It is Lady Montfort, wi-
dow to the last Marquess. You have
no doubt heard Mr. Darrell speak of
her?"

"Never Mr. Darrell—Colonel Mor-
ley often. And in the world I have
heard her cited as perhaps the hand-
somest, and certainly the haughtiest,
woman in England."

"Never heard Mr. Darrell mention

her! that is strange, indeed," said
George Morley, catching at Lionel's
first words, and unnoticing his after
comment. "She was much in his
house as a child, shared in his daugh-
ter's education."

"Perhaps for that very reason he
shuns her name. Never but once did
I hear him allude to his daughter;
nor can I wonder at that, if it be true,
as I have been told by people who
seem to know very little of the parti-
culars, that, while yet scarcely out of
the nursery, she fled from his house
with some low adventurer—a Mr.
Hammond—died abroad the first year
of that unhappy marriage."

"Yes, that is the correct outline of
the story; and as you guess, it ex-
plains why Mr. Darrell avoids men-
tion of one whom he associates with
his daughter's name, though, if you
desire a theme dear to Lady Montfort,
you can select none that more interests
her grateful heart than praise of the
man who saved her mother from
penury, and secured to herself the ac-
complishments and instruction which
have been her chief solace."

"Chief solace! Was she not happy
with Lord Montfort? What sort of
man was he!"

"I owe to Lord Montfort the living
I hold, and I can remember the good
qualities alone of a benefactor. If
Lady Montfort was not happy with
him, it is just to both to say that she
never complained. But there is much
in Lady Montfort's character which
the Marquess apparently failed to ap-
preciate; at all events, they had little
in common, and what was called Lady
Montfort's haughtiness, was perhaps
but the dignity with which a woman
of grand nature checks the pity that
would debase her—the admiration
that would sully—guards her own
beauty, and protects her husband's
name. Here we are. Will you stay
for a few minutes in the boat, while
I go to prepare Lady Montfort for
your visit?"

George leapt ashore, and Lionel
remained under the covert of mighty
willows that dipped their leaves into
the wave. Looking through the
green interstices of the foliage, he
saw at the far end of the lawn, on a
curving bank by which the glittering
tide shot oblique, a simple arbour—

an arbour like that from which he had looked upon summer stars five years ago—not so densely covered with the honeysuckle; still the honeysuckle, recently trained there, was fast creeping up the sides; and through the trellis of the wood-work and the leaves of the flowering shrub, he just caught a glimpse of some form with-

in—the white robe of a female form in a slow gentle movement—tending perhaps the flowers that wreathed the arbour. Now it was still, now it stirred again; now it was suddenly lost to view. Had the inmate left the arbour? Was the inmate Lady Montfort? George Morley's step had not passed in that direction.

CHAPTER XXII.

A quiet scene—an unquiet heart.

Meanwhile, not far from the willow-bank which sheltered Lionel, but far enough to be out of her sight, and beyond her hearing, George Morley found Lady Montfort seated alone. It was a spot on which Milton might have placed the Lady in "Comus"—a circle of the smoothest sward, ringed everywhere (except at one opening which left the glassy river in full view) with thick banks of dark evergreens, and shrubs of livelier verdure; oak and chestnut backing and overhanging all. Flowers, too, raised on rustic tiers and stages; a tiny fountain, shooting up from a basin starred with the water-lily; a rustic table, on which lay books and the implements of woman's graceful work; so that the place had the home-look of a chamber, and spoke that intense love of the out-door life which abounds in our old poets from Chaucer down to the day when minstrels, polished into wits, took to Wills' Coffeehouse, and the lark came no more to bid bards

"Good morrow
From his watch-tower in the skies."

But long since, thank Heaven, we have again got back the English poetry which chimes to the babble of the waters and the riot of the birds; and just as that poetry is the freshest which the out-door life has the most nourished, so I believe that there is no surer sign of the rich vitality which finds its raciest joys in sources the most innocent, than the childlike taste for that same out-door life. Whether you take from fortune the palace or the cottage, add to your chambers a hall in the courts of Nature. Let the earth but give you

room to stand on; well, look up—Is it nothing to have for your roof-tree—Heaven?

Caroline Montfort (be her titles dropped) is changed since we last saw her. The beauty is not less in degree, but it has gained in one attribute, lost in another; it commands less, it touches more. Still in deep mourning, the sombre dress throws a paler shade over the cheek. The eyes, more sunken beneath the brow, appear larger, softer. There is that expression of fatigue which either accompanies impaired health, or succeeds to mental struggle and disquietude. But the coldness or pride of mien which was peculiar to Caroline as a wife is gone,—as if in widowhood it was no longer needed. A something like humility prevailed over the look and the bearing which had been so tranquilly majestic. As at the approach of her cousin she started from her seat, there was a nervous tremor in her eagerness; a rush of colour to the cheeks; an anxious quivering of the lip; a flutter in the tones of the sweet low voice;—"Well, George."

"Mr. Darrell is not in London; he went to Fawley three days ago; at least he is there now. I have this from my uncle, to whom he wrote; and whom his departure has vexed and saddened."

"Three days ago! It must have been he, then! I was not deceived," murmured Caroline, and her eyes wandered round.

"There is no truth in the report you heard that he was to marry Honoria Vipont. My uncle thinks he will never marry again, and implies that he has resumed his solitary life

heroine is often little more than a name to which we are called upon to bow, as to a symbol representing beauty; and if we ourselves (be we ever so indifferent in our common life to fair faces) feel that in art at least imagination needs an image of the Beautiful—if, in a word, both poet and reader here would not be left excuseless, it is because in our inmost hearts there is a sentiment which links the ideal of beauty with the Supersensual. Wouldst thou, for instance, form some vague conception of the shape worn by a pure soul re-

leased; wouldst thou give to it the likeness of an ugly hag? or wouldst thou not ransack all thy remembrances, all thy conceptions of forms most beauteous, to clothe the holy image? Do so: now bring it thus robed with the richest graces before thy mind's eye. Well, seest thou now the excuse for poets in the rank they give to BEAUTY? Seest thou now how high from the realm of the senses soars the mysterious Archetype? Without the idea of beauty, couldst thou conceive a form in which to clothe a soul that has entered heaven!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Agreeable surprises are the perquisites of youth.

If the beauty of Lady Montfort's countenance took Lionel by surprise, still more might he wonder at the winning kindness of her address—a kindness of look, manner, voice, which seemed to welcome him not as a chance acquaintance but as a new-found relation. The first few sentences, in giving them a subject of common interest, introduced into their converse a sort of confiding household familiarity. For Lionel, ascribing Lady Montfort's gracious reception to her early recollections of his kinsman, began at once to speak of Guy Darrell; and in a little time they were walking over the turf, or through the winding alleys of the garden, linking talk to the same theme, she by question, he by answer—he, charmed to expatiate—she, pleased to listen—and liking each other more and more, as she recognised in all he said a bright young heart, overflowing with grateful and proud affection, and as he felt instinctively that he was with one who sympathised in his enthusiasm—one who had known the great man in his busy day, ere the rush of his career had paused, whose childhood had lent a smile to the great man's home before childhood and smile had left it.

As they thus conversed, Lionel now and then, in the turns of their walk, caught a glimpse of George Morley in the distance, walking also side by side with some young com-

panion, and ever as he caught that glimpse a strange restless curiosity shot across his mind, and distracted it even from praise of Guy Darrell. Who could that be with George? Was it a relation of Lady Montfort's? The figure was not in mourning; its shape seemed slight and youthful—now it passes by that acacia tree,—standing for a moment apart and distinct from George's shadow, but its own outline dim in the deepening twilight—now it has passed on, lost amongst the laurels.

Lionel and Lady Montfort now came before the windows of the house, which was not large for the rank of the owner, but commodious, with no pretence to architectural beauty—dark-red brick, a century and a half old—irregular; jutting forth here, receding there, so as to produce that depth of light and shadow, which lends a certain picturesque charm even to the least ornate buildings—a charm to which the Gothic architecture owes half its beauty. Jessamine, roses, woodbine, ivy, trained up the angles and between the windows. Altogether the house had that air of HOME which had been wanting to the regal formality of Montfort Court. One of the windows, raised above the ground by a short winding stair, stood open. Lights had seemingly just been brought into the room within, and Lionel's eye was caught by the gleam.

Lady Montfort turned up the stair, and Lionel followed her into the apartment. A harp stood at one corner—not far from it the piano and music-stand. On one of the tables there were the implements of drawing—a sketch in water-colours half finished.

"Our work-room," said Lady Montfort, with a warm cheerful smile, and yet Lionel could see that tears were in her eyes—"mine and my dear pupil's. Yes, that harp is hers. Is he still fond of music—I mean Mr. Darrell?"

"Yes, though he does not care for it in crowds; but he can listen for hours to Fairthorn's lute. You remember Mr. Fairthorn?"

"Yes, I remember him," answered Lady Montfort softly. "Mr. Darrell, then, likes *his* music still?"

Lionel here uttered an exclamation of more than surprise. He had turned to examine the water-colour sketch—a rustic inn, a honeysuckle

arbour, a river in front, a boat yonder—just begun.

"I know the spot!" he cried. "Did you make the sketch of it?"

"No; it is hers—my pupil's—my adopted child's."

Lionel's dark eyes turned to Lady Montfort's wistfully, inquiringly; they asked what his lips could not presume to ask. "Your adopted child—what is she?—who?"

As if answering to the eyes, Lady Montfort said—

"Wait here a moment; I will go for her."

She left him, descended the stairs into the garden, joined George Morley and his companion; took aside the former, whispered him, then drawing the arm of the latter within her own, led her back into the room, while George Morley remained in the garden, throwing himself on a bench, and gazing on the stars as they now came forth, fast and frequent, though one by one.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Quem Fors diorum cunque dabit
Lucro appone."—HORAT.

Lionel stood, expectant, in the centre of the room, and as the two female forms entered, the lights were full upon their faces. That younger face—it is she—it is she, the forgotten—the long lost. Instinctively, as if no years had rolled between—as if she were still the little child, he the boy who had coveted such a sister—he sprang forward and opened his arms, and as suddenly halted, dropped the arms to his side, blushing, confused, abashed. She! that vagrant child!—she! that form so elegant—that great peeress's pupil—adopted daughter, *she!* the poor wandering Sophy! She!—impossible!

But her eyes, at first downcast, are now fixed on him. She, too, starts—not forward, but in recoil; she, too, raises her arms, not to open, but to press them to her breast; and she, too, as suddenly checks an impulse, and stands, like him, blushing, confused, abashed.

"Yes," said Caroline Montfort, drawing Sophy nearer to her breast,—

"yes, you will both forgive me for the surprise. Yes, you do see before you, grown up to become the pride of those who cherish her, that Sophy who—"

"Sophy!" cried Lionel, advancing; "it is so, then? I knew you were no stroller's grandchild."

Sophy drew up—"I am, I am *his* grandchild, and as proud to be so as I was then."

"Pardon me, pardon me; I meant to say that he too was not what he seemed. You forgive me," extending his hand, and Sophy's soft hand fell into his forgivingly.

"But he lives? is well? is here? is—" Sophy burst into tears, and Lady Montfort made a sign to Lionel to go into the garden and leave them. Reluctantly and dizzily, as one in a dream, he obeyed, leaving the vagrant's grandchild to be soothed in the fostering arms of her whom, an hour or two ago, he knew but by the titles of her rank and the reputation of her pride.

It was not many minutes before Lady Montfort rejoined him.

"You touched unawares," said she, "upon the poor child's most anxious cause of sorrow. Her grandfather, for whom her affection is so sensitively keen, has disappeared. I will speak of that later; and if you wish, you shall be taken into our consultations. But—" she paused, looked into his face—open, loyal face, face of gentleman—with heart of man in its eyes, soul of man on its brow;—face formed to look up to the stars which now lighted it—and laying her hand lightly on his shoulder, resumed with hesitating voice—"But I feel like a culprit in asking you what, nevertheless, I must ask, as an imperative condition, if your visits here are to be renewed—if your intimacy here is to be established. And unless you comply with that condition, come no more; we cannot confide in each other."

"Oh, Lady Montfort, impose any condition. I promise beforehand."

"Not beforehand. The condition is this: inviolable secrecy. You will not mention to any one your visits here; your introduction to me; your discovery of the stroller's grandchild in my adopted daughter."

"Not to Mr. Darrell?"

"To him least of all; but this I

add, it is for Mr. Darrell's sake that I insist on such concealment; and I trust the concealment will not be long protracted."

"For Mr. Darrell's sake?"

"For the sake of his happiness," cried Lady Montfort, clasping her hands. "My debt to him is larger far than yours; and in thus appealing to you, I scheme to pay back a part of it. Do you trust me?"

"I do, I do."

And from that evening Lionel Haughton became the constant visitor in that house.

Two or three days afterwards Colonel Morley, quitting England for a German Spa at which he annually recruited himself for a few weeks, relieved Lionel from the embarrassment of any questions which that shrewd observer might otherwise have addressed to him. London itself was now empty. Lionel found a quiet lodging in the vicinity of Twickenham. And when his foot passed along the shady lane through yon wicket gate into that region of turf and flowers, he felt as might have felt that famous Minstrel of Ereldoun, when, blest with the privilege to enter Fairyland at will, the Rhymer stole to the grassy hillside, and murmured the spell that unlocks the gates of Oberon.

BOOK VIII.—CHAPTER I.

"A little fire burns up a great deal of corn."—OLD PROVERB.

Guy Darrell resumed the thread of solitary life at Fawley with a calm which was deeper in its gloom than it had been before. The experiment of return to the social world had failed. The resolutions which had induced the experiment were finally renounced. Five years nearer to death, and the last hope that had flitted across the narrowing desponding passage to the grave, fallen like a faithless torch from his own hand, and trodden out by his own foot.

It was peculiarly in the nature of Darrell to connect his objects with posterity—to regard eminence in the Present but as a beacon-height from which to pass on to the Future the name he had taken from the Past.

All his early ambition, sacrificing pleasure to toil, had placed its goal at a distance, remote from the huzzas of bystanders; and Ambition halted now, baffled and despairing. Childless, his line would perish with himself—himself, who had so vaunted its restoration in the land! His genius was childless also—it would leave behind it no offspring of the brain. By toil he had amassed ample wealth; by talent he had achieved a splendid reputation. But the reputation was as perishable as the wealth. Let a half century pass over his tomb, and nothing would be left to speak of the successful lawyer, the applauded orator, save traditional anecdotes, a laudatory notice in contemporane-

time into the Forum of Letters with the purple hem on his senatorial toga. Guy Darrell, at his age, entering among authors as a novice!—he, the great lawyer, to whom attorneys would have sent no briefs had he been suspected of coquetting with a muse—he, the great orator, who had electrified audiences in proportion to the sudden effects which distinguish oral inspiration from written eloquence—he achieve now, in an art which his whole life had neglected, any success commensurate to his contemporaneous repute;—how unlikely! But a success which should outlive that repute, win the “everlasting inheritance” which could alone have nerved him to adequate effort—how impossible! He could not himself comprehend why, never at a loss for language felicitously apposite or richly ornate when it had but to flow from his thought to his tongue, nor wanting ease, even eloquence, in epistolary correspondence confidentially familiar—he should find words fail ideas, and ideas fail words, the moment his pen became a wand that conjured up the Ghost of the dread Public! The more copious his thoughts, the more embarrassing their selection; the more exquisite his perception of excellence in others, the more timidly frigid his efforts at faultless style. It would be the same with the most skilful author, if the Ghost of the public had not long since ceased to haunt him. While he writes, the true author’s solitude is absolute or peopled at his will. But take an audience from an orator, what is he? He commands the living Public—the Ghost of the Public awes himself.

“Surely once,” sighed Darrell, as he gave his blurred pages to the flames—“surely once I had some pittance of the author’s talent, and have spent it upon lawsuits.”

The author’s talent, no doubt, Guy Darrell once had—the author’s temperament, never. What is the author’s temperament? Too long a task to define. But without it a man may write a clever book, an useful book, a book that may live a

year, ten years, fifty years. He will not stand out to distant ages a representative of the age that rather lived in him than he in it. The author’s temperament is that which makes him an integral, earnest, original unity, distinct from all before and all that may succeed him. And as a Father of the Church has said that the consciousness of individual being is the sign of immortality, not granted to the inferior creatures—so it is in this individual temperament one and indivisible; and in the intense conviction of it, more than in all the works it may throw off, that the author becomes immortal. Nay, his works may perish like those of Orpheus or Pythagoras;* but he himself, in his name, in the footprint of his being, remains, like Orpheus or Pythagoras, undestroyed, indestructible.

Resigning literature, the Solitary returned to science. There he was more at home. He had cultivated science, in his dazzling academical career, with ardour and success; he had renewed the study, on his first retirement to Fawley, as a distraction from tormenting memories or unextinguished passions. He now for the first time regarded the absorbing abstruse occupation as a possible source of fame. To be one in the starry procession of those sons of light who have solved a new law in the statute-book of heaven! Surely a grand ambition, not unbecoming to his years and station, and pleasant in its labours to a man who loved Nature’s outward scenery with poetic passion, and had studied her inward mysteries with a sage’s minute research. Science needs not the author’s art—she rejects its graces—she recoils with a shudder from its fancies. But science requires in the mind of the discoverer a limpid calm. The lightnings that reveal Despiter must flash in serene skies. No clouds store that thunder—

“Quo bruta tellus, et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx, et invis horrida Tænari
Sedes, Atlanteusque finis
Concutitur!”

* It need scarcely be said that the works ascribed to Orpheus or Pythagoras, are generally allowed not to be genuine.

So long as you take science only as a distraction, science will not lead you to discovery. And from some cause or other, Guy Darrell was more unquiet and perturbed in his present than in his past seclusion. Science this time failed even to distract. In the midst of august meditations—of close experiment—some haunting angry thought from the far world passed with rude shadow between Intellect and Truth—the heart eclipsed the mind. The fact is, that Darrell's genius was essentially formed for Action. His was the true orator's temperament, with the qualities that belong to it—the grasp of affairs—the comprehension of men and states—the constructive, administrative faculties. In such career, and in such career alone, could he have developed all his powers, and achieved an imperishable name. Gradually as science lost its interest, he retreated from all his former occupations, and would wander for long hours over the wild unpopulated landscapes round him. As if it were his object to fatigue the body, and in that fatigue tire out the restless brain, he would make his gun the excuse for rambles from sunrise to twilight over the manors he had purchased years ago, lying many miles off from Fawley. There are times when a man who has passed his life in cultivating his mind, finds that the more he can make the physical existence predominate, the more he can lower himself to the rude vigour of his game-keeper, or his day labourer—why, the more he can harden his nerves to support the weight of his reflections.

In these rambles he was not always alone. Fairthorn contrived to insinuate himself much more than formerly into his master's habitual companionship. The faithful fellow had missed Darrell so sorely in that long unbroken absence of five years, that on recovering him, Fairthorn seemed resolved to make up for lost time. Departing from his own habits, he would, therefore, lie in wait for Guy Darrell—creeping out of a bramble or bush, like a familiar sprite; and was no longer to be awed away by a curt syllable or a

contracted brow. And Darrell, at first submitting reluctantly, and out of compassionate kindness, to the flute-player's obtrusive society, became by degrees to welcome and relax in it. Fairthorn knew the great secrets of his life. To Fairthorn alone on all earth could he speak without reserve of one name and of one sorrow. Speaking to Fairthorn was like talking to himself, or to his pointers, or to his favourite dog, upon which last he bestowed a new collar, with an inscription that implied more of the true cause that had driven him a second time to the shades of Fawley than he would have let out to Alban Morley or even to Lionel Haughton. Alban was too old for that confidence—Lionel much too young. But the Musician, like Art itself, was of no age; and if ever the gloomy master unbent his outward moodiness and secret spleen in any approach to gaiety, it was in a sort of saturnine playfulness to this grotesque, grown-up infant. They cheered each other, and they teased each other. Stalking side by side over the ridged fallows, Darrell would sometimes pour forth his whole soul, as a poet does to his muse; and at Fairthorn's abrupt interruption or rejoinder, turn round on him with fierce oburgation or withering sarcasm, or what the flute-player abhorred more than all else, a truculent quotation from Horace, which drove Fairthorn away into some vanishing covert or hollow, out of which Darrell had to entice him, sure that, in return, Fairthorn would take a sly occasion to send into his side a vindictive prickle. But as the two came home in the starlight, the dogs dead beat and poor Fairthorn too—ten to one but what the musician was leaning all his weight on his master's nervous arm, and Darrell was looking with tender kindness in the face of the ~~SOME ONE~~ left to lean upon him still.

One evening, as they were sitting together in the library, the two hermits, each in his corner, and after a long silence, the flute-player said abruptly—

"I have been thinking—"

"Thinking!" quoth Darrell, with

his mechanical irony; "I am sorry for you. Try not to do so again."

FAIRTHORN.—"Your poor dear father—"

Darrell, wincing, startled, and expectant of a prickle—"Eh? my father—"

FAIRTHORN.—"Was a great antiquary. How it would have pleased him could he have left a fine collection of antiquities as an heirloom to the nation!—his name thus preserved for ages, and connected with the studies of his life. There are the Elgin Marbles. The parson was talking to me yesterday of a new Vernon Gallery; why not in the British Museum an everlasting Darrell Room? Plenty to stock it mouldering yonder in the chambers which you will never finish."

"My dear Dick," cried Darrell, starting up, "give me your hand. What a brilliant thought! I could do nothing else to preserve my dear father's name. *Eureka!* You are right. Set the carpenters at work to-morrow. Remove the boards; open the chambers; we will inspect their stores, and select what would worthily furnish 'A Darrell Room.' Perish Guy Darrell the lawyer! Philip Darrell the antiquary at least shall live!"

It is marvellous with what charm Fairthorn's lucky idea seized upon Darrell's mind. The whole of the next day he spent in the forlorn skeleton of the unfinished mansion slowly decaying beside his small and homely dwelling. The pictures, many of which were the rarest originals in early Flemish and Italian art, were dusted with tender care, and hung from hasty nails upon the bare ghastly walls. Delicate ivory carvings, wrought by the matchless hand of Cellini—early Florentine bronzes—priceless specimens of Raffaele ware and Venetian glass—the precious trifles, in short, which the collector of mediæval curiosities amasses for his heirs to disperse amongst the palaces of kings and the cabinets of nations—were dragged again to unfamiliar light. The invaded sepulchral building seemed a very Pompeii of

the *Cingus Cento*. To examine, arrange, methodise, select for national purposes, such miscellaneous treasures, would be the work of weeks. For easier access, Darrell caused a slight hasty passage to be thrown over the gap between the two edifices. It ran from the room picked into the gables of the old house, which, originally fitted up for scientific studies, now became his habitual apartment, into the largest of the uncompleted chambers which had been designed for the grand reception-gallery of the new building. Into the pompous gallery thus made contiguous to his monk-like cell, he gradually gathered the choicest specimens of his collection. The damps were expelled by fires on grateless hearthstones; sunshine admitted from windows now for the first time exchanging boards for glass; rough iron sconces, made at the nearest forge, were thrust into the walls, and sometimes lighted at night—Darrell and Fairthorn walking arm-in-arm along the unpolished floors, in company with Holbein's Nobles, Perugino's Virgins. Some of that highbred company displaced and banished the next day, as repeated inspection made the taste more rigidly exclusive. Darrell had found object, amusement, occupation—frivolous if compared with those lenses, and glasses, and algebraical scrawls which had once whiled lonely hours in the attic-room hard by; but not frivolous even to the judgment of the austere sage, if that sage had not reasoned away his heart. For here it was not Darrell's taste that was delighted; it was Darrell's heart that, ever hungry, had found food. His heart was connecting those long-neglected memorials of an ambition baffled and relinquished—here with a nation, there with his father's grave! How his eyes sparkled! how his lip smiled! Nobody would have guessed it—none of us know each other; least of all do we know the interior being of those whom we estimate by public repute;—but what a world of simple, fond affection, lay coiled and wasted in that proud man's solitary breast!

CHAPTER II.

The learned compute that seven hundred and seven millions of millions of vibrations have penetrated the eye before the eye can distinguish the tints of a violet. What philosophy can calculate the vibrations of the heart before it can distinguish the colours of love!

While Guy Darrell thus passed his hours within the unfinished fragments of a dwelling builded for posterity, and amongst the still relics of remote generations, Love and Youth were weaving their warm eternal idyll on the sunny lawns by the gliding river.

There they are, Love and Youth, Lionel and Sophy, in the arbour round which her slight hands have twined the honeysuckle, fond imitation of that bower endeared by the memory of her earliest holiday—she seated coyly, he on the ground at her feet, as when Titania had watched his sleep. He has been reading to her, the book has fallen from her hand. What book? That volume of poems so unintelligibly obscure to all but the dreaming young, who are so unintelligibly obscure to themselves. But to the merit of those poems, I doubt if even George did justice. It is not true, I believe, that they are not durable. Some day or other, when all the jargon so feelingly denounced by Colonel Morley, about “æsthetics,” and “objective,” and “subjective,” has gone to its long home, some critic who can write English will probably bring that poor little volume fairly before the public; and, with all its manifold faults, it will take a place in the affections, not of one single generation of the young, but—everlasting, ever-dreaming, ever-growing youth. But you and I, reader, have no other interest in these poems, except this—that they were written by the brother-in-law of that whimsical, miserly Frank Vance, who perhaps, but for such a brother-in-law, would never have gone through the labour by which he has cultivated the genius that achieved his fame; and if he had not cultivated that genius, he might never have known Lionel; and if he

had never known Lionel, Lionel might never perhaps have gone to the Surrey village, in which he saw the Phenomenon: And to push farther still that Voltaireian philosophy of ifs—if either Lionel or Frank Vance had not been so intimately associated in the minds of Sophy and Lionel with the golden holiday on the beautiful river, Sophy and Lionel might not have thought so much of those poems; and if they had not thought so much of those poems, there might not have been between them that link of poetry without which the love of two young people is a sentiment, always very pretty, it is true, but much too commonplace to deserve special commemoration in a work so uncommonly long as this is likely to be. And thus it is clear that Frank Vance is not a superfluous and episcodical personage amongst the characters of this history, but, however indirectly, still essentially, one of those beings without whom the author must have given a very different answer to the question, “What will he do with it?”

Return we to Lionel and Sophy. The poems have brought their hearts nearer and nearer together. And when the book fell from Lionel's hand, Sophy knew that his eyes were on her face, and her own eyes looked away. And the silence was so deep and so sweet! Neither had yet said to the other a word of love. And in that silence both felt that they loved and were beloved. Sophy! how child-like she looked still! How little she is changed!—except that the soft blue eyes are far more pensive, and that her merry laugh is now never heard. In that luxurious home, fostered with the tenderest care by its charming owner, the romance of her childhood realised, and Lionel by

her side, she misses the old crippled vagrant. And therefore it is that her merry laugh is no longer heard! "Ah!" said Lionel, softly breaking the pause at length, "do not turn your eyes from me, or I shall think that there are tears in them!" Sophy's breast heaved, but her eyes were averted still. Lionel rose gently, and came to the other side of her quiet form. "Fie! there *are* tears, and you would hide them from me. Ungrateful!"

Sophy looked at him now with candid, inexpressible, guileless affection in those swimming eyes, and said with touching sweetness, "Ungrateful! Should I not be so if I were gay and happy?"

And in self-reproach for not being

sufficiently unhappy while that young consoler was by her side, she too rose, left the harbour, and looked wistfully along the river. George Morley was expected; he might bring tidings of the absent. And now while Lionel, rejoining her, exerts all his eloquence to allay her anxiety and encourage her hopes, and while they thus, in that divinest stage of love, ere the tongue repeats what the eyes have told, glide along—here in sunlight by lingering flowers—there in shadow under mournful willows, whose leaves are ever the latest to fall, let us explain by what links of circumstance Sophy became the great lady's guest, and Waife once more a homeless wanderer.

CHAPTER III.

Comprising many needful explanations illustrative of wise saws; as, for example, "He that hath an ill name is half hanged." "He that hath been bitten by a serpent is afraid of a rope." "He that looks for a star puts out his candles;" and, "When God wills, all winds bring rain."

The reader has been already made aware how, by an impulse of womanhood and humanity, Arabella Crane had been converted from a persecuting into a tutelary agent in the destinies of Waife and Sophy. That revolution in her moral being dated from the evening on which she had sought the cripple's retreat, to warn him of Jasper's designs. We have seen by what stratagem she had made it appear that Waife and his grandchild had sailed beyond the reach of molestation; with what liberality she had advanced the money that freed Sophy from the manager's claim; and how considerately she had empowered her agent to give the reference which secured to Waife the asylum in which we last beheld him. In a few stern sentences she had acquainted Waife with her fearless inflexible resolve to associate her fate henceforth with the life of his lawless son; and, by rendering abortive all his evil projects of plunder, to compel him at last to depend upon her for an existence neither unsafe nor sordid,

provided only that it were not dishonest. The moment that she revealed that design, Waife's trust in her was won. His own heart enabled him to comprehend the effect produced upon a character otherwise unamiable and rugged, by the grandeur of self-immolation and the absorption of one devoted heroic thought. In the strength and bitterness of passion which thus pledged her existence to redeem another's, he obtained the key to her vehement and jealous nature; saw why she had been so cruel to the child of a rival; why she had conceived compassion for that child in proportion as the father's unnatural indifference had quenched the anger of her own self-love; and, above all, why, as the idea of reclaiming and appropriating solely to herself the man who, for good or for evil, had grown into the all-predominant object of her life, gained more and more the mastery over her mind, it expelled the lesser and the baser passions, and the old mean revenge against an infant faded away before the light of that awaken-

ing conscience, which is often re-kindled from ashes by the sparks of a single better and worthier thought. And, in the resolute design to reclaim Jasper Losely, Arabella came at once to a ground in common with his father, with his child. Oh, what, too, would the old man owe to her, what would be his gratitude, his joy, if she not only guarded his spotless Sophy, but saved from the bottomless abyss his guilty son! Thus when Arabella Crane had, nearly five years before, sought Waife's discovered hiding-place, near the old blood-stained Tower, mutual interests and sympathies had formed between them a bond of alliance not the less strong because rather tacitly acknowledged than openly expressed. Arabella had written to Waife from the Continent, for the first half-year pretty often, and somewhat sanguinely, as to the chance of Losely's ultimate reformation. Then the intervals of silence became gradually more prolonged, and the letters more brief. But still, whether from the wish not unnecessarily to pain the old man, or, as would be more natural to her character, which, even in its best aspects, was not gentle, from a proud dislike to confess failure, she said nothing of the evil courses which Jasper had renewed. Evidently she was always near him. Evidently, by some means or another, his life, furtive and dark, was ever under the glare of her watchful eyes.

Meanwhile, Sophy had been presented to Caroline Montfort. As Waife had so fondly anticipated, the lone childless lady had taken with kindness and interest to the fair motherless child. Left to herself often for months together in the grand forlorn house, Caroline soon found an object to her pensive walks in the basket-maker's cottage. Sophy's charming face and charming ways stole more and more into affections which were denied all nourishment at home. She entered into Waife's desire to improve, by education, so exquisite a nature; and, familiarity growing by degrees, Sophy was at length coaxed up to the great house; and during the hours which Waife devoted to his rambles (for

even in his settled industry he could not conquer his vagrant tastes, but would weave his reeds or osiers as he sauntered through solitudes of turf or wood), became the docile, delighted pupil in the simple chintz room which Lady Montfort had reclaimed from the desert of her surrounding palace. Lady Montfort was not of a curious turn of mind; profoundly indifferent even to the gossip of drawing-rooms, she had no rankling desire to know the secrets of village hearthstones. Little acquainted even with the great world—scarcely at all with any world below that in which she had her being, save as she approached humble sorrows by delicate charity—the contrast between Waife's calling and his conversation roused in her no vigilant suspicions. A man of some education, and born in a rank that touched upon the order of gentlemen, but of no practical or professional culture—with whimsical tastes—with roving, eccentric habits—had, in the course of life, picked up much harmless wisdom, but, perhaps from want of worldly prudence, failed of fortune. Contented with an obscure retreat and a humble livelihood, he might yet naturally be loth to confide to others the painful history of a descent in life. He might have relations in a higher sphere, whom the confession would shame; he might be silent in the manly pride which shrinks from alms and pity and a tale of fall. Nay, grant the worst—grant that Waife had suffered in repute as well as fortune—grant that his character had been tarnished by some plausible circumstantial evidences which he could not explain away to the satisfaction of friends or the acquittal of a short-sighted world—had there not been, were there not always, many innocent men similarly afflicted? And who could hear Waife talk, or look on his arch smile, and not feel that he was innocent? So, at least, thought Caroline Montfort. Naturally; for if, in her essentially womanlike character, there was one all-pervading and all-predominant attribute, it was *PIETY*. If Fate had placed her under circumstances fitted to ripen into genial development all

her exquisite forces of soul, her true post in this life would have been that of the *SOOTHER*. What a child to some grief-worn father! What a wife to some toiling, aspiring, sensitive man of genius! What a mother to some suffering child! It seemed as if it were necessary to her to have something to compassionate and foster. She was sad when there was no one to comfort; but her smile was like a sunbeam from Eden when it chanced on a sorrow it could brighten away. Out of this very sympathy came her faults—faults of reasoning and judgment. Prudent in her own chilling path through what the world calls temptations, because so ineffably pure—because, to Fashion's light tempters, her very thought was as closed, as

"Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,"

was the ear of Sabrina to the comrades of Cornus,—yet place before her some gentle scheme that seemed fraught with a blessing for others, and straightway her fancy embraced it, prudence faded—she saw not the obstacles, weighed not the chances against it. Oharity to her did not come alone, but with its sister twins, Hope and Faith.

Thus, benignly for the old man and the fair child, years rolled on till Lord Montfort's sudden death, and his widow was called upon to exchange Montfort Court (which passed to the new heir) for the distant jointure House of Twickenham. By this time she had grown so attached to Sophy, and Sophy so gratefully fond of her, that she proposed to Waife to take his sweet grandchild as her permanent companion, complete her education, and assure her future. This had been the old man's cherished day-dream; but he had not contemplated its realisation until he himself were in the grave. He turned pale, he staggered, when the proposal which would separate him from his grandchild was first brought before him. But he recovered ere Lady Montfort could be aware of the acuteness of the pang she inflicted, and accepted the generous offer with warm protestations of joy and grati-

tude. But Sophy! Sophy consent to leave her grandfather afar and aged in his solitary cottage! Little did either of them know Sophy, with her soft heart and determined soul, if they supposed such egotism possible in her. Waife insisted—Waife was angry—Waife was authoritative—Waife was imploring—Waife was pathetic—all in vain! But to close every argument, the girl went boldly to Lady Montfort, and said, "If I left him, his heart would break—never ask it." Lady Montfort kissed Sophy tenderly as mother ever kissed a child for some sweet loving trait of a noble nature, and said simply, "But he shall not be left—he shall come too."

She offered Waife rooms in her Twickenham house—she wished to collect books—he should be librarian. The old man shivered and refused—refused firmly. He had made a vow not to be a guest in any house. Finally, the matter was compromised; Waife would remove to the neighbourhood of Twickenham; there hire a cottage; there ply his art; and Sophy, living with him, should spend a part of each day with Lady Montfort as now.

So it was resolved. Waife consented to occupy a small house on the verge of the grounds belonging to the jointure villa, on the condition of paying rent for it. And George Morley insisted on the privilege of preparing that house for his old teacher's reception, leaving it simple and rustic to outward appearance, but fitting its pleasant chambers with all that his knowledge of the old man's tastes and habits suggested for comfort or humble luxury; a room for Sophy, hung with the prettiest paper, all butterflies and flowers, commanding a view of the river. Waife, despite his proud scruples, could not refuse such gifts from a man whose fortune and career had been secured by his artful lessons. Indeed, he had already permitted George to assist, though not largely, his own efforts to repay the £100 advanced by Mrs. Orane. The years he had devoted to a craft which his ingenuity made lucrative, had just enabled the basket-maker, with his

pupil's aid, to clear off that debt by instalments. He had the satisfaction of thinking that it was his industry which had replaced the sum to which his grandchild owed her release from the execrable Rugges.

Lady Montfort's departure (which preceded Waife's by some weeks) was more mourned by the poor in her immediate neighbourhood than by the wealthier families who composed what a province calls its society; and the gloom which that event cast over the little village round the kingly mansion, was increased when Waife and his grandchild left.

For the last three years, emboldened by Lady Montfort's protection, and the conviction that he was no longer pursued or spied, the old man had relaxed his earlier reserved and secluded habits. Constitutionally sociable, he had made acquaintance with his humbler neighbours; lounged by their cottage palings in his rambles down the lanes; diverted their children with Sir Isaac's tricks, or regaled them with nuts and apples from his little orchard; given to the more diligent labourers many a valuable hint how to eke out the daily wage with garden produce, or bees, or poultry; doctored farmers' cows; and even won the heart of the stud groom by a mysterious sedative ball, which had reduced to serene docility a highly nervous and hitherto unmanageable four-year-old. Sophy had been no less popular. No one grudged her the favour of Lady Montfort—no one wondered at it. They were loved and honoured. Perhaps the happiest years Waife had known since his young wife left the earth, were passed in the hamlet which he fancied her shade haunted; for was it not there—there, in that cottage—there, in sight of those green osiers, that her first modest virgin replies to his letters of love and hope had soothed his confinement and animated him—till then little fond of sedentary toils—to the very industry which, learned in sport, now gave subsistence, and secured a home. To that home persecution had not come—gossip had not pryed into its calm seclusion—even chance, when threatening disclosure, had seemed

to pass by innocuous. For once—a year or so before he left—an incident had occurred which alarmed him at the time, but led to no annoying results. The banks of the great sheet of water in Montfort Park were occasionally made the scene of rural pic-nics by the families of neighbouring farmers or tradesmen. One day Waife, while carelessly fashioning his baskets on his favourite spot, was recognised by a party on the opposite margin to whom he himself had paid no attention. He was told the next day by the landlady of the village inn, the main chimney of which he had undertaken to cure of smoking, that a "lady" in the pic-nic symposium of the day before had asked many questions about him and his grandchild, and had seemed pleased to hear they were both so comfortably settled. The "lady" had been accompanied by another "lady," and by two or three young gentlemen. They had arrived in a "buss," which they had hired for the occasion. They had come from Humberston the day after those famous races which annually filled Humberston with strangers—the time of year in which Rugges's grand theatrical exhibition delighted that ancient town. From the description of the two ladies, Waife suspected that they belonged to Rugges's company. But they had not claimed Waife as a cidevant comrade; they had not spoken of Sophy as the Phenomenon or the Fugitive. No molestation followed this event; and, after all, the Remorseless Baron had no longer any claim to the Persecuted Bandit or to Juliet Araminta.

But the ex-comediap is gone from the osiers—the hamlet. He is in his new retreat by the lordly river—within an hour of the smoke and roar of tumultuous London. He tries to look cheerful and happy, but his repose is troubled—his heart is anxious. Ever since Sophy, on his account, refused the offer which would have transferred her, not for a few daily hours, but for habitual life, from a basket-maker's roof to all the elegancies and refinements of a sphere in which, if freed from him, her charms and virtues might win

her some such alliance as seemed impossible while he was thus dragging her down to his own level,—ever since that day the old man had said to himself, “I live too long.” While Sophy was by his side he appeared busy at his work, and merry in his humour; the moment she left him for Lady Montfort’s house, the work dropped from his hands, and he sank into moody thought.

Waife had written to Mrs. Crane (her address then was at Paris) on removing to Twickenham, and begged her to warn him should Jasper meditate a return to England, by a letter directed to him at the General Post-office, London. Despite his later trust in Mrs. Crane, he did not deem it safe to confide to her Lady Montfort’s offer to Sophy, or the affectionate nature of that Lady’s intimacy with the girl now grown into womanhood. With that insight into the human heart, which was in him not so habitually clear and steadfast as to be always useful, but at times singularly if erratically lucid, he could not feel assured that Arabella Crane’s ancient hate to Sophy (which, lessening in proportion to the girl’s destitution, had only ceased when the stern woman felt, with a sentiment bordering on revenge, that it was to her that Sophy owed an asylum obscure and humble) might not revive, if she learned that the child of a detested rival was raised above the necessity of her protection, and brought within view of that station so much loftier than her own, from which she had once rejoiced to know that the offspring of a marriage which had darkened her life was excluded. For indeed it had been only on Waife’s promise that he would not repeat the attempt that had proved so abortive, to enforce Sophy’s claim on Guy Darrell, that Arabella Crane had in the first instance resigned the child to his care. His care—his—an attained outcast! As long as Arabella Crane could see in Sophy but an object of compassion, she might haughtily protect her; but could Sophy become an object of envy, would that protection last! No, he did not venture to confide in Mrs. Crane further than to

say that he and Sophy had removed from Montfort village to the vicinity of London. Time enough to say more when Mrs. Crane returned to England; and then, not by letter, but in personal interview.

Once a-month the old man went to London to inquire at the General Post-office for any communications his correspondent might there address to him. Only once, however, had he heard from Mrs. Crane since the announcement of his migration, and her note of reply was extremely brief, until in the fatal month of June, when Guy Darrell and Jasper Losely had alike returned, and on the same day, to the metropolis; and then the old man received from her a letter which occasioned him profound alarm. It apprised him not only that his terrible son was in England—in London; but that Jasper had discovered that the persons embarked for America were not the veritable Waife and Sophy, whose names they had assumed. Mrs. Crane ended with these ominous words:—“It is right to say now that he has descended deeper and deeper. Could you see him, you would wonder that I neither abandon him nor my resolve. He hates me worse than the gibbet. To me and not to the gibbet he shall pass—fitting punishment to both. I am in London, not in my old house, but near him. His confidant is my hireling. His life and his projects are clear to my eyes—clear as if he dwelt in glass. Sophy is now of an age in which, were she placed in the care of some person whose respectability could not be impugned, she could not be legally forced away against her will; but if under your roof, those whom Jasper has induced to institute a search, that he has no means to institute very actively himself, might make statements which (as you are already aware) might persuade others, though well-meaning, to assist him in separating her from you. He might publicly face even a police court if he thus hoped to shame the rich man into buying off an intolerable scandal. He might, in the first instance, and more probably, decoy her into his power through stealth; and what

might become of her before she was recovered? Separate yourself from her for a time. It is you, notwithstanding your arts of disguise, that can be the more easily tracked. She, now almost a woman, will have grown out of recognition. Place her in some secure asylum until at least you hear from me again."

Waife read and re-read this epistle (to which there was no direction that enabled him to reply) in the private room of a little coffeehouse to which he had retired from the gaze and pressure of the streets. The determination he had long brooded over now began to take shape—to be hurried on to prompt decision. On recovering his first shock, he formed and matured his plans. That same evening he saw Lady Montfort. He felt that the time had come when, for Sophy's sake, he must lift the veil from the obloquy on his own name. To guard against the same concession to Jasper's authority that had betrayed her at Gatesboro', it was necessary that he should explain the mystery of Sophy's parentage and position to Lady Montfort, and go through the anguish of denouncing his own son as the last person to whose hands she should be consigned. He approached this subject not only with a sense of profound humiliation, but with no unreasonable fear lest Lady Montfort might at once decline a charge which would possibly subject her retirement to a harassing invasion. But, to his surprise as well as relief, no sooner had he named Sophy's parentage than Lady Montfort evinced emotions of a joy which cast into the shade all more painful or discreditable associations. "Henceforth, believe me," she said, "your Sophy shall be my own child, my own treasured darling!—no humble companion—my equal as well as my charge. Fear not that any one shall tear her from me. You are right in thinking that my roof should be her home—that she should have the rearing and the station which she is entitled as well as fitted to adorn. But you must not part from her. I have listened to your tale; my ex-

perience of you supplies the defence you suppress—it reverses the judgment which has aspersed you. And, more ardently than before, I press on you a refuge in the Home that will shelter your grandchild." Noble-hearted woman! and nobler for her ignorance of the practical world, in the proposal which would have blistered with scorching blushes the cheek of that Personification of all "Solemn Plausibilities," the House of Vipont! Gentleman Waife was not scamp enough to profit by the ignorance which sprang from generous virtue. But, repressing all argument, and appearing to acquiesce in the possibility of such an arrangement, he left her benevolent delight unsaddened—and before the morning he was gone. Gone in stealth, and by the starlight as he had gone years ago from the bailiff's cottage—gone, for Sophy, in waking, to find, as she had found before, farewell lines, that commended hope and forebade grief. 'It was,' he wrote, 'for both their sakes that he had set out on a tour of pleasant adventure. He needed it; he had felt his spirits droop of late in so humdrum and settled a life. And there was danger abroad—danger that his brief absence would remove. He had confided all his secrets to Lady Montfort; she must look on that kind lady as her sole guardian till he returned—as return he surely would; and then they would live happy ever afterwards as in fairy tales. He should never forgive her if she were silly enough to fret for him. He should not be alone; Sir Isaac would take care of him. He was not without plenty of money—savings of several months; if he wanted more, he would apply to George Morley. He would write to her occasionally; but she must not expect frequent letters; he might be away for months—what did that signify? He was old enough to take care of himself; she was no longer a child to cry her eyes out if she lost a senseless toy, or a stupid old cripple. She was a young lady, and he expected to find her a famous scholar when he returned.' And so, with all flourish and bravado, and suppressing every

attempt at pathos, the old man went his way, and Sophy, hurrying to Lady Montfort's, weeping, distracted, imploring her to send in all directions to discover and bring back the fugitive, was there detained a captive guest. But Waife left a letter also for Lady Montfort, cautioning and adjuring her, as she valued Sophy's safety from the scandal of Jasper's claim, not to make any imprudent attempts to discover him. Such attempt would only create the very publicity from the chance of which he was seeking to escape. The necessity of this caution was so obvious, that Lady Montfort could only send her most confidential servant to inquire guardedly in the neighbourhood, until she had summoned George Morley from Humberston, and taken him into counsel. Waife had permitted her to relate to him, on strict promise of secrecy, the tale he had confided to her. George entered with the deepest sympathy into Sophy's distress; but he made her comprehend the indiscretion and peril of any noisy researches. He promised that he himself would spare no pains to ascertain the old man's hiding-place, and see, at least, if he could not be persuaded either to return or suffer her to join him, that he was not left destitute and comfortless. Nor was this an idle promise. George, though his inquiries were unceasing, crippled by the restraint imposed on them, was so acute in divining, and so active in following up each clue to the wanderer's artful doublings, that more than once he had actually come upon the track, and found the very spot where Waife or Sir Isaac had been seen a few days before. Still, up to the day on which Morley had last reported progress, the ingenious extractor, fertile in all resources of stratagem and disguise, had baffled his research. At first, however, Waife had greatly relieved the minds of these anxious friends, and cheered even Sophy's heavy heart, by letters, gay though brief. These letters having, by their postmarks, led to his trace, he had stated, in apparent anger, that reason for discontinuing them. And for the last six weeks no line from him had been received. In

fact, the old man, on resolving to consummate his self-abnegation, strove more and more to wean his grandchild's thoughts from his image. He deemed it so essential to her whole future, that, now that she had found a home in so secure and so elevated a sphere, she should gradually accustom herself to a new rank of life, from which he was an everlasting exile; should lose all trace of his very being; efface a connection that, ceasing to protect, could henceforth only harm and dishonour her; that he tried, as it were, to blot himself out of the world which now smiled on her. He did not underrate her grief in its first freshness; he knew that, could she learn where he was, all else would be forgotten—she would insist on flying to him. But he continually murmured to himself, "Youth is ever proverbially short of memory: its sorrows poignant, but not enduring; now the wounds are already scarring over—they will not reopen if they are left to heal."

He had, at first, thought of hiding somewhere not so far but that once a week, or once a month, he might have stolen into the grounds, looked at the house that held her—left, perhaps, in her walks some little token of himself. But, on reflection, he felt that that luxury would be too imprudent, and it ceased to tempt him in proportion as he reasoned himself into the stern wisdom of avoiding all that could revive her grief for him. At the commencement of this tale, in the outline given of that grand melodrama in which Juliet Araminta played the part of the Bandit's child, her efforts to decoy pursuit from the lair of the persecuted Mime were likened to the arts of the sky-lark to lure eye and hand from the nest of its young. More appropriate that illustration now to the parent-bird than then to the fledgling. Farther and farther from the nest in which all his love was centred fled the old man. What if Jasper did discover him now; that very discovery would mislead the pursuit from Sophy. Most improbable that Loesely would ever guess that they could become separated; still more improbable, unless Waife,

imprudently lurking near her home, guided conjecture, that Losely should dream of seeking under the roof of the lofty peeress the child that had fled from Mr. Rugge.

Poor old man! his heart was breaking; but his soul was so brightly comforted, that there, where many, many long miles off, I see him standing, desolate and patient, in the corner of yon crowded market-place, holding Sir Isaac by slackened string, with listless hand—Sir Isaac unshorn,

travel-stained, draggled, with drooping head and melancholy eyes—yea, as I see him there, jostled by the crowd, to whom, now and then, pointing to that huge pannier on his arm, filled with some homely pedler wares, he mechanically mutters, "Buy"—yea, I say, verily, as I see him thus, I cannot draw near in pity—I see what the crowd does not—the shadow of an angel's wing over his grey head; and I stand reverentially aloof, with bated breath and bended knee.

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CONTENTS.

CHEERBOURG—THE SPECTACLE,	22
WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?— By PISISTRATUS CANTON.—PART XVI.,	270
RESPIRATION AND SUPPLICATION,	298
THE LIGHT ON THE HEARTH.—PART I.,	312
A PAROCHIAL EPIC,	327
JOHN COMPANY'S FAREWELL TO JOHN BULL,	366
THE COMMONS AT CHEERBOURG. By ONE OF THEMSELVES,	382

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VOL. LXXXIV.

CHERBOURG—THE SPECTACLE.

SPECTACLES have been often events in the world's history. Pageants have been the expressions of civilisation. They belong not to simple or primitive stages, but ever, as he has gathered wealth and raised power around him, has man delighted to celebrate his acts and inaugurate his works by the pomp and splendour of pageant. It has ever seemed fitting to him that the great events of the great monuments of his age should not appear noiselessly and unobtrusively in their places, but be announced and demonstrated with all acclaim; be affirmed in the presence of multitudes by all the circumstance of spectacle. Sometimes these pageants have only illustrated the pride of kings or nations, and such have passed away from the memories and annals of mankind. Again, they have inaugurated epochs in the existence of a people, or the completion of great works, and then have lived as events. Nor has the love of pageant and spectacle yet died out—our utilitarian age adopts them in fact, though it repudiates them in profession. They may have changed their outward form, lost much of their show, grown simpler in their character, yet still are they deemed necessary proclamations of every occurrence, great or small, the laying of a stone, the opening of a college, the accession of an heir to his estate, the exhibitions of art, agriculture, and horticulture, the

award of honours, the celebration of victories, the thanksgiving for blessings, the anniversaries of the great men and the great events which have moved the destinies of a people. Even the sober men of Manchester, who disdain pomp, and scowl at display, delight in demonstrating their own doings by processions and banquets. If there be an occasion when the spectacle rises to the dignity of an event, it is the triumph by which man proclaims that, in the perfection of a work which shall astonish and benefit coming generations, he has conquered the obstacles of Nature and challenged Time. It is then, if ever, that he may be allowed the accessories of fêtes and ceremonies to inaugurate a success achieved by the strength of his will and the energy of his labour. Such a triumph did the fêtes at Cherbourg proclaim, "Quatre-vingts ans de travaux et plus de deux cents millions de dépenses, voilà le Cherbourg de nos jours."

The sea had been arrested—huge basins of refuge hewn out of the rock—a harbour made—a fortress constructed—the plan of one generation had been carried on to the next—dynasties had changed—yet republics, and empires, and kings, still accepted and adopted it; different celebrations had marked its progress; and now that the design of centuries had been fulfilled, the works of years com-

pleted, it was decreed that the result should be crowned by a spectacle, grand, national, and imperial. The fêtes may, as seers prophesy, have other significance than this; yet the occasion was surely reason enough, and the spectacle was worthy of the occasion.

With certain peoples, pageantry is a nature. The combinations, the expressions, the elements which insure a great effect, are to them native suggestions. The Greek was the great master of the art. Grand, sublime, and elegant, his mind caught and reflected the unity of colours, numbers and proportions, of magnificence and simplicity. The Roman was more barbarous in his shows. Medieval exhibitions, though stately and costly, were somewhat heavy and laboured. With the French lives the genius of modern pageantry. More dramatic than grand, more brilliant than sublime, it still inspires a happiness of effect and harmony of arrangement, pictorially and artistically perfect. It speaks, perhaps, more to the passions and the senses than to the heart or imagination; but it does speak. It creates the outer life of the French. They rejoice in it, they glory in it, they understand it, they are ever acting it, and they excel in it.

At Oherbourg the scene favoured them: it gave them new and striking elements to work with. The old blazonry of cloth-of-gold had grown obsolete. The old church processions, with their tapers, and vestments, and chanting, had ceased to attract; the movements of masses of troops had been repeated until every citizen knew the programmes by heart. But with the sea for an arena, surrounded by a glorious amphitheatre of hills, and barriered by the grand lines of the "Digue"—with ships and forts as properties—with cannonadings and illuminations for effects—with all the accessories of flags, and barges, and sailors—with two sovereigns as the *personæ*—a spectacle was enacted which will make Oherbourg a name as well as a locality.

Curiously has the destiny of events drawn this place from its obscurity. When history first fairly recognises

it, it is a little fishing-town. A few boats lie in the bay, a Norman castle rises in the background, rocks and sandbanks outlie its shores, the winds from the west rage against it, the sea from the north beats and surges in its roadstead. So it remains on and on for centuries, sheltering fishermen, and sharing the vicissitudes of the times; now under English rule, now under French, and benefiting little by either. The disasters of royalty connect themselves with it. There the Empress Maud sought a refuge from pursuit and shipwreck, and raised a chapel in thanksgiving; there Charles X. trod his last footstep on the soil of France. At last it becomes of import. France aspires to be a naval power, and aims at having a port on the seaboard of the Channel; henceforth Oherbourg is a place to be scanned and surveyed, and reported on by kings and statesmen and engineers. Vauban plans its defence, councils hold consultations on its advantages. The little fishing-town of Normandy enters into the politics of a nation. Nature gives their value to many spots. A fine harbour, a great river, may make an unknown village or a barren waste the jewel in a crown. This offered only position. Its capabilities were to be wrought and wrested from nature. It was to France what Cronstadt was to Russia, a point where the means of defence or attack might be constructed—where a navy might be formed and protected—or whence it might issue to take the command of the sea. It was, however, designed rather as a refuge than a *point d'appui*. Like Cronstadt too, it was to be made. The sea was to be fenced out that ships might ride in the roadstead; basins were to be cut from the solid rock; forts were to be raised at all points. All was to be done by the hand of man; nature had done little. The idea of this creation belongs to the Bourbons. Louis XIV. was the first projector. For a long time it was only an idea; rival projects delayed its fulfilment. At length there is a beginning. Commerce is the first consideration. The port for the merchant ships is formed—quays

built; then the necessity of defence suggests itself, and two forts arise on either side of the roadstead. In 1784 the first cone of the breakwater is sunk, and the foundations of this stupendous work were laid. Two years later, and Cherbourg witnesses the first of the royal visits which have since inaugurated the different stages of construction. Louis XVI. enters in state; sees what has been done, and what there is yet to do; recognises the grandeur and the necessity of the great design, and resolves on its completion. Henceforward the idea becomes a national work. But it remained for a man of stronger will and more determined action to give to it the grand impulse of development. Napoleon comes with his men of war and his men of council; casts over the place the glance which seizes everything at once; and then was formed the thought, then uttered the words which are the inscription to his statue, and will be henceforth the motto of Cherbourg—“*J'avais résolu de renouveler à Cherbourg les merveilles de l'Egypte.*” “*J'avais élevé déjà dans la mer ma pyramide; j'aurais eu aussi mon lac Moëris.*”

The destiny of Cherbourg, as the great port of France, was now decided. The “*pyramide dans la mer*” progresses, and in 1813 the first opening of “*mon lac Moëris*” is inaugurated by Marie Louise. Amid the shouts of multitudes, the salvos of artillery, the laying of inscription stone, the benediction and the prayers of priests, the water rushes in to the *avant-port*, and the first dock is formed. The old dynasty has returned when the inner dock, the Bassin de Flot, is opened with the same ceremonies and the same rejoicings in presence of the Dauphin, *filz de France*, in 1829. Louis Philippe is on the throne when the project was submitted which has led to the completion of the Digue in its present form. Each successive government was thus connected with the progress. In 1858 the last of the “*merveilles*” is finished, and the “*arrière bassin*,” the crowning effort of the great work, decreed by Napoleon I., is to be inaugurated by Napoleon III. Such is the occasion of the fêtes of Cherbourg. The pre-

sence of an allied sovereign, the Queen of Great Britain, is to grace the spectacle. The scene opens with her arrival and reception. It is the 4th of August. The sunshine, which follows ever her coming and going, was constant that day. The sea is calm and smooth—the lights are waning—the English squadron is lying off the French shore—the slopes, the ridges, and the deep valleys between are green and bright with woods and cornfields—the masts of the French ships are just visible in the distance—and now the royal yacht is seen steaming onwards; the squadron is formed in two lines; passing between them she takes the lead, and thus, followed by her ships, the Sovereign of England enters the road of Cherbourg. As soon as the royal standard is seen, the French ships, their hulls almost hidden behind the breakwater, their masts covered with flags, open their salute with the “*tir circulaire*,” each ship commencing with the first gun on either deck, the others following in quick and regular succession until three rounds had been fired; thus giving to the thundering of the cannon a symphony, in the distance, almost musical; while salvos from the batteries on shore boomed in like a deep and crashing chorus. The effect was very perfect—flash shot after flash with continuous lightning—boom followed boom, and the smoke from each discharge curled in its own white column, twining in little eddies about the flags and masts. Now the western entrance is reached, the fort of Querquerville looms before us, the Digue stretches its length in a long dark line; a little onwards and we see it in all its extent and vastness, with its round towers and batteries, and high massive breastwork, recalling to us our boyish imagination of the walls and towers of Babylon. Inside lie the battle-ships of France in an oblique line; and along the shore, hiding its outline, are anchored fleets of yachts and small steamers all gay with flag and pennon, their masts grouped like a forest, with the light shining through, and a church, or fort, or street showing at intervals their light floating forms contrasting prettily with the

dark hulls of the men-of-war; boats shoot to and fro, giving a movement to the picture. Behind rise the hills, stretching in broken ridge and swelling alope around the harbour. The lights are falling on them with purple tints, and are throwing a darkening shade on the waters. Such was the scene, when amid loud huzzas and cannonading, the yacht and our squadron took up their position beside the French, their flags waving together, each nation bearing in compliment that of the other, and the music of their bands mingling. It was the opening of the spectacle. All now was still, until the night had fallen, and the dark shadows were lying over fort, and ship, and hill, and then suddenly hundreds of beacons flashed up along the line of the Digue, flaring up in strong, fierce fires towards the sky, and casting on the waters long lines of red light, which, softened and curved by the flow, waved with all the brightness of lava streams. At the same moment the town burst into illumination, the squares were all alight with arches, and other starry shapes and gleams here and there shone from the rows of lamps along the streets. The little world of yachts seemed to flutter and wave in the reflected lights, whilst the large ships loomed dark and spectral, and the batteries, where they appeared at all, seemed struggling through a haze of sulphur flame; here and there the waves sparkled brightly, or were crossed with pale, silvery streams; here they lay in deep shadow. There is movement among the vessels near the shore; cheers ring out loudly. The shout of *l'Empereur!* is carried onwards. Soon is seen the white barge gliding through the lines to the Royal yacht, and instantly the British ships appeared enveloped in light; from every port streamed gleams which seemed to go down into the waves, playing and dancing with them as they descended; and from the yard-arms and the rigging, blue-lights showed the figures of the men on the yards, and the outlines of the ship with mystic indistinctness. As the barge sped on, she was greeted with lusty huzzas, which fell on the stillness of night with grander effect

even than the boom of the guns, and they were given out heartily and earnestly in honour of the Imperial welcome to our Sovereign. Eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of the greeting on board, but nothing could be seen save fitting forms and waving lights. Once more the cheers are heard as the Emperor is seen returning from his visit, and as he leaves the side, the Royal yacht bursts into a conflagration of red, white, and blue flame, which seemed to spread along her decks and leap up around her masts, the fires blending and melting, like rainbow hues, into a beautiful maze of light, which floated about the ship, and reflected on the water the tricolors of France. So soft, so beautiful, were these fires, that they looked like the spirits of flame divested of all anger and fierceness. The effect, aided by the scene, was perfect; and those who saw it will scarcely forget the beauty and tastefulness of that night-spectacle, though the exhibitions of the next surpassed it so much in splendour.

Thus ended the first meeting of royalties.

Thursday, in all the programmes of the fêtes, was appropriated to the honours and courtesies to be paid to the Queen of Great Britain. The royal guest, who had come to witness a national celebration in all the grace and amity of alliance, was to be received and welcomed with all the ceremony and all the pomp which attend the meeting of monarchs—was to be greeted with all the acclaim and enthusiasm of a people. It was to be the fête of the day.

And whatever may have been the feeling, the expression of the welcome was worthy and grand. History testifies, the world's belief, that show and pageant are the fitting accessories of royal greetings, and that the meetings of the dignities and powers of the earth are just occasions for display. It does seem rational, too, that there should then be more of state, more of acclamation, more of ceremony, than when Tom Brown and Jack Smith shake hands. Doubtless, however, in the ship which contained the faithful Commons, many a bosom glowed with indignation and stern contempt for the pride and

pomp of kings; and many a one, despite the hubbub and the circumstance of the pageantry, sat down to calculate the cost, and mourn in spirit o'er the waste.

Few, however, saw aught save propriety and meetness when, amid the thundering of cannon, firing salute after salute, and the waving of flags, and the cheers of multitudes thronging the shores and the ships, Queen Victoria landed at Cherbourg; or aught that was not natural when the groups of Norman peasants and holiday citizens crowded around to look on her and her imperial hosts, and greet them with loud *vivas* as they passed on through the streets and along the roads to the Montagne da Roule. The grand works were all visited, the beautiful view from the mountain seen—and again the scene is on the water—again the royal progress is announced by cannonading and shouting, until the yacht is reached. And now the white barge is afloat, and under the velvet canopy, studded with gold bees, and surmounted by the gold eagle, sit the Emperor and Eugénie, accompanied by the great soldiers and the great counsellors of the Empire—the Duc de Malakoff, Baraguay D'Hilliers, Marshal Vaillant, and Admiral Hamelin. The imperial banquet was to be held on board the "Bretagne," the flag-ship, and they are going thither to receive their royal guests. As each of the royal parties passes again, the *tir circulaire*, the salvos, the manning yards, and the *vivas* are repeated. And yet the spectacle does not grow tame by repetition. The scenic elements are so grand, the *coups d'œil* so fine, and so varying at the different times with the different lights, and from the different points. The magnificent roadstead calm and bright—the massive towers and forts around and on it, each ship in itself a spectacle, with its flags, and men on the yards, and its own column of fire and smoke—the eager excited group of spectators—the wondrous prettiness of the yacht fleet—the grand roll of the cannon—the floating white clouds of smoke—the ringing loud-voiced huzzas—the constant movement—the excitement, all contributed to effects

not easily exhausted. There was one little novelty on this occasion which attracted the wonder of the French very much. When the yards were manned, some sailors in the Renown had climbed up to the mast-heads, and placed themselves on the trucks with their natural hardihood; and one fellow, in bravado, threw up his arms and waved a Jack, to show that he was standing without support. If fame was his aim, he was gratified, for he shared the public attention with the Emperor; none of his Gallic compeers cared to imitate him. In fact, the French fail generally in this respect, and do not range themselves on the yards with the same confidence and skill as our men; neither can they equal them in the lustiness, the strong-lunged, all-together volume of their cheers. Their saluting is perhaps, more effective; in fact, it is the very perfection of festive cannonading.

And now there was a cessation for a while—a lull during the imperial banquet—and then it was, whilst all were in expectation of some new spectacle, that in proposing the health of our Queen, Napoleon III. gave utterance to words, which will pass throughout Europe—will be canvassed and discussed in cabinets and bureaux, and raise a sensation among politicians and journalists. Then, with the first soldiers of France beside him, surrounded by all the appurtenances of war, in sight of the gigantic works which had been designed and decreed to create the great war-port of France, he spoke of peace as the aim of the Empire—of peace as the wish of the two peoples—and, seizing a happy illustration, ended thus: "Aussi ai-je le ferme espoir que si l'on voulait réveiller les rancunes et les passions d'une autre époque, elles viendraient échouer devant le bon sens public, comme les vagues se brisent devant la Digue qui protège en ce moment, contre la violence de la mer, les escadres des deux empires."

These words will fall with astonishment on those who cannot reconcile peace and Cherbourg.

The banquet over, the fête of the night was to commence. The line of fires again blazed on the Digue—a signal is given, and all the ships are

lit up; a few preliminary rockets are thrown, and blue-lights burnt, and the centre fort is seen in flames; the red fire breaks through the embrasures, throwing a lurid glare on the tower, and sweeps and courses along the walls, casting up jets and sparks, and forked tongues to the sky—giving all the grandeur of a conflagration without its fearfulness. Save for the soft colouring of the *feu d'artifice*, and of the haze left behind, it might have seemed a reality. The effect was now beautiful exceedingly. The Digue, with its large fierce fires, and its mass of flame in the centre, and its massive stonework, showing in the red glare between, made the outer line; within were the ships, lying obliquely, each presenting its batteries of light and reflecting from its masts and rigging little stars on the sea. Beyond was the illumination of the town; so that the roadstead lay environed by an *enceinte de feu*; and, as the different fires and lights flashed or shot across it, its waters and the little world which floated therein now appeared in brightness, now in dark shadow; one part sparkling brilliants, whilst another disappeared in darkness, or glimmered in misty shade. Meantime, the *feu d'artifice* goes on at the fort; all kinds of beautiful shapes blaze for an instant and then die out—now a cascade jets into the air, and descends in a shower of brilliant lights, breaking and vanishing in sprays of every colour—now a bouquet would spread open and unfold, and then burst in gems of gold-green topaz, thick and bright as those in the trees in Aladdin's garden. This last was the triumph and end of the display. An independent fusillade of rockets and Roman candles had been going on all the while from the passenger steamers; eccentric rockets would ascend from the Lords and Commons or the neighbouring vessels; in fact, every ship which had a firework of any kind displayed it, illustrating the Turk's idea, that an Englishman, in a general conflagration, would light and bring out his farthing candle, in order that he might have something to do with it. One of the most novel, and, at the same time, striking effects, was produced by a

light thrown from the Diadem, which could be concentrated with such power on any object as to bring it out in perfect relief. Whilst the entertainment lasted, it was made to fall on the flag-ship, and showed her out clear and distinct, lying in a circle of light; and as our Queen returned, it radiated on the royal yacht, which seemed for the time bathed in the brightest moonlight. The time for parting came, and amid *la même bruit* the Sovereigns took leave for the night. The English ships, which had remained dark and still hitherto, were suddenly illuminated with *la lumière électrique* (as the French call it), and the men clustered on the yards, their white dress relieving them from the darkness of the masts and rigging, put their whole strength into their cheer, as the Emperor and Empress passed towards the shore. Of all the sounds which broke the stillness that night, there was none so thrilling as those cheers, none which vibrated with such effect on ear and feeling, or awoke such echoes around. The thundering of the cannon is imposing, and terrible at times, grand always, yet it has not, nor can it have, the majestic power of sound which belongs to the human voice.

It is an impulse to Englishmen to cheer. We had cheered every imperial barge as it passed; another appeared, and a shout was just rising to our lips, when it was seen to hold the imperial flunkies in their green and gold. How the Jeameses would have been astonished by such a salute! The fires began now to flicker and wave, some to die out; the cannonading and shouting were over, all was dark and still; and so ended the second day, the *fête de la mer*.

It was certainly also a *fête de poudre*, as a Frenchman said. There was a quantity of villanous saltpetre consumed that day. A French journalist, after descending on the splendour and magnificence of the spectacle, stops to count the cost, and calculates that 25,000 francs' worth of powder had been expended in honour of the Queen of England. What a fact for some of the faithful Commons to ruminate on! The spirit of Manchester must have dwelt in this man. To those who go down to the

sea in ships, and live in the great waters, the spectacle was fine and striking in all its scenes and acts, often novel; to the citizens of Paris and London it must have had a peculiar magnificence in the combination of so many new elements, a peculiar interest from its many new effects.

The next day, Friday, the Queen of England left. It was the last of the royal ceremonies. For the last time the French flag was hoisted by our ships, the English by theirs. Standing on the Digue, we see the old effects of the firing and the decorations under a new aspect; the ships are our foreground, the French liners lying in an oblique line across the "Rade," the English moving slowly, and forming into two lines as before. Once more the three thousand guns echo; the parting had taken place; the royal yacht steams on and on, takes the lead of the squadron, which follows in noble order through the passage betwixt Fort Querqueville and the Musoir, showing to the practical minds, which could withdraw themselves from the sight, what would be the effect of these batteries on them. The Trinity Brethren steam after with rival speed, and are greeted by the cry of "Go it, soundings." Soon only a little smoke is seen in the horizon, and so ends the royal visit.

What may be the political import of this meeting? whether it may confirm alliances? whether the inauguration of a power which might be turned against her kingdom was a fitting occasion for the presence of an English Sovereign? whether her coming was a proof of noble confidence in the strength of her country and in the good faith of her ally? are questions we shall not debate now. We are treating of Cherbourg as a spectacle, not as a power aggressive or defensive.

As a fête it was very complete, in its externals at least, for we know nought of the feelings it inspired. The grace of the visit was reciprocated by magnificence of hospitality and courtesy of reception, and all the pageantry was tasteful and happy. There was no omission, no failure; and the good feeling and festive spirit of the people gave a lifefulness and

movement to the programmes of etiquette. It was a thing to have seen, a thing to remember,

In many respects it may be well that the English should have participated so largely in these fêtes. Military and naval men will not have learnt much that they knew not before; but they will have seen much to strengthen their judgments, much to suggest opinions. To a certain august body, Cherbourg must have given many lessons. It must have given them eyes to see, and ears to hear, what defence means; must have told them how defence is attained, and taught them that the confidence inspired by strong defence is well bought by expenditure. They will have seen that peace is not inconsistent with preparation, and have heard that the power can best maintain peace which is the most strong, and most confident in itself. It is to be hoped that when next they discuss the Ways and Means, the impregnability and capabilities of Cherbourg may arise before them, not as a menace of aggression, but as a lesson and a warning of defence.

Henceforth the fête was entirely national—it was French for the French. A *promenade en rade* was the programme of the day. The Emperor and Empress were to visit the different ships and the Digue. It was our chance to be on the breakwater when the imperial cortège arrived and landed; Napoleon stern, resolute, and commanding—Eugenie beautiful and elegant, sweeping along with the grace of her Spanish blood, her drapery floating on her gracefully as the plumage on a swan—the grim stalwart soldiers, the ministers of state, and *les dames d'honneur*. There was present the state, and also the gloom of power.

In the programme, also, there were announced fêtes for the people, for the town of Cherbourg. We have ignored it as yet, ignored its doings and its revelries. Yet it was the centre of the festivities, a pleasant and pretty place withal, with its festive garb and its merry holiday crowd; and pleasant it was to turn from the grand effects and *coups-d'œil* to the peasant groups, the gay streets, and the varying picturesque costumes. The town

was well adapted for a fête. On the quay facing the sea is a square with an esplanade, and beyond it to the west lies the Port Militaire, with its walls, arsenals, and fortifications. On this quay stands the great statue. To the right of it is a group of old houses, amid which stands the cathedral church. At right angles is the Port du Commerce, broad and handsome, connected by a lock with the inner mercantile harbour, or Bassin de Flot; and parallel with this is the Canal de Retenue. Along it runs a broad promenade, lined with a street of shops and cafés. Around, and between it and the basins, are rows and avenues of trees, which seem to give it relationship with the luxuriance and beauty of the valley of the Divette. Beyond and above rises, scarp-ed and rugged, the Montagne de Roule. From the square and from the line of the docks lead the chief streets, which, at their different meetings, form either a little square or "place." The roads from the town are broad, have avenues of tall trees, and little detached groups of houses for a mile or two beyond, and run through pretty valleys, or a verdant wooded campaign. In this arena provincial taste had done its utmost. At all the corners and in the squares, by the fountains and along the quays were flags, and pennons, and banderoles, grouped like trophies, and bound in the centre by shields, bearing the letters N. and E. On the side of the streets were poles also, with shields and banners, and from every window hung a flag. Amid this triumphal scene moved thousands from all parts of France, in little currents, passing onwards with holiday gait, or grouping round a band or juggler, or rushing in droves, where the cannon announced some imperial movement. Conspicuous among all were *les dames de Normandie*, in their cloth jackets and gowns, which hung gracefully enough from them, though innocent of crinoline,—that they seemed to have applied *au revers* and appropriated to the head-dress. Oh, those head-dresses! they were quite a study. We traced them in all their variations, and strove to fancy whether these variations depended on character, station, or locality. We took the

head of an old lady as our standard, for she wore her gear defiantly, as though she challenged criticism, and was determined to show the world what a Norman cap was, and should be. This was a sort of pudding-bag, well crimped and starched, with long lappels sticking out behind, or perhaps more like a bishop's mitre, made of muslin, and adorned with wings, than anything else. Diverging from this were others, much higher and fuller, and drawn in across the forehead with bands of ribbon;—their wings, too, were larger and finer, and turned up at the ends like horns. The damsels who wore, or rather bore these, had a conscious look of finery, which showed that these were the mode, and that it was a very superior thing to have large wings. Others, again, had degenerated down almost to the cap of the grisette, but these must have been low people from other provinces, or from Paris; no right-minded Norman girl would have condescended to such a thing. Then, again, there were all kinds of compromises betwixt the two—all, however, pretty, fresh, and light; they set off the browned comely faces and the blue eyes beneath. These caps are much given to go in twos and threes, to be nodding into shop windows, and be bobbing out of *votures*, and have a great affinity for cheap-johns and roundabouts. They, too, alone have reverence for legends of martyrs and saints—they alone have any faith in sacred medals. The rogue who exhibits a great picture of a Saint Jean André, and a representation of all his acts—how he prayed, how he bestowed alms, how he performed miracles—has them for his sole audience, for the sole purchasers of his tracts and medals. We find them by our side, in great numbers, mixed up with soldiers, and matelots, and blouses, as we stop to look at a juggler. The fellow depends more on his impudence than skill; he has a great horn protruding from his forehead, and the feat he is now performing is to throw rings of different sizes into the air and catch them on it. The horn is ringed now to the very tip, there is just room for one little one more. He takes that in his hand, throws it up, tries to catch it; fails—sighs deeply,

sacrés and grimaces. Again he tries, again fails—sacrés, shakes his head; Burleigh-like, strokes his chin and shouts out, "*À la voilà*—he will never go on 'till the plate is full.'" Immediately a shower of sous fall on the plate, and the ring goes on with a sharp click. There is great sensation among the caps and the blouses. We are in expectation of another trick. The rogue takes up the sous, piles them in little heaps on two sticks; poises them as though about to do some balancing feat; then strikes them off dexterously into either hand, and deposits them in either breeches-pocket; gathers up his properties, and walks off. There is a great shaking of the caps at this—great sacréing from the matelots and moustaches, silent indignation from the blouses. On we sweep to another corner, where a buffoon has taken his stand, a motley cap on his head, in his hand an improvised violin, made of a large stick and a bladder, with a string drawn over it like a bow; on this he accompanies himself as he shouts out the verses of a song with a loud telling chorus. As there is a great flutter and sheering off of the caps, the song we suppose is not highly moral. The blouses, however, applaud warmly. On we go with the crowd, on through the gay streets with their shops, on by the quays, and out into the roads under the trees, where cafés and restaurants have started up for the occasion, and little groups are enjoying their café or beer; for the Normans at least have a particular delight in beer, and quaff it from large tumblers with great gusto; and waggons, drawn by the great club-tailed Norman horses, are halting for a gossip or a bait. On we go until we come to the new station of the railway just opened, and there we light on a curious, pretty scene. The waste space is filled with tents, striped with different colours, and hung with flags; all around and between them are rows of young fir-trees. The little encampment is enclosed by a beautifully wooded ridge and the rugged heights of the Roule, and at one end it opens into the soft, sunny valley of the Divette—it is the Camp de Gare,

formed by the directors of the railway for the accommodation of their passengers. Picturesque it looked, with its seats gleaming through the trees, and all the groups which moved about amid them. The occupants, however, found their campaigning full of vicissitudes, we believe, and their adventures and distresses furnished *Charivari* with many a subject. The Parisian is not one who can find in the picturesque a compensation for comfort. Back we go into the town with the crowd—and it was certainly the most orderly road-wise crowd we were ever in. Never once had we our toes trodden on or our ribs elbowed, and we saw everything without having a fat woman on our back, or a strong heavy-booted bumpkin in our front. To see was the easiest thing in Ocherbourg. To eat, to drink, to sleep, was the grand difficulty. Even a Frenchman cannot live on spectacle, so the struggle for viands and a bed went on daily and hourly. Each hotel was in a constant state of siege—every restaurant was a battle-field. The besieging forces beset the entrances and the doors of the salons. In vain might the host protest and gesticulate, until he appeared about to disjoint himself, and one expected every moment to see an arm fly off, as in the old puppet-shows, then a leg, then a head, until nothing but the trunk remained. Still there was a never-ceasing clamour for a chamber and a dinner. Some insinuated themselves into passages, and deposited their carpet-bags there, in the vain hope of establishing a location; others stood at the doors of the table-d'hôte inhaling the steam of the viands, and struggling to get a position. A Yankee would have been at home here. Napkins were clutched at, forks thrust into dishes, chairs appropriated. Getting a place or a plate was like storming a breach. The air reverberated with the word "*garçon*;" it seemed the great effort of the human voice. The thing, *garçon*, fittet and dashed about with a sort of galvanised impulse, making a start and a plunge at every call. At one establishment there was an individual of the name of Alexandre, who must have been supposed to possess

ubiquity, from the way in which he was shouted for and shouted at; his name was cried in every inflection of voice, until at last, from the despairing tones in which it was uttered, it was evident that Alexandre had absconded, perhaps to assert the unity of time and place by a self-incarceration in the coal-hole. The caps in this respect had the best of it, for they sat in groups behind the booths, with an earthen dish in their laps, supping therefrom with a wooden spoon something that smelt villainously of garlic and herbs. There was even here, however, a state of warfare, for we saw an old lady diligently slobbering with one spoon whilst she warded off the attempts of predatory urchins with the other. Night brings out more phases of holiday life. The squares all glitter with the illuminations—glass and brilliant ciphers and mottoes blaze out in coloured light, and fireworks go off at intervals. The streets, too, are all alight, and thronged more than ever, for all the sight-seers are congregated there now. And there is more also of the military element—mustached officers, grim and martial, stalk about with clanging sabres, cigars in their mouths, and their hands in their pockets. The bazaars of the peripatetic merchants are all alive; peasant mothers are buying presents for the little ones, and being tempted with pictures and candlesticks; the young ones invest largely in pocket looking-glasses, which they secrete as soon as bought. One old fellow has established a lottery, and, from his low chuckle and sly grin, is evidently driving a thriving trade; and well he may; for though he shuffles out the cards and draws the tickets from a bag, we have never yet seen one prize distributed, and we have staked many sous ourselves. A lottery all blanks must be a rather good speculation. The cafés have turned themselves out of doors. Those on the quay of the Bassin du Commerce are the favourite resort. There we sit, looking out on the crowd, and on the water, and the ships; the mountain and the valley are just seen dimly in the distance; the lights sparkle, street-bands are playing, and the hum of voices, the laughs and

the shouts mingle pleasantly; and we repose on this spectacle of the fête of the people, after the bruit of the great representations, with a greater feeling of the presence of festivity than we had yet known. Our only disturbance is the garçon, who will bring us beer or absinthe. Like his brethren of the hotels, he is in a state of perplexity and distraction, and rushes about, carrying beer to some fierce colonel who wants coffee, and absinthe to some Normandy farmer who wants beer. If the bedlams of France be not tenanted by these garçons after the fête, there is more tension in the human brain, more elasticity in human patience, than we believed. Such a Babel that café! such a clatter, such smoke, such rappings for the garçon! The only calm person is the mistress—the presiding goddess—who sits in her tribune, surrounded by her bottles, quite impassive to the hubbub and confusion. The only one at home in the throng is a little thing with a green wreath round her head, belonging to the musicians, who creeps and twines with impunity between the spurs and the elbows, and the corners and goers, always turning up at the right time to rattle her box, just as some one has received change. There is a crowd and great laughing on the other side of the quay, and we stroll towards it. A roundabout is here in full action. It is a gigantic and a most elaborate one. There are two rows of chargers, and carriages of all shapes. They are filled now by the caps and the blouses—a few vacant saddles are taken by the matelots after it is in motion. A lady within, a sort of Frenchified Jarley, directs the movement by an organ. At first it is slow and solemn, and the figures of the Norman girls have a graceful look as they sweep on with their arms round each other's waists. Now the tune grows faster, and the merry round increases faster and faster, until it gets quite mazy; faster still, and the figures grow confused and disjointed. The caps and the hats appear to have changed places; then the heads of the girls and the matelots change shoulders, and the horses go into the carriages, and the carriages into the horses, until the ut-

most of speed has been reached, and there is a stop. The round does not cease long. Ever as one set of riders get off, others are ready to get on; and it seemed a principle with every Norman girl to achieve the roundabout before she went to bed.

Where this great crowd was to sleep was a wonder; yet they all soon dispersed, some to beds, some to ships, some to the Camp de Gare, some perhaps to hedgerows and door-steps,—all disappeared; the last occupants of the cafés, who had fallen asleep at the tables, were roused up, and every one retired to prepare for the celebration of the morrow.

"Il semblait être dans ma destinée de voir s'accomplir par la paix, les grandes desseins que l'Empereur avait conçut pendant la guerre."

So spoke the Emperor Napoleon the Third. The design, conceived in war, was to be accomplished in peace. Decreed when nations rose against nations, it was to be inaugurated amid the amity of peoples. The original intent will, however, cling to a design, and give it a doubtful meaning, even though after circumstances should change its purpose.

The principles of peace seem inconsistent with the politics of war, and yet there may be occasions when the two may be reconciled. The defence projected to cover aggression may, in another period, be adopted as legitimate security, and the means prepared to precipitate attack be applied to the due development of national resources and national strength. It is not the fact of such defence and such means, if at all commensurate with the status of a country, but the policy of the power possessing them, which indicates war. We have seen how, with a great northern power, every step of defence was a stage of aggression, and therefore every addition and increase of force became a menace. It must be by connecting some such principle with the construction of Cherbourg, that we can see in the completion of the great work a propagation of the warlike conception. "The posterity which charges itself with realising the idea of a great man," does not necessarily accept his purpose and intent in its

adaptation. The creation of Cherbourg can scarcely in itself be deemed an undue assertion of maritime power by such an empire as France, nor can the perseverance in a great national undertaking, which reflected credit and advantage on the country, be regarded as a challenge or a provocation. Hostile policy can alone make it a hostile demonstration. On this eighth day of August 1858 we look upon it apart from policy (that we may dwell on hereafter), and contemplate it as the scene of a great national inauguration—a great national ovation. The consummation of "les merveilles," the result of more than half a century of labour and expenditure, the achievement of a monument which may compare with those of antiquity, and challenge posterity, are to be celebrated formally and solemnly by a nation and its chief.

There is tradition and precedent for the ceremony, and the old details are to be adhered to, receiving a greater impression from the time, the circumstances, and the agencies. Let us review the scene in which it is to be enacted. To the north-west of the town, at the foot of high hills, and opening towards the east of the Rade, surrounded by an enceinte of fortifications, lies the Port Militaire, with its system of basins. These are three, lying within one another, connected by gates or locks, and containing seven docks and eleven building-slips, all excavated out of the solid rock—all having great depth below low-water—all being of great extent, beautifully constructed, and faced with fine granite. (Hereafter we shall detail dimensions, &c.) Landing at the *avant-port* or outer basin, we pass on towards its end, leaving the Bassin de Flot on the right, and see before us an immense excavation, oblong in form, and vast in extent and depth. Its bed, level and dry, is crossed with chains for mooring ships; from it the sides slope upwards to some height in the bare rock out of which it has been hewn, and then spring up to the terrepleins of the arsenal in a straight wall of solid masonry. Its west and north sides are hollowed into slips and docks, in one of which lies the "Ville

de Nantes," all ready for launching. At the south end are two more docks, rough and half-hewn, in process of construction. Around stand large buildings, stores and workshops. Two locks or gates, large enough to admit any ship of war, connect it on its eastern side with the north and south basins, and through these will rush the waters which will convert the vast space into the "arrière Bassin de Flot." At the north end is erected a light and gaily-decorated tribune for the Emperor and Empress. On either side are two pavilions for the civic authorities and their dames; in front, a staircase carpeted with crimson cloth leads down to the bed of the basin, where is to be fixed the stone bearing the inscription—

Ce bassin décrété le
15 Avril 1808
Par Napoléon I.
A été commencé le 25 Juin 1806,
Et a été inauguré le 7 Août 1863,
En présence
de
L'Empereur Napoléon III.
et de
L'Impératrice Eugénie.
L'Amiral Hamelin, Ministre de Marine.

Simple and dignified enough is this, and free from the vaunt and the arrogance with which, on the inauguration of the *avant-port*, it is proclaimed that Napoleon le Grand had decreed that a port should be dug for great vessels of war in the rock of Cherbourg, and that it had been finished and opened to the ocean. There is nothing in the present case of the defiance which thus asserts the power of man's will over the obstacles of nature. Behind the tribune, and in the path of the imperial progress, is a triumphal arch, tasteful and appropriate, constructed of the tanks of ships, raised one above another, and ornamented at its base and on its sides by designs formed out of the material and tools appertaining to seamanship and ship-craft. Anchors with hempen cables twining round them, and chains lying in coils below, and other emblems of naval art and naval workmanship, made a curious entablature to the base; and above, chisels, saws, hammers, &c., were shaped into different devices. Thus was produced an arch worthy of a triumph of Rome—

a proof of the power which art has, with simple means, to achieve its expressions and effects.

The elements of the scene, if not grand, were vast and striking: the great, deep, yawning space as yet unclaimed by the sea—the parts of the native rock, scarped by the hand of man, yet still dark and rugged, contrasting with the smooth polished masonry—the indents of the docks breaking and varying the straight lines—the tribune and the pavilions enlivening by their smartness the great blocks of building—the arch appearing at every point effective and in keeping; and these, when peopled and animated by a gay, eager, moving throng, crowding every part, and presenting sets and successions of tableaux, and lit by a bright sunshine, made a fitting arena for a spectacle—were in themselves a spectacle. Very early the tide of spectators began to pour in, and hour after hour it flowed, scarcely, however, doing more than fittingly group the picture, filling in all the lines of the basin, and the jutting points of the docks and jetties. The privileged ones who filled the steps and railed spaces in front of the stores and offices, and the unprivileged, who scrambled on the slopes of the slips, the piles of timber, and the masses of rubble in the unfinished docks, made the second tier of an irregular amphitheatre. Close by the Ville de Nantes, on the east side of the basin, and at right angles with the pavilions which were occupied by rows of gay dames, was perched a tent, shaped like a belfry. This was for the Bishop and his clergy. Round the steps of this episcopal throne were grouped knots of English officers. Here it was our lot to stand, and hence we could command all parts of the arena and of the ceremony.

So quietly had all the different groups and parties settled in their places and disposed of themselves, that there was no hubbub or confusion, only action enough to give life and movement to the scene. There were none of those incidents of sparing and altercation so common in an English crowd, which always will mob itself, and has a peculiar genius for squeezing into a press, and getting

involved in knots and tangles. Sometimes the holder of a ticket, who was prevented from taking some seat he had fixed upon, would gesticulate and remonstrate, and flourish it in the face of a *gens-d'arme*; sometimes there would be a little impatience at a particular road being blocked up, and we saw an old lady, who had been pushed back by a soldier's musket, make little rushes at him whenever he was employed, and hiss in his ear bits of her mind. This was the only fracas; otherwise there was little stir scarcely even the din and hum usually arising from the motion and voices of so many people. We were ever looking for signs of the excitement of the French, but none came; decorum, with occasional dashes of vivacity, was the order of the day. Presently there was a movement, a waving and a sound of *vivas*—not rising, certainly, to enthusiasm—as the cannon announced the Emperor's approach, and the imperial cortège, passing through the lines of soldiers, and under the arch, moved on to the tribune. There, for a while, contemplating the scene, sat Napoleon and Eugénie, the impersonations of the majesty of will and the majesty of beauty. At length, pair by pair, the train moved down the steps and grouped round the inscription-stones, their figures dwarfed by the vastness of the objects around. According to the old programme, one of all the coins of the realm and of the medals is placed beneath; the slab with the inscription is rolled into its bed—the process is signed—the cannons thunder out—the band of the Guides strikes up, and the basin is formally inaugurated. The cortège moves up again to the tribune—meantime the procession of the clergy had issued from the belfry, and proceeded to the edge of the basin, chanting and praying a benediction; then passing on around the *Ville de Nantes*, still with chant and prayer, the Bishop stopping at intervals to repeat a blessing on the ship. This we expected would have been the most solemn and imposing part of the ceremony, and the most prominent scene. No one, however, seemed to take much notice of it. It was performed at a distance from the Emperor, and passed almost unheeded.

A few lifted their hats as the procession moved by, but the many were engrossed with other sights. Imperialism was above priestdom.

The hour had now come for the immersion of the basin. The Emperor gives the signal, and a loud shout and general clapping—the first effort of enthusiasm for the day—hailed the rush of the waters as they burst from the *avant-port* through four sluices in the barrier, and, joining there, fell over the step of the passage into the bed of the basin in a foaming cascade. Dashing on with a roar, it divided into streams and rills, which meandered and became lost at first in the vast space. Faster and fuller come the rushes, and the volume of water swells and rises, slowly spreading over the bed, with the noiseless, resistless sweep of power. Now the links of the mooring-chains are just seen above the waves, now they disappear altogether, and the inscription-slab is seen no more; and the lap against the rock shows that it is in full flow. Only a tiny rill had yet come from the lock at the *Bassin de Flot*. It was feared that the flow of water might be too great and sudden, and, as a prevention, a dam or *batardeau* called a “renard,” had been placed in the passage to break or check the force. The flood-gate, too, by which the water was to be let in, was peculiarly constructed; in it were two sluices by which it was filled, and there were also two valves by which the water could be let out into the space betwixt the gate and the *batardeau*. Twenty barrels were attached to it, to aid its floating, and hawsers fastened round were ready to help in its removal at the proper time. The renard was mined, that it might be blown up in case of its proving too great an impediment to the water. At low-water the sluices were opened and the gate filled, then these were shut, and the water let out into the space in front of the *batardeau*. The gate, being now empty, began to rise, and by means of the caaks and hawsers was soon lifted enough to be moved out of its grooves, and then the tide, having no impediment save the renard, swept in like a torrent, bearing away every obstacle, and tossing and foaming into the great basin with the rush of a

cataract. Flowing from two sources, the water rises, and rises, ever, as we turn towards it, attaining to a higher mark, until about four it was calculated to have reached the level of the sea.

There is an interval now, and a dispersion of the spectators; some stroll about for gossip or change, some retire to take their ease in the cafés, if they can get that or anything besides. The Emperor takes a survey of the dockyard, and bestows crosses on the officers connected with the establishment, and on the engineers who have executed the works. Thus is talent distinguished in France.

Six o'clock comes—and the last scene is to be acted—the launch of the *Ville de Nantes*. There is the same ceremony of arrival, the same assemblage. The ship is lying in her slip, ready for the start—garlands hang from her ports, and festoons around her sides. Sailors stand on her decks, hats in hand, ready for a cheer. The props are knocked away, the impulse given, and down the inclined plane she slides swiftly and strongly, amid cheers and excitement, and floats, the first ship in the basin, and takes the maiden kiss of its waters.

The triple inauguration is complete. The Emperor has affirmed it, the priest blessed it—a ship had entered it, and the *Bassin de Napoleon III.* realises the idea of "*mon lac Mœris*," and perfects the *Port Militaire* of Ocherbourg.

While this event is being solemnised and celebrated by benediction and pomp, we hear that another and greater effort of human genius has been crowned with success—an effort which can have no interpretation of war, be charged with no intent of giving one nation the power of aggression over another, which must and will speed the progress of civilisation by annulling the divisions of the ocean between peoples, and bringing man closer to man. The laying of the electric telegraph cable in the Atlantic will be heralded by no ceremony, no assemblage, be paraded by no salvos, flags, or pageants, and yet it is a fact which, by the grandeur of its achievement and the greatness of its aims, reduces the works of Ocher-

bourg to their due proportions, divests them of their glare and glare, and more than adjusts the balance of national comparisons.

What man does for himself, however, is ever signalised with more éclat than what he does for mankind.

Another day comes, and the fêtes are to close with the public exhibition of the statue of Napoleon the First. The image of the designer is to stand in the midst of the design, and in the attitude of the inspiration of the "*J'avais résolu*," is to preside over the accomplished works. The scene is the "*Quai de Napoleon*." It is in the centre of "*les merveilles*." Facing the sea, we look out on the Rade, in which ships of war lie quietly at anchor, sheltered by the Digue, which extends its bulwarks to the right and left, and defended by the forts which rise at its centre and extremities. Stretching towards it on the right is the vast space of the dockyard, redeemed from the rock, and made into an arena of basins, docks, buildings, and circumvallations. On the right the pier of the *Port du Commerce* extends its long polished walls, making on the other side a little bright bay, across which frown the battlements of *Fort des Flamands*. In the middle is the statue, covered as yet with a drapery of drab cloth hanging over it in loose folds; betwixt this and the arsenal has been erected a tribune for the reception of the Emperor and Empress. At either end of the space were raised seats; bodies of troops were massed in the intervals, and the crowd disposed itself beyond and around the soldiery. The spectators were not so numerous as on former days; many had departed; those who stayed seemed to have no vivid interest in the object of the ceremony, though the sunshine, the brilliant colours, the music, and the troops, made a gala which all enjoyed. Families and friends grouped to greet and gossip; children trotted about and prattled, and were petted and feasted with sweetmeats; politicians sat and discussed their journals. An Englishman, in the old coaching days, it was said, could not travel without being supposed to require an orange, a pocket-book, or a

seven-bladed penknife, as the necessary preparation for his journey. A walking-stick, a coloured balloon, or a medal, would, by the same rule, seem an article which every proper right-minded man should possess at a French festivity. The venders of these wares exhibited them with the confidence of obtaining purchasers, and at every nod of rejection would shrug their shoulders and pause, that the unfortunate refusers might have opportunity to reconsider the thing, and redeem themselves from the consequences of such a decision. All these, however, disappear, and the wandering bands are hushed as the trumpets call the troops to attention, and the carriages of the Emperor appear driving towards the Cathedral. Here high mass is celebrated, and then issues hence a procession of the civic authorities; the imperial carriages follow, and as they arrive abreast of the statue, the drapery is withdrawn. We were looking away at the moment, and, turning round again, saw it standing in all its colossal proportions. No expressions of enthusiasm announced the manifestation. There were bursts of martial music, and the cannon thundered, but there was no voice from the people which showed that they recognised the memory of the *grand nom*, or connected it with the events of to-day. This feeling was reserved for some old soldiers, veterans of the Empire—"ces débris de nos grands jours de gloire," as a French paper calls them—who came forth to hang wreaths of laurel, medals of St. Helena, and immortelles on the railing of the statue, as a last homage to their great chief. An old brave, Pierre St. André, a man noted among the legions, too old and feeble to walk, is brought forward in a little carriage drawn by an old *vivandière*, also a relict of the Grande Armée, that he may look once more on the face and form which he has seen often vivid with life on the battle-field. This made the solemnity of the spectacle, and gave it the only expression which was not dramatic.

Now there are speeches made. The Mayor dilates on the benefits Cherbourg has received, and the gratitude it owes to the dynasty of Na-

poleon. The Emperor responds. Still his theme is peace; but it is a peace which shall repose in strength—a peace supported by the means of war—a peace which shall be an assertion of power.

"Plus une nation est puissante, plus elle est respectée; plus un gouvernement est fort, plus il apporte de modération à ses conseils, de justice dans ses résolutions."

These are words which carry deeper suggestions than the fortifications of Cherbourg.

The troops now form in mass of columns, and march underneath the statue; as each battalion passes, there is a cry and a lifting of the hand, done with military precision, and a waving of the old *drapeaux*; and so concludes the inauguration. The crowd soon disperses; a few of the peasantry remain for a while to look at the statue, and then the square is almost deserted. The statue is an equestrian one, and stands on a pedestal of solid granite. The attitude of the horse is that of suddenly repressed action. The face of the man is stamped with the sternness of resolve. The right arm, uplifted, points over the Digue; the whole figure expresses force and will. Those who see signs and omens in everything, say that the finger is directed towards the English shore, and that the look has more in it of menace than resolve. The position is meant to represent the conception and utterance of the idea which led to the creation of Cherbourg as it is. The interpretation of the true meaning lies in the future. The artist may hereafter lay claim to either.

Its effect, as a work of art, is good and striking. The proportions are symmetrical, the figures and attitudes in good keeping, and the height and size are sufficient to attain grandeur without being exaggerated into the burlesque. The site is appropriate, and the time for its erection fitting enough. It was a time to associate the founder with his monuments, the decreer with the things decreed; and by connecting its installation with the inauguration of the basin, the town has sought to designate itself as the "Cherbourg of Napoleon."

In the afternoon the Emperor left for Brest, and the fêtes of five days' continuance are ended — fêtes which will be regarded under every aspect, political and pictorial, as a demonstration, and as a national celebration. In one respect there will be agreement. As a spectacle they were unique — a success which even the French may accept as a triumph. Brilliant and tasteful, they presented a succession of scenes and actors, effects and impressions, which made them almost dramatic in the variety of their details and the completeness of their plan. Those who came to see must have had their fill of pleasant sights; those who came to eat, drink, and be comfortable, no doubt, carried away disagreeable reminiscences; those who sought to inspect a well-constructed port or a strong fortress, would have learnt many a lesson; and those whose object it was to inquire and think, must have stored matter for many a day's reflection.

The question whether "Cherbourg is peace," or Cherbourg is war, depends much on which side of the Channel it is discussed. "Cherbourg is peace," is the vehement assertion of the French. If it be peace, it is an armed peace; and that it should rest on just conditions and an equal footing, the nations who are concerned in its endurance should have points of defence and concentration which may balance Cherbourg.

A reciprocity of preparation and readiness, an equality of strength and security, can alone inspire the confidence which can make such a peace durable, or can preserve it from all the uncertainty and anxiety of war.

A nation, ready and secure, can accept the peace which Cherbourg typifies.

The fêtes are over, and dull and *triste* looks the little town. The crowds have departed in detachments; and visitors, who can get no places in the railway, vent their chagrin at the *table-d'hôte*, in sneers at the *cuisine*, and the *patois* of the *garçons*; the old diligences are overloaded, and swing on very much down by the head, as a sailor would say; the Normandy waggons exhibit

a crush of caps; the cafés have sunk down to their old level; and the colonels and majors, *habitués* of the different establishments, take their old corners; the *garçons* who have survived lean in elegant ease against the tribune, and move languidly in answer to a call. A few flags remain, fluttering feebly; and the framework of the fireworks still stands against the walls. The fleet has gone, and the roadstead looks quite empty. The Camp de la Gare is merely a memory, and the roundabouts have sought other spheres of action. Altogether, it has a used-up, *blazé*, after-the-ball look. There are some compensations. Prices have fallen, beds and dinners are no longer favours or accidents; and the officials of the post-office have leisure and condescension enough to sort the letters. There is ever a flatness, however, about the day after the fair — a general *ennui* — which only time and a little more excitement can relieve.

Let us take a parting and a bird's-eye peep of the locality. The Montagne du Roule is our point for this. It is a hill standing at the mouth of the valley, a natural citadel, and a picturesque background for every view of the town from every point. Look at it where you will, right or left, from the sea or the land, there behind rises *le montagne*, sometimes closer and more precipitous, sometimes less rugged, but ever the great feature. The face of the rock towards the town has been scarped into steep slopes, crossed and divided here and there by zigzag ridges or fissures, which shine on its white surface like dark veins. On the side of the valley it has been left in its natural ruggedness; and tufts of bright heather, clustering now in the clefts and amid the boulder-like points, give touches of beauty to the dark stones. This Montagne du Roule is the centre-point of a ridge of hills not high or continuous, but threaded with pretty valleys, and here and there softened into gentle wooded slopes, which extend in a semicircle towards the sea, enclosing a level luxuriant champaign, in the midst of which lies Cherbourg. From our height we look upon a panorama of plains, villages, gardens,

town, and sea, all brought and toned into one beautiful picture by the bright lights which fall upon and float over it. Long the eye dwells upon it in all its completeness and beauty, not caring to break such a whole into details; then turns to the east, where the ridge is highest, and juts most prominently out on the sea. There at its foot lies a village, nestled amid trees, with its church-tower just rising above the tops, and all around are masses of verdure made up of tree-tops and green patches.

Onward travels the eye, and lights now on a line of rocks along the shore, on the end of which stands Fort des Flamands, large, massive, and regular, with its polished solid masonry, looking almost red in the sunlight; then on again, over meadows, fields, and orchards, with hedgerows worthy of Devon, and over hamlets and suburban clusters of houses, all girt with trees, and some close at the foot of the Montagne, standing amid gardens of rich bright flowers, till it falls on the canal with its sloping sides and muddy waters, lined with tall trees, and then passes on to the Bassin du Commerce, crowded now with ships, following it until its pier throws its two long arms into the sea. Then comes the town, a huddled mass of roofs, seeming as if they were cut out of a rocky ledge, only the church-towers rising markedly above, looking as if it were only a suburb to the great arsenal which, isolated and bound by its high wall and *enceinte militaire*, seems to rise in its regular enclosure, tier above tier, of wall,

and shed, and building, the waters of the basins gleaming like lakes between, and the bastions behind lying like green terraced slopes. On the eye sweeps to the point at its end made by Fort Hommet, its seaward citadel, and then glances across the Rade to the ever-present Digues, which lies between the two ends of the semicircle as though it had connected them together, and the line been broken by the two passages; the Ile de Pelée standing as though it were a fragment left by the waters, and looking from hence like an old sea-girt ruin rather than as the well-built fort it is. Turn we now and look behind on the valley at the foot of Roule, and the ridge beyond, from which it must have been broken. There, on that plateau of rock, stood the Norman castle of old time; and on from it, along the valley, is a line of plateaus, covered each with creeping verdure, and having some little summer-house or tent on its summit. Below runs the railway; and in the little hollow, near the Bassin du Commerce, stands the new station, half hidden among trees; and so the picture is complete.

A pleasant memory will the little spot be, and pleasant is the little town itself, with its pretty shops, neat streets, and shaded walks; and pleasant will it be ever to remember the groups of Normandy peasants, healthy, quaint, and picturesque, as they appeared in the fêtes of Cherbourg.

We have dwelt on Cherbourg as a spectacle and as a picture, next we shall review it as port and fortress.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART XVI.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

CHAPTER IV.

A woman too often reasons from her heart—hence two-thirds of her mistakes and her troubles. A man of genius, too, often reasons from his heart—hence, also, two-thirds of his troubles and mistakes. Wherefore, between woman and genius there is a sympathetic affinity; each has some intuitive comprehension of the secrets of the other, and the more feminine the woman, the more exquisite the genius, the more subtle the intelligence between the two. But note well that this tacit understanding becomes obscured, if human love pass across its relations. Shakespeare interprets aright the most intricate riddles in woman. A woman was the first to interpret aright the art that is latent in Shakespeare. But did Anne Hathaway and Shakespeare understand each other?

UNOBSERVED by the two young people, Lady Montfort sat watching them as they moved along the river banks. She was seated where Lionel had first seen her—in the kind of grassy chamber that had been won from the foliage and the sward, closed round with interlaced autumnal branches, save where it opened towards the water. If ever woman's brain can conceive and plot a scheme thoroughly pure from one ungentle, selfish thread in its web, in such a scheme had Caroline Montfort brought together those two fair young natures. And yet they were not uppermost in her thoughts as she now gazed on them; nor was it wholly for them that her eyes were filled with tears at once sweet, yet profoundly mournful—holy, and yet intensely human.

Women love to think themselves uncomprehended—nor often, without reason in that foible; for man, howsoever sagacious, rarely does entirely comprehend woman, howsoever simple. And in this her sex has the advantage over ours. Our hearts are bare to their eyes, even though they can never know what have been our lives. But we may see every action of their lives, guarded and circumscribed in conventional forms, while their hearts will have many mysteries to which we can never have the key. But, in more than the ordinary sense of the word, Caroline Montfort ever had been a woman uncomprehended. Nor even

in her own sex did she possess one confidante. Only the outward leaves of that beautiful flower opened to the sunlight. The leaves round the core were gathered fold upon fold closely as when life itself was in the bud.

As all the years of her wedded existence her heart had been denied the natural household vents, so, by some strange and unaccountable chance, her intellect also seemed restrained and pent from its proper freedom and play. During those barren years, she had read—she had pondered—she had enjoyed a commune with those whose minds instruct others, and still her own intelligence, which, in early youth, had been characterised by singular vivacity and brightness, and which Time had enriched with every womanly accomplishment, seemed chilled and objectless. It is not enough that a mind should be cultured—it should have movement as well as culture. Caroline Montfort's lay quiescent, like a beautiful form spell-bound to repose, but not to sleep. Looking on her once, as he stood amongst a crowd whom her beauty dazzled, a poet said, abruptly, "Were my guess not a sacrilege to one so spotless and so haughty, I should say that I had hit on the solution of an enigma that long perplexed me; and in the core of that queen of the lilies, could we strip the leaves folded round it, we should find *Remorse*."

Lady Montfort started; the shadow

of another form than her own fell upon the sward. George Morley stood behind her, his finger on his lips. "Hush," he said in a whisper; "see, Sophy is looking for me up the river. I knew she would be—I stole this way on purpose—for I would speak to you before I face her questions."

"What is the matter?—you alarm me," said Lady Montfort, on gaining a part of the grounds more remote from the river, to which George had silently led the way.

"Nay, my dear cousin, there is less cause for alarm than for anxious deliberation, and that upon more matters than those which directly relate to our poor fugitive. You know that I long shrunk from enlisting the police in aid of our search. I was too sensible of the pain and offence which such an application would occasion Waife—(let us continue so to call him)—and the discovery of it might even induce him to put himself beyond our reach, and quit England. But his prolonged silence, and my fears lest some illness or mishap might have befallen him, together with my serious apprehensions of the effect which unrelieved anxiety might produce on Sophy's health, made me resolve to waive former scruples. Since I last saw you I have applied to one of the higher police-officers accustomed to confidential investigations of a similar nature. The next day he came to tell me that he had learned that a friend of his, who had been formerly a distinguished agent in the detective police, had been engaged for months in tracking a person whom he conjectured to be the same as the one whom I had commissioned him to discover, and with somewhat less caution and delicacy than I had enjoined. The fugitive's real name had been given to this ex-agent—the cause for search, that he had abducted and was concealing his grand-daughter from her father. It was easy for me to perceive why this novel search had hitherto failed, no suspicion being entertained that Waife had separated himself from Sophy, and the inquiry being therefore rather directed towards the grandchild than the grandfather.

But that inquiry had altogether ceased of late, and for this terrible reason—a different section of the police had fixed its eye upon the father on whose behalf the search had been instituted. This Jasper Losely (ah! our poor friend might well shudder to think Sophy should fall into his hands!) haunts the resorts of the most lawless and formidable desperadoes of London. He appears to be a kind of authority amongst them; but there is no evidence that as yet he has committed himself to any participation in their habitual courses. He lives profusely, for a person in such society (regaling Daredevils, whom he awes by a strength and courage which are described as extraordinary), but without any visible means. It seems that the ex-agent, who had been thus previously employed in Jasper Losely's name, had been engaged, not by Jasper himself, but by a person in very respectable circumstances, whose name I have ascertained to be Poole. And the ex-agent deemed it right to acquaint this Mr. Poole with Jasper's evil character and ambiguous mode of life, and to intimate to his employer that it might not be prudent to hold any connection with such a man, and still less proper to assist in restoring a young girl to his care. On this Mr. Poole became so much agitated, and expressed himself so incoherently as to his relations with Jasper, that the ex-agent conceived suspicions against Poole himself, and reported the whole circumstances to one of the chiefs of the former service, through whom they reached the very man whom I myself was employing. But this ex-agent, who had, after his last interview with Poole, declined all farther interference, had since then, through a correspondent in a country town, whom he had employed at the first, obtained a clue to my dear old friend's wanderings, more recent, and I think more hopeful, than any I had yet discovered. You will remember that when questioning Sophy as to any friends in her former life to whom it was probable Waife might have addressed himself, she could think of no one so probable as a cobbler named Merle, with whom he and she

books, sort his papers—so that we two boys looked on you with a solemn respect, as the depositary of all his state secrets—how vainly you tried to decoy that poor timid Matilda, his daughter, into a share of your own audacity!—Is not all this true?"

"O yes, yes—old days, gone for ever!"

"Do I not remember how you promised that, before I went back to school, I should hear Darrell read aloud—how you brought the volume of Milton to him in the evening—how he said, 'No, to-morrow night; I must go now to the House of Commons'—how I marvelled to hear you answer boldly, 'To-morrow night George will have left us, and I have promised that he shall hear you read'—and how, looking at you under those dark brows with serious softness, he said, 'Right! promises, once given may be kept. But was it not rash to promise in another's name?'—and you answered, half gently, half pettishly, 'As if you could fail me!' He took the book without another word, and read. What reading it was too! And do you not remember another time, how—"

LADY MONTFORT (interrupting with nervous impatience.)—"Ay, ay—I need no reminding of all—all! Kindest, noblest, gentlest friend to a giddy heedless child, unable to appreciate the blessing. But now, George, I dare not, I cannot write to Mr. Darrell."

George mused a moment, and conjectured that Lady Montfort had, in the inconsiderate impulsive season of youth, aided in the clandestine marriage of Darrell's daughter, and had become thus associated in his mind with the affliction that had embittered his existence. Were this so, certainly she would not be the fitting intercessor on behalf of Sophy. His thoughts then turned to his uncle, Darrell's earliest friend, not suspecting that Colonel Morley was actually the person whom Darrell had already appointed his adviser and representative, in all transactions that might concern the very parties under discussion. But just as he was about to suggest the expediency of writing to Alban to return to England, and

taking him into confidence and consultation, Lady Montfort resumed, in a calmer voice and with a less troubled countenance—

"Who should be the pleader for one whose claims, if acknowledged, would affect his own fortune, but Lionel Haughton? Hold!—look where yonder they come into sight—there, by the gap in the evergreen. May we not hope that Providence, bringing those two beautiful lives together, gives a solution to the difficulties which thwart our action and embarrass our judgment? I conceived and planned a blissful romance the first moment I gathered from Sophy's artless confidences the effect that had been produced on her whole train of thought and feeling by the first meeting with Lionel in her childhood; by his brotherly, chivalrous kindness, and above all, by the chance words he let fall, which discontented her with a life of shift and disguise, and revealed to her the instincts of her own honest truthful nature. An alliance between Lionel Haughton and Sophy seemed to me the happiest possible event that could befall Guy Darrell. The two branches of his family united—a painful household secret confined to the circle of his own kindred—granting Sophy's claim never perfectly cleared up, but subject to a tormenting doubt—her future equally assured—her possible rights equally established—Darrell's conscience and pride reconciled to each other. And how, even but as wife to his young kinsman, he would learn to love one so exquisitely endearing!" [Lady Montfort paused a moment, and then resumed.] "When I heard that Mr. Darrell was about to marry again, my project was necessarily arrested."

"Certainly," said George, "if he formed new ties, Sophy would be less an object in his existence, whether or not he recognised her birth. The alliance between her and Lionel would lose many of its advantages and any address to him on Sophy's behalf would become yet more ungraciously received."

LADY MONTFORT.—"In that case I had resolved to adopt Sophy as my own child; lay by from my abundant income an ample dowry for her; and

whether Mr. Darrell ever knew it or not, at least I should have the secret joy to think that I was saving him from the risk of remorse hereafter—should she be, as we believe, his daughter's child, and have been thrown upon the world destitute;—yes, the secret joy of feeling that I was sheltering, fostering as a mother, one whose rightful home might be with him who in my childhood, sheltered, fostered me!"

GEORGE (much affected).—"How, in proportion as we know you, the beauty which you veil from the world outshines that which you cannot prevent the world from seeing! But you must not let this grateful enthusiasm blind your better judgment. You think these young persons are beginning to be really attached to each other. Then it is the more necessary that no time should be lost in learning how Mr. Darrell would regard such a marriage. I do not feel so assured of his consent as you appear to do. At all events, this should be ascertained before their happiness is seriously involved. I agree with you that Lionel is the best intermediary to plead for Sophy; and his very generosity in urging her prior claim to a fortune that might otherwise pass to him, is likely to have weight with a man so generous himself as Guy Darrell is held to be. But does Lionel yet know all? Have you yet ventured to confide to him, or even to Sophy herself, the nature of her claim on the man who so proudly denies it?"

"No—I deemed it due to Sophy's pride of sex to imply to her that she would in fortune and in social position, be entitled to equality with those whom she might meet here. And that is true, if only as the child whom I adopt and enrich. I have not said more. And only since Lionel has appeared has she ever seemed interested in anything that relates to her parentage. From the recollection of her father she naturally shrinks—she never mentions his name. But two days ago she did ask timidly, and with great change of countenance, if it was through her mother that she was entitled to a rank higher than she had hitherto known; and when I answered 'yes,' she sighed,

and said, 'But my dear grandfather never spoke to me of her; he never even saw my mother.'"

GEORGE.—"And you, I suspect, do not much like to talk of that mother. I have gathered from you, unawares to yourself, that she was not a person you could highly praise; and to me, as a boy, she seemed, with all her timidity, wayward and deceitful."

LADY MONTFORT.—"Alas! how bitterly she must have suffered—and how young she was. But you are right; I cannot speak to Sophy of her mother, the subject is connected with so much sorrow. But I told her 'that she should know all soon,' and she said, with a sweet and melancholy patience, 'When my poor grandfather will be by to hear; I can wait.'"

GEORGE.—"But is Lionel, with his quick intellect and busy imagination, equally patient? Does he not guess at the truth? You have told him that you do meditate a project which affects Guy Darrell, and required his promise not to divulge to Darrell his visits in this house."

LADY MONTFORT.—"He knows that Sophy's paternal grandfather was William Losely. From your uncle he heard William Losely's story and—"

GEORGE.—"My uncle Alban?"

LADY MONTFORT.—"Yes; the Colonel was well acquainted with the elder Losely in former days, and spoke of him to Lionel with great affection. It seems that Lionel's father knew him also, and thoughtlessly involved him in his own pecuniary difficulties. Lionel was not long a visitor here before he asked me abruptly if Mr. Waife's real name was not Losely. I was obliged to own it, begging him not at present to question me further. He said, then, with much emotion, that he had an hereditary debt to discharge to William Losely, and that he was the last person who ought to relinquish belief in the old man's innocence of the crime for which the law had condemned him, or to judge him harshly if the innocence were not substantiated. You remember with what eagerness he joined in your search, until you positively forbade his interposition, fearing that should

saw him, that Darrell wishes me to marry, and leaves me free to choose my bride. Yes; I have no doubt of Mr. Darrell's consent. My dear mother will welcome to her heart the prize so coveted by mine; and Charles Haughton's son will have a place at his hearth for the old age of William Losely. Withdraw your interdict at once, dearest Lady Montfort, and confide to me all that you have hitherto left unexplained, but have promised to reveal when the time came. The time has come."

"It has come," said Lady Montfort, solemnly; "and Heaven grant

that it may bear the blessed results which were in my thoughts when I took Sophy as my own adopted daughter, and hailed in yourself the reconciler of conflicting circumstance. Not under this roof should you woo William Losely's grandchild. Doubly are you bound to ask Guy Darrell's consent and blessing. At his hearth woo your Sophy—at his hands ask a bride in his daughter's child."

And to her wondering listener, Caroline Montfort told her grounds for the belief that connected the last of the Darrells with the convict's grandchild.

CHAPTER VI.

Credulous crystal-seers, young lovers, and grave wise men—all in the same category.

George Morley set out the next day for Norwich, in which antique city, ever since the Dane peopled it, some wizard or witch, star-reader, or crystal-seer has enjoyed a mysterious renown, perpetuating thus through all change in our land's social progress the long line of Vala and Saga, who came with the Raven and Valkyr from the Scandinavian pine shores. Merle's reserve vanished on the perusal of Sophy's letter to him. He informed George that Waife declared he had plenty of money, and had even forced a loan upon Merle; but that he liked an active, wandering life; it kept him from thinking, and that a pedlar's pack would give him a license for vagrancy, and a budget to defray its expenses; that Merle had been consulted by him in the choice of light popular wares, and as to the route he might find the most free from competing rivals. Merle willingly agreed to accompany George in quest of the wanderer, whom, by the help of his crystal, he seemed calmly sure he could track and discover. Accordingly, they both set out in the somewhat devious and desultory road which Merle, who had some old acquaintances amongst the ancient profession of hawkers, had advised Waife to take. But Merle, unhappily confiding more in his crystal than Waife's steady adherence to the chart prescribed, led the Oxford scholar the life of a will-of-the-wisp;

zigzag, and shooting to and fro, here and there, till, just when George had lost all patience, Merle chanced to see, not in the crystal, a *pelerine* on the neck of a farmer's daughter, which he was morally certain he had himself selected for Waife's pannier. And the girl, stating in reply to his inquiry that her father had bought that *pelerine* as a present for her, not many days before, of a pedlar in a neighbouring town, to the market of which the farmer resorted weekly, Merle cast an horary scheme, and finding the Third House (of short journeys) in favourable aspect to the Seventh House (containing the object desired), and in conjunction with the Eleventh House (friends), he gravely informed the scholar that their toils were at an end, and that the Hour and the Man were at hand. Not over sanguine, George consigned himself and the seer to an early train, and reached the famous town of Onzelsford, whither, when the chronological order of our narrative (which we have so far somewhat forestalled) will permit, we shall conduct the inquisitive reader.

Meanwhile Lionel, subscribing without a murmur to Lady Montfort's injunction to see Sophy no more till Darrell had been conferred with and his consent won, returned to his lodgings in London, sanguine of success, and flushed with joy. His intention was to set out at once

to Fawley; but on reaching town, he found there a few lines from Darrell himself, in reply to a long and affectionate letter which Lionel had written a few days before, asking permission to visit the old manor-house; for amidst all his absorbing love for Sophy, the image of his lonely benefactor in that gloomy hermitage often rose before him. In these lines, Darrell, not unkindly, but very peremptorily, declined Lionel's overtures. "In truth, my dear young kinsman," wrote the recluse—"in truth I am, with slowness, and with frequent relapses, labouring through convalescence from a moral fever. My nerves are yet unstrung. I am as one to whom is prescribed the most complete repose;—the visits, even of friends the dearest, forbidden as a perilous excitement. The sight of you—of any one from the great world—but especially of one whose rich vitality of youth and hope affronts and mocks my own fatigued exhaustion, would but irritate, unsettle, torture me. When I am quite well I will ask you to come. I shall enjoy your visit. Till then, on no account, and on no pretext, let my morbid ear catch the sound of your footfall on my quiet floor. Write to me often, but tell me nothing of the news and gossip of the world. Tell me only of yourself, your studies, your thoughts, your sentiments, your wishes. Nor forget my injunctions. Marry young, marry for love; let no ambition of power, no greed of gold, ever mislead you into giving to your life a companion who is not the half of your soul. Choose with the heart of a man; I know that you will choose with the self-esteem of a gentleman; and be assured beforehand of the sympathy and sanction of your

"CHURLISH BUT LOVING KINSMAN."

After this letter, Lionel felt that, at all events, he could not at once proceed to the old manor-house in defiance of its owner's prohibition. He wrote briefly, entreating Darrell to forgive him if he persisted in the prayer to be received at Fawley, stating that his desire for a personal interview was now suddenly become special and urgent; that it not only

concerned himself, but affected his benefactor. By return of post Darrell replied with curt fridity, repeating, with even sternness, his refusal to receive Lionel, but professing himself ready to attend to all that his kinsman might address to him by letter. "If it be as you state," wrote Darrell, with his habitual irony, "a matter that relates to myself, I claim, as a lawyer for my own affairs—the precaution I once enjoined to my clients—a written brief should always precede a personal consultation."

In fact, the proud man suspected that Lionel had been directly or indirectly addressed on behalf of Jasper Losely; and certainly that was the last subject on which he would have granted an interview to his young kinsman. Lionel, however, was not perhaps sorry to be thus compelled to trust to writing his own and Sophy's cause. Darrell was one of those men whose presence inspires a certain awe—one of those men whom we feel, upon great occasions, less embarrassed to address by letter than in person. Lionel's pen moved rapidly—his whole heart and soul suffused with feeling, and, rushing over the page, he reminded Darrell of the day when he had told to the rich man the tale of the lovely wandering child, and how, out of his sympathy for that child, Darrell's approving, fostering tenderness to himself had grown. Thus indirectly, to her forlorn condition had he owed the rise in his own fortunes. He went through the story of William Losely as he had gathered it from Alban Morley, and touched pathetically on his own father's share in that dark history. If William Losely really was hurried into crime by the tempting necessity for a comparatively trifling sum, but for Charles Houghton, would the necessity have arisen? Eloquently then the lover united grandfather and grandchild in one touching picture—their love for each other, their dependence on each other. He enlarged on Sophy's charming, unselfish, simple, noble character; he told how he had again found her; he dwelt on the refining accomplishments she owed to Lady Montfort's care. How came she with Lady Montfort? Why

had Lady Montfort cherished, adopted her? Because Lady Montfort told him how much her own childhood had owed to Darrell; because, should Sophy be, as alleged, the offspring of his daughter, the heiress of his line, Caroline Montfort rejoiced to guard her from danger, save her from poverty, and ultimately thus to fit her to be not only acknowledged with delight, but with pride. Why had he been enjoined not to divulge to Darrell that he had again found, and under Lady Montfort's roof, the child whom, while yet unconscious of her claims, Darrell himself had vainly sought to find, and benevolently designed to succour? Because Lady Montfort wished to fulfil her task—complete Sophy's education, interrupted by grief for her missing grandfather, and obtain indeed, when William Losely again returned, some proofs (if such existed) to corroborate the assertion of Sophy's parentage. "And," added Lionel, "Lady Montfort seems to fear that she has given you some cause of displeasure—what I know not, but which might have induced you to disapprove of the acquaintance I had begun with her. Be that as it may, would you could hear the reverence with which she ever alludes to your worth—the gratitude with which she attests her mother's and her own early obligations to your intellect and heart!" Finally, Lionel wove all his threads of recital into the confession of the deep love into which his romantic memories of Sophy's wandering childhood had been ripened by the sight of her graceful, cultured youth. "Grant," he said, "that her father's tale be false—and no doubt you have sufficient reasons to discredit it—still, if you cannot love her as your daughter's child, receive, know her, I implore—let her love and revere you—as my wife! Leave me to protect her from a lawless father—leave me to redeem, by some deeds of loyalty and honour, any stain that her grandsire's sentence may seem to fix upon our union! Oh! if ambitious before, how ambitious I should be now—to efface for her sake as for mine, her grandsire's shame, my father's errors! But if, on the other hand, she should,

on the requisite inquiries, be proved to descend from your ancestry—your father's blood in her pure veins—I know, alas! then that I should have no right to aspire to such nuptials. Who would even think of her descent from a William Losely? Who would not be too proud to remember only her descent from you? All spots would vanish in the splendour of your renown; the highest in the land would court her alliance. And I am but the pensioner of your bounty, and only on my father's side of gentle origin. But still I think you would not reject me—you would place the future to my credit; and I would wait, wait patiently, till I had won such a seldier's name as would entitle me to mate with a daughter of the Darrells."

Sheet upon sheet the young eloquence flowed on—seeking, with an art of which the writer was unconscious, all the arguments and points of view which might be the most captivating to the superb pride or to the exquisite tenderness which seemed to Lionel the ruling elements of Darrell's character.

He had not to wait long for a reply. At the first glance of the address on its cover, his mind misgave him; the hopes that had hitherto elated his spirit yielded to abrupt forebodings. Darrell's handwriting was habitually in harmony with the intonations of his voice—singularly clear, formed with a peculiar and original elegance, yet with the undulating ease of a natural, candid, impulsive character. And that decorous care in such mere trifles as the very sealing of a letter, which, neglected by musing poets and abstracted authors, is observable in men of high public station, was in Guy Darrell significant of the Patrician dignity that imparted a certain stateliness to his most ordinary actions.

But in the letter which lay in Lionel's hand the writer was scarcely recognisable—the direction blurred, the characters dashed off from a pen fierce yet tremulous; the seal a great blotch of wax; the device of the heron, with its soaring motto, indistinct and mangled, as if the stamping instrument had been plucked wrathfully away before the wax had

cooled. And when Lionel opened the letter, the handwriting within was yet more indicative of mental disorder. The very ink looked menacing and angry—black as the pen had been forcibly driven into the page.

"Unhappy boy!" began the ominous epistle, "is it through you that the false and detested woman who has withered up the noonday of my life, seeks to dishonour its blighted close? Talk not to me of Lady Montfort's gratitude and reverence! Talk not to me of her amiable, tender, holy aim, to obtrude upon my childless house the granddaughter of a convicted felon! Show her these lines, and ask her by what knowledge of my nature she can assume that ignominy to my name would be a blessing to my hearth? Ask her, indeed, how she can dare to force herself still upon my thoughts—dare to imagine she can lay me under obligations—dare to think she can be a something still in my forlorn existence! Lionel Haughton, I command you, in the name of all the dead whom we can claim as ancestors in common, to tear from your heart, as you would tear a thought of disgrace, this image which has bewitched your reason. My daughter, thank Heaven, left no pledge of an execrable union. But a girl who has been brought up by a thief—a girl whom a wretch so lost to honour as Jasper Losely sought to make an instrument of fraud to my harassment and disgrace, be her virtues and beauty what they may, I could not, without intolerable anguish, contemplate as the wife of Lionel Haughton. But receive her as your wife! Admit her within these walls! Never, never; I scorn to threaten you with loss of favour, loss of fortune. Marry her if you will. You shall have an ample income secured to you. But from that moment our lives are separated—our relation ceases. You will never again see nor address me. But oh, Lionel, can you—can you inflict upon me this crowning sorrow? Can you, for the sake of a girl of whom you have seen but little, or in the Quixotism of atonement for your father's fault, complete the ingratitude I have ex-

perienced from those who owed me most? I cannot think it. I rejoice that you wrote—did not urge this suit in person. I should not have been able to control my passion; we might have parted foes. As it is, I restrain myself with difficulty! That woman, that child, associated thus to tear from me the last affection left to my ruined heart! No! You will not be so cruel! Send this, I command you, to Lady Montfort. See again neither her nor the impostor she has been cherishing for my disgrace. This letter will be your excuse to break off with both—with both!

GUY DARRELL."

Lionel was stunned. Not for several hours could he recover self-possession enough to analyse his own emotions, or discern the sole course that lay before him. After such a letter from such a benefactor, no option was left to him. Sophy must be resigned; but the sacrifice crushed him to the earth—crushed the very manhood out of him. He threw himself on the floor, sobbing—sobbing, as if body and soul were torn each from each, in convulsive spasms.

But send this letter to Lady Montfort! A letter so wholly at variance with Darrell's dignity of character—a letter in which rage seemed lashed to unreasoning frenzy. Such bitter language of hate and scorn, and even insult, to a woman, and to the very woman who had seemed to Lionel so reverently to cherish the writer's name—so tenderly to scheme for the writer's happiness! Could he obey a command that seemed to lower Darrell even more than it could humble her to whom it was to be sent?

Yet disobedience! What but the letter itself could explain? Ah—and was there not some strange misunderstanding with respect to Lady Montfort, which the letter itself, and nothing but the letter, would enable her to dispel; and if dispelled, might not Darrell's whole mind undergo a change? A flash of joy suddenly broke on his agitated, tempestuous thoughts. He forced himself again to read those blotted impetuous lines. Evidently—evidently, while writing to Lionel—the subject Sophy

—the man's wrathful heart had been addressing itself to neither. A suspicion seized him; with that suspicion, hope. He would send the letter, and with but few words from himself—words that revealed his immense despair at the thought of relinquishing Sophy—intimated his belief that Darrell here was, from some error of judgment which Lionel could not comprehend, avenging

himself on Lady Montfort; and closed with his prayer to her, if so, to forgive lines coloured by hasty passion, and, for the sake of all, not to disdain that self-vindication which might perhaps yet soften a nature possessed of such depths of sweetness as that which appeared now so cruel and so bitter! He would not yet despond—not yet commission her to give his last farewell to Sophy.

CHAPTER VII.

The Man-eater continues to take his quiet steak out of Dolly Poole, and is in turn subjected to the anatomical knife of the dissecting Author. Two traps are laid for him—one by his fellow Man-eaters—one by that deadly persecutrix, the Woman who tries to save him in spite of all he can do to be hanged.

Meanwhile the unhappy Adolphus Poole had been the reluctant but unflinching source from which Jasper Losely had weekly drawn the supplies to his worthless and workless existence. Never was a man more constrainedly benevolent, and less recompensed for pecuniary sacrifice by applauding conscience, than the doomed inhabitant of Alhambra Villa. In the utter failure of his attempts to discover Sophy, or to induce Jasper to accept Colonel Morley's proposals, he saw this parasitical monster fixed upon his entrails, like the vulture on those of the classic sufferer in mythological tales. Jasper, indeed, had accommodated himself to this regular and unlabourious mode of gaining "*sa pauvre vie*." To call once a-week upon his old acquaintance, frighten him with a few threats, or force a deathlike smile from agonising lips by a few villainous jokes, carry off his four sovereigns, and enjoy himself thereon till pay-day duly returned, was a condition of things that Jasper did not greatly care to improve; and truly had he said to Poole that his earlier energy had left him. As a sensualist of Jasper's stamp grows older and falls lower, indolence gradually usurps the place once occupied by vanity or ambition. Jasper was bitterly aware that his old comeliness was gone; that never more could he ensnare a maiden's heart or a widow's gold. And when this truth was fully brought home to him, it made a

strange revolution in all his habits. He cared no longer for dress and gewgaws—sought rather to hide himself than to parade. In the neglect of the person he had once so idolised—in the coarse roughness which now characterised his exterior—there was that sullen despair which the vain only know when what had made them dainty and jocund is gone for ever. The human mind, in deteriorating, fits itself to the sphere into which it declines. Jasper would not now, if he could, have driven a cabriolet down St. James's Street. He had taken more and more to the vice of drinking as the excitement of gambling was withdrawn from him. For how gamble with those who had nothing to lose, and to whom he himself would have been pigeon, not hawk? And as he found that, on what he thus drew regularly from Dolly Poole, he could command all the comforts that his embroiled tastes now desired, so an odd kind of prudence for the first time in his life came with what he chose to consider "a settled income." He mixed with ruffians in their nightly orgies; treated them to cheap potations; swaggered, bullied, boasted, but shared in no project of theirs which might bring into jeopardy the life which Dolly Poole rendered so comfortable and secure. His energies, once so restless, were lulled, partly by habitual intoxication, partly by the physical pains which had nestled themselves into his robust fibres,

efforts of an immense and still tenacious vitality to throw off diseases repugnant to its native magnificence of health. The finest constitutions are those which, when once seriously impaired, occasion the direst pain; but they also enable the sufferer to bear pain that would soon wear away the delicate. And Jasper bore his pains stoutly, though at times they so exasperated his temper, that woe then to any of his comrades whose want of caution or respect gave him the occasion to seek relief in wrath! His hand was as heavy, his arm as stalwart as ever. George Morley had been rightly informed. Even by burglars and cut-throats, whose dangers he shunned, while fearlessly he joined their circle, Jasper Losely was regarded with terror. To be the awe of reckless men, as he had been the admiration of foolish women, this was delight to his vanity, the last delight that was left to it. But he thus provoked a danger to which his arrogance was blind. His boon companions began to grow tired of him. He had been welcomed to their resort on the strength of the catchword or passport which confederates at Paris had communicated to him, and of the reputation for great daring and small scruple which he took from Cutts, who was of high caste amongst their mysterious tribes, and who every now and then flitted over the Continent, safe and accursed as the Wandering Jew. But when they found that this Achilles of the Greeks would only talk big, and employ his wits on his private exchequer and his thews against themselves, they began not only to tire of his imperious manner, but to doubt his fidelity to the cause. And, all of a sudden, Cutts, who had at first extolled Jasper as one likely to be a valuable acquisition to the Family of Night, altered his tone, and insinuated that the bravo was not to be trusted; that his reckless temper and incautious talk when drunk would unfit him for a safe accomplice in any skilful project of plunder; and that he was so unscrupulous, and had so little sympathy with their class, that he might be quite capable of playing spy or turning king's evidence; that, in short, it

would be well to rid themselves of his domineering presence. Still there was that physical power in this lay Hercules—still, if the Do-nought, he was so fiercely the Dread-nought—that they did not dare, despite the advantage of numbers, openly to brave and defy him. No one would bell the cat—and *such* a cat! They began to lay plots to get rid of him through the law. Nothing could be easier to such knowing adepts in guilt than to transfer to his charge any deed of violence one of their own gang had committed—heap damning circumstances round him—privily apprise justice—falsely swear away his life. In short, the man was in their way as a wasp that has blundered into an ant's nest; and, while frightened at the size of the intruder, these honest ants were resolved to get him out of their citadel alive or dead. Probable it was that Jasper Losely would meet with his deserts at last for an offence of which he was innocent as a babe unborn.

It is at this juncture that we are readmitted to the presence of Arabella Orane.

She was standing by a window on the upper floor of a house situated in a narrow street. The blind was let down, but she had drawn it a little aside, and was looking out. By the fireside was seated a thin, vague, gnome-like figure, perched comfortless on the edge of a rush-bottomed chair, with its shadowy knees drawn up till they nearly touched its shadowy chin. There was something about the outline of this figure so indefinite and unsubstantial, that you might have taken it for an optical illusion, a spectral apparition on the point of vanishing. This thing was, however, possessed of voice, and was speaking in a low but distinct hissing whisper. As the whisper ended, Arabella Orane, without turning her face, spoke, also under her breath.

"You are sure that, so long as Losely draws this weekly stipend from the man whom he has in his power, he will persist in the same course of life. Can you not warn him of the danger?"

"Peach against pals! I dare not. No trusting him. He would come

down, mad with brandy, make an infernal row, seize two or three by the throat, dash their heads against each other, blab, bully, and a knife would be out, and a weasand or two cut, and a carcass or so dropped into the Thames, mine certainly—his perhaps."

"You say you can keep back this plot against him for two or three days?"

"For two days—yes. I should be glad to save General Jas. He has the bones of a fine fellow, and if he had not destroyed himself by brandy, he might have been at the top of the tree—in the profession. But he is fit for nothing now."

"Ah! and you say the brandy is killing him?"

"No, he will not be killed by brandy, if he continues to drink it among the same jolly set."

"And if he were left without the money to spend amongst these terrible companions, he would no longer resort to their meetings? You are right there. The same vanity that makes him pleased to be the great man in that society, would make him shrink from coming amongst them as a beggar."

"And if he had not the wherewithal to pay the weekly subscription, there would be an excuse to shut the door in his face. All these fellows wish to do is to get rid of him; and if by fair means, there would be no necessity to resort to foul. The only danger would be that from which you have so often saved him. In despair would he not commit some violent rash action—a street robbery, or something of the kind? He has courage for any violence, but no longer the cool head to plan a scheme which would not be detected. You see I can prevent my pals joining in such risks as he may propose, or letting him (if he were to ask it) into any adventure of their own, for they know that I am a safe adviser; they respect me; the law has never been able to lay hold of me; and when I say to them, 'That fellow drinks, blabs, and boasts, and would bring us all into trouble,' they will have nothing to do with him; but I cannot prevent his doing what he pleases out of his own muddled

head, and with his own reckless hand."

"But you will keep in his confidence, and let me know all that he proposes?"

"Yes."

"And meanwhile, he must come to me. And this time I have more hope than ever, since his health gives way, and he is weary of crime itself. Mr. Cutts, come near—softly. Look—nay, nay, he cannot see you from below, and you are screened by the blind. Look, I say, where he sits."

She pointed to a room on the ground-floor in the opposite house, where might be dimly seen a dull red fire in a sordid grate, and a man's form, the head pillowed upon arms that rested on a small table. On the table a glass, a bottle.

"It is thus that his mornings pass," said Arabella Crane, with a wild bitter pity in the tone of her voice. "Look, I say, is he formidable now? can you fear him?"

"Very much indeed," muttered Cutts. "He is only stupified, and he can shake off a doze as quickly as a bulldog does when a rat is let into his kennel."

"Mr. Cutts, you tell me that he constantly carries about him the same old pocket-book which he says contains his fortune; in other words, the papers that frighten his victim into giving him the money which is now the cause of his danger. There is surely no pocket you cannot pick or get picked, Mr. Cutts? Fifty pounds for that book in three hours."

"Fifty pounds are not enough; the man he sponges on would give more to have those papers in his power."

"Possibly; but Loesely has not been dolt enough to trust you sufficiently to enable you to know how to commence negotiations. Even if the man's name and address be amongst those papers, you could not make use of the knowledge without bringing Jasper himself upon you; and even if Jasper were out of the way, you would not have the same hold over his victim: you know not the circumstances; you could make no story out of some incoherent rambling letters; and the man, who, I can tell you, is by nature a bully, and strong, compared with any other man

but Jasper, would seize you by the collar; and you would be lucky if you got out of his house with no other loss than the letters, and no other gain but a broken bone. Pooh! you know all that, or you would have stolen the book, and made use of it before. Fifty pounds for that book in three hours; and if Jasper Losely be safe and alive six months hence,

fifty pounds more, Mr. Cutts. See! he stirs not—he must be fast asleep. Now is the moment.”

“What, in his own room!” said Cutts with contempt. “Why, he would know who did it; and where should I be to-morrow? No—in the streets; any one has a right to pick a pocket in the Queen’s highways. In three hours you shall have the book.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Mercury is the Patron Deity of Mercantile Speculators, as well as of crack-brained Poets; indeed, he is much more favourable, more a friend at a pinch, to the former class of his proteges than he is to the latter.

“*POOLUM per hostes Mercurius celer
Denso paventem sustulit aere.*”

Poole was sitting with his wife after dinner. He had made a good speculation that day; little Johnny would be all the better for it a few years hence, and some other man’s little Johnnys all the worse—but each for himself in this world! Poole was therefore basking in the light of his gentle helpmate’s approving smile. He had taken an extra glass of a venerable port-wine, which had passed to his cellar from the bins of uncle Sam. Commercial prosperity without, conjugal felicity within, the walls of Alhambra Villa; surely Adolphus Poole is an enviable man! Does he look so? The ghost of what he was but a few months ago! His cheeks have fallen in; his clothes hang on him like bags; there is a worried, haggard look in his eyes, a nervous twitch in his lips, and every now and then he looks at the handsome Parisian clock on the chimney-piece, and then shifts his posture, snubs his connubial angel, who asks “what ails him?” refills his glass, and stares on the fire, seeing strange shapes in the mobile aspects of the coals.

To-morrow brings back this weekly spectre! To-morrow Jasper Losely, punctual to the stroke of eleven, returns to remind him of that past which, if revealed, will blast the future. And revealed it might be any hour despite the bribe for silence which he must pay with his own hands, under his own roof. Would he trust another with the secret of

that payment?—horror! Would he visit Losely at his own lodging, and pay him there?—murder! Would he appoint him somewhere in the streets—run the chance of being seen with such a friend? Respectability confabulating with offal!—disgrace! And Jasper had on the last two or three visits been peculiarly disagreeable. He had talked loud. Poole feared that his wife might have her ear at the key-hole. Jasper had seen the parlour-maid in the passage as he went out, and caught her round the waist. The parlour-maid had complained to Mrs. Poole, and said she should leave if so insulted by such an ugly blackguard. Fancy! what the poor lady-killer has come to! Mrs. Poole had grown more and more inquisitive and troublesome on the subject of such extraordinary visits; and now, as her husband stirred the fire—having roused her secret ire by his previous unmanly snubbings, and Mrs. Poole being one of those incomparable wives who have a perfect command of temper, who never reply to angry words at the moment, and who always, with exquisite calm and self-possession, pay off every angry word by an amiable sting at a right moment—Mrs. Poole, I say, thus softly said—

“Sammy, duck, we know what makes oo so cross; but it shan’t vex oo long, Sammy. That dreadful man comes to-morrow. He always comes the same day of the week.”

"Hold your tongue, Mrs. Poole."

"Yes, Sammy dear, I'll hold my tongue. But Sammy shan't be imposed upon by mendicants; for I know he is a mendicant—one of those sharpers or black-legs who took oo in, poor innocent Sam, in oo wild bachelor days, and oo good heart can't bear to see him in distress; but there must be an end to all things."

"Mrs. Poole—Mrs. Poole—will you stop your fool's jaw or not?"

"My poor dear hubby," said the angel, squeezing out a mild tear, "oo will be in good hands to advise oo; for I've been and told Pa!"

"You have," faltered Poole, "told your father—you have!" and the expression of his face became so ghastly that Mrs. Poole grew seriously terrified. She had long felt that there was something very suspicious in her husband's submission to the insolence of so rude a visitor. But she knew that he was not brave; the man might intimidate him by threats of personal violence. The man might probably be some poor relation, or some one whom Poole had ruined, either in bygone discreditable sporting days, or in recent respectable mercantile speculations. But at that ghastly look a glimpse of the real truth broke upon her; and she stood speechless and appalled. At this moment there was a loud ring at the street-door bell. Poole gathered himself up, and staggered out of the room into the passage.

His wife remained without motion; for the first time she conceived a fear of her husband. Presently she heard a harsh female voice in the hall, and then a joyous exclamation from Poole himself. Recovered by these unexpected sounds, she went mechanically forth into the passage, just in time to see the hems of a dark iron-grey dress disappearing within Poole's study, while Poole, who had opened the study door, and was bowing in the iron-grey dress obsequiously, turned his eye towards his wife, and striding towards her for a moment, whispered—"Go up-stairs, and stir not," in a tone so unlike his usual gruff accents of command, that it cowed her out of the profound content with which she habitually re-

ceived, while smilingly obeying, his marital authority.

Poole, vanishing into his study, carefully closed his door, and would have caught his lady visitor by both her hands; but she waived him back, and, declining a seat, remained sternly erect.

"Mr. Poole, I have but a few words to say. The letters which gave Jasper Losely the power to extort money from you are no longer in his possession; they are in mine. You need fear him no more—you will see him no more."

"Oh!" cried Poole, falling on his knees, "the blessing of a father of a family—a babe not six weeks born—be on your blessed, blessed head!"

"Get up, and don't talk nonsense. I do not give you these papers at present, nor burn them. Instead of being in the power of a muddled, irresolute drunkard, you are in the power of a vigilant, clear-brained woman. You are in my power, and you will act as I tell you."

"You can ask nothing wrong, I am sure," said Poole, his grateful enthusiasm much abated. "Command me; but the papers can be of no use to you; I will pay for them handsomely."

"Be silent and listen. I retain these papers—first, because Jasper Losely must not know that they ever passed to my hands; secondly, because you must inflict no injury on Losely himself. Betray me to him, or try to render himself up to the law, and the documents will be used against you ruthlessly. Obey, and you have nothing to fear, and nothing to pay. When Jasper Losely calls on you to-morrow, ask him to show you the letters. He cannot; he will make excuses. Decline peremptorily, but not insultingly (his temper is fierce), to pay him farther. He will perhaps charge you with having hired some one to purloin his pocket-book; let him think it. Stop—your window here opens on the ground;—a garden without:—Ah! have three of the police in that garden, in sight of the window. Point to them if he threaten you; summon them to your aid, or pass out to them, if he actually attempt violence. But when he has left the house, you must

urge no charge against him; he must be let off unscathed. You can be at no loss for excuse in this mercy: a friend of former times—needy, unfortunate, whom habits of drink maddened for the moment—necessary to eject him, inhuman to prosecute—

any story you please. The next day you can, if you choose, leave London for a short time; I advise it. But his teeth will be drawn; he will most probably never trouble you again. I know his character. There, I have done; open the door, sir."

CHAPTER IX.

The wreck and the life-boat in a fog.

The next day, a little after noon, Jasper Losely, coming back from Alhambra Villa—furious, desperate, knowing not where to turn for bread, or on whom to pour his rage—beheld suddenly, in a quiet, half-built street, which led from the suburb to the New Road, Arabella Crane standing right in his path. She had emerged from one of the many stright intersecting roads which characterise that crude nebula of a future city; and the woman and the man met thus face to face; not another passer-by visible in the thoroughfare;—at a distance the dozing hack cab-stand; round and about them carcasses of brick and mortar—some with gaunt scaffolding fixed into their ribs, and all looking yet more weird in their raw struggle into shape through the livid haze of a yellow fog.

Losely, seeing Arabella thus planted in his way, recoiled; and the superstition in which he had long associated her image with baffled schemes and perilous hours, sent the wrathful blood back through his veins so quickly that he heard his heart beat!

MRS. CRANE.—"So! you see we cannot help meeting, Jasper dear, do what you will to shun me."

LOSELY.—"I—I—you always startle me so!—you are in town, then?—to stay?—your old quarters?"

MRS. CRANE.—"Why ask? You cannot wish to know where I am—you would not call. But how fares it?—what do you do?—how do you live? You look ill—Poor Jasper."

LOSELY (fiercely).—"Hang your pity, and give me some money."

MRS. CRANE (calmly laying her lean hand on the arm which was darted forward more in menace than entreaty, and actually terrifying the

Gladiator as she linked that deadly arm into her own). "I said you would always find me when at the worst of your troubles. And so, Jasper, it shall be till this right hand of yours is powerless as the clay at our feet. Walk—walk; you are not afraid of me?—walk on, tell me all. Where have you just been?"

Jasper, therewith reminded of his wrongs, poured out a volley of abuse on Poole, communicating to Mr. Crane the whole story of his claims on that gentleman—the loss of the pocket-book filched from him, and Poole's knowledge that he was thus disarmed.

"And the coward," said he, grinding his teeth, "got out of his window—and three policemen in his garden. He must have bribed a pickpocket—low knave that he is. But I shall find out—and then—"

"And then, Jasper, how will you be better off?—the letters are gone; and Poole has you in his power if you threaten him again. Now, hark you; you did not murder the Italian who was found stabbed in the fields yonder a week ago? £100 reward for the murderer."

"I—no. How coldly you ask! I have hit hard in fair fight,—murdered—never. If ever I take to that, I shall begin with Poole."

"But I tell you, Jasper, that you are suspected of that murder; that you will be accused of that murder; and if I had not thus fortunately met you, for that murder you would be tried and hanged."

"Are you serious? Who could accuse me?"

"Those who know that you are not guilty—those who could make you appear so—the villains with

whom you horde, and drink, and brawl! Have I ever been wrong in my warnings yet?"

"This is too horrible," faltered Losely, thinking not of the conspiracy against his life, but of her presence in detecting it. "It must be witchcraft and nothing else. How could you learn what you tell me?"

"That is my affair; enough for you that I am right. Go no more to those black haunts; they are even now full of snares and pitfalls for you. Leave London, and you are safe. Trust to me."

"And where shall I go?"

"Look you, Jasper; you have worn out this old world—no refuge for you but the new. Whither went your father, thither go you. Consent, and you shall not want. You cannot discover Sophy. You have failed in all attempts on Darrell's purse. But agree to sail to Australasia, and I will engage to you an income larger than you say you extorted from Poole, to be spent in those safer shores."

"And you will go with me, I suppose," said Losely, with ungracious sullenness.

"Go with you, as you please. Be where you are—yes."

The ruffian bounded with rage and loathing.

"Woman, cross me no more, or I shall be goaded into——"

"Into killing me—you dare not! Meet my eye if you can—you dare not! Harm me, yea a hair of my head, and your moments are numbered!—your doom sealed. Be we two together in a desert—not a human eye to see the deed—not a human ear to receive my groan, and still I should stand by your side unharmed. I, who have returned the wrongs received from you by vigilant, untiring benefits—I, who have saved you from so many enemies and so many dangers—I, who, now when all the rest of earth shun you—when all other resource fails—I, who now say to you, 'share my income, but be honest!'—I receive injury from that hand! No; the guilt would be too unnatural—Heaven would not permit it. Try, and your arm will fall palsied by your side!"

Jasper's bloodshot eyes dropped

beneath the woman's fixed and scorching gaze, and his lips, white and tremulous, refused to breathe the fierce curse into which his brutal nature concentrated its fears and its hate. He walked on in gloomy silence; but some words she had let fall suggested a last resort to his own daring.

She had urged him to quit the old world for the new, but that had been the very proposition conveyed to him from Darrell. If that proposition, so repugnant to the indolence that had grown over him, must be embraced, better at least sail forth alone, his own master, than be the dependent slave of this abhorred and persecuting benefactress. His despair gave him the determination he had hitherto lacked. He would seek Darrell himself, and make the best compromise he could. This resolve passed into his mind as he stalked on through the yellow fog, and his nerves recovered from their irritation, and his thoughts regained something of their ancient craft as the idea of escaping from Mrs. Crane's vigilance and charity assumed a definite shape.

"Well," said he at length, dissimulating his repugnance, and with an effort at his old half-coaxing, half-rollicking tones, "you certainly are the best of creatures; and, as you say,

'Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you,'

ungrateful dog though I must seem, and very likely am. I own I have a horror of Australia—such a long sea-voyage! New scenes no longer attract me; I am no longer young, though I ought to be; but if you insist on it, and will really condescend to accompany me in spite of all my sins to you, why, I can make up my mind. And as to honesty, ask those infernal rascals, who, you say, would swear away my life, and they will tell you that I have been as innocent as a lamb since my return to England; and that is my guilt in their villainous eyes. As long as that infamous Poole gave me enough for my humble wants, I was a reformed man. I wish to keep reformed. Very little suffices for me now. As you say, Australia may be the best place for me. When shall we sail?"

"Are you serious?"

"To be sure."

"Then I will inquire the days on which the vessels start. You can call on me at my own old home, and all shall be arranged. Oh, Jasper Losely, do not avoid this last chance of escape from the perils that gather round you."

"No; I am sick of life—of all things except repose. Arabella, I suffer horrible pain."

He groaned, for he spoke truly. At that moment the gnaw of the monster anguish, which fastens on the nerves like a wolf's tooth, was so keen that he longed to swell his groan into a roar. The old fable of Hercules in the poisoned tunic was surely invented by some skilled physiologist to denote the truth that it is only in the strongest frames that pain can be pushed into its extremest torture. The heart of the grim woman was instantly and thoroughly softened. She paused; she made him lean on her arm; she wiped the drops from his brow; she addressed him in the most soothing tones of pity. The spasm passed away suddenly, as it does in neuralgic agonies, and with it any gratitude or any remorse in the breast of the sufferer.

"Yes," he said, "I will call on you; but meanwhile I am without a farthing. Oh, do not fear that if you helped me now, I should again shun you. I have no other resource left; nor have I now the spirit I once had. I no longer now laugh at fatigue and danger."

"But will you swear by all that you yet hold sacred—if, alas! there be aught which is sacred to you—that you will not again seek the company of those men who are conspiring to entrap you into the hangman's hands?"

"Seek them again, the ungrateful cowardly blackguards! No, no; I promise you that—solemnly; it is medical aid that I want; it is rest, I tell you—rest, rest, rest."

Arabella Orane drew forth her purse. "Take what you will," said she gently. Jasper, whether from the desire to deceive her, or because her alms were really so distasteful to his strange kind of pride that he stinted to bare necessity the appeal to them, contented himself with a third or fourth of the sovereigns that the purse contained, and after a few words of thanks and promises, he left her side, and soon vanished in the fog that grew darker and darker as the night-like wintry day deepened over the silenced thoroughfares.

The woman went her way through the mists, hopeful—through the mists went the man, hopeful also. Recruiting himself by slight food and strong drink at a tavern on his road, he stalked on to Darrell's house in Carlton Gardens; and, learning there that Darrell was at Fawley, hastened to the station from which started the train to the town nearest to the old manor-house; reached that town safely, and there rested for the night.

BOOK IX.—CHAPTER I.

The secret which Guy Darrell did not confide to Alban Morley.

It was a serene noonday in that melancholy interlude of the seasons when autumn has really ceased—winter not yet visibly begun. The same hired vehicle which had borne Lionel to Fawley, more than five years ago, stopped at the gate of the wild umbrageous grass-land that surrounded the antique Manor-house. It had been engaged, from the nearest railway station on the London Road, by a lady, with a female companion

who seemed her servant. The driver dismounted, opened the door of the vehicle, and the lady, bidding him wait there till her return, and saying a few words to her companion, descended, and drawing her cloak round her, walked on alone towards the Manor-house. At first her step was firm, and her pace quick. She was still under the excitement of the resolve in which the journey from her home had been suddenly con-

ceived and promptly accomplished. But as the path wound on through the stillness of venerable groves, her courage began to fail her. Her feet loitered, her eyes wandered round vaguely, timidly. The scene was not new to her. As she gazed, rushingly gathered over her sorrowful shrinking mind memories of sportive happy summer days, spent in childhood amidst those turfs and shades—memories, more agitating, of the last visit (childhood then ripened into blooming youth) to the ancient dwelling which, yet concealed from view by the swells of the undulating ground and the yellow boughs of the giant trees, betrayed its site by the smoke rising thin and dim against the limpid atmosphere. She bent down her head, closing her eyes as if to shut out less the face of the landscape than the images that rose ghost-like up to people it, and sighed heavily, heavily. Now—hard by, roused from its bed amongst the fern, the doe that Darrell had tamed into companionship had watched with curiosity this strange intruder on its solitary range. But at the sound of that heavy sigh, the creature, emboldened, left its halting-place, and stole close to the saddened woman, touching her very dress. Doubtless, as Darrell's companion in his most musing hours, the doe was familiarised to the sound of sighs, and associated the sound with its gentlest notions of humanity.

The lady, starting, raised her drooping lids, and met those soft dark eyes, dark and soft as her own. Round the animal's neck there was a simple collar, with a silver plate, fresh and new, evidently placed there recently; and as the creature thrust forward its head, as if for the caress of a wanted hand, the lady read the inscription. The words were in Italian, and may be construed thus: "Female, yet not faithless; fostered, yet not ungrateful." As she read, her heart so swelled, and her resolve so deserted her, that she turned as if she had received a sentence of dismissal, and went back some hasty paces. The doe followed her till she paused again, and then it went slowly down a narrow path to the left,

which led to the banks of the little lake.

The lady had now recovered herself. "It is a duty, and it must be done," she muttered, and letting down the veil she had raised on entering the demesne, she hurried on, not retracing her steps in the same path, but taking that into which the doe had stricken, perhaps in the confused mistake of a mind absorbed and absent—perhaps in revived recollection of the localities, for the way thus to the house was shorter than by the weed-grown carriage-road. The lake came in view, serene and glassy; half leafless woodlands reflected far upon its quiet waters; the doe halted, lifted its head and sniffed the air, and, somewhat quickening its pace, vanished behind one of the hillocks clothed with brushwood, that gave so primitive and forest-like a character to the old ground. Advancing still, there now, at her right hand, grew out of the landscape the noble turrets of the unfinished pile; and, close at her left, under a gnarled fantastic thorn-tree, the still lake at his feet reflecting his stiller shadow, reclined Guy Darrell, the doe nestled at his side.

So unexpected this sight—he, whom she came to seek yet feared to see, so close upon her way—the lady uttered a faint but sharp cry, and Darrell sprang to his feet. She stood before him, veiled, mantled, bending as a suppliant.

"Avaunt!" he faltered wildly. "Is this a spirit my own black solitude conjures up—or is it a delusion, a dream?"

"It is I—I!—the Caroline dear to you once, if detested now! Forgive me! Not for myself I come." She flung back her veil—her eyes pleadingly sought his.

"So," said Darrell, gathering his arms round his breast in the gesture peculiar to him when seeking either to calm a more turbulent movement, or to confirm a sterner resolution of his heart—"so! Caroline, Marchioness of Montfort, we are then fated to meet face to face at last! I understand—Lionel Haughton sent, or showed to you, my letter?"

"Oh! Mr. Darrell, how could you have the heart to write in such terms of one who—"

"One who had taken the heart from my bosom and trampled it into the mire. True, fribbles will say, 'Fie! the vocabulary of fine gentlemen has no harsh terms for women.' Gallants, to whom love is pastime, leave or are left with elegant sorrow and courtly bows. Madam, I was never such airy gallant. I am but a man, unhappily in earnest—a man who placed in those hands his life of life—who said to you, while yet in his prime, 'There is my future—take it, till it vanish out of earth!' You have made that life substanceless as a ghost—that future barren as the grave. And when you dare force yourself again upon my way, and would dictate laws to my very hearth—when I speak as a man what plain men must feel—'Oh! Mr. Darrell,' says your injured ladyship, 'how can you have the heart?' Woman! were you not false as the falsest? Falsehood has no dignity to awe rebuke—falsehood no privilege of sex."

"Darrell — Darrell — Darrell — spare me, spare me! I have been so punished—I am so miserable!"

"You!—punished!—What! you sold yourself to youth, and sleek looks, and grand titles, and the flattery of a world; and your rose-leaves were crumpled in the gorgeous marriage-bed. Adequate punishment!—a crumpled rose-leaf! True, the man was a——But why should I speak ill of him? It was he who was punished, if, accepting his rank, you recognised in himself a nothingness that you could neither love nor honour. False and ungrateful alike to the man you chose—to the man you forsook! And now you have buried one, and you have schemed to degrade the other."

"Degrade!—Oh! it is that charge which has stung me to the quick. All the others I deserve. But *that* charge! Listen—you shall listen!"

"I stand here resigned to do so. Say all you will now, for it is the last time on earth I lend my ears to your voice."

"Be it so—the last time." She paused to recover speech, collect

thoughts, gain strength; and strange though it may seem to those who have never loved, amidst all her grief and humiliation, there was a fearful delight in that presence from which she had been exiled since her youth—nay, delight unaccountable to herself, even in that rough, vehement, bitter tempest of reproach; for an instinct told her that there would have been no hatred in the language had no love been lingering in the soul.

"Speak," said Darrell gently softened, despite himself, by her evident struggle to control emotion.

Twice she began—twice voice failed her. At last her words came forth audibly. She began with her plea for Lionel and Sophy, and gathered boldness by her zeal on their behalf. She proceeded to vindicate her own motives—to acquit herself of his harsh charge. She scheme for his degradation! She had been too carried away by her desire to promote his happiness—to guard him from the possibility of a self-reproach. At first he listened to her with a haughty calmness, merely saying, in reference to Sophy and Lionel, "I have nothing to add or to alter in the resolution I have communicated to Lionel." But when she thus insensibly mingled their cause with her own, his impatience broke out. "My happiness! Oh! well have you proved the sincerity with which you schemed for *that*! Save me from self-reproach!—me! Has Lady Montfort so wholly forgotten that she was once Caroline Lyndsay that she can assume the part of a warning angel against the terrors of self-reproach?"

"Ah!" she murmured faintly, "can you suppose, however fickle and thankless I may seem to you—"

"Seem!" he repeated.

"Seem!" she said again, but meekly—"seem, and seem justly;—yet can you suppose that when I became free to utter my remorse—to speak of gratitude, of reverence—I was insincere? Darrell, Darrell, you cannot think so! That letter which reached you abroad nearly a year ago, in which I laid my pride of woman at your feet, as I lay it now in coming here—that letter, in which I asked if it were impossible for you

to pardon, too late for me to atone—was written on my knees. It was the outburst of my very heart. Nay, nay, hear me out. Do not imagine that I would again obtrude a hope so contemptuously crushed!" (A deep blush came over her cheek.) "I blame you not, nor, let me say it, did your severity bring that shame which I might have justly felt had I so written to any man on earth but you—you, so revered from my infancy, that—"

"Ay," interrupted Darrell fiercely, "ay, do not fear that I should misconceive you; you would not so have addressed the young, the fair, the happy. No! you, proud beauty, with hosts, no doubt, of supplicating wooers, would have thrust that hand into the flames before it wrote to a young man, loved as the young are loved, what without shame it wrote to the old man, revered as the old are *reverenced*! But my heart is not old, and your boasted reverence was a mocking insult. Your letter, torn to pieces, was returned to you without a word—insult for insult! You felt no shame that I should so rudely reject your pity. Why should you? Rejected pity is not rejected love. The man was not less old because he was not reconciled to age."

This construction of her tender penitence—this explanation of his bitter scorn—took Caroline Montfort wholly by surprise. From what writhing agonies of lacerated self-love came that pride which was but self-depreciation? It was a glimpse into the deeper rents of his charred and desolated being which increased at once her yearning affection and her passionate despair. Vainly she tried to utter the feelings that crowded upon her!—vainly, vainly! Woman can murmur, "I have injured you—forgive!" when she cannot exclaim, "You disdain me, but I love!" Vainly, vainly her bosom heaved and her lips moved under the awe of his flashing eyes and the grandeur of his indignant frown.

"Ah!" he resumed, pursuing his own thoughts with a sombre intensity of passion that rendered him almost unconscious of her presence—"Ah! I said to myself, 'Oh, she believes

that she has been so mourned and missed that my soul would spring back to her false smile; that I could be so base a slave to my senses as to pardon the traitress because her face was fair enough to haunt my dreams. She dupes herself; she is no necessity to my existence—I have wrenched it from her power years, long years ago! I will show her, since again she deigns to remember me, that I am not so old as to be grateful for the leavings of a heart. I will love another—I will be beloved. She shall not say with secret triumph, 'The old man dotes in rejecting me.'"

"Darrell, Darrell—unjust—cruel; kill me rather than talk thus!"

He heeded not her cry. His words rolled on in that wonderful, varying music which, whether in tenderness or in wrath, gave to his voice a magical power—fascinating, hushing, overmastering human souls.

"But—you have the triumph; see, I am still alone! I sought the world of the young—the marriage mart of the Beautiful once more. Alas! if my eye was captured for a moment, it was by something that reminded me of you. I saw a faultless face, radiant with its virgin blush; moved to it, I drew near—sighing, turned away; it was not you! I heard the silvery laugh of a life fresh as an April morn. 'Hark!' I said, 'is not that the sweet mirth-note at which all my cares were dispelled?' Listening, I forgot my weight of years. Why! because listening, I remembered you. 'Heed not the treacherous blush and the beguiling laugh,' whispered Prudence. 'Seek in congenial mind a calm companion to thine own.' Mind!—oh frigid pedantry! Mind!—had not yours been a volume open to my eyes, in every page, methought, some lovely poet-truth never revealed to human sense before! No; you had killed to me all womanhood! Woo another!—wed another! 'Hush,' I said, 'it *shall* be. Eighteen years since we parted—seeing her not, she remains eternally the same! Seeing her again, the very change that time must have brought will cure.' I saw you—all the past rushed back in that stolen moment. I fled—never more to dream that I can shake off the curse of memory—blent with

each drop of my blood—woven with each tissue—throbbing in each nerve—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh—poison-root from which every thought buds to wither—the curse to have loved and to have trusted you!”

“Merciful heaven! can I bear this?” cried Caroline, clasping her hands to her bosom. “And is my sin so great—is it so unpardonable! Oh, if in a heart so noble, in a nature so great, mine was the unspeakable honour to inspire an affection thus enduring, must it be only—only as a curse! Why can I not repair the past? You have not ceased to love me. Call it hate—it is love still! And now, no barrier between our lives, can I never, never again—never, now that I know I am less unworthy of you by the very anguish I feel to have so stung you—can I never again be the Caroline of old!”

“Ha, ha!” burst forth the unrelenting man, with a bitter laugh!—“see the real coarseness of a woman’s nature under all its fine-spun frippery! Behold these delicate creatures, that we scarcely dare to woo! how little they even comprehend the idolatry they inspire! The Caroline of old! Lo, the virgin whose hand we touched with knightly homage, whose first bashful kiss was hallowed as the gale of paradise, deserts us—sells herself at the altar—sanctifies there her very infidelity to us; and when years have passed, and a death has restored her freedom, she comes to us as if she had never pillowed her head on another’s bosom, and says, ‘Can I not again be the Caroline of old!’ We men are too rude to forgive the faithless. Where is the Caroline I loved? You—are—my Lady Montfort! Look round. On these turfs, you, then a child, played beside my children. They are dead, but less dead to me than you. Never dreamed I then that a creature so fair would be other than a child to my grave and matured existence. Then, if I glanced towards your future, I felt no pang to picture you grown to womanhood—another’s bride. My hearth had for years been widowed. I had no thought of second nuptials. My son

would grow up to enjoy my wealth, and realise my cherished dreams—he was snatched from me! Who alone had the power to comfort!—who alone had the courage to steal into the darkened room where I sat mourning? sure that in her voice there would be consolation, and the sight of her sympathising tears would chide away the bitterness of mine!—who but the Caroline of old! Ah, you are weeping now. But lady Montfort’s tears have no talismans to me! You were then still a child—as a child, my soothing angel—A year or so more, my daughter, to whom all my pride of House—all my hope of race, had been consigned—she whose happiness I valued so much more than my ambition, that I had refused her hand to your young Lord of Montfort—puppet that stripped of the millinery of titles, was not worthy to replace a doll!—my daughter, I folded her one night in my arms,—I implored her to confide in me if ever she nursed a hope that I could further—knew a grief that I could banish; and she promised—and she bent her forehead to my blessing—and before day-break she had fled with a man whose very touch was dishonour and pollution, and was lost to me for ever. . . . Then, when I came hither to vent at my father’s grave the indignant grief I suffered not the world to see, you and your mother (she who professed for me such loyal friendship, such ineffaceable gratitude), you two came kindly to share my solitude—and then, then you were a child no more!—and a sun that had never gilt my life, brightened out of the face of the Caroline of old!” He paused a moment, heeding not her bitter weeping; he was rapt from the present hour itself by the excess of that anguish which is to woe what ecstasy is to joy—swept along by the flood of thoughts that had been pent within his breast through the solitary days and haunted nights, which had made the long transition-state from his manhood’s noon to its gathering eve. And in that pause there came from afar off a melodious, melancholy strain—softly, softly borne over the cold blue waters—

softly, softly through the sere autumnal leaves—the music of the magic flute!

"Hark!" he said, "do you not remember? Look to that beech-tree yonder! Summer clothed it then! Do you not remember! as under that tree we stood—that same, same note came, musical as now, undulating with rise and fall—came, as if to interpret, by a voice from fairy-land, the beatings of my own mysterious heart. You had been pleading for pardon to one less ungrateful—less perfidious—than my comforter proved herself. I had listened to you, wondering why anger and wrong seemed banished from the world; and I murmured, in answer, without conscious thought of myself, 'Happy the man whose faults your bright charity will admonish—whose griefs your tenderness will chase away! But when, years hence, children are born to yourself, spare me the one who shall most resemble you, to replace the daughter whom I can only sincerely pardon when something else can spring up to my desolate being—something that I can cherish without the memory of falsehood and the dread of shame.' Yes, as I ceased, came that music; and as it thrilled through the summer air, I turned and met your eyes—turned and saw your blush—turned and heard some faint faltering words drowning the music with diviner sweetness; and suddenly I knew as by a revelation, that the Child I had fostered had grown the Woman whom I loved.—My own soul was laid bare to me by the flash of hope. Over the universe rushed light and colour! Oh, the Caroline of old! What wonder that she became so fatally, so unspeakably beloved! As some man in ancient story, banished from his native land, is told by an oracle to seek a happier isle in undiscovered seas—freights with his all a single bark—collects on his wandering altar the last embers of his abandoned hearth—places beside it his exiled household gods; so all that my life had left to me, hallowing and hallowed, I stored in you. . . . I tore myself from the old native soil, the old hardy skies. Through Time's wide ocean I saw

but the promised golden isle. Fables, fables!—lying oracle!—sunken vessel!—visionary isle! And life to me had till then been so utterly without love!—had passed in such arid labours, without a holiday of romance—all the fountains of the unknown passion sealed till the spell struck the rock, and every wave, every drop sparkled fresh to a single star. Yet my boyhood, like other men's, had dreamed of its Ideal. There at last that Ideal, come to life, bloomed before me; there, under those beech-trees,—the Caroline of old. O wretched woman, now weeping at my side, well may you weep! Never can earth give you back such love as you lost in mine."

"I know it, I know it—fool that I was—miserable fool!"

"Ay, but comfort yourself—wilder and sadder folly in myself! Your mother was right. 'The vain child,' she said, 'knows not her own heart. She is new to the world—has seen none of her own years. For your sake, as for hers, I must insist on the experiment of absence. A year's ordeal—see if she is then of the same mind.' I marvelled at her coldness; proudly I submitted to her reasonings; fearlessly I confided the result to you. Ah! how radiant was your smile, when, in the parting hour, I said, 'Summer and you will return again!' In vain, on pretence that the experiment should be complete, did your mother carry you abroad, and exact from us both the solemn promise that not even a letter should pass between us—that our troth, made thus conditional, should be a secret to all—in vain, if meant to torture me with doubt. In my creed, a doubt is itself a treason. How lovely grew the stern face of Ambition!—how Fame seemed as a messenger from me to you! In the sound of applause I said, 'They cannot shut out the air that will carry that sound to her ears! All that I can win from Honour shall be my marriage-gifts to my queenly bride.' See that arrested pile—begun at my son's birth, stopped awhile at his death, recommenced on a statelier plan when I thought of your footstep on its floors—your shadow on its

walls. Stopped now for ever! Architects can build a palace; can they build a home? But you—you—you, all the while—your smile on another's suit—your thoughts on another's hearth!"

"Not so!—not so! Your image never forsook me. I was giddy, thoughtless, dazzled, entangled; and I told you in the letter you returned to me—told you that I had been deceived!"

"Patience—patience! Deceived! Do you imagine that I do not see all that passed as in a magician's glass? Caroline Montfort, you never loved me; you never knew what love was. Thrown suddenly into the gay world, intoxicated by the effect of your own beauty, my sombre figure gradually faded dim—pale ghost indeed in the atmosphere of flowers and lustres, rank with the breath of flatterers. Then came my lord the Marquess—a cousin, privileged to familiar intimacy, to visit at will, to ride with you, dance with you, sit side by side with you in quiet corners of thronging ball-rooms, to call you 'Caroline.' Tut, tut—ye are only cousins, and cousins are as brothers and sisters in the affectionate House of Vipont; and gossips talk, and young ladies envy—finest match in all England is the pretty-faced Lord of Montfort! And your mother, who had said, 'Wait a year' to Guy Darrell, must have dreamed of the cousin, and schemed for his coronet, when she said it. And I was unseen, and I must not write; and the absent are always in the wrong,—when cousins are present! And I hear your mother speak of me—hear the soft sound of her damaging praises. 'Another long speech from your clever admirer! Don't fancy he frets; that kind of man thinks of nothing but blue-books and politics!' And your cousin proposes, and you say with a sigh, 'No: I am bound to Guy Darrell;' and your mother says to my Lord, 'Wait, and still come—as a cousin!' And then, day by day, the sweet Mrs. Lyndsay drops into your ear the hints that shall poison your heart. Some fable is dressed to malign me; and you cry, 'Tis not true; prove it true, or I still keep my faith to Guy Darrell.' Then comes the kind com-

pact—'If the story be false, my cousin must go;' 'and if it be true, you will be my own dutiful child. Alas! your poor cousin is breaking his heart. A lawyer of forty has a heart made of parchment!' Ah! you were entangled, and of course deceived! Your letter did not explain what was the tale told to you. I care not a rush what it was. It is enough for me to know, that if you had loved me, you would have loved me the more for every tale that belied me. So the tale was credited, because a relief to credit it. So the compact was kept—so the whole bargain hurried over in elegant privacy—place of barter an ambassador's chapel. Bauble for bauble—a jilt's faith for a mannikin's coronet. Four days before the year of trial expired, 'Only four days more!' I exclaimed, drunk with rapture. The journals lie before me. Three columns to Guy Darrell's speech last night; a column more to its effect on a senate on an empire; and two lines—two little lines—to the sentence that struck Guy Darrell out of the world of men! 'Marriage in high life—Marquess of Montfort—Caroline Lyndsay.' And the sun did not fall from heaven! Vulgarest of ends to the tritest of romances! In the gay world these things happen every day. Young ladies are privileged to give hopes to one man—their hands to another. 'Is the sin so unpardonable?' you ask, with ingenuous simplicity. Lady Montfort, that depends. Reflect! What was my life before put it into your keeping? Barren happiness, I grant—saddened, solitary—to myself a thing of small value. But what was that life to others?—a thing full of warm benevolence, of active uses, of hardy power fitted to noble ends! In paralyzing that life as it was to others, there may be sin wider and darker than the mere infidelity to love. And now do you dare to ask, 'Can I again be the Caroline of old?'"

"I ask nothing—not even pardon," said the miserable woman. "I might say something to show where you misjudge me—something that might palliate; but no, let it be." Her accents were so drearily hopeless that Darrell abruptly withdrew.

eyes from her face, as if fearful that the sight of her woe might weaken his resolve. She had turned mechanically back. They walked on in gloomy silence side by side, away now from the lake—back under the barbed thorn-tree—back by the moss-grown crag—back by the hollow trunks, and over the fallen leaves of trees that had defied the storms of centuries, to drop, perhaps, brittle and sapless, some quiet day when every wind is lulled.

The flute had ceased its music; the air had grown cold and piercing; the little park was soon traversed; the gate came in sight, and the humble vehicle without it. Then, involuntarily, both stopped; and on each there came at once the consciousness that they were about to part—part, never, perhaps, in this world to meet again; and, with all that had been said, so much unspoken—their hearts so full of what, alas! their lips could not speak.

"Lady Montfort," at length said Darrell.

At the sound of her name she shivered.

"I have addressed you rudely—harshly—"

"No—no—"

"But that was the last exercise of a right which I now resign for ever. I spoke to her who had once been Caroline Lindsay; some gentler words are due to the widow of Lord Montfort. Whatever the wrongs you

have inflicted on me—wrongs inextinguishable—I recognise no less in your general nature qualities that would render you, to one whom you really loved and had never deceived, the blessing I had once hoped you would prove to me."

She shook her head impatiently, piteously.

"I know that in an ill-assorted union, and amidst all the temptations to which flattered beauty is exposed, your conduct has been without reproach. Forget the old man whose thoughts should now be on his grave."

"Hush, hush—have human mercy!"

"I withdraw and repent my injustice to your motives in the protection you have given to the poor girl whom Lionel would wed; I thank you for that protection—though I refuse consent to my kinsman's prayer. Whatever her birth, I must be glad to know that she whom Lionel so loves is safe from a wretch like Losely. More—one word more—wait—it is hard for me to say it—be happy—I cannot pardon, but I *can* bless you. Farewell for ever!"

More overpoweringly crushed by his tenderness than his wrath, before Caroline could recover the vehemence of her sobs, he had ceased—he was gone—lost in the close gloom of a neighbouring thicket, his hurried headlong path betrayed by the rustle of mournful boughs swinging back with their withered leaves.

RESPIRATION AND SUFFOCATION.

A YOUNG man, in all the vigour of abounding life, shuts himself up in his room, prevents the access of fresh air, closing the windows, chimney, and chinks, lights a pan of charcoal, and seating himself at his writing-desk, begins to unburthen his heart of its sorrow, in the tragic eloquence of one for whom such sorrow is insupportable. The poor boy has been refused the hand of the girl he loves, and believing that without her life would be worthless, he has resolved on suicide. As his pen hurries over the paper, the vapour from the burning charcoal fills the room. His pulses throb, his head is hot, his breathing oppressed. The candle is beginning to burn dimly, and its flame lengthens. He is unable to continue. He walks languidly up and down the room, and finally crawls to the bed. Life slowly ebbs. On the following morning, when his door is burst open, a corpse is stretched upon the bed.

A few hours later, she whom he loved, and who loves him, hears of this rash act, which annihilates even hope. In her despair she flings herself into the dark and sullen Seine. The next morning a corpse is exposed at the dreadful Morgue. The casual spectator gazes on it with undefinable awe, as he thinks of the stillness of that wondrous organism, which but a few hours before was so buoyant with life. Where is all that mystery now? The body is there, the form is there, the wondrous structure is there, but where is its activity? Gone are the graceful movements of those limbs, and the tender sweetness of those eyes; gone the rosy glow of youth, and the soft eagerness of womanly grace; gone the music of that voice, and the gaiety of that heart. The mystery of Life has given place to the mystery of Death.

What has thus suddenly arrested the wondrous mechanism, and, in the place of two palpitating, vigorous beings, left two silent corpses? The cause seems so trifling that we can only marvel at its importance, when

revealed in the effect; it was the same in both cases, in spite of the difference of the means: that which killed the one, killed the other; the fumes from the charcoal pan, and the rushing waters of the Seine, interrupted the exchange of a small quantity of gases, and by preventing the blood from getting rid of its carbonic acid, in exchange for an equivalent of oxygen, the fervid wheels of life were suddenly arrested. It is the same cause, acting with milder force, which makes the faces pale of those who issue from a crowded church, and gives a languor to those who have sat for some hours in a theatre, concert-room, or any other ill-ventilated apartment, in which human beings have been exhaling carbonic acid from their lungs. A breath of fresh air quickly restores them, and after breathing this fresh air, during a walk home, they scarcely feel any evil results of the late partial suffocation. Had the young man's door been burst open, and fresh air admitted to his room, or had the girl been rescued from the river, and made to breathe within a few minutes after her plunge, both would have been finally restored, as our concert-goers are restored; and the concert-goers, if kept much longer in that ill-ventilated room, would have perished, as the lovers perished.

Among the earliest experiences of mankind must have been the necessity of fresh air for the continuance of life; but the complete explanation of the fact, in all its details, is a scientific problem, the solution of which only began to be possible when Priestley discovered the gases of which the air is composed, and the relation these bear to the organism; nor is the problem even now entirely solved, in spite of the labours of so many illustrious men. We have learned much, and learned it accurately; but the difficulties which still baffle us are many and considerable. The ancients really knew nothing of this subject; nor did the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries lay any solid foundation-stone. *That*

was laid by Priestley, when he discovered the oxygen contained in atmospheric air to possess the property of converting venous into arterial blood. Lavoisier carried out this discovery, and founded the chemical theory of Respiration. Goodwyn (1788) applied the new views to Asphyxia, showing, by a series of experiments, that when air was excluded, venous blood remained unchanged; and when it remained unchanged, death inevitably followed. Bichat instituted a number of striking experiments to prove that an intimate relation existed between Respiration, Circulation, and Nervous Action; he showed how the access of venous blood to the brain stopped its action, and subsequently stopped the action of the heart. Legallois extended these observations to the spinal chord. But by far the most brilliant investigations on the subject of Respiration, are those of Spallanzani, whose *Mémoires* still deserve a careful study, both as models of scientific research, and as storehouses of valuable facts. He was succeeded by W. F. Edwards, whose *Influence des Agens Physiques sur la Vie* (which may be found on the old book-stalls for a couple of shillings) still remains one of the best books the science can boast of. During the present century, hundreds of physiologists have devoted labour to the elucidation of the various difficulties which darken this subject, and a vast accession of valuable facts has been the result. The chief points which have been cleared up we may now endeavour to exhibit.*

And first, let us ask, what is Respiration?—a question which many may regard as idle; yet, until it is answered in something like a definite manner, we shall find our inquiries constantly obstructed. Reduced to its simplest elements, Respiration appears to be nothing more than the interchange between the blood and the atmosphere of carbonic acid and oxygen: but although this is the

simple formula to which analysis of the process conducts us, we shall be led into important errors if we see in it the whole of the process. It is the *physical fact* upon which the vital process depends, but it is not the *vital function* itself. This interchange is effected by every tissue—even when separated from the organism. They all absorb oxygen, and exhale carbonic acid. A fragment of muscle, so long as it retains its irritability, is found to absorb oxygen from the air, and to exhale carbonic acid; but we do not call such interchange Respiration, because Respiration is something more than a mere exchange of gases, it is an animal Function, which, although dependent on the physical laws of gaseous interchange, derives its special character from the organism in which it is effected. In the course of our inquiry we shall have occasion to observe how the neglect of the distinction now insisted on, between Respiration as the Function of an apparatus of organs, and Respiration as the mere interchange of gases, determined by physical laws, has led to error; for the present, it is enough to have drawn attention to the true physiological conception. In the higher animals we see this Function performed by two different organs—gills and lungs. In both organs we find that a large quantity of blood is exposed to the air by means of a network of vessels spread over the surface. The blood arrives there black, and passes away scarlet. It has exchanged some of its carbonic acid for some of the oxygen of the air; it has become changed from venous into arterial blood. This oxygenation of the blood is therefore the special office of Respiration; and although all animals exhale carbonic acid and absorb oxygen—although every tissue does so—yet we must rigorously limit the idea of Respiration, as an animal Function, to that which takes place in the gills or lungs. True it is, that the simpler

* In the following works will be found most of the facts cited or alluded to in our exposition:—SPALLANZANI: *Mémoires sur la Respiration*; EDWARDS: *De l'Influence des Agens physiques sur la Vie*; CLAUDE BERNARD: *Leçons sur les Effets des Substances toxiques*; MILNE EDWARDS: *Leçons sur la Phys. et l'Anat. Comp.*; LEHMANN: *Physiologische Chemie*; and the Treatises on Physiology of BÉRARD, MÜLLER, FUNKE, DRAPER, &c.

animals effect such exhalation and absorption by their *general surface*, and not by any *special modification of it*—such as gills or lungs; true it is, that even fish and reptiles, furnished with gills, also respire by their skin; and that, when the lungs of a frog are removed, the necessary oxygenation of the blood may be effected through the skin, if the temperature be low; nay, it is also true, that even man himself, in a slight degree, respire by the skin; so that the student tracing upwards the gradual complication of the organic apparatus, and finding *first*, the whole of the general surface effecting the aeration needed; *secondly*, a part of the surface formed into a gill, in which aeration is far more active; and, *finally*, finding this gill replaced by a lung, may be tempted to say, “If the aeration of the blood is the office of Respiration, and if this is effected in some animals by the skin alone, in others by the skin and the gills, and in others principally by the lungs, but still in a slight degree also by the skin, how can you pretend to establish a distinction, other than a simple distinction of degree; how can you expect me to lay much stress on a verbal difference such as that between Function and general Property or Tissue?”

In reply to this plausible objection, we must observe that in science verbal distinctions are often extremely important; they keep attention alive to real, though subtle, distinctions. It is difficult to keep to such distinctions, for, as Bacon says, “words are generally framed and applied according to the conception of the vulgar, and draw lines of separation according to such differences as the vulgar can follow: and when a more acute intellect, or a more diligent observation, tries to introduce a better distinction, words rebel.” In strict physiological language, no animal without blood ought to be said to *breathe*; for Respiration in such animals is not effected by a special apparatus of breathing organs; and in Physiology the *idea of Function is inseparably connected with that of Organ*, as the Act is with its Agent. Professor Bérard says, that, penetrated with the idea

of a special organ being necessary for Respiration, he experienced a singular disappointment in reading the experiments of Spallanzani, which proved that every tissue of the body absorbed oxygen, and gave out carbonic acid; and he “only recovered his contentment on perceiving that the essence of Respiration consisted in this interchange of gases, so that, wherever a nutritive fluid was in contact with the atmosphere, Respiration must take place.” Here the professor seems to us to have made an oversight, confounding the general with the particular, as completely as if a savage visiting England, and observing the transport of men and goods by railways, and “penetrated with the idea of a special method of transit being necessary,” were afterwards to observe that vans, carts, and wheelbarrows also conveyed goods, from which he would conclude that the essence of transport being the removal of goods from one place to another, every means of transport must be a railway. The interchange of gases, like the transport of goods, may be effected by various means, but we only call the one Respiration when it is effected by gills or lungs, and the other Railway transit when it is effected by Railways. Professor Bérard was right in conceiving that a special organ was necessary for Respiration; and his error arose from confounding the *action of the organ* with the *result of that action*. Respiration effects the interchange of gases, and the aeration of the blood, by means of a peculiar organic apparatus, without which the due aeration would not take place in the higher animals. In the simpler animals this apparatus is not needed, because the nutritive fluid, being easily accessible, requires no function to bring it into contact with the air; but no sooner does the organism become so complex that a direct aeration of the nutritive fluid ceases to be possible, than an apparatus is constructed, the function of which is to effect this aeration. In the gills and lungs we see such an apparatus. Unless distinctions like these are established, Respiration ceases altogether to be a vital process; and every interchange of car-

bonic acid and oxygen, no matter where effected, will have an equal claim to be designated as a respiratory act. Therefore, as it is of the first importance in all physiological inquiries to keep constantly in view the part played by the organism in modifying physical laws, the philosophic reader will see at once that any verbal distinction which aids us in this must of advantage. We should, perhaps, do well to indicate the special distinctions by using phrases, such as "pulmonary respiration," "bronchial respiration," and "cutaneous respiration," for the various classes of animals.

If now we ask, What is Respiration? the answer will be this: *The function of the lungs or gills by means of which the blood absorbs oxygen, and parts with carbonic acid and some other noxious elements.* Oxygen is the great inciter of vital changes; its presence is the indispensable condition of life. It is at once fuel and flame; it feeds, and it destroys: constantly withdrawn from the blood, by the ceaseless activities of vital change, it is as constantly drawn into the blood by the process of Respiration. If the blood rushing through our lungs does not meet there with a supply of oxygen, the torrent carries venous in lieu of arterial blood to the tissues, and the consequence is an arrest of all the vital changes. If in passing through the lungs the blood only meets with a small supply of oxygen, an imperfectly arterialized fluid is carried to the tissues, and a partial arrest takes place, which is seen in the diminished vigour of the organism: all the functions are depressed; and if this depression continue, death arrives.

An organism and a medium—these are the two factors in the sum; yet, strangely enough, in trying to solve the problem of Respiration, men have principally directed their attention to one actor, the medium, forgetting the equally important influence of the organism. What is that medium? It is an atmospheric ocean forty-five miles in depth, whirling with our planet, while that planet whirls round the sun, subject to incessant fluctuations, yet always

preserving the same composition. This atmosphere is chiefly composed of two gases—oxygen, which forms about one-fifth, and nitrogen, which forms nearly the remaining four-fifths; to these must be added about 2.1% of carbonic acid, and traces of ammonia. Such being the medium, let us now glance at the organism. Here there is nothing constant; not only are all animals different, and consequently their action on the atmosphere is different, but the same organism varies at different periods. As a general fact, the action of the animal organism may be succinctly stated to be the absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere, and the exhalation of carbonic acid into it. It matters not whether the animal lives in air or in water—the real respiratory medium is always the air—for water, deprived of its air, or of its due proportion of oxygen, is as fatal to marine as to terrestrial animals. It matters not by what organ or surface the respiratory exchange takes place, it is always a twofold act of exhalation of carbonic acid on the one hand, and of absorption of oxygen on the other. The variety of respiratory organs is great. In the Molluscs we find some kinds having no "organs" at all; some kinds having gills, others have lungs, and one kind (*Oncidium*) having both gills and lungs. In the Crustacea we find rudimentary gills. In spiders there are both gills and lungs. Fish have only gills. Frogs and salamanders begin with gills, which disappear and give place to lungs. Reptiles, birds, and mammals, have lungs of different degrees of complexity. Cutaneous Respiration is effected when the air either in the water or as atmospheric air, comes in contact with the moist skin in which the blood is circulating. Gill Respiration is effected in a similar way; the water rushing over the delicate surface, parts with oxygen, and takes up carbonic acid. In Pulmonary Respiration the air is no longer outside, but inside the organ: it is drawn in from the atmosphere; the exchange is effected in the organ, and the altered air is then driven out, to be replaced by fresh air.

To understand the mechanism of Pulmonary Respiration, let us commence with an examination of the Newt (*Triton*), which presents us with the simplest form of the lung, and will therefore best enable us to understand the more complex forms. On opening the chest of this Newt, recently caught from a neighbouring pond, we observe two elongated air-sacs of thin membrane; these are the lungs. We remove one sac, and find an artery with its ramifications rushing down one side, and a vein running up the other. Into this sac the air enters by the windpipe; when there, it is in contact with the delicate blood-vessels lying in the membranous wall; the exchange of gases takes place; and the vitiated air is expelled by a contraction of the abdominal muscles; as you may see by observing the live animal in a glass vessel. The reptile's lung is thus an air-sac, on the surface of which blood-vessels are distributed; and if we now examine the lung of a man, we shall find that, in spite of its apparently different structure, it is little more than an almost endless repetition, on a smaller scale, of this very air-sac. The windpipe, instead of simply dividing into two branches, each branch terminated by a large air-sac, divides and subdivides like the branches and twigs of a tree, and these tubes are called the *bronchial tubes*; each tubelet terminates in a cell, forming, as Kölliker justly says, the miniature representation of the reptile's lung. The lung of a man is thus an aggregation of bronchial tubelets and air-sacs: these air-cells are very minute, sometimes the 200th of an inch, occasionally the 70th of an inch. Between these air-cells run the capillary blood-vessels. Thus each side of a blood-vessel is exposed to the air contained within a cell, and the gases pass to and fro through the delicate wall of the cells, and through the walls of the capillaries, with perfect facility. So crowded are the blood-vessels, that the diameter of the meshes formed by their network, is less than the 3000th of an inch, and the number of air-cells is calculated at not less than six hundred millions!

With this brief description of the organ, let us pass on to the function. When we breathe, we draw in the air by our nostrils, which penetrate the trachea, or windpipe, from thence passing into the bronchial tubes and tubelets, and from thence into the air-cells. Here it yields part of its oxygen to the blood, receiving carbonic acid in exchange. It was drawn in by a dilatation of the chest, and is driven out again by a contraction of the chest. Science has accurately measured the amount of air thus inspired and expired—namely, about 20 or 25 cubic inches each time. But we never empty our lungs by an expiration; there is always a much larger quantity of air remaining in the air-cells; this quantity varying, of course, with the force of the effort. Herbert found that, while 25 cubic inches was the quantity expelled in ordinary quiet breathing, the quantity would rise to 90, and even 240 cubic inches by very energetic efforts. It is therefore calculated that an adult man, with a well-developed chest, will retain about 170 cubic inches of air in his lungs, after each expiration, during ordinary breathing; and as 25 inches will be added at the next inspiration, there will be alternately 175 and 200 cubic inches of air acting on the blood which rushes over the vast area of the lungs. The phrase "vast area" is no exaggeration; for small as the bulk of those organs truly is, the amount of surface on which blood is exposed to the air in them, has been calculated by Lindenau at not less than 2642 square feet. Is it not wonderful to reflect that, in the course of a single year, 100,000 cubic feet of air have been drawn in and expelled, by something like 9,000,000 of separate and complicated actions of breathing, to aerate more than 3500 tons of blood?

The injurious effect of tight-lacing has often been pointed out, and in England, at least, women have pretty generally learned to see the danger, if not always the hideousness of those wasp-waists once so highly prized. A single fact elicited in the experiments of Herbert will probably have more weight than pages of eloquent

exhortation. It is this: the same man who, when naked, was capable of inspiring 190 cubic inches at a breath, could only inspire 130 when dressed; now, if we compare the tightness of women's stays with the tightness of a man's dress, we shall easily form a conception of the serious obstacle stays must be to efficient breathing; and the injurious effect of this insufficient breathing consists, as we shall see hereafter, in its inducing a depression of all the vital functions.

In Respiration we draw in and give out a *similar quantity* of air; but this air is by no means of *similar quality*. It has been altered—vitiated. The ancients had no other notion of Respiration than that it served to cool the blood, as the air cools the heated brow. We know that it serves to supply the indispensable conditions of vital changes, by removing carbonic acid from the blood, and supplying its place with oxygen. The air which is expired differs profoundly from that which was inspired; it has lost much of its oxygen, and has gained from 3 to 6 per cent of carbonic acid, a large amount of vapour, traces of ammonia, hydrogen, and volatile organic substances, with an increase of heat. It was pure, respirable air when it entered, and is now so vitiated that after a few repetitions of the process it becomes irrespirable. The vitiation results from the carbonic acid. The quantity of this gas which is momentarily thrown into the atmosphere by each individual, varies according to sex, age, physical and mental condition, and according to the season of the year and time of day. We are constantly exhaling carbonic acid, but not in constant quantities. Men exhale much more than women; during the ages of from 16 to 40 the quantity exhaled by men nearly doubles that exhaled by women of the same ages. In men it is observed that the amount gradually increases from the age of 8 to that of 30, making a sudden start at the approach of puberty. From the age of 30 it decreases gradually, till at extreme old age the amount is no greater than it was at 10. In women a noticeable phenomenon is observed; the amount increases from infancy to puberty, just as in

men; but at that epoch the increase suddenly ceases, and remains stationary till the change of life, when the amount increases. Besides such variations dependent on age and sex, there are others dependent on the muscular activity and physical condition of the individual. The amount of carbonic acid exhaled during digestion is greater than that exhaled during fast, and greater in sunlight than in darkness. Wines, spirits, tea, coffee, and narcotics lessen the amount; not, however, because they interfere with the process of Respiration, but because they cause less carbonic acid to be produced by the organism—they protect the tissues from the destructive action of oxygen.

The carbonic acid thus thrown into the air is the product of the disintegrated tissues—the ashes of the vital flame. The blood in the capillaries parts with its oxygen, received in the lungs, and, according to the current hypothesis, takes up in exchange the carbonic acid produced by the action of the tissues. If we were permitted to designate every interchange of these gases by the name of Respiration, we should have to speak of two different kinds of Respiration, one taking place in the lungs, where carbonic acid is exchanged for oxygen, the other taking place in the tissues, where oxygen is exchanged for carbonic acid; but a more accurate and philosophical nomenclature, which seeks its terms in a consideration of functions, and not in the results effected by those functions, will not permit such confusion.

The exchange of these gases, considered simply as an exchange, is a physical fact resting on well-known physical laws. There have been, and there still are, disputes as to whether the gases are *free* in the blood, as in water, or are in a state of slight chemical combination; but the facility with which the exchange is made seems to be as great as if they were free. If blood be shaken in a vessel containing air, it will absorb more than a tenth of its volume of oxygen from that air. It is then saturated; and if now poured into a vessel containing carbonic acid, and there shaken, it will abandon almost all its oxygen, and absorb carbonic acid.

This is a simple illustration of the interchange effected in the lungs and in the tissues; for, as previously indicated, the delicate walls of the blood-vessels oppose no obstacle to this interchange. It is only necessary that the blood should be brought in contact with an atmosphere, or a fluid, of a composition specifically different from its own; in the lungs, the carbonised venous blood comes in contact with air containing scarcely any carbonic acid, in the tissues the oxygenised arterial blood comes in contact with a plasma which contains scarcely any oxygen, and in both cases the blood yields up its own gas in exchange for another. In the normal process the exchange is always that of *these* gases; but to prove the simple physical nature of the exchange, we have only to substitute hydrogen for oxygen, and the animal confined in a vessel containing this gas will be found to exhale carbonic acid with the same facility as when atmospheric air is breathed. No animal can continue long to breathe hydrogen, simply because that gas does not furnish the conditions of vitality; but while the animal breathes in hydrogen, the exhalation of carbonic acid is as perfect as at any other time; thus showing that the exhalation depends on the difference in the nature of the gases in the atmosphere, and in the blood.

When we breathe over and over again the same air, we gradually vitiate it by the constant exhalation of carbonic acid, which gradually brings the air up to the point where the difference between it and the blood—as regards the proportions of carbonic acid—disappears. The blood ceases to be arterialised, and the vital functions are arrested. In vain does the air still contain a quantity of life-giving oxygen; the blood cannot take it up, because it cannot get rid of the carbonic acid, and it cannot get rid of its carbonic acid because the conditions of the exchange are absent. To make an animal breathe air overcharged with carbonic acid, is equivalent to a gradual prevention of his breathing at all. Suffocation results from vitiated air in precisely the same manner as from interception of the air. Although burking

and gagging are crimes which appeal to the public, that public seems almost indifferent to the milder form of the same murder when it is called "want of ventilation." In spite of the historical infamy of the Black Hole at Calcutta, our prisons, hospitals, theatres, churches, and other public buildings, were left disgracefully neglected, until, thanks to the energetic labours of our sanitary reformers, public attention was aroused. That thousands have been the victims of public ignorance on this important matter, may be shown by a single example. The deaths of new-born infants between the ages of 1 and 15 days, which in the Dublin Lying-in Hospital amounted in the course of four years to 2944 out of 7650 births, were suddenly reduced to only 279 deaths during the same period, after a new system of ventilation had been adopted. Thus more than 2500 deaths, or 1 in every 3 births, must be attributed to the bad ventilation. In England the public is daily becoming more enlightened on the subject of ventilation, although a dangerous indifference, springing from want of elementary knowledge, is still prevalent, and taxes the patience of reformers; but in the country where these lines are written, it is painful to observe that even highly-cultivated men seem almost insensible to the importance of fresh air. The Germans sit for hours in low crowded rooms, so dense with tobacco smoke that on entering you cannot recognise your friends; and so vitiated is the atmosphere by the compound of breath, bad tobacco, human exhalations, and an iron stove, that at first it seems impossible for you to breathe in it. Even in their private rooms they breathe a hot, musty, *dry* air, which makes an Englishman gasp for an open window. It is true that after a while you get accustomed to the air. You also get accustomed to that of the smoke-filled tavern. On entering, you felt it would be impossible to stay there ten minutes; but in less than ten minutes it has become quite tolerable, and in half an hour scarcely appreciable. If you quit the room for a few minutes, and return once more after having breathed fresh air, again you perceive the

poisonous condition of the atmosphere, but again you will get accustomed to it, and seem to breathe freely in it.

Was this atmosphere really not injurious? or have your sensations, like sentinels asleep, ceased to warn you of the danger? To answer this, we will first bring forward some experiments instituted by Claude Bernard, on the influence of vitiated air. A sparrow left in a bell-glass to breathe over and over again the same air, will live in it for upwards of three hours; but at the close of the second hour—when there is consequently still air of sufficient purity to permit *this* sparrow's breathing it for more than an hour longer—if a fresh and vigorous sparrow be introduced, it will expire almost immediately. The air which would suffice for the respiration of one sparrow suffocates another. Nay more, if the sparrow be taken from the glass at the close of the third hour, when very feeble, it may be restored to activity; and no sooner has it recovered sufficient vigour to fly about again, than, if once more introduced into the atmosphere from which it was taken, it will perish immediately. Another experiment points to a similar result. A sparrow is confined in a bell-glass, and at the end of about an hour and a half it is still active, although obviously suffering; a second sparrow is introduced; in about ten minutes the new-comer is dead, while the original occupant flies about the lecture-room as soon as liberated.

One cannot try experiments on human beings as on animals, but accident and disease frequently furnish us with experiments made to our hand. What has been just related of the birds, is confirmed by an accident which befel two young Frenchwomen. They were in a room heated by a coke-stove. One of them was suffocated, and fell senseless on the ground. The other, who was in bed, suffering from typhoid fever, resisted the poisonous influence of the atmosphere, so as to be able to scream till assistance came. They were both rescued, but the healthy girl, who had succumbed to the noxious air, was found to have a paralysis of the left arm, which lasted for more than

six months. Here, as in the case of the sparrows, we find the paradoxical result to be, that the poisonous action of a vitiated air is better resisted by the feeble, sickly organism, than by the vigorous, healthy organism. This paradox admits of a physiological explanation. In the vitiated air of a German *Kneipe*, as in that of the houses of the poor, we find those who have had time to adjust themselves to it, breathing without apparent inconvenience, although each new-comer feels the air to be vitiated; and because they "get accustomed to it," people very naturally suppose that no injurious effect can follow. Here lies the dangerous fallacy. They get accustomed to it, indeed, and only because they do so are they contented to remain in it: but at what price? by what means? By a gradual depression of all the functions of nutrition and secretion. In this depressed condition less oxygen is absorbed, and there is less needed in the atmosphere. A vitiated air will suffice for the respiration of a depressed organism, as it would amply suffice for the respiration of a cold-blooded animal. When we enter a vitiated atmosphere, our breathing becomes laborious; the consequence of this is a depression of all the organic functions, and then the breathing is easy again, because we no longer require so much oxygen, and we no longer produce so much carbonic acid. Were it not for this adjustment of the organism to the medium, by a gradual depression of the functions, continued existence in a vitiated atmosphere would be impossible; we see the vigorous bird perish instantaneously in air which would sustain the enfeebled bird for upwards of an hour. Thus does Physiology explain the paradox; but at the same time it points out the fallacy of supposing that bad air can be harmless because we "get accustomed" to it. However fortunate a circumstance for those who have to breathe the bad air, that the organism is quickly depressed to such a point as to render such air respirable, no one will deny that depressions of this kind are necessarily injurious, especially when frequently experienced. There is indeed a wonderful elasticity

in the organism, enabling it to adapt itself to changing conditions; but a frequent depression of functional activity must be injurious, and fatal if prolonged.

It is interesting to observe the effect of a *gradual* adjustment of the organism, as contrasted with one less gradual. The longer the time allowed, the easier is this adjustment. Thus a bird will live three hours in a certain quantity of air; in the same quantity, two birds of the same species, age, and size, will *not* live one hour and a half, as might be supposed, but only one hour and a quarter. Conversely, the bird which will live only one hour in a pint of air, will live three hours in two pints.

Enlightened by these remarkable results, we shall now be able to regard Respiration as a physiological function rather than as a simple physical process. On more than one occasion we have had to protest against the tendency to explain vital phenomena by physical and chemical laws only, without regard to the order of conceptions specially belonging to vital phenomena; and we must repeat that protest in the present case. That Respiration is ultimately dependent on physical laws, no one thinks of disputing; and in the arduous endeavour to detect the operation of those laws, it is natural that men should neglect the still more difficult study of vital laws. But we think it can be shown that however far analysis may trace the operation of the laws of gaseous interchange and diffusion, and the condensing action of moist membranes, these will only conduct us to the threshold; they will never open for us the temple. These physical laws reveal only one part of the mystery. Respiration is not a simple physical fact. It is the function of a living organism, and as such receives a specific character from that organism. No sooner do we cease to regard the exclusively physical aspect of this function—no sooner do we fix our attention on the organism and its influence, than the whole theory we have raised on the laws of gaseous interchange suddenly totters and falls.

It seems easy to explain why warm-

blooded animals cease to breathe in an atmosphere charged with a certain percentage of carbonic acid, although there may still remain sufficient oxygen to permit a candle to burn in it, and even to permit continued respiration if the carbonic acid be removed. The presence of a certain amount of carbonic acid in the air prevents the exhalation of that gas from the blood. As we read the explanation, nothing can seem clearer, and we admire the skill with which the laws of the absorption of gases are brought to bear on the fact. But as we pursue our researches, various difficulties arise; and as we extend the inquiry from the respiration of warm-blooded to that of cold-blooded animals, we learn that the fact so luminously explained is not at all true of the simpler organisms. Let us for a moment consider one striking contradiction in the theory; the air which has once passed through the lungs of a man, and which, in losing four or five per cent of its oxygen, has become charged with three or four per cent of carbonic acid, will yield but very little of its remaining oxygen when again passed through the lungs; and if this air be breathed over and over again, until the sense of suffocation forces a cessation, the air will still be found to contain ten per cent of oxygen—that is to say, nearly half its original quantity. In air thus vitiated the respiratory process is impossible, but only impossible for warm-blooded animals in health: frogs, reptiles, fish, and molluscs, instead of perishing when the air has lost about half its oxygen, continue to breathe, and to absorb oxygen, almost as long as there is any left. Spallanzani, Humboldt, and Matteucci, have placed this beyond a doubt by their experiments; and when we consider how long these experiments have been before the world, it is a matter of surprise that the contradiction they give to all the purely physical theories of Respiration has not been insisted on. If the process depends simply on the proportion of gases in the atmosphere, how is it that one animal can continue to breathe in an atmosphere

irrespirable by another? If it be simply the interchange of oxygen and carbonic acid, and this interchange be frustrated whenever eleven per cent of oxygen has disappeared, the law must be *absolute*, and as applicable to reptiles and molluscs as to birds or mammals. Instead of this, we find that reptiles can continue to breathe long after such a limit has been passed; they continue to absorb oxygen as long as even only three per cent remains, in spite of the continually increasing proportion of carbonic acid. How is it that the physical laws of absorption frustrated the Respiration of one class of animals, and were powerless with another class? Why is it that, when a bird and a frog are confined in the same vessel, the frog will continue to absorb oxygen from the vitiated air in which the bird has long perished? Clearly the cause of this difference lies in the difference of the organisms; and we must no longer seek in the mere quantities of gases an explanation of interrupted respiration; we must no longer say that "breathing becomes impossible when the air is charged with a certain amount of carbonic acid, *because* that amount prevents the gaseous interchange;" but we must say that such an amount prevents the gaseous interchange, because it interferes with the organic action of the pulmonary apparatus. The distinction becomes palpable when we have an organism which is not affected by this amount of carbonic acid, and is even more palpable when we see a warm-blooded animal capable of breathing for a long period the air which, under a different condition, it would find irrespirable. We have seen how a bird, with its functions depressed, can continue to breathe for an hour in an atmosphere which immediately suffocated another bird of the same species; whereby it became clear that the lungs of one warm-blooded animal could absorb oxygen from an atmosphere in which there was such a proportion of carbonic acid, that sufficient oxygen could not be absorbed by a vigorous animal of the same species.

The intervention of organic conditions, modifying the simple physi-

cal laws of gaseous exchange, is sufficiently evident from what has just been said; but we have as yet no clear insight into the nature of this intervention; we do not know why blood, charged with carbonic acid, cannot in the one case exchange that gas for the oxygen, of which 10 per cent still remains, since in another case the same blood *can* effect the exchange when there is even less than 10 per cent of oxygen.

Atmospheric air contains only 21 per cent of oxygen. But if 50 per cent of oxygen be mixed with 50 of carbonic acid, a warm-blooded animal is suffocated in it, in spite of there being more than double the amount of oxygen there is in ordinary atmosphere. Bernard, who made the experiment, thinks that the carbonic acid in this mixture prevented the oxygen from entering the blood, not only because of its greater solubility, which gives it a tendency to displace the oxygen, but also because of the obstacle it presents to the exhalation of carbonic acid. On the other hand, the extensive and careful experiments of Regnault and Reiset show that Respiration will take place quite well in an atmosphere which contains as much as 23 per cent of carbonic acid, if at the same time it contains as much as 40 per cent of oxygen. How are we, on physical principles, to reconcile such facts as those just cited? In the one case we see that 50 per cent of oxygen is insufficient if the amount of carbonic acid be also 50 per cent; in another case we see that 40 per cent of oxygen suffices if the carbonic acid do not exceed 23 per cent; and we could explain both by saying, that unless the amount of oxygen nearly doubles that of carbonic acid, respiration is impossible, were it not for the irresistible objection that reptiles breathe in an atmosphere which has become charged with carbonic acid, and has gradually lost all but 3 per cent of its oxygen.

We have raised difficulties which we cannot pretend to remove. It is enough to have called attention to the physiological problem involved, as a justification of our scepticism in presence of the physical explanations. Respiration is not a simple inter-

change of gases, but an organic function, which chiefly consists in exhaling carbonic acid and absorbing oxygen: whatever interferes with the exhalation or the absorption, checks Respiration, no matter what may be the condition of the atmosphere. As a final proof of the correctness of this conception, we will add that oxide of carbon, by preventing the exhalation of carbonic acid from the blood, prevents all Respiration, whatever amount of oxygen may be in the air. Moreover, experimenters are now agreed that there is no accurate correspondence between the amounts of oxygen absorbed and carbonic acid exhaled, as there ought to be were the process one of simple exchange. Spallanzani placed four couples of snails in four separate vessels containing atmospheric air; he found that two of these couples absorbed 20, one 19½, and the fourth only 17 of oxygen, but that the amount of carbonic acid exhaled was strikingly at variance. In two vessels he found 20 and 17 of oxygen replaced by 3 of carbonic acid; in two others, 20 and 19½ by 4 and 8 of carbonic acid; clearly showing that the exhalation had been one process, and the absorption another.

If we have gained some idea of Respiration, we shall be able to understand what Suffocation is, and why carbonic acid in the air is so injurious. Carbonic acid is not a poison, as was formerly maintained. Its accumulation in the blood is only fatal when there is such an accumulation in the atmosphere as prevents its exhalation; its mere presence seems to be quite harmless, even in large quantities, provided always that it be not retained there. Carbonic acid, when absorbed into the blood, which is alkaline, cannot there exert its irritant action as an acid, because it will either be transformed into a carbonate or be dissolved. Bernard has injected large quantities into the veins and arteries and under the skin of rabbits, and found no noxious effect ensue. The more carbonic acid there is in the blood, the more will be exhaled, provided always that the air be not already so charged with it as to prevent this exhalation.

Oxide of carbon seems, however, to be truly a poison. The blue flame which rises from the coals or lighted wood is this same oxide, the product of an imperfect combustion; and being notoriously poisonous, it has by some writers been selected as the real agent in those numerous deaths by asphyxia, occurring from voluntary and involuntary exposure to the fumes of charcoal in closed chambers. Carbonic acid was said to be innocent, and oxide of carbon had to bear the whole infamy. There is no doubt, however, that although carbonic acid is not a poison, it will produce asphyxia, and deaths from charcoal-fumes may occur either from this asphyxia or from poisoning by oxide of carbon, or from a conjunction of the two. Oxide of carbon is truly called a poison, because its action is deleterious even in slight doses, no matter what may be the state of the atmosphere; but carbonic acid is only deleterious when the quantity in the atmosphere is such that the absorption of oxygen is frustrated. But how does this oxide of carbon act? If venous blood be exposed to it, we see at once the change into scarlet blood take place. It acts on the blood like oxygen? you will ask. Not precisely; for if venous blood be exposed to oxygen it becomes scarlet, but when left to itself it becomes black again (except at the surface), probably because the oxygen has gradually formed carbonic acid. After exposure to oxide of carbon, the blood remains scarlet for days and days—nay, even for weeks, according to Bernard. Prussic acid acts in a similar manner. *Poisoning by prussic acid or oxide of carbon, may be detected by this scarlet colour of the venous blood.*

The effect of oxide of carbon is to render the blood-discs incapable of that process of exhalation, on which, as we have seen, the activity of the organism depends. The blood, to all appearance, preserves its vitality, for neither the form nor the colour of its discs is altered; but the blood is really dead, because its restless changes are arrested. Ever wonderful is the fact constantly obtruding itself upon us, that Life is inseparably linked with Change, and that

every arrest is Death. Only through incessant destruction and reconstruction can vital phenomena emerge, an ebb and flow of being. The moment we preserve organic matter from destruction, we have rendered it incapable of the restless strivings of Life. A spirit like that of Faust seems ranging through all matter; and if ever it should say to the passing moment, "Stay! thou art fair," its career will be at an end.

The reader has doubtless often heard, with surprise, that the rusting of iron, the burning of a candle, and the breathing of an animal, are only three forms of the same process, three names for Combustion, or Oxidation. There is a certain fascination in such generalisations, and one always regrets to find them not correct. The rusting of iron and the burning of a candle are indeed two forms of one oxidising process; but Respiration can no longer be considered as in any sense a process of combustion—it is a twofold process of exhalation and absorption. The interesting experiments of Priestley will enable us to set forth the differences between Respiration and Combustion. He placed mice in a bell-glass, where in due time they were suffocated by the air which they had vitiated; other mice were introduced, and they expired immediately. In another bell-glass a candle went out, after having in its combustion absorbed a part of the oxygen; another burning candle was introduced, and it was at once extinguished by this vitiated air. In both of these vessels some mint was now placed, where it flourished, and so completely revived the air, by absorbing its carbonic acid and giving out oxygen, that mice could again breathe in the one, and a candle burn in the other. In these experiments we seem to have a demonstration of the identity of Combustion and Respiration—and this, indeed, was the conclusion drawn; but that the conclusion is erroneous, appears from the experiments of Claude Bernard, who takes a bell-glass containing an atmosphere of 15 per cent of oxygen, and 2 per cent of carbonic acid—the rest of the oxygen having disappeared to form water

with the hydrogen of the candle which has just gone out. In this atmosphere, in which a candle will not burn, a linnet will breathe at ease for some time. He reverses the experiment, and makes an atmosphere in which a candle will burn, but in which an animal instantaneously perishes—an atmosphere composed half of oxygen and half of carbonic acid, in which a candle will burn better than in the air, because of the greater amount of oxygen; but in which the animal perishes, because, in spite of the amount of oxygen, that oxygen cannot be absorbed. The bird, when about to expire in vitiated air, will be recalled to life if the carbonic acid be removed by the introduction of potash—showing that it is owing to the presence of this carbonic acid that Respiration is impeded; but we cannot thus restore the expiring flame of the candle by removing the carbonic acid. Take two bell-glasses, and as soon as the combustion grows feeble, introduce into one glass some potash to remove the carbonic acid, you will, nevertheless, find that the candles in both glasses will go out at the same instant. The experiment is very simple, and its significance is plain. By it we see the difference between Combustion, which is only oxidation, and Respiration, which is not *oxidation* but *exchange*. In the combustion of the candle the oxidation is everything, and no process of exchange takes place. In the breathing of an animal the exchange is everything. The candle expires because there is not enough oxygen in the air; the animal expires because there is too much carbonic acid in the air.

Further, to prove that Respiration is an exchange of gases in the lungs, and not a process of oxidation, we need only refer to the experiments of Spallanzani and W. Edwards—experiments so celebrated, that one is amazed to find one's-self citing them in this discussion, which they ought long ago to have closed. These physiologists found that cold-blooded animals will breathe in an atmosphere of pure hydrogen, almost if not quite as easily as in ordinary air: the carbonic acid is exhaled, and hy-

drogen absorbed.* This proves that carbonic acid pre-exists in the blood, and is not formed during respiration by the oxygen as it enters; and proves, likewise, that the respiratory process is one of exhalation and absorption, which can take place as well with hydrogen as with oxygen: and we are thus forced to exclude the idea of oxidation altogether. Although Respiration can take place without oxygen, life will not long continue without it; for, as before stated, oxygen is the power which burns organic matter into life.

Why is death inevitable when the access of fresh oxygen is excluded? The fact we know—of the reason we are ignorant. There still remains a large quantity of oxygen in the blood of the expiring animal; nor will death be sensibly retarded if fresh oxygen is injected into the veins and arteries. How is this? The process of Respiration brings oxygen to the blood; yet, if the oxygen be brought there through a more direct channel while respiration is impeded, the animal will die as quickly as if left to itself. Bernard tied a dog's head in a bag, which would in a certain time produce suffocation, and he found that period by no means retarded when he injected oxygen into the arteries.

Quitting for a moment this labyrinth of difficulty and doubt, which alternately fascinates and disheartens us when we strive to gain some explanation of the myriad processes of Life, let us stand apart and contemplate the marvel of respiratory interchange no longer as an animal function, but rather as a planetary phenomenon; let us endeavour to picture to ourselves the silent creative activity everywhere dependent on this interchange. The forests, the prairies, the meadows, the corn-fields, and gardens—the mighty expanse of plant-life covering mountain and valley—subsist on the carbonic acid which is exhaled from the lungs and bodies of animals. Plants take up this carbonic acid from the atmosphere, mould the carbon into their

own substance, and set free the oxygen, once more returning it to the atmosphere. Animals reverse the process, taking up the oxygen, and giving out carbonic acid for the nourishment of plants. This beautiful rhythmus of organic life has been so often described, that it has almost become a commonplace, without, however, losing its charm for the contemplative mind. The dependence of plant on animal, and of animal on plant, united in one mystery, and ever acting each for the advantage of the other, is not an idea to lose its charm by becoming familiar; but it sometimes leads to misconceptions. What, for instance, seems more natural than that the influence of trees planted in our cities should be very beneficial? If trees can thus withdraw the noxious carbonic acid from the vitiated air of cities, would it not be desirable—nay, ought it not peremptorily to be demanded—that as many trees should be planted in our streets as we can find room for? Such conclusions are soon reached by swift logicians. But nature is apt to elude the grasp of swift logicians, and she repeatedly declines to fall into the most symmetrical of their formulas. Not that Nature is capricious or illogical; but logicians are apt to draw inferences before they have collected sufficient data. Nature, in the present case, point-blank declares that the influence of vegetation on the atmosphere is totally *inappreciable*, unless the atmosphere be in a closed chamber or vessel, and *then* the influence is striking. Human wit has discovered no test delicate enough to appreciate the influence of plants on the free atmosphere in which we live. The depth and compass of this air-ocean are too vast, and the amount of oxygen absorbed by animals too trivial in comparison, for any effect to be appreciable; moreover, the mixture of the gases in the air, and their mutual diffusion, is so rapid, that no difference has yet been detected in the proportions of oxygen and carbonic acid in the air of crowded towns or wooded valleys.

* The same is true of warm-blooded animals when newly born, but after they have breathed for a few hours, they no longer possess this capability. The reason is unknown.

The air of cities will hold more noxious exhalations suspended in it, but its gaseous composition will be the same as that of the country. To give an idea of the insignificant part played by animals as vitiators of the great air-ocean, we may mention the calculation made by the distinguished chemist Dumas, that all the oxygen consumed by all the animals on the surface of the globe during one hundred years would not amount to more than the $\frac{1}{1000}$ of the quantity in our atmosphere; and even supposing all vegetation to be annihilated, consequently no oxygen to be returned to the air by the incessant reduction of the carbonic acid, there would still need a period of ten thousand years before the diminution of the oxygen could become appreciable by any instruments we have hitherto invented.

After having thus described the essential characters and conditions of the respiratory process, it will be interesting to glance at the results obtained by various investigators respecting the variations among different animals, and in different states of the same animal. We learn, for example, without surprise, that animals of large bulk consume more air than the smaller animals; horses and oxen more than men; men more than dogs and cats. But, to use an Eastern figure, it raises the eyebrow of astonishment when we learn that the proportion of carbonic acid exhaled by a man and a horse bears no sort of correspondence to the differences in their relative bulk—the proportion being 187 to 16. We are, in like manner, puzzled to find that a full-grown cat only exhales $1\frac{1}{2}$ of carbonic acid, where a rabbit produces more than 2. How is this to be explained? Is there not a streak of light trembling on this question when we bring forward the fact previously mentioned, that the vegetable feeders uniformly exhale more carbonic acid than the animal feeders, and that carnivorous animals exhale more than their usual quantity if they

are fed on vegetables? Some light may fall from this source, but it does not suffice to clear up the obscurity. Another interesting problem also arises here. Although the larger the animal the greater is the *absolute* amount of carbonic acid it produces,* yet, the smaller the animal the greater is the *relative* amount it produces. Thus, supposing the production of carbonic acid be estimated according to each pound weight of the animal, then we shall find that the smaller the animal the greater will be its proportion. But it is not size and weight alone which determine the differences in the amount of air consumed; far greater differences will arise from the varieties of organisation. We may accept it as an axiom in physiology, that the activity of Respiration is inseparably connected with vital activity—not simply muscular activity, as some writers maintain, but all processes whatever involving chemical change within the body. The most striking confirmation of this axiom is perhaps to be seen in the phenomena of hybernation or winter-sleep. No sooner are the vital functions reduced to this extremely feeble condition, in which we may almost say life is suspended, than these hybernating animals are so incapable of ordinary respiration that they may be placed in an atmosphere of pure carbonic acid and remain there unhurt for four hours; whereas if they were placed in such an atmosphere when their breathing was going on, they would instantly perish.

One would imagine, on hearing this, that our ordinary Sleep would also bring with it a diminution of the quantity of air consumed. And in as far as sleep may be considered a diminution of the vital activity, such a conclusion must be correct. But in how far is sleep a diminution? That is a question not hitherto asked, consequently without as yet an answer. In sleep there is very obvious diminution of some

* This applies, of course, only to animals of the same kind. "Vous serez étonné," says Spallanzani, "quand je vous dirai qu'une larve du poids de quelques grains s'approprie presque autant d'oxygène dans le même tems, qu'un amphibie mille fois plus volumineux qu'elle."—*Mémoires sur la Resp.*, p. 69. This is because the insect lives so much more rapidly than the reptile.

but we are not aware of the organic process being less rapid on the day than at night. We are led to this by the experiments of Moleschott and Bous-singault, which establish that the difference noticed in the amount of carbonic acid exhaled during the day and night is due to the influence of sunlight; and that a person who is justly awake will produce during the day the amount of more than a man who is asleep. The conditions of light and darkness are the same. Sleep, as we know, is not therefore a diminution of the vital activity; although the rest which we take at night after the fatigues of the day must of course be considered as accompanied by a diminution. It is quite certain that, partly from fatigue and partly from the absence of sunlight, less carbonic acid is formed at night than during the day. Bous-singault found that the same turtledoves during day and night showed a difference of 94 and 39 on one occasion, and of 75 and 53 on another. Lehmann confirmed the observations.

If it is true that all vital activity increases the amount of carbonic acid exhaled, and if every diminution is accompanied by a corresponding diminution of the amount, we may readily believe that intellectual fatigue, and the lassitude which succeeds mental or emotional excitement, will be accompanied by a corresponding depression of the respiratory function. Nay, even the concentration of the mind on any subject will produce this. Every one knows the state of "breathless attention." Whenever the mind is preoccupied by a powerful impression of some duration, the breathing becomes so feeble that from time to time we are forced to compensate this diminished activity by a deep inspiration. This is the rationale of *sighing*, an action commonly attributed only to grief, but which is the accompaniment of all mental preoccupation. The philosopher, brooding over his problem, will be heard sighing from time to time, almost as deeply as the maiden brooding over her forlorn condition. All men sigh over their work, when their work deeply engages them; but they do not remark it, because the work,

and not their feelings, engages their attention, whereas during grief it is their feelings which occupy them.

It is an interesting fact, and one which throws light on the intimate connection between respiration and vital activity, that a very considerable increase in the production of carbonic acid swiftly follows after eating, consequently an enormous reduction in the amount is found to accompany starvation. The fact was established by Spallanzani, and has been repeatedly confirmed. Bous-singault found that pigeons, when fasting, did not produce half the amount which they produced when well fed. Spallanzani suggests that the food during digestion gives off carbonic acid, and this passing into the blood, is exhaled in respiration—a suggestion which receives additional force from the fact that vegetable food uniformly produces more carbonic acid in respiration than animal food. But this will scarcely account for the whole of the increase, and we are led to seek in the greater activity of the nutritive processes for the other cause thereof: the fasting animal has a depressed vitality.

Temperature has considerable influence on respiration. The fact has been ascertained by experiment, but it might have been deductively established; for the influence of temperature on the vital activities is well known, and whatever influences them must affect respiration. It is only by the aid of such an axiom that we can find our way amid the apparent contradictions of this subject. The remarkable difference noticed between the capabilities of warm and coldblooded animals in breathing vitiated air, is not less than the difference in the effect of temperature on these two classes. We remember our astonishment on learning from Spallanzani that increase in the temperature brings with it an uniform increase in the amount of oxygen absorbed by molluscs and reptiles; it was a statement in direct contradiction to the well-established fact in human physiology, that more oxygen was absorbed in cold than in hot weather. Our difficulty was lightened, however, when we learned that Spallanzani's statement is only

true of cold-blooded animals, and true of them only within certain limits; too great a heat ceases to increase the amount, and gradually diminishes it, as with warm-blooded animals. What are these limits, and why this cessation of increase? The limits are these: take a frog and place it in an atmosphere a little above the freezing point; as the temperature rises from 36° to 45° Fahrenheit, the amount of oxygen absorbed uniformly increases; it remains nearly stationary from 45° to 57°; at 58° it begins to decrease, and this decrease continues till 104° is reached, and then the frog perishes. The reason is very simple: a certain amount of heat stimulates all the vital functions of the frog, and consequently increases its need for oxygen; when the heat becomes too great it ceases to be a stimulant, and depresses the functional activity, till at length a point is reached when the organism can no longer exist.

On warm-blooded animals the effect of temperature is apparently different, but really the same. Every increase of heat is found to *diminish* their respiration, every increase of cold to *augment* it. Thus it is ascertained that the smaller mammals, at a temperature of 86° to 104° Fah., consume one half the quantity they consumed at freezing point. Various experiments on man have elicited the general fact, that under the influence of a moderately cold atmosphere the respiration is increased by one-sixth more than in a moderately warm atmosphere. Precisely as too intense a degree of heat diminishes the respiration of the frog, by enfeebling its vital activity, does too intense a degree of cold diminish the respiration of a warm-blooded animal by enfeebling its vital activity. There are certain limits of temperature within which every increase of heat raises the respiration of the frog, because the increase raises its vital activity; and there are certain limits within which every decrease of heat raises the respiration of the man, because the decrease raises his vital activity; but if these limits be overstepped, the stimulant is changed into a debilitant.

We see this very curiously illus-

trated by the hibernating animals, the dormouse, marmot, bat, hedgehog, &c. They occupy, in this respect, an intermediate position between the cold-blooded and warm-blooded animals; for although they are really warm-blooded animals, the effect of temperature on them is closely allied to that produced on the cold-blooded. No sooner is there a fall of external temperature than their respiration diminishes. Unlike the rest of warm-blooded animals, their organism seems to have little power of resisting the changes of external temperature; they cannot produce heat with sufficient rapidity to counterbalance the loss they sustain from the surface of their bodies when the air is cold. Instead of acting on them as a stimulus, which would accelerate the respiratory process, cold acts on them with a depressing influence which gradually reduces their respiration almost to zero. But not sooner have they passed into this winter-sleep, and their organic activity has become almost null, than we can at pleasure reawaken it to any degree by raising the surrounding temperature, and as the vital activity once more begins to manifest itself, the respiration (which is only one form thereof) likewise becomes manifest.

Why do we breathe? The foregoing pages have given some answer to the question, *How* do we breathe? but have not hinted at the *why*; yet after reading about the respiratory process, a natural curiosity prompts the inquiry as to its cause. Unhappily nothing but extremely vague answers can be given. We know that the chest expands and contracts with beautiful rhythm, and, mostly, as an involuntary, automatic process. We know that our attention is not required, that no effort is needed, and indeed that no effort of ours can prevent the regular alternation of inspiration and expiration. We can by an effort accelerate or retard these motions, but we cannot prevent them. The process, then, clearly depends on a stimulus given to the involuntary part of the nervous system: it is called into action by nervous stimulus, and physiologists have vainly endeavoured to discover the nervous apparatus which is involved, and the

rationale of its action. The pressure of carbonic acid in the air-cells, or of venous blood in the capillaries, may act as a stimulus to the pneumogastric nerve; but what is the rationale of whipping a newly-born child's back and continuation, as a means of making it draw breath? Generally, the stimulus of the cold air on the child's face suffices to make it draw breath, which it expires again in a well-known cry, to mothers' ears most musical; but this stimulus is often insufficient, and the doctor or nurse initiates the little stranger into that

experience of "external local applications" which, in later years, will also be freely used as a stimulus to virtue or learning. The fact we know; but why such "local applications" excite the respiratory activity, we do not know, for we do not know the nervous apparatus which regulates the actions of respiration. It is probable that the researches of physiologists will, ere long, clear up this point, as they have cleared up so many others; meanwhile we must content ourselves with vague answers to our question, Why do we breathe?

THE LIGHT ON THE HEARTH.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

THE Christmas-tree had been stripped of its fruit, nought save the unlit ends of tapers hung now amid its branches; the twelfth-cake lay on the plate a bare and mutilated torso; the patter of little feet had ceased; the merry ring of laughing voices had died away, and the dancing forms had vanished; but the echoes of the voices still resounded in my ears, soft and wordless as fairy music or the murmuring of summer winds; and the young forms floated around, fleecy and changeful like cloud-shapes, bearing only a spirit likeness to the things of earth. Anon there came amid these shadows of shades apparitions, as it were, in this spirit-world; other faces and forms—the faces and forms known long, long ago, as the beings of our childhood—the images of old friends and companions, some long since passed away, others never since seen; and these seemed not as if they were regenerated or renewed likenesses of the men and women who had passed back into semblances of youth, but as if they had been the angels and spirits of their childhood which had stayed on the world's threshold, playing and floating still in the rosy blushing lights of life's dawn, and had never passed through the fire, or known trial, or suffering, or care. As these grew and gathered, my spirit went forth in the midst, and became as one of them. The scars and furrows, the weather-beat time-

marks, were not only smoothed and softened, but obliterated wholly, and the memories of many a dark day and stern strife went out as things which had never been. I dared not look up at the glass, lest the real lines and care-stamps should bear me back to the world again.

Thus there dawned upon me, like the breaking of a morn, a vision of my youth. It was not a dream—it was too distinct for that; nor was it a memory, for there were the lights and the brightness, without the shadows or the dark spots of reality.

Once more youth came upon me—once more the world was glorified to my sight—once more the veins beat fully, and the heart-pulses throbbed with the romance and poetry which are to the acted history, or the written poems of life, as the pure, white, falling snowflake is to those which have dabbled in earth, and been streaked with clay—once more I stood in corduroys and bell-buttons, with a stiff, rasping frill round my neck, and rejoiced therein; for the spirit in such visions ever recognises a consistency in externals and stage properties, and adopts them intuitively, however repellant they be to its realities.

The old faiths, the old reverences, returned once more—the old beliefs, the old interpretations and revelations, which are not, as some would say, cheats and illusions, but the

shadows of better things—the shadows of Eden days and Eden being—and the soul of the boy came again as the flesh of a cleansed leper. Once more there were pictures in the clouds, angels in the sunbeams, poems in flowers and trees, haloes round men, beatitudes floating over women. Even the grotesqueness of childhood—the strange thoughts, fancies, and misapprehensions which blend with its visions and illusions, as the rough shapes and forms do in Gothic architecture with floral ornaments and chiselled beauty—had no unfitness. The memory of the many mistakes and blunders which had confounded and burlesqued great things, sacred and profane, brought back no sense of shame. It was no mortification to remember how, in promising to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, there had always been present a confused belief that I thereby abjured oyster patties, jam puffs, and other kickahaws, which were always named by these denominations in the paternal speech. Nor did the cheek tingle at the thought of the reverence with which the externals of justice had once been regarded, or at the recollection of the awe with which ermine, wigs, and scarlet impressed me, as they were paraded in stately show along the church aisles; or of the fear which came upon me, like a deadly damp, when, having piled hassock on hassock to look on the show, the treacherous pedestal gave away, and I fell with a loud bump to the ground, and there lay speechless and powerless, expecting every moment to be haled forth by some stern javelin-man, placed before the awful presence, and there and then judged to condign punishment. Even the realisations of commonplace women and false friends did not disturb the confidence of boyish admiration and boyish love. All these sprang back again fresh and strong as ever.

Once more youth came upon me, and with it the old scenes and associations. Out from these one stood vividly and brightly. It was a scene connected with one of those episodes which make the history of a life, which tone, and colour, and character it. It was the birthplace of a feeling

and an interest, which ran afterward through the whole being, not apparently ruling or affecting its destiny, yet really leading and directing it by the good, holy influences it had created. Cannot every man detect, in his past, some such clue, which, though unseen and unknown by the many, to himself unravels all the puzzle and mystery of his destiny? The boy of other days, ignoring the man that was and had been, I stood once again in the place and time, which memory had conjured up, identified by ungainliness and fervour; by bashfulness and wild aspirations; by small cares and large hopes; quick joys and short sorrows; by the petty agitations of marbles and prison-base, and deep, rough, unhewn thoughts of romance and chivalry; by greased jackets and torn corduroys; by dog-eared books and cracked slate; and again the heart caught up the little history which had begun and ended there in its outward action, and pursued it, stage by stage, in its advances and consummation.

The spot was one which we boys of the grammar-school had seized upon as an extra or supplementary play-ground, and though many vested authorities strove to interfere with our settlement, we held our own, as squatters generally do. It was at the meeting of four roads. At the junction there was a row of trees, with the stumps of felled brethren standing at intervals, on which were placed the books and slates, and along it were marked pits and rings for our games at marbles. In an angle of the road was the churchyard, with its fine old massive church, its old school-room, an old ruined fragment of a priory, covered and almost hidden by masses of clustering ivy, and its grassy graves and old quaint tombstones. At this point, the lane, which had led along the school-gates, and by stable-doors, suddenly widened into a broad open space, and this was selected as the arena for the sports which required most room, such as "smack smugglers," and "nip-ball-stick," a sort of degenerate hockey. Here, too, the fights came off; and here, too, was the scene of a grand *melée* which took place betwixt our school and the town boys. Challenges had passed frequently to and fro; chance

combats were constantly taking place when any two of the rival sets happened to meet; and at last it was determined that the quarrel should be decided by a general engagement. We were marshalled by our leaders, who were in the Greek class, in the form of a phalanx, with the champions at the salient points, and thus marched down to the field of battle. It was our conceit that we were thus giving the correct classic touch to our warfare, though the shades of old Greek captains would have smiled grimly could they have looked on the wavering of the flanks, and on the puny stripling forms which made the mass of the combatants. Down we went in most imposing form, slow and silent, all incipient cheers and cries being checked at once by a look from the chiefs. Our opponents were the reverse of classic in their array. Clamour, tumult, independence of throat and action, characterised their rabble rout. They were all stripped to their shirts, were bare-headed, had handkerchiefs or bands braced round their waists, and some of them were rolling earth or grass betwixt their palms and fingers, under the idea that this gave greater tenacity to the clench of the fist. They, like ourselves, had their champions, who stood in front swaying their bared arms, and shouting out challenges for some one from our ranks to come out and exchange a blow. The most vociferous of these was the son of a small farmer, a big uncouth fellow, bulky and large-limbed, but awkward and ungainly, shuffling in his movements, and loose in his strength. As this Goliath vaunted and defied us, the phalanx advanced, and our captain, who was at the apex, stood face to face with him. Shorter and less bulky than his antagonist, he was more compact, more firmly knit, more sinewy, and more elastic; and the round smooth face, ruddy and glowing, shaded by short dark curls, and the bright brown eye, usually laughing and gladsome, but now looking forth calm and steady, were a contrast to the coarse massive features which now grinned and scowled defiance at him. Blows were exchanged and parried, and the fight was begun.

As the phalanx swayed onwards, the town boys swarmed round, and it broke out in all parts. There was one lad, the champion of the junior classes and small boys—a daring reckless fellow, all dash and spring—to whom fighting was mirth and pastime, and ever and anon he would spring out on some foe, bound round in a series of attacks, finish the combat in a few rounds, or leave it unfinished, dashing on in the *mêlée*, giving a black eye here, a bloody nose there, knocking out the tooth of one, or tripping up the heels of another, and ever accompanying his blows with gibe and taunt after the Homeric fashion, but rather more in the Swiveller style as to elocution. Thus the fight went on for an hour or more. Our foes were hard, lusty, and plucky; but blood and bone and compactness began at last to tell. Our tactics were not to advance beyond our own line. Against this front the town boys still advanced, but every time with more clamour and less effect, and every time the tide of attack ebbed backwards. Their champion, with two black eyes and a crippled hand, was less eager for the onslaught, and at last the whole retreated, still shouting, and challenging us to follow; but we rested content with that acknowledged proof of vantage—the possession of the battle-field. Then we began to count our wounded and our hurts. As usual, the small fry had suffered most, whilst the champions carried off the glory. There was many a blubber lip, swollen face, and bruised knuckle, among us; and many a curled darling looked less lovely in his mother's eyes for many days; but there was peace betwixt the factions for a long time after.

When this arena was too limited for our operations, we used to make incursions into the churchyard, to carry on our games of hide-and-seek or hunt-the-stag, spite of the opposition of the sexton. With this functionary we were at open war—always on principle trampling down the fences by which he used to try to stop our right of way, or turning favourite spots in to particular sanctuaries; even on occasion making

guerilla attacks by stamping down the loose newly-dug earth, shouting out his nickname in sepulchral tones from behind the buttresses of the schoolhouse, or pelting him with turfs as he stood up to his shoulders in the graves. Sometimes when an urchin was caught "in flagrante delicto," he would take summary vengeance by turning him over his knee, and inflicting chastisement with the flat of his spada. At those who kept at arm's length he would hurl a quaint biting gibe, which would turn the laugh even of their comrades against them. A madcap, harum-scarum lad, who was always plaguing and aggravating him, once said, as he was laying the turf on a grave, "Well, Will, don't you wish it was me you were packing the sod upon?" "Thee!" said the old fellow, turning round and leaning on his spade; "we don't have thee sort here; they'm buried up at the gallows-plot, with a stake drove through 'em." He was short, thick-set, hard, and weather-beaten, with a look half-sardonic, half-humorous, according to the temper of the moment, and a face marked with deep dark lines, like the scores on a gridiron. He rejoiced, too, in the cognomen of Beelzebub. The name was not personal, but patronymic, belonging to him and his. He was a character withal, and had his joke and his saying for all times and all people; could cant or swear, pray or drink, be saint or sinner, Brianite or churchman, as the time served.

Beyond our bounds, though within reach of the noise and hubbub of our sports, stood, a little removed from the road, a square-brick house, surrounded by a high wall, hiding all save the upper windows. The opening of the gate, too, was closed with latticed-work, surmounted by a row of spikes, so that everything which met the eye of passers-by was cold, hard, and formal. A stray bough of laurel escaping over the wall, or a spray of ivy peeping above the line of enclosure, alone gave signs of the verdure which was said to luxuriate within. Here lived Roger Trevenna, gentleman. The habitation was suited to the man. Tall, dark, and sombre, his exterior was forbidding

enough; yet the figure, though spare and sinewy, was straight and well-knit; and the face would have been handsome, save for the expression of gloom and coldness which lay upon it, and which seemed to have been inlaid by constant pressure, not stamped in by sudden grief, or pain, or conscience. The expression had not the coldness of marble, but the dark, harder fixedness of bronze. The features were of the Norman type, large, and finely cut, the brow lofty and smooth; but it was the smoothness of dark waters which the sun cannot lighten and the wind cannot stir. The hair was straight, and of the jet-black hue which defies time, care, or climate, to touch it with grey. He had left his native place in early youth—had come back a more than middle-aged man. A brother had gone with him—he returned alone. Of his intermediate life little was known. It was generally supposed that he had been a planter in the West Indies, had known vicissitudes, and endured deep trouble. None of his kith or kin were left to welcome him home. The house where he was born, and where his forefathers had lived for generations, was empty; he bought it, and there abode with his wife, a gentle lady, meek and reserved, unknown to, and unknowing, those amid whom she was thus placed; gracious and charitable, yet joyless, she reflected, in her mild pensiveness, her husband's temperament, as a woman's does the man's. Trevenna had little communion with those around him. There was little sympathy betwixt them; absence had made him almost a stranger—a stranger in feeling, thought, and habit. Many of his old comrades and playmates were still living, but they had gone on in the old beaten track: he had swerved far and widely from it, and 'twas hard, after so long a time, to take up the broken threads, to unite the ends of life. The interests, the topics, the pursuits were strange; even the traditions were of a past time, and had not been moulded into the present by constant association and repetition. He tried to resume the old sporting tastes, but the effort was not genial, and brought him no nearer to his kind. Such a

character was not likely to be popular. The gentles exchanged courtesies with him formally, and with a sort of constraint; the poor received his gifts, and gave cold thanks in return; the middle classes accorded him the respect due to one who was liberal in his living, and paid his way; but there existed not with any that cordial, hearty, half-familiar intercourse, which, in those days, was a charter of brotherhood betwixt the orders of men. The originals, and they were many, passed a general vote of censure on one who did not recognise their privileges in salutation or joke. The old sexton declared that he cast a shadow even on the graves; and his crony, the kennel-keeper, avowed that "the dougs yowled as he passed by." He was no favourite with us, either; he would sometimes stop to look on our sports, but never smiled, and seldom spoke; some said he sneered, though that was never well accredited. Thus he and his lived on in their quiet home, which, though it might be joyless, none dared say was an unhappy one. It was childless, however; again and again there had been hopes that the light of childhood might shine upon it; and as often as these were blighted, the gloom deepened, and grew more settled on the brow of man and wife.

There were some members of the establishment, however, in which we took a particular interest, and which, from their novelty, had a peculiar attraction. The one was a bloodhound, called Domingo, a noble fellow, deep-chested, thin-flanked, with a black muzzle and throat, and an eye sullen and threatening. Many were our attempts at fraternisation with him; but the most gifted dogtamers among us—those to whom pointers and spaniels did abject homage, and at whose feet curs grovelled in the dust—could gain no greater recognition of their power than a cold rub of the nose, or a slight wave of the tail. He never gambolled or frisked, and his growl or bay made the boldest keep back. Old Pepperpot the mule was another, a vicious, obstinate brute with a stumpy tail, which stood out like a pump-handle, or was flourished about

like a shillelagh. It was considered, however, a great feat to get a mount on him either by favour or stealth, though the result was ever a kick or a tumble. With the third, a negro servant, we were more successful. He was a godsend—a treasure—an olla of oddity and fun—an ever-acting burlesque—a living jest-book—an extempore pantomime—a standing caricature—a comic interlude. His grotesqueness—his originality—his face, speech, and movement, were to us raciest touches of comicality. We laughed at him, and laughed with him; we quoted him; we pelted, bullied, and treated him. He was our butt—our low comedy—our prime story-teller—our oracle in many things. He rejoiced in the magniloquent names of Augustus Pierrepont Montmorenci. A very common quiz with the godfathers, who became surety for these black waifs and strays, was to label them with some high-sounding appellation and thus fix on them the ridicule of a grand nomenclature. This was his titular name, and one that he repeated with great effect whenever put on his dignity; but he was commonly known among his familiars as "Quasmino." Whether this was a patronymic or a sobriquet none knew, though he would always answer to it when in good temper; but woe to the youngster who ventured to use it without prefixing the Mister, for all the wrath of injured dignity would then descend in a torrent on his head. It was our great delight to entice him into our sports, and witness all his antics—his attitudes when attempting to catch a ball, mouth wide open, eyes staring, hands all abroad, and legs bent into a graceful curve—or his position when tempted into a sparring match with the boxing-gloves—the flourish of the arm, the goggle of his eyes when a feint was made, his horror if blood was drawn, and the look of rage and fury with which, after being hit hard, he would rush on, yelling out now, "I maash your cocoa-nut, Massa Harry." It must be confessed that an unfair advantage was taken of the discovery which revealed his seat of sensitiveness, and that ever after, balls, marbles, sticks, seemed to

have a natural affinity for his shins; and even snowballs were aimed in that quarter, and parts of them would stick on the shin, flecking its blackness like almonds on a pudding. There were, however, reciprocities in the alliance, and we used to atone by many a treat for all the tricks we put on him. Great part of our pocket-money went in supplying him with taffey or sugar, rum, and "baccy"—his three great weaknesses. When propitiated by these offerings, he would admit us on wet days into the stable, and there and then tell us stories by the hour, sing nigger songs, dance nigger dances, and astonish us with tropic descriptions, which were marvellous to us as Arabian Night scenes, or the Adventures of Crusoe.

He had his cronies, had Mister Quamino, and the old sexton was one of the chief; yet they seldom met without a tilting-match, and we generally managed to be present at the encounter. The morning salutation came off mostly somewhat after this manner:—

"Well, Massa Beelzebub, how you do this morning? You berry busy. You plant plenty people this week? Me tink they not grow much after your planting—hi!"

"Who be you calling Beelzebub, I should like to know?" returned the old sexton: "I think you're a deal more like 'un, with yer black carcass, and yer shiny eyes, and yer hair like a singed cat's back."

"He! me daresay, Massa Will, you know berry well what him like. P'rhaps you see him berry often. He great friend of yours, eh! Dis bad place for you, Massa Sexton; too healthy great deal. You go to de West Ingies, dere Yellow Jack grab hundreds of dem black niggers in one night, and you plant 'em all in one great pit. You berry happy then, Massa Will."

"It seemeth to me, Mister Quamino, that this Yellow Jack must be very queer disease. How is it that it always taketh the best, and leaves the refuse?"

"Where you hear that? why you tink so, Massa Beelzebub?"

"Case," retorted his crony, "thee and the maister was never tuk, and that's why I think so." Having

thus broken his spear fairly, the old sexton would turn on his heel and resume his work.

Quamino, too, had his antipathies. The greatest of these was a retired tradesman, who had set up as gentleman, and affected to look with great disdain on "that black fellow," who in turn would never accord him the slightest sign of respect or deference, and lost no chance of throwing a sarcasm indirectly at him.

One day as he was driving home old Pepperpot, and had stopped to talk with us, the *novus homo* passed by, and with a severe moral tone, said, "I wonder, young gentlemen, you can submit to such familiarities with a low black fellow like that!" Quamino answered not, but moved on, giving old Pepperpot at the same time two or three whacks, to which he responded in the usual style with kicks and snorts and flourishes of the tail. "Hi! hi!" said he, pretending to address the mule, "you berry proud, me tink, this morning, Massa Pepperpot. You forget, me tink, your fader were a jackass, hi!" and at the same time he goggled his great eyes at us, and gave the low guttural laugh of the nigger, like the rolling of pebbles set to music.

Such was the scene, such its features, such some of the elements of the vision which memory conjured up. How distinctly the characters live again—how vividly the old house, scene of joys, of happy hours, of trials and triumphs, rises before me—with the little mystery of gloom hanging over it.

The drama begins—the stage opens. The time was a spring morning. The air was fresh and sweet with the fragrance of grapes and wildings, and brought with it the healthy smell from the newly-turned mould of gardens. The hedges were gay with Lent lilies, and the black-thorn was everywhere shedding forth a crown of blossom. The sun shone brightly and merrily, playing in shadows on the graves, glancing on the windows of the church and school-room, glinting lights from the ivy on the wall, and striking out golden touches from the opening buds of the laburnum. The birdies were all in stir and twitter; the rooks cawed

and fluttered round their nests in the trees by the old church-tower.

The air was full of scents and sounds—the world was full of life; and we, we boys, though too young to feel the power which, in spring, “turns a young man’s fancy to thoughts of love,” felt still the unrest and the movement, the issues and the impulses, of the young life which was growing around us. We were sitting about on the old stumps, debating on flies and collars—for marbles were out, and fishing was coming in with us—and we were speculating on the coming of the salmon-spawn, the great event in our sporting era. Suddenly the back door of Trevenna’s house opened, and forth came Quamino with a bound and a shout, as if he had been shot. Then recovering himself, he proceeded to dance a saraband; then would stop to give vent to several hi, hi, hi’s, puffing them forth like blasts from a bellows; then would come on with a running dance, slapping his thighs, shouting out exclamations, and stopping every while in ecstasies of laughter.

“Halloa, Quamino, what is the matter?” said we. “Is the devil dead?”

“Massa George, I really ‘shamed of you speaking in dat are way. What de matter? Oh, golly! golly! plenty de matter. Never hear sich news since I war born. What you tink, gemmen?” he continued, drawing himself up with a look of grave importance. “God have been pleased to send my missus a little girl. It was born this morning; and Massa Trevenna he look so ‘appy, I never see him look so as he took the leetle piccaninny in him arms, and said, ‘God be praised, dere will be light on de hearth at last.’” Then he went off with

“Come let us dance and sing,
And Barbadoes’ bells shall ring.”

And as if in answer to the invocation, the church-bells struck out a merry peal, filling the air with joyous sound. “Oh golly, golly!—dat right. Ring away, good bells. Tell the news to all de people. Dis a great day for de house of Trevenna.”

“I s’pose,” suggested old Beelze-

bub, who had been peeping over the churchyard hedge during this scene, “as how you will be head nuss now, Quamino.”

“I hope, saar, that I shall do my best to help de lady who ‘ficiates in dat ‘pacity.”

“The cheeld will be well off with thee for nuss, I think,” rejoined the sexton. “It only wants another black person for godfa’r, and ‘twill be a blessed babby.”

“I tink you forget your manners, Massa Will. You might ‘spect my feelings on dis great ‘casion, ‘specially as Massa Trevenna hab give me de privilege to ask my friends to drink de young laady’s health in a leetle ponch dis night.”

The mention of punch converted old Will’s gibes at once into most hearty congratulations, for he was always open to the temptation of quiet debauch; and the prospect of drinking-bout would always with him turn the balance betwixt saint and sinner.

“But how is it, Quamino,” said one of the boys, “that you know anything about nursing? Where do you serve your apprenticeship to the business?”

“Why, saar, me once hab two lubbly piccaninnies of my own—black as a crow—very lubbly piccaninny; and when der moder was sick, or at de mill, me rock de cradle, and make paap for dem; but Yellow Jack t’em both in one night. Poor piccaninnies!”

“But I thought,” added his tutor, “that you niggers were not allowed to have anything to do with your own babies; but that they were turned out to be suckled by the poor goats, or dragged up anyhow.”

“Dat what they say at ‘mancipation meeting, saar; but it not true, it one great lie. De nigger, saar, hab de feeling of a man for him offsprings, and der laadies raaly hab too much feeling. I know one black laady who kill her piccaninny with kindness.”

“How was that?” was shouted out on all sides.

“Why, I tell you, sir, dis laady hab her piccaninny one night look berry paale, and see him shiver and shiver all over, and she say, ‘Poor piccaninny, him berry cold; me put h-

into de obben (oven) to keep him warm. She put him in de obben, saar; and when she come in de marning, the piccaninny lie on him back, wid him mouth gaaping and him eye staring, 'tark and 'tiff as man-o'-war Buocra,—him dead. She kill him wid too much kindness. Black laady raaly hab too much heart. But now me go and fetch de sago and de gruel for de missua."

Off he went, and the bell sum-

moned us to school; but ever during the day, as we passed to and fro, the house of Trevenna wore to us a different aspect. The thought that guardian angels, following in the train of the young soul, were hovering round the threshold, and keeping watch and ward over the light which had just gleamed on that lonely hearth, shed, perchance, a holiness and beauty over its gloomy exterior, and sublimed it to our sight.

CHAPTER II.

"Holy is the sway
Of that mysterious sense which bids us bend
Toward the young souls now clothed in helpless clay—
Fragile beginnings of a mighty end;
Angels unwinged—which human care must tend."

Yes! holy is the sway, holy the influences, which the young life spreads around it. Mysterious the charm which its presence brings—the joy which it reflects—the sanctity it extends over its little sphere. Strange power is there in this young life—strange power to hallow misfortune, to beautify poverty, to soften pride, to hearten endeavour, to renew hope, to chasten worldliness, to inspire prayer. Strange is it, that this young life, so helpless, so weak, so innocent, should by its coming stir up men anew to work and toil—should incite men to pray who had seldom prayed before—should rekindle hope in the embers of cold hearts—should relight love on fireless altars, and restore the strength of declining faith. Strange indeed, save that it seems to come as a message, a token from above, linking us with the spirit world—a claim on our care, yet a proof of our God's; a trust to our love, and the gift of His—a renewal, a refreshing of covenants and promises. Well is it when it is thus welcomed, thus accepted.

It seemed to be so in the home of Roger Trevenna. The light on the hearth diffused itself far and wide. The man himself stepped out of his exclusion and gloom, and stood more fairly in the circle of humanity; his soul looked out more brightly from his eye; his face lightened; his step was more elastic; and his voice was mellowed to a kindlier tone. He

would now more frequently stop at our playground, and would look out on us furtively from over the hedge and palings, and would smile at our jokes and pranks, but he was still a novice in speaking to the schoolboy nature; he was yet new to the lessons which the young life was teaching him. To the poor he was another man. His charity was more genial; he had words and sympathies, would offer comfort and communion to them now. With those of his own degree the old reserve was as yet unrelaxed. It was not in one hour, or in one day, that the barriers and the outworks which he had raised up betwixt himself and the world could be undermined or shaken.

The light on the hearth beamed on the wife and mother with a gentle effect, radiating happiness on the calm, and beautifying her face by the expression of a spirit bathing in the sunshine of peace. She changed, as a picture does when moved from a bad light to a good one, all the soft touches and bright effects coming out and spreading a harmony of loveliness over the whole. From up that cradle bed came a blessing which followed her out and in, as a present joy brightening her home and her life.

The house itself seemed to throw off its gloom and seclusion, and open itself more to the sunlight and the world. Its first advance was the throwing down the lattice-work of

the gate, and allowing glimpses of flower-beds, and windows trellised with clusters of roses and jasmine, with fruit-trees and bushes opening out long vistas of luxuriance and longing to our eyes. The summer sun was shining brightly on the gardens, revealing all their beauty of leaf and flower, all their wealth of bud and blossom, and disclosing tempting visions of plums and peaches ripening on the walls, and raspberries and gooseberries hanging from their bushes, ripe and luscious, when the gate opened, and forth issued a procession. There was the nurse carrying the little one—that Rose Trevenna that was to be—and the father and mother, proud and glad, accompanied by old Squire Greenfell and his wife, who, in right of old family friendship, had assumed the sponsorship. Bringing up the rear was Mister Quamino, rejoicing in a new coat and tremendous shirt-frill, and holding in his hand a large cake, which was to be given, according to christening custom, to the first person fairly meeting the party. So dignified and official was he, so impressed with the importance of the occasion and the necessity of a becoming bearing, that no salutation or gibe could tempt him from the proprieties. Even the query, why old Pepperpot, as one of the family, was not present, was answered only by a sidelong glance of contempt. Domingo, the bloodhound, was in attendance, stalking slowly by the side of the nurse, and looking up now and then at her burden. On none had the new-born wrought more change than on him. From the instant of its appearance he had attached himself to it; had followed it everywhere as body-guard; had obtruded himself into the nursery, and, when permitted, would lie with his large black head resting on the cradle, as though conscious how precious that life was to his master's house, and of the claim it therefore had on his guardianship.

Strongest of all the instincts which the dog shows in his association with man, is his attachment to young life,—his tenderness towards it, his patience with it, his voluntary protectorship of it. To lick the hand which feeds, to fear the hand which strikes,

is a common nature; but to watch over the feebleness of infancy, to bear with its frolics, to fondle its weakness, to soften down the savagery of strength and fierceness at its influence, is, perhaps, the most perfect and the most beautiful homage which the creature pays to the supremacy of man. It is the closest tie between nature and reason—betwixt the laws of instinct and the impulses of the soul.

As the procession came back, and the little new-made Christian, the little baptized Rose, passed us, we gave a sort of cheer, partly from the impulse of the moment, created by the unwonted interest which had grown round the occasion, partly from a desire to disturb the equanimity of Mister Quamino, who, however, acknowledged it most superbly, as though it were a personal compliment. In return for our interest, we were invited into the garden, a *terra incognita* to us, and permitted a free range amid the fruit-trees. Our *razzia* would have been as destructive as the ravages made by a flight of locusts, save for the remarks of Quamino, which rather shamed our voracity.

"Me quite s'prised," he would say, "to see young gemmen so hab liking for dem poor tings—we not tink no ting of dem in the Ingies. Dere we hab de pine-apple and de shadow dock as big as my head—and de guava and de plantain. Hi! dem something like fruit. Raaly it great day, when de missus bile de presarve Dere was de great copper like de vase for de beer, and all de laadies of dem tation were dere, and all de piccanninies licking um lips and um fingers when dem hab chance. I raaly great sight. I tink, saar, you nebbet taste de pine-apple jam or de guava jelly."

We felt in our hearts the mortifying conviction that we had not, and after some such grand speech, which would conjure up visions of Elysian fields luxuriant with pines and bananas, and of great halls where caldrons of sweets were seething and steaming continually, the fruit which before had an Eden look and flavour to us, would seem poor and grubby in our eyes.

The christening-day closed an era in the vision. The light on the hearth was just dawning, and yet how bright

already had it made the little world on which it shone!

CHAPTER III.

The years of babyhood had passed away, when memory again takes up the vision, and we look once more on the home of Roger Trevenna. They had been sunny years—ripening years. The young life had burst into sunshine; the old hearts had ripened into happiness—an autumn happiness, with a touch of the yellow leaf, yet bright, rich, and cheerful. Trevenna was in truth younger than when we saw him last. Years had added to his age, but the youth which wells forth from the heart had renewed the vitality of the man—had given fresh springs to his being. The young life had reflected itself on his. Heart and brow were more open and glad some now, and his speech was loosed, and from his mouth came words of joy, cheer, and kindness. He had opened his house as well as his heart, and the barrier-gage of exclusion betwixt him and the world was thrown down. The walls were lowered almost to the ground, and around the paling which rose in its stead, clustered roses and clematis and honeysuckle, making, with intervening laurels and lilacs, a goodly screen, which fenced the garden in without shutting it out. Guests went in at the open gate, and there were welcomes and cheer within the hitherto closed doors. Old Squire Grenfell declared that Trevenna, like his Madeira, had taken a long time to ripen, and that most other men, and other wines, would have grown crusty and tawny with such long bottling.

Mister Quamino, like his kind, was getting fat and lazy, and finding the duty of head-nurse very light work, had devoted himself entirely to it, declaring it was some pleasure to wait on Missey Rose, for that old Domingo was getting quite unsociable, and “as for dat Pepperpot, I tink he must hab de soul of ten hundred black nigger in him ugly carcass—him so cussed and so tiffy now, that dere is no pleasure in him company.”

Why linger so long in summoning up the soul of the vision, in letting in the “light on the hearth?” Why! Save that there was ever about and around it a brightness, a sacredness of joy, which the soul scarcely dare recall—a spiritualism of purity, hope, and loveliness, which it hesitates to revive, almost as it would to reclaim a loved soul from the regions of bliss. As it appears once more, like the opening of a summer cloud, there comes with it a fulness of summer sunshine—a fulness of summer beauty. Sweet smells are wafted around, and lovely sights wave to and fro. Sweet music, the sound of summer winds, the waving of boughs, and the rustling of leaves and grasses, float over the memory, an overture of soft and glad some melody. There is a large hawthorn-tree in the midst of a lawn, covered with bright pink blossom, which falls in light showers on the grass at the passing of every breeze. Around and beneath the boughs a young form is fitting and dancing in the sunlight, seeming to mingle with it, to catch it with every breath, with every glow of the fair face, with every wave of the golden hair, with every bounding step.

The step of childhood, the *pas* of beauty! We compare it with the bound of a fawn, the gambol of a lamb; yet these are but poor and halting comparisons. It is like nothing which the earth sees of grace or lightness, save the dancing of sunbeams or the playing of shadows.

Such was thy step, Rose! Such wert thou—a thing of light, and joy, and beauty. The bright blue eye beamed and laughed; the soft, round face was alight with glee and laughter; the fair shoulders gleamed “white as hawthorn bud” or pearly shell, and the tresses which strayed and floated over them caught and reflected a hue from every light, spreading a maze of amber rays. Such wert thou, as thy light figure sported on the lawn. Well might Trevenna’s eyes gladden as they

lighted upon it, and followed it, and rejoiced over it. It had a spell, too, for Quamino, as he sat on the grass pretending to work, but in reality watching every turn of Missey Rose, answering her questions, and ministering to her pastime. Domingo, too, was stretched at full length in the sunshine, but his eye moved slowly round and round as the child ran and leaped, or stooped among the flowers. As she came nearer, he would lift up his great head, and lap out his tongue, and would suffer her to tie garlands around his neck, or hang bunches of flowers to his tail. Quamino would sometimes be subjected to the same process, and would lay his ugly head in her lap, like another Bottom, to have it tricked out with bluebells and primroses, chuckling all the while, and mocking his fellow-victim. "Me tink, Massa Domingo, we look pretty pair of fools, like de Jacks-in-de-green. Eh! How you feel, ole fella?"

All the elements in her little world yielded and ministered to the young life. She was even made free of all the sanctuaries in the churchyard—might pluck blossoms from the favourite shrubs—weave daisy chains on the graves, or strew buttercups on the immaculate paths, without reproof; and old Will would lean on his spade and look at her, unless observed, when he would return to his misanthropy and his digging.

About this time we were advanced into shirt-collars and Horace, and the pulses of poetry began to beat fitfully in our nature. Often as we saw this garden scene, we strove to render it into heroics or Sapphics; but the thoughts would not fit into classic measure, and thus jingled themselves into rhyme:—

She comes with fairy footsteps;
Softly their echoes fall;
And her shadow plays like a summer shade
Across the garden wall.
The golden light is dancing bright
Mid the mazes of her hair,
And her fair young locks are waving free
To the wooing of the air.

Like a sportful fawn she boundeth
So gleefully along,
And as a wild young bird she carolleteth
The burden of a song.
The summer flowers are clustering thick
Around her dancing feet,
And on her cheek the summer breeze
Is breathing soft and sweet.

The very sunbeam seems to linger
Above that holy head,
And the wild-flowers at her coming
Their richest fragrance shed.
And oh! how lovely light and fragrance
Mingle in the life within!
Oh! how fondly do they nestle
Round the soul that knows no sin!

She comes, the spirit of our childhood—
A thing of mortal birth,
Yet bearing still a breath of heaven
To redeem her from the earth.
She comes in bright-robed innocence,
Unsoiled by blot or blight,
And passeth by our wayward path
A gleam of angel light.

Oh! blessed things are children!
The gifts of heavenly love,
They stand betwixt our worldly hearts
And better things above.
They link us with the spirit-world
By purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young
With the presence of their youth.

Often did we hover around her as she passed, with Domingo carrying a basket, and Quamino mocking him, to make little offerings of eggs and shells which we had gathered; and we seemed all unconsciously to be drawn in to the fostering and guardianship of that young life.

About this time the recollection comes upon us, that there began to grow upon the father a sort of restless anxiety—a vague fear that some danger, some fate, might be hovering o'er the Light on his hearth. He would show this in many little ways and many little signs; but there were two things which then occurred to give a graver tone to his apprehensions, and a body to his fears. The shadow of death fell across him like a foreboding omen, and the violence of man invaded the safety of his house; yet these even brought not back the gloom to his face, but only shaded it with passing clouds.

CHAPTER IV.

The shadow of death brought the first fear.

Rose had a play-fellow, the niece of Squire Grenfell, an orphan, and the daughter of a favourite sister. Little Lucy Penrice was a gentle fragile thing, with large dark eyes, and straight black hair lying like a framework around the pale marble complexion. Not joyous as Rose, nor so agile, nor so graceful, she would yet enter into all the sports and gambols with a quiet earnestness and pensive pleasure: and though her laugh rang not so loudly, and her step was not so buoyant, yet her pale face would flush, and her deep eyes swim beneath their long lashes with gladness, as they together chased o'er the grass, or danced 'neath the trees. And she would sit for hours listening to Quamino's wondrous stories, with parted lips, and eyes bent fixedly with a sort of mysterious awe on his strange grotesque features. Hand in hand, and side by side, they glided on through the summer hours, playing on the lawn or in the Squire's park—sometimes riding along the deep glades, and over the sunny slopes, attended by the old huntsman, who had constituted himself riding-master. Here Lucy had the advantage. Early trained to back and manage her pony, she had learnt confidence and address; whilst Rose, who had been initiated by Quamino on Pepperpot, was comparatively timid and unskilful.

The experiment had been long debated, but 'twas only after much coaxing that Quamino was prevailed upon to trust her on the back of that "cussed old tef. Dere no knowing what tricks dat ole devil up to. Praps he had better manners with Missey Rose. She tame ebberthing; praps she tame dat darned old mule." So the thing was tried, and though Pepperpot did not show his pride of the burden he bore, by prancing and caracoling after the fashion of well-bred steeds, he behaved like a respectable middle-class quadruped, and was wonderfully steady for one of his temperament—

compensating himself afterwards for his forbearance by biting furiously at old Quamino, and half kicking his stall down. After one or two successful attempts, Rose was so pleased with the exercise, that her father sought far and near for a steed worthy of her; and there soon appeared a pony, which was to us, after our rough moorlings, quite a wonder of beauty. White, without a spot or mark—Arab-shaped, with a mane and tail flowing and silvery—it seemed only fitted for a fair and gentle thing like Rose, and we refrained even from putting it through the usual surreptitious ordeal.

On went the bright summer days—on went the bright summer life. Autumn came, and brought only a brighter hue on Rose's cheek; but on Lucy's there glowed little carmine spots bright with false, treacherous, hectic beauty. Autumn passed into winter, and the spots deepened—the fragile form grew more frail, the pale face thinner, and the dark eyes deeper and more hollow. Rose had now to seek her friend by the fireside, and there flitted around her, cheering her with song and glee, and lifting her to the window to see Mister Quamino improvise a nigger dance for her especial entertainment. The fireside was soon changed for the sick chamber. There poor Rose followed: her glee was hushed and stilled now; her young soul, awed by the shadow of death, could only love and pray, and twine itself round the beloved object. Solemn and sacred is the commune betwixt young spirits when death thus stands betwixt them—too sacred, too pure for world-worn intelligence; yet doubtless the thoughts and utterances of such times pass right up to heaven, to live in the records of the holy and beautiful things said and done upon earth.

Long this young light waned and flickered; then lighted up; then waned again, gliding gently away without struggle, without pain, without fear, amid sweet thoughts and

ministering love, upborne by agencies and visions we wot not of. At last, one morning, a messenger came and said there was one angel more in heaven. That day our play-ground was silent and deserted. The shadow of death passed darkly on sweet Rose, clouding for a while her whole being, hushing her voice, dulling her footstep, and shading the bright light which floated around her. The mother saw this change, and felt with a woman's instinct, that the young life would spring up again fresher and purer than ever, after this first trial of grief.

It was not sorrow which fell on Trevenna when his daughter's play-fellow was thus taken from her: it was a strange dread foreboding, a dark chilling fear brought upon him by the knowledge that death could touch youth. He could not understand, in his anxiety, why one should be taken and the other left, and saw in every shade, in every change, the fearful shadow brooding over his light on the hearth. At the funeral—we were all there, mournful and sad for a while as boys are, half-tearfully watching the falling of the mould and the placing of the sod, half-curiously marking the two robins hopping on the ivy over the old wall, and calling up legendary recollections of the Babes in the Wood—this contact with young death seemed to chill Trevenna like the touch of a skeleton, and to conjure up before and around him a fearful apparition of peril and woe: vainly did he strive to stave off by hope, by precaution, and care; it still hung about and haunted him, starting up before Rose in her flowery path, hovering o'er her cradled bed, and brooding in spectral gloom o'er her golden tresses. Still Rose bloomed and grew in beauty, and the light of heaven shone upon her with the brightness of full and happy years.

The other source of apprehension was much more strange and mysterious. It made a choice *morceau* of gossipry for many days, and was passed on from mouth to mouth with every kind of marvellous and melodramatic addition. Thus ran the story in its first and simplest stage:—

One dark night in the beginning of

winter the household was roused by the deep baying of Domingo, then by a loud scuffle in the passage leading from the nursery, mingled with growls, deep curses in a man's voice, and the screams of the child. All at once was alarm and commotion. The mother rushed to her darling's cradle. The men followed the sounds on and on through the house, and into the courtyard—Trevenna foremost. When the main body arrived, they saw by the partial light of a lantern their master striving to draw off the dog from a man, at whose throat he hung with a fierce and savage grip. The blood was flowing from both, and 'twas evident that the struggle had been close and deadly. The dog, mad with fury and the taste of blood, could only be forced from his hold by the strong hand of Trevenna, when almost choked with the grasp—and then, in his ferocity, turned for a moment on his master; but the instinct of obedience made him crouch for an instant. Then he was seized at once by the domestics at Trevenna's command, and held back, springing and struggling forwards, and howling with rage when unable to get free, his eyes glaring, his hair bristling like a mane, his whole body quivering with passion, his fangs glittering, and his mouth dropping blood. The man, his foe, was leaning against the wall, apparently faint and exhausted in the struggle. Trevenna caught the lantern and held it to his face, uttered one short exclamation as the light flashed for an instant upon it, and then started back and dropt the lantern to the ground. Some rushed at once to get another light, some to secure the dog. When they returned, Trevenna and Quamino were alone, the one deadly pale, the other looking affrighted and scared. The man, robber, burglar, or whatever he was, had escaped over the low wall in the darkness and confusion, and was gone. The pursuit was made, but no trace or track was found. In the morning, drops of blood were discovered leading in an opposite direction to that in which Quamino had persisted in making the search. Nothing was heard or found to throw much light on the affair. Entrance had been

made over the wall, and through the back door, which was forced in a way too clumsy for a practised hand; a bowie-knife stained with blood, which accounted for Domingo's wounds and gashes, was picked up in the yard. The child had been startled from her sleep by a growl from the dog, and as she opened her eyes, saw him rush on a dark form in the doorway; terror kept her from seeing or hearing anything more distinctly. The servants declared, as servants always do on such occasions, that they had seen a dark large man lurking about the house for several evenings previously, but had not thought it worth mentioning, as robbery was so rare a thing in that place.

Many were the versions and interpretations of the story. All wondered that a man, evidently weakened and crippled as the robber was said to be, could have made his escape from a man so determined and powerful as Trevenna, aided too by his black servant; and many suggested that the fury of the dog seemed as if it had been excited or exasperated by a remembrance of hatred and injury, as well as by an instinct of danger and the fierceness of the struggle.

For a time Domingo seemed so maddened and so dangerous, that it

was thought necessary to chain him up in his kennel; and there he lay, sullen and almost motionless, refusing his food, taking no notice of any one, not even licking his wounds, and suffering none to touch them, until Rose went to him by stealth the next day, and began to pet and caress and fondle him. At first he was proof even against this, and then, as if some instinct had succeeded that of hatred and anger, he rose up, licked her hands and face, and returned to his old temper and habits. But from that hour he never left the child: he slept by her bed, he crouched beneath her chair, and followed her in all her goings, galloping by her pony's side or stalking along by her path, making sudden rushes over hedges and through gaps, to reconnoitre and search for concealed danger.

All was done, too, at the house, that could be done by bolt, bar, and night-patrolling, to make the watch and ward sure for the future. Yet the "shadow of death," and the secret peril to his child, cast a gloom once more on Trevenna, which lay on his happiness like a dark lowering cloud in a bright sky; but the light on the hearth still shone clear and bright and full.

CHAPTER V.

Here there seemed to arise in the vision of past days, as an interlude, the revelation of Roger Trevenna's early life. This revelation was woven out of the loose threads of after-knowledge, inferences and facts picked up here and there, but wrought and spun by the power of memory into a little whole, a piece, a scroll-work, showing the pattern of the after-design, interpreting the present and the future by the past. From it the heart intuitively gathers a clue to the mystery of the gloom which had brooded over Trevenna and his house, and the joy which the presence of young life brought—sees how the darkness of error had clouded the soul, and how the light of hope may lift it off, and leave only brightness and clearness behind.

In this interlude or revelation, we

see two youths, brothers, going forth into the world to seek change and action, the one joyous, impulsive, thoughtless, sensual; the other graver, more steadfast, sterner in will and principle. These are John and Roger Trevenna. We see them, then, moving in a tropic scene, toiling and striving in the work of a West Indian plantation, heartfelt and earnest, good masters, true partners, confident in themselves, trustful of one another—so trustful that they enter into bond and contract that their gains shall never be alienated, but shall become the right and property of the survivor of the two; and that if one be childless in law, the whole inheritance shall pass to the heir of the other. Then succeed dark scenes and tableaux in the drama. They are apart now, the brothers, though

not as yet divided. Prosperity has increased their possessions and swelled their power, and we see their simplicity and trustfulness degenerating into arrogance, luxury, worldliness. In the divisions of the picture, a series of tableaux represent the drama of John's life. There is a man, in the lustihood of strength and spirits, overcast by the shadows of vices which are gathering around him; then we see him falling, coarse, sensual, mated with one below him—surrounded, borne down, by vicious influences and vicious agencies; then fallen, besotted, brutal, tyrannical, reckless. And then we look on the last scene of all: we see a man lying on his face in a balcony, with glasses and bottles around him; we see him raised up; we hear the verdict—"Dead—died by the visitation of God;" and none see there the hand of man. None know then how that his slaves, goaded to madness by cruelty and brutal wrong, had found him in his drunkenness, had bound a fatal cord round his throat, outside his cravat, and thus pressed out his life, leaving no mark or sign of violence; leaving him there on his own floor, "dead—dead by the visitation of God." Then the curtain drops, then rises, and we see the other division of the picture, the action of the other life. The first scene rises and shows us Roger the younger brother alone—alone in strength and trial, standing aloof as yet from the temptations which beset him, as yet faithful and unyielding. Another scene, and a woman's dark figure is moving across and beside him; his foot has slipped; the dark hour has come upon him, and his spirit in vain strives to escape from the meshes in which his passion has entangled him. Again the scene shifts, and a woman, profligate and vile, with her son—his son, base-born, and bearing the stamp of a degraded

race—is dragging him down, down into an abyss of misery, shame, and despair. A hand, the hand of his own begotten, is raised to spoil him—is raised against his life; the watchfulness of a dog, the faithfulness of a slave, ward off the danger. One more scene, and he is rising up against the sin which is crushing him, is turning his back on the scene where shame had blotted his life and degraded his soul—where a brother had lived and died foully. Onwards it moves, and he is in the land of his birth—has met one whom he had known and loved years ago—one whose heart had stood faithful through the trials of absence and neglect—one who consents to soothe and comfort him. Onwards it moves again, and he is in the home of his youth, bearing on his heart the gloom of past folly and past trials—bearing in his heart scars of old wounds—expiating error in contrition and self-reproach—praying that in mercy the light of young life may gleam on his being which shall bring on him no shame, which shall pass on his name in honour, which shall save his inheritance from degraded heirship; the prayer is heard, and a light shines on his hearth.

Such was Trevenna when our story opens—a man on whom folly and death had shed a gloom—whose early life and early hopes had been blighted by error—who had sinned and sorrowed, and hoped that penitence might avert retribution, and that he might rejoice and be glad in the fair promise before him.

And the light shone on his hearth.

Shall it brighten there, and grow more radiant and radiating, or shall it grow pale, and set darkly and sorrowfully, leaving darkness behind? This the future of our vision, as it speeds onwards, will reveal.

A PAROCHIAL EPIC.

IN EASY VERSE.

By Mr. J—NES.

“An Epic should have a beginning, a middle, and an end.”

PART FIRST.

What a happy Parish we were, and how we loved each other.

MY cottage many a year has stood
 Thick wall'd, and roof'd with reddest tile,
 With outs and ins, and gables rude,
 And chimneys of fantastic style,
 Twisted and ribb'd; and up the wall
 With frequent nails all dotted o'er,
 A dozen creepers spread and crawl,
 And half block up the very door.
 The garden to the south displays
 Its fruits and flow'rs, its gravell'd walks;
 And there in springtime's hopeful days
 My friends and I have walks and talks.
 And a wide scene the house commands,
 For o'er the little stream we look;
 And past my patrimonial lands
 We see the pastures of the Duke;
 The pastures stretching far and wide,
 And where the horizon meets the sky,
 We see by distance magnified
 His Grace's turrets soaring high.
 And left and right on wooded spots
 Snug villas face the mid-day sun—
 Villas pretending to be cots,
 But spacious mansions every one.
 From Sparker's (colonel on half pay),
 To Wilding's (nabob from Bengal),
 You'd loiter on a summer day
 In half an hour, and pass them all;
 From Spike's (our doctor) on the height,
 To Whilk's upon the stream you'd come—
 Sir Smiffle Whilk, a London knight,
 They say he's worth at least a plum.
 Sir Smiffle Whilk—ambitious he—
 Who thinks the name of shop a sin,
 Nor tells us if the plum were tea,
 Or oats, or indigo, or gin.
 A genial host, a jolly face
 (I'll bet the gin was pure and strong),
 Who keeps his heart in the right place,
 And puts his aitches in the wrong.
 In youth at Mother Church he rail'd;
 At parsons he was quick to sneer,
 But wealth and argument prevailed,
 And he's churchwarden year by year.
 There never was a spot so blest,
 In friendly thoughts and actions kind;
 And all the villas were at rest,
 United in one heart and mind.

A little sameness might be found
 In our calm life's unvaried train ;
 We dined in a three-weekly round,
 And then began the round again.
 We knew the stories Sparker told,
 Bradley's white soup and Harling's fish,
 Bell's tawney port, Hogg's sherry old,
 And Bingley's everlasting dish.
 We knew the tunes Matilda play'd,
 The songs Jane sang with art sublime,
 The "Bee Sucks," the "Bewildered Maid,"
 And liked them better every time.
 On Monday Hogg's, on Tuesday Gray's,
 On Wednesday Whilk's, and all alike ;
 Thursday with Bell, on Friday Hay's,
 And Saturday to tea with Spike.
 A pleasant place, a happy band,
 In mutual confidence secure,
 Pouring their bounty o'er the land,
 And soups and shillings on the poor.

PART SECOND.

What a good Rector we had, and what a delightful Curate.

Our Rector wore a shovel hat,
 A stately man, erect and tall ;
 Who always at the left hand sat,
 And said the grace, and damp'd us all.
 For though a simple rector here,
 And vicar of a Shropshire town
 (The two not quite a thousand clear),
 York saw him Mr. Canon Brown.
 Upon his face a sleek repose,
 A well-brushed coat, a snowy tie ;
 With buckled tights, and silken hose,
 And gracious manners kind yet high.
 He smiled serenely when he spoke,
 And told of bishop, lord, or dean ;
 Sparker himself forbore his joke
 (His "points" could never have been seen),
 For dull was Mr. Canon Brown,
 And kind in all his words and works,
 Save when he'd keep dissenters down,
 And Papists who were worse than Turks.
 We only saw him twice a-year,
 For only twice his tithes were due ;
 He preach'd—and we were pleased to hear ;
 He went—and we were happy too,
 For Dignity is sweet to see,
 But yet it keeps one on the strain ;
 And we return'd with school-boy glee
 To pleasant Mr. Banks again.
 A Christian meek, a scholar fine,
 Our curate, enemy of strife ;
 Who told us of the love divine,
 And showed it in his daily life.

Our curate—teacher in the school,
 Friend of the poor, the rich man's guide;
 Gentle in talk, yet firm in rule—
 And a good cricketer beside;—
 A man whom all the parish loved,
 So winning in his words and ways;
 A romp—whom every child approved;
 A saint—whom Scandal's self might praise.
 His sermon—many years ago—
 Was publish'd, and the critics frown'd—
Guardian, "wide," "liberal," and "low"—
Record, "Arminian," and "unsound"—
Churchman, "It smells of Wesley's tub"—
Banner, "High churchman to the core."
 'Twas preach'd before our Friendly Club,
 And clear'd the debt, and something more.
 The "Members" met, and pass'd a vote
 Of humble gratitude and thanks;
 And Oxford's, Alford's, Kingsley's note,
 Were poor, compared to Mr. Banks'.
 Two sisters gave his cot its grace,
 And kept it like a fairy's bower:
 For never was so gay a place,
 With sketch, and needlework, and flower.
 Bright carpets clothed the tiny rooms,
 Stain'd windows dimm'd the oppressive glare,—
 Or open, caught the summer blooms,
 That dallied with the evening air.
 He never call'd us to his board
 (He couldn't half contain us all),
 But when the autumn gave its hoard,
 And plums hung on the garden wall,
 His lawn was fill'd with young and old,
 And strawberries and cream went round,
 And joyous goblets, hot or cold,
 Were under the old pear-tree found.
 And somehow, when the sun declined,
 'Twas still remark'd, our village band
 Of voices, brass and strings combined,
 By merest chance, were close at hand,
 Either in boats that ran aground,
 Or in the punt that wouldn't move;
 And somehow it was always found
 They had some airs, just come, to prove;
 And clear and high the loud bassoon
 Responded to the fiddle's squeal,
 And both united in a tune
 Sounding immensely like a reel.
 And Banks himself and sisters twain
 Took out the children, laughing gay,
 And danced, and set, and led the train,
 Till breathless and oppress were they.
 Then Sophy Sparker led the brawl,
 And grown-up couples joined the line;
 And Wilding said 'twas like Bengal,
 And all the girls said 'twas divine.
 And home we went our several ways—
 The merriest day of all the year:
 Such charm a loving heart conveys
 To humblest home and modest cheer.

Both sisters—it were hard to tell
 Which pleased us most in looks and tones;
 And if I were not married—well,
 I won't show this to Mrs. J—nes.

PART THIRD.

What a noble old Church we had, and how we repaired and beautified it exceedingly.

A grave square tower of solemn size,
 Lifting its tranquil head in air
 Looks meek, yet trustful, to the skies—
 Embodiment of praise and prayer;
 And steep-ridged roofs from east to west
 Stand guarded by its evening shade,
 Or in the morning's sunshine drest,
 Show their red tiles in rich parade;—
 Strong tower, plain roofs, and three-foot walls.
 King Henry, when he raised the pile,
 Made oath and said, "Whatever falls,
 This house of God will stand a while."
 And so it did, and heard the sound
 Of wars and tumults far away,—
 Of Luther pawing up the ground,
 Like a wild bull intent on fray,—
 Of bluff King Henry, how he rode
 The State as man ne'er rode before—
 How his fierce heart for Anna glow'd,
 And how he quench'd his rage in gore—
 How harshly on the monks he swept,
 And turn'd the nuns all out o' bed—
 The lazy monks who fed and slept—
 The lazy nuns, who slept and fed.
 And ever as the changes came—
 The mass, the prayers, the mass again—
 The great old tower look'd still the same,
 And change and chances raged in vain,
 It heard of Bloody Mary's wrath,
 And Cranmer's pile, and Ridley's crown,—
 Of the Armada's onward path,
 And of its glories trampled down;
 And ever round its turrets caw'd
 The self-same rooks in narrowing ring,
 Whether they curs'd Archbishop Laud,
 Or croak'd hoarse blessing on the King.
 Steady, serene it raised its height,
 While many a sunny day went by,
 And felt in many a wintry night
 The thunders shake its flagstaff high.
 Unchanged, untouch'd, its old grey head
 Has seen births, burials, joy and pain;
 Twelve times has seen the parish dead,
 And twelve times seen it fill'd again.
 Yet wood is fragile, taste decays,
 And rottenness was smelt inside,
 Square widows opening fifty ways,
 And whitewash'd pillars shamed our pride.
 But Banks had preach'd, and pray'd, and fleech'd
 A vast collection for repairs;

And when five hundred pounds was reach'd,
 He gave himself prodigious airs,
 And talked of Barry—Cockerell—Scott—
 And sent for estimate and plan ;
 And 'twas determined on the spot
 To meet his wishes—happy man !
 And down went pews so dark and deep,
 Like culprits' cells in model jails ;
 And off went whitewash at a sweep
 From rafter'd roof and altar rails.
 And Minton's tiles adorn'd the floor,
 And low-back'd seats fill'd all the space ;
 And there were sittings where the poor,
 With Whilk himself, took equal place.
 Rich panes above the table glowed
 With Bible scene and holy line ;
 Jordan through blessed windings flow'd,
 And rippled round the feet divine.
 And John held forth his warning hand,
 While gravely walking, One came near ;
 And the hush'd crowd astonish'd stand
 The Baptist's humbled words to hear.
 And rich in colour—though subdued—
 The central pane deep shadows sent
 On the great gathering round the rood,
 And the meek head in anguish bent.
 All solid oak from roof to floor,
 With dark old carving on the beams ;
 The pulpit panels cluster'd o'er
 With sculptures from old Scripture themes.
 Adam expell'd—the dove let free—
 Lot's wife and Jezebel abhor'd—
 Goliath's head—a sight to see !—
 Cut off with his own dreadful sword !
 The bills came in—but what of them ?
 To twice the expected sum they came ;
 But who such glories could condemn ?
 Who could begrudge such well-earn'd fame ?
 We met, and Mr. Banks explain'd
 'Twas Pugin's, Scott's, Palladio's fault ;
 And thus a perfect church we gain'd
 From colour'd floor to fretted vault.
 An ox was roasted—bonfires blazed—
 Bells sounded 'neath the summer sun,
 And we ourselves were quite amazed
 At the great action we had done.

PART FOURTH.

We go 'as a deputation to the Patron—A new Rector is appointed.

Pleasant at evening to recline
 On the smooth green beside the brook
 (When all the neighbours met to dine
Al fresco at the Lamb and Crook,
 The only inn for miles around,
 Famous for trout and home-brew'd ale),
 And listen to the cheering sound
 Of joy-bells echoing through the vale.

Where Sparker shone in repartee;
 And Whilk was grand; and Alice Hay
 Sang like the thrushes on the tree
 As light and innocent as they.
 And laughter rose at quip and crank,
 And fun was in its mid career—
 When, hark! beyond the hazel bank,
 A muffled bell's sad note we hear.
 A muffled bell; the grey church-tower
 Grew sombre as we caught the sound,
 And silence fell with mystic power,
 And whisper'd questions quick went round.
 "Who's dead?" "What neighbour have we lost?"
 "What villager has time thrown down?"
 Then came with sadden'd looks mine host,
 And said, "It's Mr. Canon Brown."
 Our rector! every voice was hush'd;
 And busy memories werè rife,
 As full to every bosom rush'd
 Remembrance of his upright life;
 His kindnesses—his gracious words;
 His friendly acts in cot and hall,—
 And if some errors turn'd the chords
 To discord, we forgot them all:
 He had no errors, or they grew
 To virtues in our tearful strain;
 It seem'd as if that hour we knew
 We ne'er should see his like again.
 Deep conclave all that night we held,
 And pro and con the matter weigh'd;
 And all the parish glow'd and swell'd
 To take the field in Banks's aid.
 And early on the following day
 We mounted horse and chaise and gig,
 And to the Duke's we took our way,
 As Sparker said, in fullest fig.
 We touch'd the bell—the footman stared,
 And stood transfix'd, as if he saw
 Twelve jurymen in haste prepared
 To cheer his mind with Crowner's law;
 Or railway valuers come to pace
 The courtyard for a rival line;
 Or twelve stout waiters out of place,
 Drest in white ties and superfine.
 He said, "The Juke had not come in"—
 "Was busy"—"Reading"—"Gone to bed."
 But a half-sovereign still'd his din,
 And pleasantly the way he led;
 And in some half a minute's space
 He oped a door and said aloud,
 "A deputation, please yer Grace,"—
 And the whole twelve went in and bow'd.
 The Duke took out a dark short "clay"
 From his big mouth, with court'sy scant;
 And look'd as if he wish'd to say—
 Why, what do the old fogies want?
 He only look'd and stared awhile;
 And then Sir Smiffle Whilk began,
 And tried his favour to beguile,
 And the whole round of praises ran:

And ended with the statement clear,
 "That we should owe him endless thanks,
 If he'd ——" at this we cried "Hear, hear!"—
 "Appoint the Rev. Mr. Banks."
 "A—'pon my soh!" the Duke began,
 "A—shud've been happy beyond bounds—
 A—a—clean'd out when Favourite ran—
 A—sold it for two thousand pounds.
 Some f'la—a—didn't ask his name—
 A regular trumpeter, I'm told—
 Is first in hand—It's all the same—
 Sorry you're so immensely sold."
 He put the pipe within his lips,
 And puff'd, and cover'd us with smoke;
 And we—in such a heart eclipse—
 We only bow'd, and never spoke.
 "Sad thing old Brown has hopt the twig;
 A—thought—he'd such a jolly look."
 We mounted horse and chaise and gig,
 Disgusted with his Grace the Duke;
 And told the tale—and far and near
 Sadness on all the parish fell;
 And doubly bitter 'twas to hear
 At intervals that muffled bell.
 Banks soon got notice to resign,
 And ere three weeks were past away,
 The Auctioneer, with speeches fine,
 Scatter'd the furniture for aye—
 The cottage chairs, the curtains neat,
 The modest tables, all are gone:
 I bought the little garden-seat,
 Though I had plenty of my own.
 And Banks and sisters came at last
 To say good-by; and rich and poor
 Such blessings on the parting cast
 As made it easier to endure.
 And when the car was fairly come
 To bear them from their friends away,
 My wife, my daughters, all were dumb,
 They hadn't got a word to say.
 Old fellows' hearts of forty-nine
 Are not quite harden'd into stones:
 I took the sisters' hands in mine,
 And kiss'd them—*pace* Mrs. J—nes—
 And in two days a card went round
 To every house, and there with awe,
 Printed in Roman text we found

The Reverend

EBENEZER MAW.

PART FIFTH.

Our new Rector comes into residence—and astonishes our weak minds.

The Reverend Ebenezer Maw
 A freckled man, with sandy hair,

Fill'd every heart with solemn awe
 When he went up the pulpit stair.
 So vast a bulk, such shoulders wide,
 So thick a waist, such giant pins,
 With mighty cheeks on either side
 Of a large mouth, and several chins!
 We ne'er had seen so big a face
 With moisture oozing from each pore.
 He was a vessel fill'd with grace,
 With drops for ever running o'er.
 We watch'd, when his discourse began,
 His every attitude and tone,
 Expecting great things from a man
 Of five feet one, and sixteen stone.
 He said our parish was a sight
 Enough to make the angels weep;
 Our ignorance as dark as night,
 Our wickedness than hell more deep.
 We ne'er had heard the blessed sound
 Of Gospel truth for many a year;
 But now he'd scatter all around
 The words 'twould make us blest to hear.
 He would not mention, though he knew,
 Our poor old Rector's present state;
 And then a horrid sketch he drew
 Of the dear Canon's awful fate.
 But hotter pains and heavier woes
 Were heap'd in fiery ranks on ranks,
 To fall, when his career should close,
 On the doom'd head of Mr. Banks.
 His generous works his doom had seal'd,
 His charities would sink him down;
 And there was equal wrath reveal'd
 On Mr. Banks and Canon Brown.
 "You think I'm but a stranger here,
 And that my strokes at random fall;
 But I will pierce you with my spear,
 For, rich and poor, I know you all;
 I know what wicked thoughts are yours,
 What vanity you hide in silk,
 But riches are deceitful lures
 (And here he eyed Sir Sniffle Whilk).
 I know the wealthiest are the worst,
 The most depraved in act and thought;
 But his uncleanness shall be curst,
 And his dark crimes to daylight brought."

We met beneath the yew-tree shade,
 And marvell'd at the things we heard;
 We were so wilder'd and dismayed,
 We scarcely could pronounce a word.
 But Whilk broke through the silent rule,
 And said, "Was hever such an 'ound?
 I'll prosecute the libellous fool
 If it should cost a thousand pound."
 Said Wilding, on our homeward way,
 "He seems to know Sir Smiffle's life,—
 P'raps he's a swindler,—who can say?
 P'raps Lady Whilk is not his wife."
 And all the bad the story caught,
 And swallow'd the report with greed;

Finding great comfort in the thought
 That Whilk would certainly be dee'd.
 Parish-Churchwarden Mr. Gray
 Invited a few friends to dine,
 To welcome in a quiet way
 Our grave and ponderous divine.
 He came—he gorged on soup; on trout;—
 And mix'd strange texts with all his cheer—
 With mouth chuck-full, he blurted out,
 "O! could I find the Gospel here!"
 He ate the beef—he ate the pie—
 He ate the outlets and the tarts,
 And then groan'd forth, with half-shut eye,
 There's wickedness in all your hearts.
 I was a drunkard in my youth—
 A liar, glutton, and a thief—
 But now I'm perfect in all truth,
 And of the second birth am chief.
 Yet, in your bosoms deeply hid
 The same vile thoughts I clearly see,—
 You'd wish to do as once I did,
 And drink, and lie, and steal like me."
 He stuff'd the apples and the pears—
 The nuts he crack'd and gulp'd so quick—
 With guava, ginger, and such wares,
 We thought each minute he'd be sick.
 But of old wine he would not hear,
 'Twas the soul's poison he'd declare—
 He who would taste one drop of beer
 Would go—he would not tell us where.
 He couldn't find a happier use
 For his now cleans'd and reverend hand,
 Then twisting cart-ropes in a noose
 For every brewer in the land.
 "The gloom of sin is on you all;
 Your charms" (he looked on Alice Hay),
 "Are but your leaders to a fall,
 You're broken cisterns. Let us pray."
 He pray'd, expounded—breathing fast,
 So loaded to the brim was he,
 Then through the ante-room he pass'd
 And recommenced his work at tea.
 He dwarf'd us as a dingy hulk,
 Mud fill'd, on Thames's sludgy tide,
 With broaden'd bows and shapeless bulk
 Dwarf's the regatta's pigmy pride.
 He sat and on the shining row
 Of Hay's young daughters fixed his stares,—
 And said, "It fill'd his heart with woe
 To know what wicked thoughts were theirs.
 He knew what envy, hatred, pride,
 And darker passions rag'd within;
 He knew their force, for he had tried
 And drunk the very dregs of sin."
 And Mary blush'd, and Alice paled,
 And little Susan laugh'd and grinn'd
 To think her sisters e'er had fail'd
 In duty, or in thought had sinn'd.
 For all the three were pure as glass,
 Which made our witty Sparker say,

"If it were true all flesh was grass,
 The very best of it was Hay."
 And they had such a lofty grace,—
 Such modest and delightful girls!—
 In every motion you could trace
 The bluest blood of northern earls.
 But old and young he blamed alike,
 And said such horrid words, I vow,
 Our dear old-maid Sibylla Spike,
 Was one great blush from chin to brow.
 He told Sibylla, poor old soul,
 That she was half-inclined to Rome—
 And having gorged his butter'd roll
 And thirteenth cup, he waddled home.

PART SIXTH.

A terrible change comes upon the Pariah, and we hate each other amazingly.

Sir Smiffle said, "his dander riz,"
 And he was purple with amaze
 "To think a libeller of his
 Should have been asked to dine at Gray's—
 'Twas a hunfriendly hact to do."
 But Gray retorted; Whilk replied;
 And in another month or two
 We all took one or other's side.
 And dinners ceased, and when we met
 We passed, and cut each other dead;
 The godly scorn'd the worldly "set,"
 The worldly toss'd its scornful head;
 And half the girls—the ugly half—
 Were fill'd with righteousness and hate,
 And met our side's contemptuous laugh,
 By gloating o'er our future fate.
 All the thick ankles learn'd to sneer
 At feet too small to be forgiven;
 And Spar'ker said, 'twas very clear,
 Flat-soles would win the race to heaven.
 The dowdy maids adored their Maw,
 And did whatever he decreed,
 And soon despised the moral law
 As very weak skim-milk indeed.
 And bought a stock of curious things,
 And ticketed them off in lots;—
 Strong "Calls" for Abyssinian kings,
 And pretty "Tales" for Hottentots.
 And soups and shillings reach'd no more
 The cottager, his griefs to ease,
 But tracts were left at every door
 Against such wicked "works" as these!
 There were no meetings on the green,
 Nor children's dances after tea;—
 What frowns would settle on the scene!
 How busy slander's tongue would be!
 Sweet Alice Hay—sweet Bessy Bell,
 Were shock'd and terrified awhile,
 They thought—they fear'd—they couldn't tell—
 Had they indeed been lost and vile?

Had they no happy thoughts of love,
No kindness for the poor and weak?
Were they shut out from hopes above?
And were they—what they could not speak?
Oh! Bessy Bell!—oh! Alice Hay!
Trust not such breath with falsehood fraught;
That fetid breath would dim for aye
The crystal mirror of your thought.
Cleans'd are your breasts and freed from sin
By the sweet burden they contain;
Like the small manger at the Inn
Where the redeeming Child has lain.
Therefore, fair blossoms of the tree
That ripens 'neath the Christian sun,
Grow to rich fruits of charity!
Grow till the autumn's prize be won!
Then shall the blessings of the poor,—
The parent's love, the sister's kiss,—
Show how true hearts—in faith secure—
Make Heaven of such a world as this!
Wilding would never come to Church,
He said his mind was ill at ease,
And then began to search and search
Into old councils and decrees;
But tired of all, and soon began
To let his thoughts be eastward drawn,
And quoted from the Alcoran,
Or as he called it, El Koraun,
And frighten'd his poor simple wife
By talking of some extra wives,
“He knew some Muslim”—on his life,
“They led most reputable lives.”
And Whilk became a Puseyite,
With crimson crosses on his Prayers,
And came to Church, as if in spite,
To show his semi-popish airs.
And good old Spike no comfort sought
In friendly circles as of yore,
And took to drinking, and was caught
Speechless behind the surgery door.
Miss Martha Maw came down to aid
Her brother in his high emprise—
Strong minded, able-bodied maid,
Unmatch'd in eloquence and size.
When the Militia came to drill,
She enter'd tents with tracts in hand,
And show'd her theologic skill
By teaching discord to the band;
She soon through all the regiment pass'd,
And gain'd a Baptist drummer's ear,—
But changed, and ran away at last
With a regenerate grenadier.
Now half the houses are to let,
And half the others to be sold,
We find our new converted set
So different from the sinful old.
And sad the memories we recall
Of the sweet days that cheer'd our town;
And the dear links that bound us all
To Mr. Banks and Canon Brown.

JOHN COMPANY'S FAREWELL TO JOHN BULL.

LEADENHALL STREET, Aug. 31, 1858.

MY DEAR JOHN,—In this solemn hour of my dissolution, as Time, the traveller, crosses the bridge between two great epochs, I bequeath to you, in a few hasty, but I trust coherent, sentences, the legacy of my advice.

What I have written to you, John, since that great conflict commenced, which has ended, as I ever foreboded it would, in my destruction, has not been written in vain. I never hoped to save myself, John; but I strove mightily to save you—to save you from a dreadful blunder, from which there would have been no redemption—to save you from the criminal folly of committing the destinies of India to the hands of a few presumptuous novices, who, in their zeal of party and their lust of place, would have sacrificed the interests of millions of fellow-subjects to the necessities of a Parliamentary majority. You were drifting into that, John, at one time. You were well-nigh persuaded to commit the government of India to the charge of a struggling Minister and a handful of English placemen. I told you that there was a paramount necessity for the erection of a strong independent administrative body between India and the Government of the day. I told you that, if you take from me my governing powers, you must substitute some administrative agency nearly resembling my Court of Directors. I told you that you must have a mixed body, composed partly of the nominees of the Crown, and partly of elected members independent of the Crown. I told you that the Indian element must preponderate in that body; that you must have knowledge, and experience, and freedom from political influences: and I hope that these objects have been obtained. A Council has been created, composed mainly of men of Indian experience and Indian reputation. There is enough of *knowledge* in the new administration to govern India with success; and I believe that there is enough of independence. Nothing can be said against the men whom you have chosen. I have confidence in

them all. If the Council break down, as I am not sure that it will not, the fault will lie in the system, not in the men. I believe that you will have a fair start, John, and that everything will go smoothly at first. You have many things in your favour. You have a young and promising Minister, with excellent intentions, more than ordinary ability, and a devotion to the public service which renders him unremitting in his attention to business. A statesman, and the son of a statesman, he will know how to turn the knowledge and experience of his colleagues to good account; and he is little likely with arrogance and impetuosity to over-ride the deliberate decisions of a council of fifteen practical men. Left to himself, John, I believe that the first Secretary of State for India would run little risk of coming into violent collision with his council. But will he be left to himself? Can he be left to himself? Will Parliament leave him alone? Are there not men interested in the failure of the present experiment and therefore determined to accomplish it? Are there not parties, or subdivisions of parties, who, irrespective of the predominance of Whig or Tory (to use the old-fashioned words John), have opinions to enforce, or objects to attain, and who will bring all the pressure they can to bear upon the Minister in furtherance of their views? In such cases it will not be for the Minister, but for the Ministry to decide in what manner the assault is to be met. The necessities of party, not the merits of the question, will shape their course of action. It may be Manchester to-day—it may be Exeter Hall to-morrow. Any powerful section of the House, representing some particular interest, may, by uniting itself with the standing Opposition, upset even a strong Government. But, in the present state of public opinion, a strong Government is an unattainable blessing. If the country is not now governed by concessions, I fear that it cannot be governed at all.

Now, John, I exhort you, with my

dying breath, to beware of Parliamentary interference. I have told you already that, in what you have been wont to call the "absence of direct responsibility" to Parliament, there were peculiar advantages under the old, now expiring, system of Indian government. In my time, John, the Indian Minister, under the name of President of the Board of Control, was as directly responsible to Parliament for everything done, and everything left undone, as, under the new order of things, will be your Secretary of State for India. But the business of administration was carried on in my name, and you were wont to regard it as my concern. If you understood the responsibility of the Minister, you were rarely or never inclined to exact it. If things went wrong, I was always to blame. And as I was never a political character, Parliament was content to know little, and to care less, about my doings. But the work of Indian government is now to be carried on in the name of the Secretary of State. Not only the "secret" business, but the common work of administration, is to proceed ostensibly under his hand. His actual responsibility for, or rather his real personal identification with, this or that measure, may be no greater, John, than it was when I ruled in Leadenhall Street. The measure may be shaped by the Council of India as entirely as by the Court of Directors. But it will be outwardly stamped with the Secretary's name, and will be his, therefore, in the eyes of the public. The process will differ but little under the new system, from that which has so long endured under the old. But, though the change may be little behind the scenes, on the stage there will be a mighty difference. Ministerial responsibility will exist, not merely as a constitutional theory, but practically as a living fact. It will be exacted, John. Instead of a growl at John Company, there will be an organised attack upon the Government of the day. Not merely the Secretary of State, but the entire Ministry of which he is a member, will be held responsible for all that goes wrong, or all that is supposed to go wrong, or all that, for party purposes, any one may declare to be going

wrong. It ought to be an immense support to him to be able to stand up in his place and say, "I have acted in accordance with the opinions of a Council composed of fifteen experienced men possessing more knowledge of India than both Houses of Parliament." But will Party admit the plea? Will Party ever listen to reason? The Council in such a case will be ignored. However substantial its reality, it will be held to be a mere sham. The inefficiency of the Ministry is the point to be established. Every effort of the Opposition will be directed to that point; and Government must either fight it out, or submit to an ignoble concession. And which is the likelier course of the two? I am afraid, John, the latter. In the greater number of cases, when the Minister sees danger ahead, he will not appeal to the wisdom and experience of his Council, and declare that he is strong in their support; it will be an easier, and, for the nonce, a safer course, to fling his Council overboard, and say, "I had the advice of fifteen practical men. It was natural that I should value that advice. But, perhaps, I accepted it too hastily. I am willing to reconsider the matter in deference to the opinions of the House." I am afraid, John, it is too probable that we shall often hear explanations of this kind. Such explanations will often be forced upon the Indian Secretary by his colleagues. In the old times the President of the Board of Control was, perhaps, less a component part of the Ministry than any other member of the Cabinet. He went about his business very independently; and his colleagues concerned themselves little about his doings, because Indian affairs rarely came before Parliament, and were, I might almost say, *never* subjects of party debate. But this sort of independence of his colleague will never again be a characteristic of an Indian Minister. Henceforth if, in the face of threatened opposition, he should talk about adhering to his opinions, and maintaining his policy, because he believes it to be right, there will be such an outcry from his alarmed colleagues as must stagger his resolution. "Consider our position, think of our places! You surely would not sacrifice us all." Every man has not

the courage and the self-devotion to answer, in such a case, "No, I will only sacrifice myself; choose my successor." Nor is it desirable that such sacrifices should be made. The individual Minister, in all probability, will yield to the pressure of the collective Ministry which has yielded to the pressure of Parliament, and so the Secretary of State will be brought, against his will, into violent collision with his Council.

Now this is the state of things, John, into which I am afraid you will drift, if you do not keep a tight rein upon the caprices of Parliament. The position of the Secretary of State, between his colleagues in the Council and his colleagues in the Cabinet, will often be painfully embarrassing. Of the practical result of this antagonism there can be little doubt. The Council, caring not at all for Parliamentary majorities, will at first resist with some firmness the encroachments of Parliament and the concessions of the Minister. If this resistance be obstinate, the Council will be branded as an "impracticable" institution. If, as will more probably be the case, the futility of resistance should suggest the adoption of a more passive course, the Council will eventually subside into a nonentity, and be abandoned as an useless encumbrance. Then the direct action of Parliament upon the government of India will greatly increase. Unaided by a Council of experienced and independent men, the Minister will be more open to attack. He will be more personally identified than ever with the measures of the Indian department of the State, and there will be greater gain to the Opposition in attacking them. In all probability the Indian department will be the weak point of every Government, and will therefore be the standing butt of Faction, whatever party be in the ascendant. And then, John, you will be in a fair way to fulfil the prophecy, that India will be lost to you in the House of Commons.

Discourage, therefore, sternly and resolutely, John, all unnecessary interference in Indian affairs. Remember that the measures of the Government are not the measures

of a single despotic Minister; that they are the results of much careful deliberation and discussion; that they are, in fact, well sifted by two Parliaments before they come before you. Take the Council of India (as now established) and the Council of the Governor-General of India, and you have twenty senators, each one capable of forming a correct opinion with respect to the matter before him. Select any twenty men you like from your House of Commons, and then see how lamentably inferior they are, in point of Indian knowledge and experience, to the twenty men which compose the two great Indian Councils. Those Councils may not be unanimous, it is true, but I am speaking not so much of their decisions as of their discussions; and I wish you to understand that measures of Indian government are discussed, before they come before the Parliament of Great Britain, as the measures of no other department; in fact, that they have already been not only submitted to Parliamentary investigation, but to the investigation of a Parliament selected with especial reference to the peculiar qualifications of its several members. Think of all this, John, and say whether there is any necessity, save in rare exceptional cases, for Parliamentary interference?—and tell me whether, if it be not necessary as a safeguard against rashness and ignorance, it can be anything else but a source of peril to our Indian Empire?

Another difficulty, John, with which you will have to contend, is the electric telegraph. I recommend you, in all earnestness, to think seriously of this matter. The new system will not, in all human probability, be much more than a year old, before, in the course of a few hours, a message will be flashed from Calcutta to London, or from London to Calcutta. The "lightning post," as the natives of India felicitously call it, will be in full operation, and if you are unscathed by it you will be happy indeed. In any great crisis, which demands prompt action on the part of the governing country, this rapid intercommunication will necessarily be a source of strength. The re-

sources of England will be brought to bear upon any part of India four or five weeks sooner than under existing circumstances. But the ordinary work of Government, at either end of the wire, will be greatly complicated and embarrassed by the frequent intercommunication of ideas. I do not envy, John, your future Governors-General. The Council of India, composed as it is, and as I trust it ever will be, of experienced men, will never be prone to interference. The Indian Minister will, perhaps, be equally disinclined to send curt sentences of advice or remonstrance to the distant viceroy. But do you think that Parliament will suffer him to exercise a wise forbearance? I shudder, John, when I think of the not very distant period when India will be governed by the electric telegraph. The telegraph is the great agent of interference; and it is by too much interference from England that India will, if ever, be lost to you, John. You cannot stop the progress of science any more than the progress of time; but to be forewarned, the proverb says, is to be forearmed; and I warn you, that if you do not exert yourself to restrain Parliament from continual interference in Indian affairs, the electric telegraph will cost you more than a Sepoy mutiny or a Russian invasion. In truth, I see hardly how India is to be governed under such evil influences, or who will undertake to govern it. A sensitive Governor-General may be worried to death by the electric telegraph in the course of a few months, and an irritable one may be stung into indignant resignation after the experience of a fortnight. Ask Lord Dalhousie, John; ask Lord Ellenborough what he thinks about this matter;—does he think that, if there had been an electric telegraph sixty years ago, India would now be a dependency of the British Crown?

I could say much on this subject; but time presses. I am rapidly drifting into the great sea of history—a few more hours, and I shall be only a record of the past. I can do little more than give you, John, a general idea of the difficulties before you. The good sense for which you are

so distinguished must fill in the details. Perhaps one of your own Crimean generals may give you a hint. Ask General Simpson, for example—he has been in India, and may apply to the specialities of that country some of the lessons which he learnt at Sebastopol. There are two great sources of interference—measures and men. You are continually talking about the advantages of responsibility. I tell you, John, that it was irresponsibility—or responsibility so remote as very closely to resemble it—that won for us our Indian empire. There can be nothing heroic, John, where there is a continual sense of responsibility. Heretofore, our Indian statesmen have said to themselves: “I can consult no higher authority—I am thrown upon my own resources—I will do the best I can, and with a clear conscience—and, at all events, I shall have a clear stage. No one can attempt to arrest my measures, until they have gone too far to be recalled.” If what he does provokes censure at home, the censure comes when the work is done. But the censure does not often come! The lapse of time between the act and the commentary upon it renders it almost useless to comment upon individual measures, except in so far as the comment may affect the future. Hence it is much the custom to say, “It is done now; it cannot be undone; and, after all, there may have been reasons for doing it, of which, at this distance, we cannot judge.” I admit that this may be carried too far. Like everything else, the remoteness of which I speak has its evils. But it has this very great advantage, John, that we take more comprehensive views of that which is passing at a distance, and of which we are only informed at intervals of time; that we are not wont to interfere in details with respect to which we can be but imperfectly informed. But the electric telegraph will bring everything before us piecemeal. We shall be tempted to criticise parts, and even minute parts; we shall never have a whole brought at once bodily before us. And whilst there will be, in nearness of time, an irresistible

temptation to criticise passing events in detail, there will be, in remoteness of *place*, a necessary source of imperfect information. Prompt judgment on passing events may be advantageous, but rash judgment is a mighty evil; and where ignorance abounds, rashness is sure to be the concomitant of promptitude. We must remember, John, that whatever the electric telegraph may do for us, it does not place us on the spot. This mighty agent is said to "annihilate space." But this is a figure of speech which will not bear much sifting; and what I am most afraid of, with respect to the electric telegraph, is a state of things which will encourage interference, and vastly increase your presumption, without at the same time increasing your knowledge. For God's sake, John, resist the temptation to bring public opinion to bear on passing events, with which the electric telegraph can make you only imperfectly acquainted. As soon as you place the government of India in the hands of the House of Commons or of the *Times* newspaper, you have signed the death-warrant of our Anglo-Indian Empire.

This much with regard to measures. A few words now with regard to men. I believe, John, that future generations of your children will use, without knowing their origin, as household words, that celebrated telegram, "Take care of Dowb." If there had been no electric telegraph to the Crimea, we should never have heard of that kindly exhortation. Now, with my dying breath I warn you to beware of aristocratic influences. I am not prejudiced against the aristocracy. The aristocracy of England has sent forth some of the best and ablest public servants which the world has ever seen. But my empire, John, was won by the middle classes, and by the middle classes maintained, and I have never yet found them wanting. I have never sought, I do not seek, to uphold any exclusiveness of caste; I only contend for a clear stage and no favour. I have been charged with nepotism, I know. But what have I done? I have sent my friends, or my friends'

friends, to India, and have left them there to take their chance. I have sent out writers and cadets to India, but they have owed nothing to me but their initial appointments. I have not interfered with their subsequent promotion. It has been my standing rule, John, to leave to the authorities in India the distribution of the loaves and fishes. If the sons, the nephews, the grandsons, and other relations, of my directors have succeeded better than other men (I merely put the case hypothetically), it is for reasons on which I shall presently enlarge. They take a deeper interest in India; they are less strangers and foreigners in the land than men of other antecedents. But men of this class have never owed their advancement to the interest of Leadenhall Street. If Elphinstone and Metcalfe had come, like Munro or Malcolm, from a counting-house or a sheep-farm in Scotland, they would have made their way to the same eminence. Say what you will about my nepotism, John, the best men under my rule have ever found their way to the best places. Has the world ever before seen such services as the civil and military services of the East India Company? Alas, John, I must ask, is the world ever likely to see such services again? *Never*; if you once suffer the Treasury or the Horse-Guards to look upon the great field of Indian patronage as a source of Parliamentary strength or aristocratic provision; if Dowb is to be taken care of, or India is to be Hayterised; the pith and marrow of the Indian services are gone for ever. Think seriously of this, John. The electric telegraph, if you are not watchful, and are not resolute, will mightily promote that kind of interference which is known by the name of jobbery. The loaves and fishes are now distributed in India before we know at home that they are in the market. But before long, if you do not take heed, John, the telegraph will be continually flashing to India such messages as this—"A Sudder Judgeship is vacant—take care of Dowb." But time is fleeting; my hours are few; I must pass on to other matters.

There is one thing, among others, John, against which I would warn you—and that is, what you are wont sometimes to call your “good English spirit.” I like your patriotism, John—I like your pluck. You have many good and noble qualities, and I would not wish you to think meanly of yourself. The self-respect of nations is a great thing, but it has a tendency to inflate itself into presumption; and there is often an arrogance in your tone, and an exclusiveness in your manner, which would be ridiculous if they were not dangerous. You sometimes think, I am afraid, John, that all the world was made for you. You go among a strange people, and you are angry because their ways are not your ways; you think that they are little better than brute beasts, because their customs differ from your own. If you carried a hump upon your back, John, you would think every man deformed without a similar excrescence. If you had but one eye, John, you would treat binocular vision as a national offence. If you wore a tail, you would regard it as the type of an exceptional civilisation.

It is this intense self-appreciation, John, which makes you so indifferent a citizen of the world. Whilst your unappeasable enterprise and your indomitable energy make for you new homes in every corner of the globe, you can seldom make yourself at home without first expelling the old inmates of your new dwelling-place. Where you colonise, the aborigines disappear. In India, you do not attempt to colonise; and you never make yourself at home. But you carry the same exclusive, absorbing spirit of self-assertion with you. The millions by whom you are surrounded exist in your imagination only for your use. There they are, so many “niggers,” John—so many “black fellows” to work for you, to fight for you, to die for you, to render up their substance to you, to be shaped according to the rule and plummet of your home-bred notions. All that belongs to them is wrong, all that belongs to you is right. You cannot for a moment divest yourself of your individuality, and look at the questions before you from

any other than your own point of view. “India for the English” is your cry. The children of the soil have long been in your estimation so many stocks and stones. Men fresh from England, with hot English blood in them, are prone to violence; and hundreds, who would not lift up their hands against an English beggar in the street, have been wont to strike their Mohammedan and Hindoo servants as though they were beasts of burden or mere insensate machines. They who are ordinarily considerate in their language and their demeanour towards the natives of India, are men who have resided long in India, who know the people, and who speak their language; or those who, lacking much Indian experience, are moved by the traditions at which, John, you are prone to sneer. You talk about offices in India being heirlooms in certain families; you say that you wish to see new names in the lists of the Indian services; and that you would fain see those services overborne by an independent European community. My exclusiveness has often excited your vehement indignation. Your theory was right, John. But, practically, this exclusiveness had its uses. There was a traditional interest in India—a traditional kindness for the people kept alive in many families. It was no uncommon thing for a young civilian or a young soldier, on landing in India, to be met by one of the native servants who had dandled him in his boyhood, eager to see “Harry baba,” and, perhaps, to follow his fortunes. Youths of this stamp, born in India, and taught to look to India as their future home, if not somewhat denationalised, John, were at all events less encumbered with the national self-love of which I have been speaking. Their good English spirit did not teach them to hate or to despise the “niggers.” They had learned better thoughts and better feelings from their parents. It is not from the mouth of the “old Indian,” even now, that you will hear the people of India, as a nation, sweepingly condemned.

Now, what I am afraid of, John, is, that under the new system a new

race of men, without any of these old traditions and family ties, will make their way to India, with new English notions, and that of these notions one of the most prominent will be that a common detestation of the natives is the paramount duty of every Englishman. It is true that many dire atrocities have been committed during the past calamitous year. It is natural that we should hate these iniquities, or even the perpetrators of these iniquities; but to hate a whole nation is a very different thing. When we consider the immense population of India, and the small proportion that has actually risen against us, we cannot but regard the active hostility, out of which these atrocities have proceeded, as of an exceptional character—why, then, should it influence our feelings towards the great mass of the people? I confess, John, that, in spite of all that has happened, I have a kindness towards the people of India; and a profound conviction that, if you do not entertain similar feelings of kindness, you will never be able to govern the country. You must look to this, John. You have first to tread out the smouldering fires of rebellion, and then it must be your great work to quench the animosities which have been awakened, and restore the confidence which has been broken, by the unholy strife of the past year. Your message to all your children, John, must be simply this—"Let love abound." But it cannot abound so long as you entertain, and teach your sons to entertain, this ridiculously exalted opinion of your own merits. At the bottom of all true charity there must needs be a well-spring of humility. Mistrust yourself, then, John. Think whether all this would have happened in India if you had been the faultless monster which you believe yourself to be.

But I am not going to open old sores, John. You may have been to blame—I may have been to blame. What it most behoves us now to regard is the Future. There is an evil, and a remedy must be applied. But what is that remedy to be? I know that you are ready with an answer, John—"Anglicism;"—on

a large scale, Anglicism;—English troops; English law; English language; English religion; English everything. Turn your millions of Hindostanee subjects into Englishmen, and all will go well. My dear John, you cannot turn them into Englishmen. You must be content, for many a long year, to see them what they now are. Keep back from Anglicism. The less obtrusive, in the present state of affairs, that you make it, the better. English troops you must have; but you can never hold India by the brute force of English troops. It is not the physical strength, it is the moral impression of the dominant race to which you must trust for the retention of your hold upon the country. Nobly, John—gloriously, John—have you shown them, during this last calamitous year, what a handful of this dominant race can do against teeming thousands of subject mutineers. Never have the fortitude, the perseverance, the indomitable energy, the mighty patience of the Anglo-Saxon race been so signally demonstrated in the face of such gigantic difficulties. And the triumph, which, under Providence, will ere long be complete, may make you, if you use the opportunity wisely, even stronger than before.

Use it, then, wisely. Throw away utterly the thought of ever ruling such a country by an overawing display of military force. Having exhausted your mother country, John, you may indent upon your colonies for the raw material of soldiers; and you may exert yourself to keep up an unextinguishable hatred between race and race; but, relying upon this, John, you must at last be driven into the sea. Keep up such an European force in India as the exigencies of your own country will allow you to do, but only that your clemency may not be misinterpreted into weakness. You can best afford to be merciful, you can best afford to be tolerant and conciliatory, when you stand in such an attitude of strength that mildness cannot be mistaken for cowardice, or forbearance for indecision. Having shown what you can do, John, you may gain credit for not doing it any more. There-

fore, I say, keep up your military strength, but use it only under great provocation. I say this, not without a pang. An European army of forty or fifty thousand men, not sustained by the excitement of active service, must needs be a mighty evil. Physically and morally it must deteriorate. But great as is the evil, in such a state of things it is a hundred times better than the alternative, which is simply that fifty thousand Europeans should be kept in India, like cheetahs in a cage, to hunt down the frightened children of the soil. I know that there are Englishmen boasting of their true English spirit, who would rub their hands with delight at such a spectacle, and exclaim exultingly, "See how the black beggars run!" But I cannot too often repeat, that the encouragement of such a spirit as this would do more to sacrifice our dominion in India than anything that could possibly be named.

Now, after your English hatred, John, I must talk to you of your English greed. This is of two kinds—national and personal. I grieve to say, that of late years, under my rule, there has sprung up a class of Anglo-Indian politicians, hot for the annexation, the absorption of the native states, who believe that the security of England in India lies in the continual extension of her frontier. Unhappily, John, many of the members of this school are very able men, and some, too, are very good ones. But, believe me, it is a bad school. Its theories must be exploded, its practice must be reversed, if you would long retain your empire in the East. If the wishes of this school had been fulfilled—if its advice had been followed—no human power would have enabled you successfully to resist the mutiny of the Bengal army. Humanly speaking, John, you have been saved by your alliances with the few remaining native states. Let the few which now remain, remain for ever. Do not seek to weaken, but to strengthen them. Let them feel that the main source of their stability is the permanence of your rule. Respect their rights; tolerate their failures; and, above all, do not test them with the gauge

of your own exclusive theories. Do not think that whatever you do is best, because you understand it best. There are different roads towards the same goal; and it does not follow that the only safe one is that which you are accustomed to travel. Shoes and stockings are doubtless commendable institutions; but there may be conditions of society in which they are only intolerable bores.

Stifle that cry of "India for the English." Do not suffer the doctrine which it expresses to make way, any more in its personal than in its national acceptance. Do not think that the country was given to us only as an outlet for English enterprise and a field for English industry. These things, in due moderation, may be advantageous to India; but your first care should ever be, John, the employment of the people. I see that your present notion, however paradoxical, is, that whilst depriving the upper and middle classes of India of all lucrative employments, you should extend by every possible means the market in India for your own wares; in other words, that you should find purchasers among the very people whom you are depriving of the means of purchasing. If you want to open out new markets in India for your manufactured goods, you must elevate, not depress, the upper and middle classes. But what is now the cry, John? More Englishmen. Everywhere, more Englishmen in the public service; more Englishmen in the law-courts; more Englishmen to develop the commercial resources of the country, and even to become possessors of the soil. But do you think, John, that the people of India are more likely to reconcile themselves to your rule, when they find that the recent crisis has only given an increased impulse to the usurpations of the white man; that the subsiding of the waters of rebellion will be followed by a flooding in of hungry Englishmen? At any period this would be viewed with anxiety and alarm by the people of the country; but at the present time, when the animosity between the two races is at its height, it cannot but be regarded as a menace, and in all human probability will practi-

cally be much more than a menace. Be sure, John, that this animosity must be allayed before any new influx of Europeans into India can be otherwise than perilous in the extreme. Send out more of your children if you will, John; but be sure that they go forth in a spirit of peace and goodwill towards men, whatsoever their colour, and whatsoever their creed. Teach them that their true interest lies in the elevation, not in the depression of the people, and that they can rule them better by love than by fear. Send them forth as friends and coadjutors, not as enemies and usurpers; and if they cherish in their hearts the lessons which you have taught them, you may find that there is room enough for all. But I fear that the national mind, John, is not yet in a fit state for such an experiment. I fear that some years must elapse before any influx of independent Europeans into India can be anything but a new source of difficulty and danger.

And now, for time presses, to another and still graver matter. Our own blessed religion is very dear to us. Our hearts tell us that it is right, John—our heads tell us that it is right; but the false gods of the heathen are dear to them too. Their grotesque idols of wood or stone are not, in their eyes, monstrous abominations of folly or impiety. They reverence their ancestral faith after their kind. In the very cruelties and barbarities of their dreadful superstitions, they see the grandeur of the hero and the martyr above all the folly and the crime. It is very right that we should pity them for this; it is not right that we should loathe or condemn them. There is a sincerity in some falsehoods greater than in many truths; and this sincerity, at all events, we may respect. We know that the greatest service that we can render these people, individually and nationally, is to substitute a living saving faith for the falsehoods to which they so blindly cling. And what is thus said primarily of the Hindoos, as of the great bulk of the people, may be said with equal truth, *mutatis mutandis*, of the smaller body of Mahomedans. There is no question upon this point,

John. The question to which I desire to draw your attention is simply whether it is in accordance either with justice or with policy that the British Government in India should in any way use its authority for the conversion of the people, by direct or indirect means, to the religion of Christ.

You must not misunderstand me, John. Upon this greatest of all great questions, we know what we mean better, perhaps, than we are able to express it. "Neutrality in matters of religion" is a common phrase in our state papers, and to this neutrality it has been said that the British Government in India is pledged. This neutrality is called my traditional policy—"the traditional policy of the East India Company;" but only so far as neutrality implies non-interference, can it be said that the British Government in India is neutral. The British Government in India supports a state church. From the revenues of India it pays a large number of Protestant and some Roman Catholic chaplains. It gives large salaries to bishops and archdeacons, and contributes to the building of Christian churches. So far as the assertion of its own Christianity goes, the Government is demonstrably a Christian government. Ever let it remain so, John. Never have a church less, or a chaplain less, than you have now. Worship your own God in your own way. The natives of India, whether Hindoo or Mahomedan, will not grudge you that privilege. They will neither respect you less, nor love you less, for demonstrating that you have a religion of your own, and are not ashamed to acknowledge it; but beyond this you cannot, as a Government, proceed with justice, and you cannot proceed with safety. In every other respect than in the maintenance of a church for your own Christian people, you are bound to be wholly passive.

It is easy to enunciate propositions of this kind; but they require a large amount of explanation, if one would not be misunderstood. I concur in the opinion, which Lord Stanley meant to express, when he told a missionary deputation, a few weeks

ago, that there are certain universal and immutable principles older than any forms of existing belief. Taken literally, this may not be theologically correct: for Revelation assures us that "*In the beginning was the Word.*" But the "primal duties shine aloft like stars," and the brightest of them are Justice and Truth. Now, assuredly it is not just to play the part of the iconoclast, literally or figuratively, in the dominions which we have acquired in India; and it would be egregiously false to do so after the declarations we have made. We have pledged ourselves, as a Government, to leave the people in the undisturbed exercise of their several religions. What can be more emphatic than the declaration in the preamble to one of the regulations of 1793, which says that "The many valuable privileges and immunities which have been conferred upon the natives of these provinces, evince the solicitude of the British Government to promote their welfare, and must satisfy them that the regulations which may be adopted for the internal government of the country will be calculated to preserve to them the laws of the Shaster and the Koran, in matters to which they have been invariably applied, to protect them in the free exercise of their religion, and to afford security to their persons and property." This has not been revoked, John, and the new Act under which you are about to govern India in the Queen's name, declares that "all acts and provisions now in force under charters or otherwise shall continue in force" until otherwise enacted. But it is not upon any especial enactment that I take my stand, John. The people of India have, in a variety of ways, directly and constructively, been told that they are to be left by the British Government in the free exercise of their several religions; and any sort of interference by the State, for the suppression of the popular faith and the substitution of its own, would be a revolution of a solemn engagement which nothing could justify.

Of the danger, at any time, of a departure, on the part of Government, from the system of neutrality,

not a doubt can be entertained. But a hundredfold greater the danger in such a conjuncture as this. I am almost ashamed, John, of enunciating such a commonplace. Yet the conduct of a large number of most respectable people at the present time, demands that this most palpable fact should be iterated and reiterated in the most unmistakable manner. There is a loud cry from Exeter Hall for a more demonstrative assertion of Christianity in India on the part of the State. I do not know very precisely what it is that these good people require. Perhaps they do not know themselves. But I do know that not only have designing persons in India—the fosterers and agents of the great rebellion—assiduously endeavoured, by means of proclamations and circulars, widely distributed among the people, to influence their passions by declaring that the British are intent on the destruction of their ancestral faith, but that the belief thus encouraged has taken deep root, and that one of our most solemn duties, at the present time, is to extirpate it. That those who have already disseminated false reports of the intentions of the British Government, and have watched the terrible success of such dissemination, will take advantage of the transfer of the government from my hands to those of the Crown, to spread alarming reports of the intentions of the new Sircar to convert the people to Christianity, is a conjecture that may be safely entertained. Beware then, John, lest you do anything to countenance the lies which your enemies are spreading. The change of government is to be proclaimed to the people with all convenient despatch. If that proclamation does not contain a distinct and emphatic declaration that the people are to be left as heretofore to the free and undisturbed exercise of their several religions, I tremble for your future, John.

Your own good sense tells you this. Do not be turned away from your purpose by the exhortations even of those whom you properly respect. I do not sneer at the people who tell you otherwise; I in no wise condemn them. Doubtless they are

sincere. Doubtless they are moved by the best and purest intentions. I should be ashamed of myself, John, if I questioned or doubted it for a moment. But many excellent and pious men, whose devotion to the Christian cause has been seldom or never equalled, have held that it is the duty of the British Government in India to abstain from interference in matters connected with the conversion of the people. This was the opinion of the late venerable Bishop Wilson, a man of a truly apostolic nature. "I would not have you," he wrote to Sir Charles Metcalfe, with reference to that statesman's address on the freedom of the press—"I would not have you, as a Government, say a word more than your reply does on Christianity, involved as it is inseparably in the European knowledge, civilisation, and improvement, which you so justly extol and put forward. Christianity is the affair of the ministers of religion, under the general eye of the civil Government." He knew that Government would only defeat its own object—the object of every Christian Government and of every Christian man—by making any display of its desire to see the people converted to Christianity. In the eyes of a people so habituated to despotism, the expressed *wishes* of a government are nothing less than their avowed *intentions*. They cannot, in such matters, associate an idea of forbearance with the declared will of a powerful government. In the *sic volo* they hear the *sic jubeo*. You must, therefore, John, not only be careful in what you do, but in what you say. Do not deny your religion—honour it by all possible means; but proclaim to the people everywhere, and let your servants proclaim it wherever they go, that the British Government in India adheres to its ancient principles, and that the people of India are to be allowed to remain in the free exercise of their religions, without an attempt being made by the State to convert them, either by open or insidious attacks upon their faith.

Do not sneer, John, at my "traditionary policy." If I had observed any other policy, far less would have been done in the way of conversion

to the Christian faith. The neutrality of Government is the best safe-ground of private missionary enterprise. Every wise missionary, John, will desire the Government to be perfectly quiescent. I have always felt this in my heart of hearts. When people were reproaching me for throwing impediments in the way of the conversion of the heathen, I always consoled myself with the reflection that no other course would do so much as that which I had marked out for myself, to promote the eventual success of missionary operations. With the same hope, nay, in the same belief, I have adhered to my original policy; and I solemnly exhort you, John, to adhere to it, as that which of all others will tend more surely to the eventual spread of the kingdom of Christ. I look upon those who offer you different advice, John—whatever may be their intentions, and I repeat that I do not question their purity—as the real enemies of Christianity. I have nothing to say against private missionary enterprise, wisely conducted. If no indiscreet, over-zealous efforts irritate the minds of the people so as to bring about a dangerous state of public feeling, I have nothing to say against their operations. On the other hand, I shall ever rejoice in the success of their laudable endeavours. But unless the Almighty works a miracle in our behalf, and inclines the hearts of the people to receive the truth meekly and gladly, we must trust to gradual advances, and look for slow successes, and be content for a while with such harvests as have hitherto blessed our efforts. You must remember, John, that caution, at all times desirable, has been rendered a hundredfold more desirable by recent events. But there are many who appear to think that this is the time for throwing aside all caution. It would seem from some recent demonstrations, that as soon as ever the great mutiny is quelled, a vast flood of Christian missionaries is to be poured over the land. At any other time I might not have regarded this with much anxiety; but I am afraid that such a movement, John, will be identified in men's minds with the

change of Government, and that the whole will be regarded as a vast design for the destruction of the national faiths. Let me entreat you, therefore, to endeavour to moderate for a time the missionary ardour of your children. If they yield to their impulses, however holy, rashly, and unreflectingly, they will assuredly overleap themselves, and fall on the other side into a sea of calamitous failure. And then, John, alas! for Christianity; alas! for India; alas! for England.

The subject is so important, John, that you must bear with me yet a little longer. You will have to consider, on taking charge of my old empire, not only whether, in the assertion of your Christianity, you shall go further than I have gone, but whether you shall go so far. I have all my life been exposed to charges of a very opposite kind. It has been said, on the one side, that I have brought on the great disaster in India by disregarding my Christian obligations; and it has been maintained, with equal force of diction on the other side, that I have precipitated the calamity by the indiscreet zeal with which I have attacked the religious and social institutions of the people. I have at the same time done too little and too much; but I am used to this two-handed abuse, and I can brave it as patiently as I bear all the rest. Now, on calmly thinking over the past, John, it appears to me that if I have erred on either side, it has been on the side of innovation. It is very probable that some of the things which I have done in the cause of humanity or the cause of truth—or rather the aggregate of all that I have done—may have excited the alarm of some of the influential classes, and so, directly or indirectly, helped to evolve the late terrible crisis. But I do not counsel you to go back; I only counsel you to go forward, slowly and warily. The mighty trouble which has fallen upon us, John, must necessarily retard the progress which I had hoped, two years ago, would advance more rapidly than ever. But what has been done, John, do not think of undoing. Do not yield to any kind of clamour. Cling to your own

course of neutrality as a State, but do not be tolerant only of evil. I know the difficulty of your position. Whilst one party is tugging at your gown, eager, in effect, to persuade you that it is your duty to deprive all idolatrous institutions of the endowments which they enjoyed before we set foot in the country, others are vehemently exhorting you to deprive all the Christian servants of the State of liberty of conscience, by passing a bill of pains and penalties against all the officers of Government who outwardly connect themselves with missionary institutions. Do neither, John. Be just alike to heathen and to Christian men. Let the people enjoy undisturbed their temple property; let them perform their religious ceremonies without let or hindrance; let them know that the British Government allows them the amplest freedom of religious action; but let Christian men, whether servants of the State or not, so long as they do not in any way identify the State with their measures, or use the weight of their official authority, follow the guidance of their own consciences, and as private members of the great Christian commonwealth serve their God in their own way. Let your language be as that which the wondrous Atlantic Telegraph used in its first ever-memorable message—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will towards men." You may glorify your God, John, and maintain peace and good-will among men, if you will refuse to listen to the advice thrust upon you from either of these two extremes.

Then some wise people will tell you, John, that you must "abolish caste." They might as well tell you to abolish colour. Caste, I know well, is a gigantic evil; too gigantic to be put down by a stroke of the pen. What you have to do is to render it as harmless as possible. Now, this is to be done not by Force, but by Tact. They will tell you that you "must not recognise caste in the army." Some mean by this that you are to enlist no high-caste men; others, that you are to compel high-caste men to do things in violation of their caste. But this will never do, John. When you reorganise the

... you in India
... posi-
... you in-
... soldier
... high-caste
... led away
... them to be-
... excellent
... men, I say,
... your service, to
... men of low
... wherever they are
... within the sphere
... duty, take them, in
... with others, mix them
... together, and do
... result. Let every sol-
... where he enlists, what he
... to do, and where he may
... tell him that such and
... the conditions of his ser-
... and that you will only enlist
... such conditions. If, then, he
... frequently alleges the existence of
... as a reason for not fulfilling
... conditions, he breaks his en-
... gagement with you; and, in fact, re-
... sistance to your orders is mutiny.
You will be perfectly justified then
in saying that you will hear nothing
about caste; that he entered your
service with his eyes open to the
consequences; and that if he has
brought himself into trouble, he has
only himself to thank for the dilem-
ma. Now, so far as you may call
this abolishing caste, do it; but you
can do no more. Do not, therefore,
attempt to do more. Above all, do
not look upon caste as something
which henceforth you are to consider
it either a virtue or a pleasure to
outrage. It may be foolish—it may
be mischievous—it may be the
source of much difficulty and much
danger; but you must remember,
John, that you have something
very much like caste in your
own country; and what would some
of your high-caste children say if they
were to be told that they could never
again wear the uniform of her Ma-
jesty without first of all serving so
many years in the ranks, or so many
years before the mast. It sometimes
seems to me, John, as though caste
were made more of in your army
than in mine. You must remember
that the whole tendency of our rule

in India has been to lower the posi-
tion and the influence of the upper
classes; and that men who enter the
ranks of our army in India are,
many of them, far higher relatively
in the social scale than the people
who recruit our regiments in Eng-
land. If we are to adopt measures
for the exclusion of high-caste men
from the army, what are we to
do with the men thus excluded? Every year as our empire has ex-
tended, it has become more and
more difficult for the upper classes to
obtain honourable and profitable
employment; and now you are talk-
ing of making even high caste a bar
to military service. Now, my no-
tion is, John, that henceforth, in-
stead of being more a leveller than
you have been, you ought to endeav-
our to be less. I know that my
servants, with the best possible in-
tentions, have for many years endeav-
oured to raise the many by degrad-
ing the few. Their sympathies have
been with the millions, not with the
oligarchy; and the upper classes
have been generally depressed. I
am not sure, John, that this system
has answered even in the man-
ner intended; that it has increased
the happiness and the prosperity
of the great mass of the people more
than if due regard had been paid
to the interests of all classes. This
suggests a large question, John, upon
which I cannot now enter; I only
caution you not to feel sure that the
ruin of the few will advance the pro-
sperity of the many. This is in some
sort a digression; for I am speaking
now more immediately of caste. But
the same spirit, John, which makes
you a leveller in one case, makes you
a leveller in the other. You have a
general grudge against the upper
classes. Take heed how you indulge
it. It is out of the bitterness which
this feeling excites that sanguinary
mutinies arise, John. Caste is an
evil which you must prepare yourself
to tolerate. Obviate its inconve-
niences as best you can, by inoffen-
sive measures; but long years must
elapse, John, before it will cease to
be a motive power too strong for you
to resist, and too strong for you to
attempt to resist without precipi-
tating a sanguinary failure.

And now, John, hear my last words. I commit to your hands a mighty trust, a gigantic responsibility. The task which lies before you is self-imposed; and therefore the greater the disgrace of failure. You have forcibly wrested from me the empire which I won in spite of myself. No one, with any knowledge of my antecedents, believes that I ever desired to bethe master of two hundred millions of Asiatics. In the old times, my instructions ever were, "Do not fortify, do not fight." Circumstances over which I had no control compelled my servants to fortify and to fight, and so, little by little, my empire has sprung up, and my Government has been the growth of circumstances. If I did not rule my empire successfully, there was little shame in my want of success. I did my best as a ruler, though it was my ambition to be simply a trader. You took from me my trade, and told me only to govern. For a quarter of a century I have given myself up undividedly to the work of government; and now, because that has happened to me which has happened to every Indian Government, you have been pleased to say that I have failed. If I had failed, we should not now be masters of India. You have been pleased also to say, that when my troubles came upon me I was found wanting, that I was incompetent to grapple with the difficulties which stared me in the face. Well, John, that charge has been investigated. One of your own Parliamentary tribunals has sifted it to the bottom; and the result is, that I have not only been honourably acquitted, but that I have left the court carrying with me the commendations of my judges. I believe that a vast army has never been shipped to, and landed on a foreign shore, and never pushed up to the scene of action, with such a wonderful display at all points of the highest administrative efficiency. Be candid, John; think of the past, and tell me whether your servants would have done it better.

But now that I commit to your hands the empire which Providence committed to me, I do so, hoping, praying for your success. I have

done my best—do now *your* best. May the Almighty bless your efforts, and may your best be better than mine. I have given you my most solemn advice. I have pointed out to you the rocks on which you are most likely to go to pieces. I have indicated the peculiar difficulties which will beset the new system of Indian government which you have been pleased to inaugurate—difficulties partly the growth of that system, and partly the growth of the circumstances out of which the great change has arisen. Ponder diligently and earnestly what I have said. They are the last words of one who has done great things in his day, and to whom history will do ample justice. I do not ask you, John, to think kindly of me when I am gone. I know the place which I shall hold in the great chronicle of nations. My fame, proudly and confidently, I bequeath—

"To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth."

You may regret me when I am gone, John—perhaps not; but whatsoever may be in the great womb of the Future, nothing can take from me the glory of my Past. The empire of the East India Company is a great fact, which generation after generation, in every quarter of the globe, will contemplate with reverential wonder. You may keep it, or you may lose it, John; but you cannot take from me the glory of having been, under Providence, the founder of that empire. The Past is everything to me; the Future is everything to you. Think solemnly upon that Future. Be resolute; be calm. Above all, resist popular clamours—or rather, the clamours of selfish classes. Do not suffer India to be governed by a series of concessions to interested cries. You have a hard part to play, John. Play it bravely. Your work, for some time to come, must be a work of continued resistance. Think, in quiet hours, of what I have said to you; and if you regard my counsel as honestly as it is given to you, be sure that some day you will bless the memory of

JOHN COMPANY.

THE COMMONS AT CHERBOURG.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

In a Letter to the Right Honourable the EARL OF TRUE BLUE, Admiral of the —.

LONDON, August, 1858.

How it fared, my dear Lord True Blue, with your Lordships, in your Chamber, during the last few weeks of the Session which closed on the 2d instant, I cannot tell; but can I ever forget how it fared with us faithful Commons, who sate so much more, and — may I be forgiven for saying it—worked so much harder, than did your Lordships? We were all under the same roof, all tenants of the same gorgeous structure, it is true, and all in equal dire proximity to the greatest open sewer the world ever saw; but consider how *we* worked—as, indeed, did your Lordships also, during the last few days of your sessional existence—double tides; from twelve o'clock at noon till four in the afternoon, and again from six o'clock in the evening till one, two, and half-past two o'clock the next morning! Then I, for instance, would crawl home some two miles, and, catching a few hours' sleep, plunge in the morning into neglected correspondence, on the surface of which, somehow or other, always lay one particular missive which disclosed the words, once, twice, or even thrice underscored—"MOST IMPORTANT!" "CERTAIN DIVISION!"—"When your attendance is *most earnestly* and *PARTICULARLY* requested!"—"Other important business also is on the paper," &c. &c. &c. Thus urged, down to the house you went, walking, if a little less fatigued than usual; and on your arrival, were instantly encountered by the deadly stench which you had tried to forget on quitting it that morning. "*Isn't* it horrid?"—How good you are to come!" would faintly whisper an anxious but pallid Whip; then hurrying off to say the same to another of those obedient to his skilfully-applied thong. As you approached the door, behold the two jaded janitors, growling while you passed them, "*Worse than ever!*"—to which

you nodded acquiescently, with your handkerchief to your nose. In their boxes these two grim functionaries sate, cadaverous, tired, and apparently too much exhausted to hinder any one from entering; or how was it that that strange gentleman contrived to slip in the other morning between two members?—You entered the House: all was languor and nausea. The windows were opened, but, thank Heaven! you saw calico screens outside them, incessantly moistened with a solution of chloride of lime, serving to intercept a little of the putrid odours which would otherwise have entered. There sate the once puissant Serjeant-at-Arms in his awful chair; but if you looked at him, you saw that he evidently had no longer strength to take into custody either disorderly member or stranger, even with the golden prospect of fees for the very briefest occupation of his hospitable dungeons. There, too, sate Mr. Speaker himself, august personage, manifestly sinking under the pestilential exhalations, vinaigrette in hand, and in incessant use, his heart sinking within him as he every now and then reflected on the residence which was being prepared for him at the edge of the reeking sewer outside, prepared, too, as he grieved to think, with such aggravating splendour, to be so soon dimmed and sullied by the noisome vapours ever streaming into its magnificent chambers. Hence you could understand the sudden interest he would manifest in any discussion on The Great Nuisance, started by an indignant member, and the stern "Order, order!" with which he was guarded from the slightest interruption in the course of his just denunciations! As for ourselves, we were all, oblivious of party, interchanging bits of camphor (of which a huge fragrant lump lay before the clerks at the table), and the use of smelling salts, aromatic vine-

gar, eau-de-Cologne, and lavender and other waters, the sweets of which were soon lost and overpowered. Look up above to the glittering brazen trellis-work, partially concealing our fair lady - visitors, whose curiosity, however, soon sank under the odours of the place; and by-and-by you might see and hear them rustling quicker than they had entered through the quadrangle — delicately chiselled nose, and lips hid beneath gossamer handkerchief — to their carriages. Look next at the Fourth Estate, ranged in grim array immediately below the ladies' cage; see them, with desperate air, attempting to fix their attention on the lively orator below, so as to be able best to condense his half-hour's eloquence into a single sentence, into which a "hear!" could not by possibility be inserted, nor "hear" nor "cheers" appended to it! Some folding their arms in defiance, and all turning up their noses, in conspicuous disgust, not at us, either silent or loquacious, statesmen, but at the air we breathed! In short, matters were getting to a pretty pass with Three out of the Four Estates of the Realm, who were sinking into a sort of lethargy or collapse, which was not, however, the case with all their number. These were fine times for somebody, I warrant you! What was the members' extremity, was the Ministers' opportunity. Everybody was plainly indifferent to everything, or nobody was pleased with anything, which the Government naturally understood as signifying that anybody might do anything, and that everything was pleasing everybody; and *they* were consequently pleased with everybody and everything, gathering golden votes on every side. Was ever Ministry in such luck? The demure Chancellor of the Exchequer and his trusty myrmidons of the Treasury wisely resolved to make hay while the — stench lasted; and it was wonderful how Bill after Bill was whisked along through all its stages, and how item after item in the Estimates — thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions — slipped down into the Treasury bag, unchallenged except by a growl or a snap from our two exhausted finan-

cial watch-dogs on the right and the left hand respectively of the Speaker's chair; but nobody seemed to hear, or at least to care for them. In a word, the reeking river was doing his work bravely; and when he had got nearly far enough through it to admit of the manœuvre being safely adventured upon, the astute Earl who leads your Lordship's House instructed his equally astute lieutenant in ours, to occupy and amuse us all with a project for cleansing the river! This set us all in an instant to work, every one eagerly following his nose into drains and culverts, losing himself in pleasant intercepting sewers, and tumbling about in refreshing streams of deodorised sewage; the Minister contriving quietly, the while, to give a finishing touch or two to his neat little Indian, and one or two other small Bills of the same kind; the House all the while thinning visibly and rapidly. Some left, saying that they had done *their* duty; others, that come what come might, they neither could nor would stand it any longer. So you heard on all sides incense-breathing mention of "my yacht!" — "the Mediterranean" — "Switzerland" — "the moors" — among those noble, right honourable, and honourable members, whom Heaven had blessed with the means and opportunities for so enjoying themselves. "And whither go *you*?" I inquired of a distinguished yachtsman sitting next to me. — "Why, I'm thinking of a cruise eastward, after Cherbourg." "Oh, *you're* going to Cherbourg?" — "Of course I am; wouldn't miss it for the world! Good night—or rather, good morning. I wish I could prevail on you to go with me." I shook my head, and was roused a moment from my reverie by the faint languid voice of the stately tenant of the chair, just finishing the little significant formula "that this Bill *do pass*! Those who are of that opinion say *Aye*! Those who are of the contrary opinion say *No*! The Ayes have it;" I having been one of the Noes, who had thus lost his little opportunity during the colloquy aforesaid! So the Bill has become an Act now, adorning the Statute-Book of the realm *me invito*! It was at that

In a Letter to the

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—left extremely doubtful I should take. But at about eleven o'clock that famous orator crossed over to the "Opposition" gang-sitting on the steps beside — "They tell me you're of going to Cherbourg. If I will go too, and I—used to take care of us both, so that we shall have no I don't half like it, as I'm sort of a sailor—but I don't

not you afraid of not coming any of those horrid French —." His smile, hereat, was picture—"Eh?" —we'll risk even *that*. Say the if you go, I go. How is it?"

do I;" and the matter was

We resolved to give the ment no more trouble, but them to prorogue on the ensu- day, to admit of our starting at Hampton on the ensuing day. Surely the Government ought to me—thought I—some little for this favour; so I modestly ted to the two Secretaries of reasury, over three glasses of water at the refreshment at two A.M. the next morning, I thought my five pounds was y the sort of thing that the service money was meant to. Nothing could be more civil hopeless, however, than the ; and shake of the head with h the application was received hose unctuous functionaries. In I pressed to know what they with the secret-service money? we told you," whispered one them, with charming jauntiness, would not any longer be 'secret vice.'" I shortly afterwards asked late Whig Secretary of the Tre- y the same question; but all those ntry were evidently in league; for also said, with a solemn smile, It always was, and it is, and it al- ways will be, *secret service*!" So within twelve hours' time I handed cheque for £5 to Captain Gos- ett; received my ticket; and from that moment dignified myself with the reflection that I was, in my own little way, going to enact a part in

the History of My Time. And, to be sure, Monday the 2d August, when we gleefully turned our backs on the laborious, eventful, but un- fragrant Session of 1857—8—the first of the Fifth Parliament of Her most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, had its own historical suggestiveness, with reference to the great and fickle nation which at present owns Cher- bourg; for on that very 2d August, twenty-eight years before, had oc- curred the abdication of Charles X., the last reigning prince of the thrice-expelled and thrice-restored House of Bourbon. 'Tis impos- sible to resist glancing hastily down the brief succeeding interval, crowd- ed with such big events, as history has not often to tell in so short a time. We see installed, a week after the abdication of Charles, the representative branch of the Orleans family, in the person of Louis Phi- lippe, as "King of the French;"— himself abdicating, eighteen years afterwards, to die in exile in Eng- land; monarchy thereupon abolish- ed and France declared a Republic, with Louis Napoleon for its Presi- dent, who, within three short years, was appointed such for a period of ten years; universal suffrage estab- lished; a new order of things inaugu- rated; all traces of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," obliterated—the famous idolised Trees of Liberty hewn down and burnt; a still newer form of government established in the begin- ning of 1852; that again changed, a restoration of the empire effected, and Louis Napoleon, all within the same memorable year, declared Em- peror, assuming the title of Napoleon III., and shortly afterwards miracu- lously escaping repeated infernal at- tempts at assassination—linked in close and faithful alliance with our- selves, in the prosecution of one of the greatest wars in which we were ever engaged; and here are we, the faithful Commons of staid and stern England, embarking, the day after the anniversary of the first of this grand series of events in French his- tory, to witness our Queen a willing guest of the aforesaid French Empe- ror; the august spectatress of his in- auguration of a stupendous "STAND- ING MENACE" to old England, as

nine-tenths of her subjects believe it: divers old ladies, moreover, disturbed by heavy misgivings that treachery is meant, and that Her Majesty—God in Heaven bless and protect her!—may find herself suddenly numbered among the captive monarchs, of whom history tells pensively.

To be sure, there were some of us whose courage might well ooze out after the manner of Bob Acres', when we recollected the part which we, the saucy Commons, had ventured to take in the matter of the Conspiracy Bill, when we said, "We'll have none on't;" that we were among *the ninety-and-nine* who——

But behold—Southampton, sir!—"Impossible! We can't have got to Southampton already!" said the merry carriageful of Senators in which I sat, all of us having chattered, and laughed, and told interesting stories, and been very witty, with a dash of pathos to give zest to our fun;—but so, in sooth, it was. At Southampton we were, and *the Philistines were upon us*, till we felt the effects of the provident care of our Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms; for lo! three of our own police travelled with us who knew every one of our precious faces, and eke could add our names to them! When they called out mine, to tell me that my carpet-bag was safe, it produced no sensation whatever, as I perceived with certain inward feelings. But when they called out the names of certain personages whom I accompanied, it was, I must acknowledge, somewhat different. Wherefore I took care to stick to them in the crowd, and so have reflected upon me a ray or two of the respect due to their well-earned parliamentary position. A few minutes' hurried walk brought us in sight of the dock, the approaches to which were crowded with curious spectators, through whom the police made a clear path for us—the last detachment of the adventurous Commons; for it seemed that a goodly number of our brethren had travelled by earlier trains, and were on board, anxiously awaiting our arrival, and the sound of the bugle which should announce

dinner. It had been ordered for eight o'clock, of which it now wanted only a few minutes; but these sufficed to fill us with admiration of our transport, as it lay moored to the dock-side. The "*PERA*"—which has its name henceforth associated with the Commons, or strictly speaking, certain of them, and Cherbourg—is a magnificent screw-steamship, 336 feet in length, 42 in breadth, its engines being of 450 horse-power, and tonnage 2620. It has accommodation for one hundred and thirty-two first class, and thirty-two second-class passengers. Including the captain, five officers, the purser, surgeon, and six engineers, the stewards, and the band, the total number of the crew is one hundred and thirty-two. Its average speed is about twelve knots an hour; and the three thousand miles* intervening between Southampton and Alexandria are traversed by the "*Pera*" in little more than, on an average, ten days. To a nautical eye, the figure and proportions of this fine vessel must give great satisfaction; and could only have wished that they had been scanned on the present occasion by the critical eye of my Lord Tru Blue.

Our luggage duly deposited in our cabins—mercy on us! what a multitude of sword-cases, hats, &c., aimed at contingencies which might never arise, indicating the presence of many military and naval officers, and still more formidable deputy lord-lieutenants; and our hasty ablution ended, hark! the shrill cheery sound of the dinner-bugle. And behold, in three or four minutes' time, to the air of "*The Roast Beef of Old England*," played by the capital band of the "*Pera*," some hundred gentlemen, noble lords (about whom a word by and-by), right honourables, honourable, honourable and gallant, and honourable and learned gentlemen, including our Deputy-Serjeant, Chaplain, the Clerk Assistant, Mr. Speaker's Secretary, a Committee Clerk, and the ship's officers, taking their seats facing each other, at two long tables traversing the whole length of the spacious saloon, upwards of seventy feet in length! The munn

* Exactly, 2972 miles.

tions of dinner warfare,—hark to the incessant explosions of champagne corks impatient for action!—were abundant; our conversation full of instructive hilarity! We ventured to laugh at the apprehensions of our friends on shore; we forgot our respective party names, cries, and principles; we dismissed our recollection of the great sewer which washed the great house we had quitted the day before, and thought only of the sweet Southampton water, and the bright blue rippling and dancing surface of pure sea with which our eyes were to feast themselves for the coming three glorious days, and for which we prepared ourselves by free but not intemperate recourse to champagne, hock, and claret, in which we drank each other's health individually, then the health of our Queen, and our respective constituents, be they many, be they few, and without regard to party. Heaven bless her, and all hers—them, and all theirs—ourselves, and all ours;—and the Emperor, as he may behave himself—his Empress, and all “his’n.” But—ah! ha!—will he let us come back? or will there be EIGHTY-FIVE new writs moved for in our absence, under the Act of last session, for so many having accepted the office of his imperial majesty's tenant-inspector of dungeons? “Come, come, Admiral! we look to you to protect us. I—and I—and I—went on the faith of our admiral's presence. You *must* look after us.”—“So I would, if you'd give me a fleet, and let me stay behind, to see which way you get in, and how quickest to get you out. But our friend here *will* cut down the estimates.”—“No, no! I've come here to be cured of that—to judge for myself—seeing and hearing is believing; a glass of wine with you, Admiral.”—“We'd better let the General join us, I think; for both services are concerned.”

Such small effervescence over, the more sagacious and far-seeing of us entered upon discussions of a most profound character; speculating on the hidden objects of the Emperor in giving, and the policy of our Queen and her ministers in accepting, the memorable invitation, which had brought so many of us to witness the

eventful meeting, and its immediate result. As far as I dare humbly attempt to do justice to the masterly and far-sighted views which then found utterance, they were to the following effect As for —, he thought that—while, on the one hand, it was possible, . . . on the other, it was not to be expected . . . that But, on second thoughts, I will not rob my brother statesmen of the right to enunciate their opinions in another place, at the opening of the next session—if we are then in a position to resume our seats!

Certain inspiring sounds overhead brought the remainder of us on deck—as if the dreaded din of the division-bell had summoned from smoking and dining-rooms into the House—and there—'Twas 10.30 P.M.; we were still moored to the shore, and could see a goodly number of folk of both sexes, standing as near to us as they were allowed; cigars were puffing on deck in all directions; the band played merrily; the sounds of jig, and fling, and reel, instinctively and irresistibly communicated motion to the feet of even the most staid and unlikely honourable members of all parties—according, that is, to *PUNCH* and the *PAPERS*, as we learned upon our return! Nay, it was also said that with instrumental, mingled vocal harmony, from such throats as remained unimpaired with incessant “hear, hear!” elsewhere. *Is* it not written in “*Punch*?” And has it not been circulated everywhere, and believed everywhere? Who could have imagined that Mr. Bray, the superintendent of our own police, and his brace of lynx-eyed detectives—who know, as they justly boast, the face of every honourable member, and the real and reputed thief in the metropolis—would have allowed that hump-backed, sly, satirical old sinner to slip in among us, and tell, in his own way, with vivid accuracy, what he so distinctly saw not, nor heard? Would that the usually keen eye of our Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms had been upon him! Methinks I see the little terrified old fellow standing trembling at our bar, to answer for so gross a breach of privilege!

But be that as it may, Lord True Blue must be content to take mine as the only authentic account of what did, *and did not*, occur during the ever-memorable expedition which I have undertaken to record. I took my place on the poop, and looked down on the cheerful scene, in cheerful mood; noting how the House had resolved itself into a committee of the whole House, for the purpose of—*pace Regina!*—forgetting the Queen's speech, and everybody and everything to which it related. The scene below me, visible every now and then, more or less distinctly, through the shifting clouds of cigar smoke, was picturesque. Those who can do this, thought I, can do anything! So, full of heart and hope for the morrow, and trying to realise to myself the distinguished part which we were doubtless to play in the superb spectacle looming in the distance, I stepped down the steps to the deck, and thence to my snug berth, winding up my watch exactly as the two fingers stood at the figure XII. In five minutes' time

"I to the world, the world to me, was naught."

At a quarter before five o'clock next morning, I woke, and rubbed my eyes, to be quite sure that I knew where I was. L. was dressing; and told me that R. had been up for an hour, and was on deck, with the new number of the *Edinburgh Review*.—"Oh!" quoth L., "what a lovely morning! Here we are, water smooth as glass, and we cutting along through it at the rate of twelve or thirteen knots an hour."

"Where are we?"

"Exactly opposite the Needles."—On which I jumped eagerly out of bed, my forehead, in doing so, receiving a slight hint of a berth being above me, and stood at the port-hole, gazing with delight at the scene without. At that time last year my whole family had established themselves for the autumn at that very spot, from which every other day they sent me charming and refreshing descriptions of the locality which I was destined

not once to see! To enable my companion to complete his toilet, I sallied forth in quest of a bath, if such there were, and found one at a few yards' distance. Having pumped an ample supply of water from the sea, through which we were passing so smoothly and swiftly, into a commodious marble bath, I eagerly immersed myself, and never so thoroughly enjoyed salt water before. How long I should have continued there, I know not; but a somewhat peremptory tapping at the door intimated that some other honourable Member was waiting for a private audience of Neptune. As quickly as possible therefore, I made way for my successor, and gave such accounts during the day as led to a result which might have foreseen; for the next morning, when I stole forth again to approach the briny Presence Chamber, I found the door beset by a variety of coloured dressing-gowned throngs of statesmen, each apparently wishing it to be believed that he had been waiting there longer than any of his honourable brethren! As for me, I resolved to have my bath, if I lay in bed till everybody else had had his, and my patience was rewarded at the end of an hour and a half.* This, however, is anticipating, but it serves to show the evil consequences of thoughtlessly disclosing the existence of the aforesaid luxury! "It is never too late, nevertheless, to mend," says an accomplished novelist.

Shortly before seven o'clock I made my appearance on deck, and hastening to the lofty fore-castle, felt the full freshness of the morning breeze which only slightly ruffled the blue surface of the water. Blue was the sky, blue was the water, freshening and inspiriting the whole scene, to those whose minds and bodies had been so long overtaxed as those of the party now on board. About a dozen of them were up and stirring; some sitting reading, others promenading the spacious and lengthy deck, one or two whiffing cigars on the poop. With the exception of a shadowy outline of the extremity of the Isle of Wight, and a telescopic glimpse

* There were three or four baths; but consider that the water had to be pumped in for each, and the number of bathers.

of Alderney, we were out of sight of land, and steering direct for Cherbourg; our glasses intimating that some half-dozen white sails, distantly visible, were also bound to our destination. 'Twas a moment of quiet delight, in which the mind instinctively turned from an oppressive past to an immediate future of pleasant expectation—from St. Stephen's and its fetid contiguous stream, to Cherbourg and its flashing waters. However it may now or hereafter be with Monsieur, John Bull is so thoroughly at home on the sea that he regards it as his own. How he stands erect and firm, and treads the deck of great or little craft, with an air of right and resolute authority! To descend to more homely matters, however, visible on descending from the forecabin—there behold, in snug shed, our cow, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, little dreaming of the distinguished party to whose breakfast she was to contribute! Nearly opposite was the pen which afforded somewhat straitened quarters for four or five sheep; while some hundred or two of ducks and hens were disposed along each side of the adjoining deck; all giving one the cosy notion of our being victualled for a voyage! But there are other live beings stirring. Behold our Admiral, and three of our Generals, standing apart, holding a council of war! And by-and-by, the bugle, and breakfast! That over, the deck shortly afterwards may be supposed to have exhibited a striking sight, worthy of the practical powers of "our special correspondent on board the 'Pera!'" But none such there was: our discreet and considerate Deputy-Serjeant-at-Arms, anxious to secure complete freedom from observation, and entire *abandon*, to those who had so long sate under the unwinking and oppressive scrutiny of twenty pair of Argus-eyes in the gallery immediately over Mr. Speaker's chair—had courteously declined a courteous application made by the reporter of at least one leading London newspaper. For aught I know, had he been perched anywhere in the shrouds, he might, or might not, have said something of this sort:—

It was evident that something im-

portant was going on; for, as if by common consent, cigar after cigar disappeared, and Honourable Members gradually collected themselves together near the gangway. The sight of so many "wide-awakes," aided by every imaginable colour and shape of travelling-attire—varied by plain hats, white and black, and modest travelling-caps of every hue—was most imposing! Many countenances spoke eloquently of a long and exhausting session, sallow as they were and haggard with unceasing attendance on divisions and—the smoking-room; but it might be deemed intrusive to specify individuals. It seemed to be generally remarked among Honourable Members that their Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms had made so skilful a selection, that the "Pera" was at that moment freighted with representatives of all the great interests, all the moral and intellectual worth of the nation! We noticed Members for metropolitan and provincial, county and borough, great and small, agricultural, maritime, commercial, and manufacturing constituencies; highly distinguished representatives of both the great naval and military services; the learned professions (the Church being *quodammodo* represented by the pious and accomplished chaplain), the banking, shipping, and railroad interests, and all the leading manufacturing interests. The Government, the Opposition, and the various sections of the supporters of each, were amply represented, as well as every shade of political and religious opinions. The Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms was required, as we understood, to report the number of Honourable Members who had, and to account for those who had not, accompanied the expedition, with the reasons which had influenced them, or at least were assigned by them, for not so doing. That respected functionary, who wore a wide-awake and shooting-jacket, with a glass slung over his shoulder, in common with every Honourable Member, at once mounted on a seat, and taking out a paper, read from it a number of details, which, from the reception of them, must have been very amusing and interesting to Honourable

Members. He spoke, however, in so low a tone, that we were unable to catch any portion of what he said, and no Honourable Member thought fit to enlighten us on the subject. Unless, however, we are mistaken, he stated that he had no reasons which he could venture to offer, why Mr. Speaker had not accompanied the expedition. It was subsequently conjectured, we hear, that he might not have been indisposed to do so, had he not feared that his presence might have given a more definite and official character to the expedition than he or others might have deemed advisable. The general result was, that the number of Members present was EIGHTY-FIVE—a number which might have been very largely increased during the last week of the session, had the extensive arrangements requisite then admitted of it. Shortly after this it was announced that the Government had offered the distinguished party a Government vessel, but that this had been declined, with respectful reference to two Government vessels called the "Transit" and "Perseverance"—names which elicited expressions of a very decided character.

"It now rests with the House," said the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, respectfully taking off his wide-awake (as we understood him), "to elect their Speaker for the time being." On which the Clerk-Assistent, standing beside him, taking off his wide-awake, pointed, silently, to an Honourable Member, who proposed, and another seconded, a third Member, of dignified and commanding presence, and great personal distinction. His name was received with acclamation, and he was elected unanimously.

He immediately assumed the place from which the Sergeant-at-Arms had descended, and called the attention of the House to the presence of a noble Earl, a member of the other House of Parliament, and another noble Lord,* a member of neither. It appeared that both were personally highly acceptable to the House: but grave constitutional

doubts were suggested by a very learned member, who said that it might afford a precedent, possibly to be followed not slowly hereafter on shore, and disturb the long-settled relations between the two Houses. After adding many weighty arguments of this sort, which were courteously listened to, he found the feeling of the House so strong, that he declared the sentiments he had uttered had ceased to be his own as fast as he uttered them, and the two noble lords—one of whom was father of a noble lord, who was present, a member of the Lower House—were forthwith elected—incorporated body and soul with the Commons—*namini contradicente*, and warmly shaken hands with. Shortly afterwards, a right honourable gentleman said, he begged to ask in what character, or capacity, they were going to Cherbourg; and whether any, and, if any, what arrangements had been made with the French Government, or the representatives in France of their own (the English) for their reception in French waters, or on shore? This led to an animated discussion; in the course of which it was stated, that as the utmost possible publicity had been given, by the English and foreign press, during the last fortnight, to the fact of so considerable a body of Members of the House of Commons going to the fêtes at Cherbourg, and communication had been made to the Foreign Office at home,—the British Ambassador at Paris and the British Consul at Cherbourg would doubtless co-operate with the French Government to secure Honourable Members the right of seeing what there would be no objection to their seeing, and going whither there might be no objection to their going, offered by the French authorities. Ultimately the following resolution was adopted:—"Resolved, that the Members of this House, constituted as such, for a limited and special purpose only, consider themselves, and are to be considered by all parties concerned, both in England and France, only as visitors to Cherbourg, and spectators

* The Earl of Sheffield and Viscount Kingsale. Many other members of the House of Lords signified their wish, but at too late a period, to accompany the expedition.

of the fêtes there, in their individual capacities as such members, and as private gentlemen only; but they expect from the British Consul at Cherbourg, the attention due from him to them and all other British subjects."

It was further agreed that the fixed hours of the "*Pera*" should be observed on all occasions as far as practicable; and that the initiative arrangements for going on shore should be intrusted to the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms.

It having been ascertained that every Honourable Member, and every officer and attendant of the House present, possessed a passport properly *viséd*, the House adjourned during pleasure.—If, I say, "Our Special Correspondent" had been on board, and if he had given the above, or any such account of what he represented himself as having witnessed and heard; whether, in doing so, he would have wholly drawn on his imagination; or whether his account would have been wholly, or to any and what extent, based on fact, must, as far as this letter is concerned, continue one of those mysteries which serve to puzzle the uninitiated, and exercise ingenuity in squaring statements with external probabilities and intrinsic consistency. However this may be, you may regard us as having advanced by between half-past eleven and twelve o'clock within a few miles of the far-famed mysterious French Sebastopol. The weather continued bright and beautiful, and the breeze was a little brisker than when we started. The gently-sloping shore to our right was prettily variegated; while straight before us was the great breakwater—about half a mile longer than ours at Plymouth—to our left, terminating in a fort, between which, and one on the opposite side, we had to enter. When within two miles or thereabouts, two or three fishing-smacks—such they appeared to me—put out, and sailed towards, and round us, as soon as we had slackened steam, and lay to for the pilot. Judging from the gestures of those on board, they appeared, as well they might, struck with admiration of the "*Pera*." Having received

our pilot, we resumed our progress towards Cherbourg. I took my place on the fore-castle. What Englishman could resist a momentary reflection on long-passed events of which he was now approaching the scene—the bloody conflict between the fleets of the two nations in 1692, and the destruction of the French fleet, forts, and arsenal in 1758, exactly a century ago? And again—what had been since done, attempted, and at last apparently consummated, by our indefatigable and gallant neighbours,—our Queen already on her way to assist in consummating their triumph. Most of us were collected on the poop and fore-castle, as we slowly entered the mouth of Cherbourg harbour, between two forts; I standing close to three persons very narrowly and silently scrutinising every surrounding object on shore and afloat—Admiral Napier, General Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, and General Sir William Codrington. To our left lay, between the breakwater and ourselves, in a line slightly curved towards us, nine men-of-war—eight two-deckers, and one three-decker,—the "*Bretagne*," which was at the innermost extremity, all dressed with flags. Ahead of us, close in to the shore, lay a small fleet of gay yachts, destined to be vastly augmented in number by the next morning; all of them dressed with flags, and indubitably English. A little to our right, lay the small town of Cherbourg, perhaps comparable, as seen from the "*Pera*," but disadvantageously, with our Gravesend or Worthing, with quays and fortifications stretching in every direction. With the keen eyes, and with the thoughts and feelings of Englishmen, we carefully scanned, almost in silence, each man-of-war as we passed them—moored, as I judged, at about fifty or eighty yards' distance from each other. At length we took up, under, of course, our pilot's guidance, a capital central position, by a white buoy, bearing on it the not inappropriate letters very large, "*M. P.*," and dropped our anchor. Scarcely had we done so, and owned our first contact with sound French soil, than we saw, with less surprise than satisfaction, a boat put off from the

nearest man-of-war with an officer standing in the stern, and pull rapidly towards us. How considerate of the Emperor, as represented by his Admiral! Imagine a naval officer, high in the service, despatched, without an instant's delay, to recognise and greet the arrival of so many of the faithful Commons of Her Britannic Majesty, in French waters! We saw, in anticipation, the distinguished visitor approach the gangway, where most of us should be stationed to receive the bearer of Imperial courtesies, and uncovering, advance to our stately Speaker *pro tempore*, with a gracious courtesy peculiar to that gallant people, and express the anxious desire of His Imperial Majesty to afford the gentlemen of that highly-distinguished body, the House of Commons, every facility for observing and enjoying everything and ourselves, &c. &c. &c.—all which would have been received as it ought to have been. But, alas! the object of our French visitor was quite different. We had our misgivings, on noting, as he drew near enough, the dark frown that was on his face, and heard him impatiently urge on the oarsmen. He ran rapidly up the companion-ladder, and asked, in very broken English, for the pilot. When that functionary approached him, cap in hand, "Vat for, sacré! you put dissip here?" he asked, "You wrong!" A sharp, but fierce, colloquy ensued between them, quickly kindling into liquid streams of vernacular; so that some of the more accomplished among us soon found out the true state of the case. We were not to be towed into harbour and landed as prisoners; but our enlightened Cherbourg pilot—an old weather-beaten man—had brought us up to the place destined to be occupied by one of the English men-of-war; it appearing that he had positively taken the "Pera" to be one, not having, in the excitement of the moment, we being the first arrival, scanned minutely our very peaceful port-holes! Having thoroughly convinced our pilot of the enormous delinquency of which he had been guilty, the Frenchman withdrew, but not till some little progress had been made with haul-

ing up the anchor. As the rate was this operation, as testified by the time it took the pace. We felt, and knew, that we were objects of curiosity, and perhaps of amusement, partly evidenced by glasses through which the boat was peered at from both sides of-war, the yachts, and the At length, however, we reached the appointed site; once more we rattled the ponderous anchor there we lay, nearly midway between the French men-of-war and our countrymen's gay fleet of yachts, capitally stationed to see and hear—everything we had come to see and hear—in fact, ready for anything. Well, what was to be done? What boat is that, putting off from pier and pulling straight towards "Pera," and the House she had to honour to carry? Every glass directed towards it soon enabled us to surmise the approach of Her Majesty's Consul, bent on paying instant attention to so large a section of Her Majesty's Commons on their arrival in French waters. Imagine the boat at length alongside, and a tall gentlemanly person in a trice presenting himself on deck, in the most respectful manner, giving us a cordial welcome, and producing bundles of tickets and cards of all sorts, placed at his disposal on our behalf, by the complaisant civil, military, and naval authorities on shore and afloat. Now we saw the utility of Consuls, and suddenly bethought ourselves of the favourable reception we should accord next session—always provided we were permitted to return to England—to a certain Report issued only a few days before, on the 27th July, 1858 (there is nothing like exactness in these matters), by the Select Committee "on Consular Service and Appointments." Fifteen members of that committee sat twenty-six times, and examined and re-examined fifty witnesses; and a prominent result of their labours is stated to be the necessity of doing "that justice to an important branch of the public service, which imperatively demanded such a revision of the salaries and emoluments of the Con-

lar service, as will place Consuls in circumstances consistent with the importance of their duties." Here, for instance, was an agreeable gentleman, with a convenient office on the quay, and living close at hand Doubtless all this sounds very well; but unfortunately, things as they ought to have been, were not things as they were. The aforesaid little boat soon lost itself in the crowd of yachts; no Consul came near us, nor sent to us, nor took the least notice of us; no Consul had an office on or near the quay-side, nor any other than his own residence, situate at some two and a half miles from the town. This pleasant discovery was made by our indefatigable Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms, whom we had despatched ashore, shortly after our arrival, in quest of the aforesaid obliging and accessible Consul. After a broiling walk under a vertical sun, and accompanied by those inspiring clouds of dust in which Cherbourg seems to delight, our officer found Mr. Consul comfortably at home, declaring that he had had no "official" intimation whatever of our intended arrival, and had had no orders to provide for us, and, in short, had done nothing for us, his fellow-countrymen, among whom were, I take leave to say, some of the most gallant, distinguished, and far-famed men that had ever drawn sword or worn epaulettes. Does this meet with your approval, Lord True Blue? It did not meet with ours; and—that I may not again interrupt the thread of my narrative by allusion to this quintessence of indifference—let me say that the next day, possibly having in the interval suffered some qualms and misgivings, he made his appearance on board the "Pera," when there was a very thin House, and tried to exculpate himself—as I heard, but I was not present. In consequence, however, of his representations, another functionary was afterwards ordered to attend—to wit, the Under Foreign Secretary—our messenger having brought him, in obedience to our Speaker's warrant, from his comfortable quarters on board the English Admiral's flag-ship. As soon as he had recovered his presence of

mind, he made certain statements in his own defence, which appeared to the House to be not in precise quadrature with those of the aforesaid Consular delinquent. It was evident that there was some misunderstanding between them as to what had or had not happened between them. He was then ordered back to his flag-ship. Doubtless the gentlemen by this time have had a few spasmodic anticipations of what may take place in the next session, when the Estimates come under consideration, and some eighty-five honourable members, sitting above and below both gangways, are there, in pursuance of a very special *whip* of their own—not to speak of the slightly different view they may be then disposed to take of a certain report on Consular Service and Appointments, to which, now and here, with the grim reticence of one of those holding fast the national purse-strings, I forbear to make further allusions; but surely there is a black look-out for somebody or other. Thus far concerning one of *my* order; but now as to one of your patrician order. Did you ever see or hear of a certain Lord Cowley, K.C.B.? He is our ambassador at Paris, and has been such for the last six years, playing that brilliant part to the cheering tune of eight thousand a-year, with which also we, the faithful Commons, have occasionally something to do. How becoming and graceful his brief visit to the "Pera," explaining how harassed he was on such an occasion, as we might easily imagine, but assuring us that he had not failed, before leaving Paris, to offer suggestions in the highest quarter as to facilities being afforded at Cherbourg for so large a number of members of the House of Commons, &c. &c. &c. But this, again, was exactly the thing which might have been, and was not, done. I doubt whether this magnificent *employé* ever asked which was the "Pera," or whether a single member of the Lower, or even of the Upper, House was on board, in modest and not unreasonable reliance on the good offices of their highly-salaried countryman.

And for these courtesies we *vote* you money! But wait till next Ses-

that he would get us tickets to the reserved places at the railway station, by the time that as many of us as chose had gone ashore; but when and where we were to meet was a mystery to us. To shore, however, several boat-loads of us went, and we landed without difficulty, our trusty Deputy-Serjeant being there to make things comfortable with the authorities. None of us was required to show his passport; I never even took mine out of my pocket during the whole expedition. And then all of us—a pretty goodly number—obeyed orders, and followed Mr. Deputy-Serjeant till we arrived at a place where printed tickets for the reserved places were given to each of us, greatly to the envy of crowds perspiring and panting under the glare and dust, and hurried on through continuous crowds, till we reached the strictly-guarded locality. We found no difficulty in reaching the places assigned to us—about the centre of a space of some hundred or two yards, occupied with long rows of forms, on which spectators were sitting or standing—very many of them English, and we ourselves appearing to number some twenty or thirty only. Notwithstanding the pressure for admission, three or four rows of forms were almost wholly unoccupied. The space on the opposite side of the railway was much better filled. To our left was the platform, laid out as a chapel, with altar and tapers, on the left side of which were two chairs of State; behind which stood a glittering crowd of officials, conspicuous among them Mr. Walowski; and opposite, a full-robed assemblage of clergy and choir, with the Bishop of Coutances at their head. While we were waiting the arrival of the Imperial train, a number of men and women were busily laying down, stitching and tacking together, the cloth and carpeting on which the great folk were to walk. To our extreme right was a crowd of soldiers, and in the van, sitting down on some steps, and lounging and chatting merrily with them, three *escandieres* with sun-burnt complexions—wearing broad hats with light blue ribbons, dark blue tunics, and ample scarlet trou-

sers. At length a signal—and officers and civilian *employés* running to and fro breathless—soldiers falling into line—but it was only two pilot-engines: at length, however, down came the train for which we were all so anxiously waiting. Oh, the dreadful, insupportable heat! When the Imperial carriage came slowly up, the troops presented arms, and there was considerable—but to my English ears, a sort of constrained cheering, except on the part of ourselves and brother countrymen near us, who cheered loudly. When the Emperor alighted, he took off his hat, appeared in high spirits, and shook hands heartily with many around him. As the Empress alighted, a very loud cheer greeted her, which she acknowledged with a grace and ease of carriage and gesture that were exquisite. Methinks I see her at this moment, parasol in hand, clad in a lilac-coloured dress, with a charming little gossamer bonnet—turning her lovely face now to us on her left, then to those on her right, the Emperor walking beside her till they reached the chapel, when the cheering ceased. They stood slightly in advance of the two chairs beside the altar, and remained standing while the service proceeded. Then was heard chanting; and by-and-by the Bishop, followed by a long train of clergy, advanced towards the two engines which had first arrived, and had since been moved up close to the Chapel, that they might receive the benediction. Amidst chanting, he scattered holy water on each from a brush, uttering some Latin words which I was too far off to hear;—and just as the procession was returning to the Chapel, where remained standing the Emperor and Empress, the latter playing rather restlessly with her parasol—hark! the sudden booming of a distant gun! "*Ah, ma foi! c'est la Reine d'Angleterre!*" suddenly exclaimed a lady near me: "The Queen! The Queen!" exclaimed many English voices. All further interest in the solemn inauguration going on before me, ceased suddenly; and I, and most of my brother members, forthwith took our departure, and made our way

through the crowded streets to the equally crowded quays, and were soon safe again on board our good "Pera." As we approached her, how graceful and commanding looked her figure and proportions! And close by the gangway, there's the good-humoured face of our Admiral to greet us—"Well, my friends," quoth he, "I've been on board the 'Bretagne,' and my friend the Admiral and I have arranged the whole thing—there'll be no difficulty whatever, to-morrow, about going over the arsenal!" There were not many of our party at that moment on deck. One, Mr. Attorney-General, was strengthening his principles by reading the *Quarterly Review*; another, R., deep in the *Edinburgh Review*; one, G., riveted with *Blackwood's Magazine*; and another, trying to puzzle out the Cherbourg localities from a map lying before him. As it wanted half-an-hour to dinner-time—which was seven o'clock—I betook myself to the poop, glass in hand, to rest myself, and look out for the Queen, who had not yet arrived; the gun which we had heard ashore having intimated only that the royal yacht was in sight. Over the breakwater, however, were visible rapidly advancing masts. The evening was one of beautiful tranquillity—the air bright and fresh. Boat after boat of the "Pera" was returning to her with members who had been to visit their various yachting friends, whose gay craft glistened more charmingly than ever in the declining sunbeams. No noise came from the shore. All on deck was quiet; and the French men-of-war lay silent and gloomy on the smooth blue water, like so many Mausoleums. At length "There comes the little lady," exclaimed a friend beside me; and in a twinkling, round the corner of the breakwater glided the "Victoria and Albert," with the royal standard of England at the main, closely attended by the towering three-decker, the "Royal Albert," by the "Renown," and other war-ships—the little "Fairy" following after; and in an instant there was before my eyes the grandest sight, and in my ears the most terrific uproar, that the one had seen or the other heard before. The huge guns

from the fort opposite to that by which the Queen was entering began the cannonade with a tremendous report, followed instantly by the French man-of-war nearest the Queen; blaze after blaze, and huge puff after puff of white smoke, bursting forth furiously with astounding rapidity: then the next and the next, and the next, as if with a sudden accession of savageness, that would annihilate whatever was within reach; then a prodigious broadside from the "Bretagne;"—the royal Lady of England—shall I not, on board my own "Pera," say, Mistress of the Seas—standing conspicuous, with her husband and eldest son beside her, and gliding calmly alongside the monsters vomiting fire and smoke; her own ships of war following slowly after, and taking up their position in stern silence,—their turn had not come yet, but perhaps when it did, they might, and I hoped would, astonish Monsieur;—their thunder rebellowing from fort after fort in every direction, even far inland on shore; then broadside after broadside again from the ships; and, amidst all this prodigious uproar, the vast hull and masts of the infuriate "Bretagne" becoming again visible, as her smoke cleared off, the "Victoria and Albert" took up her position near her, followed shortly after, as if with jealous solicitude and proximity to their Royal Mistress, by the English three-decker and her three two-decked companions, and the Queen of England was at anchor in the French waters. We did not require to be stimulated by the faintly-heard volleys of cheering from the French men-of-war,—we sent up a hundred men into our own rigging, and from their honest throats, and from ours, (see our stout old Admiral yonder waving his hat and cheering lustily!) burst forth volley after volley of English "hip, hip, hip, hurra!" As for me, 'twas not the easiest thing in the world to hold my field-glass to my eyes, directed towards the Queen, with one hand, with the other wave my cap, and at the same moment cheer at the top of my voice: but I did it. Then we hear faintly on the evening breeze, from one of the French

ships, "*Partant pour la Syrie*," which calls into action our own band, with a downright, hearty, unmistakable "God save the Queen," all of us standing uncovered. "God bless your Majesty," quoth we; but there's the dinner bogle, and even ardent loyalty like ours must dine, but only to strengthen us for fresh displays. So down to dinner we went,—I first diving a good way down into my carpet-bag to fish up something or other to look extra smart, in honour of the Queen's arrival, and close propinquity,—and almost all our party were assembled, completely filling, as usual, the two long tables. All in capital spirits! Flashing Champagne! Sparkling Moselle! Hock! Claret!—ah, how delightfully cool and thoroughly iced!—R., nearly opposite, in great force, and not caring a snap of his finger for a million French Colonels. We, at that end of the table, were in particular luck; for one G. had had the brotherly forethought to bring with him a splendid haunch of Wiltshire venison. How many afterwards, when they heard of it, regretted that they had not done the same. Nothing could be more delightful than the way dinner went on. No one—secure in the society of his brethren—cared what he, or anybody else, said or did on that merry expedition. Everybody was in great force; there was a pleasant atmosphere of excitement diffused around us; for we were manifestly in the very middle of Great Doings. Just as the abundant dessert had been laid on the table, a sudden storm of firing from the shore led to the question—"What's in the wind now?" Up ran a nimble steward, and returned to our end with the words, "the Emperor embarking to visit the Queen!" There was no withstanding this; so most of us were on deck in a trice, and I soon mounted to my favourite poop. And, to be sure, the sight was worth the effort. The air and water were quivering with the incessant discharges from shore and ship. This time our English men-of-war had given tongue, and tremendously. I may be mistaken, but it appeared to me that the firing from the lower guns of the "*Renown*" was heavier than from any

of the ships in the water. With every report from these fearful guns our good "*Pera*" seemed to vibrate under us. But, in fact, a perfect hurricane of flame and smoke was raging all round us. No one that has not seen or heard such things for himself can form the faintest idea of the grand and terrific scene—and picturesque as grand and terrific. And yet, to whom am I writing this, but to one who is smiling at the ardour with which I am describing the mimic scene—to one who has borne distinguished part in the stern realities of war—when something more than powder and blank cartridge flew from the gun's mouth—balls, thick and fast as hail, at Algiers and Trafalgar! Pardon, therefore, a poor lone, half-stunned landsman, who, however, will for the future pay very particular attention to Naval Estimates! But now good-naturedly follow me again for a moment into the French waters. As the evening breeze swept slowly away the thick white smoke enveloping the ships, you saw the tops of the masts—then the huge hulls—then the rigging, swarming with blue and white figures of the tars manning the rigging. As for Jack—I mean our own dear Jack, not Monsieur's Jean—he determined to outdo himself, and astonish the Frenchmen: so up to the trucks, the very uttermost tip top of each mast, he had swarmed or got somehow or other, and standing apparently on nothing, and holding by nothing, he waved with one hand his cap, and with the other a flag. "Come down, come down, Jack! I can't bear to see it! What the plague are you holding on by?" "This here's just the place for me, sir—let Mounseer Jack do it if he dare." "He isn't such a fool." "He ——" Another broadside, and Jack is last visible waving his flag, and no doubt shouting as none but Jack can shout, and the sulphurous cloud has concealed him from sight! And now behold approaching the bow of the "*Pera*" two barges, the first the Imperial one, with green velvet awning, studded with the golden bees o. Charlemagne—the second following close on it, with a crimson silk awning; the former containing the Emperor

[illegible]

ired years ago,* an English fleet, under a certain Lord Howe, was hundering in those very waters, lestroying forts, arsenal, and shipping,—but rejoicing ardently and piously at the different relations existing in the present year of grace 1858. Once more up the ladder and on deck, *Partant pour la Syrie* the order of the—night as of the day; yonder again, the two large barges, but now only indistinctly visible—hear the splash of their oars (not, I must repeat, so measured and simultaneous as Jack's—forgive me, dear Lord True Blue, but for the life of me I cannot help it). The Emperor and Empress are now allowed to return without the deafening roar which had accompanied them, for now it is considerably past sundown. Good-night, Emperor! Good-night, Empress!

"Now came still"—may I not rather say stunned?—"evening on;" but, in one way or other, came the dark-eyed divinity, shedding repose over the waters, if not on shore, where there seems twinkling and glittering evidence to the eye, not to the ear, of motion and excitement. Out of the eighty-four of my brethren, I must frankly own that I fear there were at least thirty smokers, and every one of them, it was supposed, had the finest cigars in the world. The House of Lords, however, as represented by your brother Earl, I rejoice to say, did not smoke; nor did your correspondent; but he mounted once more to his favorite forecastle, lofty and solitary, and looked around on a scene becoming every moment bright and more solemnising and suggestive. Within some three or four hundred yards lay the graceful "Victoria and Albert," with its precious freight. The tiny attendant "Fairy" lay not far off: in close proximity frowned, in gloomy indistinctness, our own huge three-decker, and not far from her, the formidable "Renown" and "Diadem;" then, somewhat more dimly seen, the noble French three-decker "Bretagne," with the extended line of French men-of-war stretching from her right seaward: all silent now, all

motionless. Turning to the right, behold I know not how many acres of French water-service covered with English yachts, in glistening indistinctness . . . lights visible through the cabin windows of some of the larger, and in some of which, had we been there, one might have seen, to my certain knowledge, some of the loveliest specimens of the dear womankind of England! . . . I folded my arms. . . . There was not a sound heard on deck to disturb my thoughts, which suddenly took this turn:—

"'Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and
wise!'"

and as I have a good deal in prospect to-morrow, I shall turn in at once." So I did, and found that R. had anticipated me, lying motionless and silent—in fact, asleep, although the *Edinburgh Review* was peeping from under his pillow; L. above me breathing heavily, as though the "Bretagne" were resting on his manly nautical bosom, with a pressure which nevertheless did not disable him from counting her guns grinning hideously above, the stout sailor-senator, though at his last gasp, vowing that their disposition was greatly inferior to that of the "Royal Albert," who with a broadside or two . . . As for me, I slipped out of my clothes, and into my bed, in about a minute and a-half: soon finding myself lost in the misty magnificence of such dreams as might be supposed to haunt one so greatly excited by what he had just before seen, and heard, and thought. Perhaps I dreamed; but I know that very early next morning I woke cheerful and refreshed, without the consciousness of having been for one moment a *dreamer of dreams*.

About seven A.M. the next morning, Thursday, 5th August—having enjoyed the luxury of the bath half-an-hour before—see me once more on deck. Behold! our splendid "Pera" has had visitors during the night! Two of her sisters, the "Salsette" and "Benares," were now moored within a few cables' length of her,

and three more imposing representatives of the commercial marine of England than these three vessels of our Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, neither French, nor American, nor English eye could look upon. And how finely placed they were, between the frowning ships of war on the one side, and the dazzling fleet of yachts on the other! What a spectacle the Cherbourg waters exhibited at that moment! If France were not pleased with the compliment thereby paid her by her island Sister, why—she must be hard to please. But now I turn with loyal heart first towards the royal vessel with the meteor flag of England flying at the main.

Now the morning gun; and then a glorious salute to the Majesty of England reclining on the waters of her faithful and gallant friend and ally! Several of her Majesty's Commons were smoking with an air of tranquil enjoyment; but what sort of a discovery do you suppose was made by one of that body—to wit, your inquisitive correspondent? Do you recollect my mention of our cow? Well, there she was as before; but her sensitive nerves had been so shaken, and her delicate lacteal system so disturbed, by the thunders of the preceding evening, that she was unable to yield us her usual timely supply of milk! Fancy us all at breakfast, milkless! Those who could relish tea and coffee as a mere infusion, or decoction, had here an unexpected opportunity of gratifying their taste; for those not so disposed, there was our excellent claret, fruit in abundance, and meats of all sorts fresh and potted. Having completely broken our fast, behold the House assembled on deck. What an imposing sight! *The "House,"* in its very special and exceptional form, condition, and circumstances—fused with the Lords, in the person of your noble friend, who played the part of commoner excellently well—and constituting, as every one proudly felt, the very quintessence of the collective wisdom of the age and nation;—the First Estate, in her corporate sovereign capacity, meeting us, in Lord Coke's language, as *Caput,*

Principium, et Finis; our session opened in France, on the invitation of its Emperor and people. Here was our Speaker; there was our mild and accomplished Chaplain; our staunch Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms, looking careworn, and not yet recovered from the *contretemps* of our cow, the only thing that had gone wrong yet; our methodical and learned Clerk-assistant; a Committee Clerk in attendance, if we should require his services, in case of any committee being appointed for special purposes on that eventful day; our Messenger on the alert; our keen-eyed police—Captain and crew at a respectful distance, and out of hearing; no ladies, reporters, or strangers present. Mr. Speaker—how grand his presence! how calm and deliberate, and yet with a benignant cheerfulness beaming from every feature—took his seat with acclamation, on a cannon, laid up in ordinary in the centre of the deck—and amidst great but quickly-suppressed cheering, as he pointed to the character of his chair, and then glanced significantly over his right at the "Royal Albert." Then listen to his mellow and sonorous voice!

MR. SPEAKER.—Order, order! I have to inform the House that I have had no communication from Her Majesty expressive of either satisfaction or dissatisfaction at the presence of this House in these waters. I cannot doubt that Her Majesty will give every member of this House credit for being actuated by creditable motives in coming hither, and will impute to no one any intention to intrude upon her royal privacy, as far as her subjects are concerned. Her Majesty is attended by all those whose services she thought fit to command. I have to acquaint the House that I have directed proper measures to be taken by the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms for securing honourable Members a sight of whatever they may desire and expect, with reason, to see.

Our Admiral has entered into friendly arrangements with the French Admiral, and the "Bretagne" is freely open to inspection to the House and any Committee thereof.

The First Lord of the Admiralty is on board the "Royal Albert," and

every facility will be afforded to honourable Members to inspect that ship.

AN HONOURABLE MEMBER.—What about the Arsenal? (Hear, hear.)

MR. SPEAKER.—The French Admiral has, in the most courteous manner, given every member of this House free admission to the Arsenals, and all pertaining to it; and placed an officer in attendance, throughout the day, on honourable Members availing themselves of this concession. All the boats of the "Pera" will be all day long at the command of honourable Members to go any-whither they may please; and to facilitate the movements of a larger number of Members than the boats can accommodate, I have engaged a small British Steam-Tug for to-day and to-morrow.

THE FINANCIAL MEMBER.—For how much? And does it come out of the £5? (Order, order! and hear, hear, hear!)

MR. SPEAKER.—Thirty Pounds; and it comes out of the Five Pounds. At least, so I understand. (The Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms made an acquiescent obeisance amidst considerable cheering.)

The House will readily understand that I have not deemed it expedient to intimate its presence to the Emperor.

I have dispatched a messenger (accompanied by a detective) well acquainted with the country, to endeavour to discover the residence of the Consul, and, if possible, to order his attendance on board.

I need not remind honourable Members, that England expects every one of them to keep his eyes very wide open when on shore (hear, hear, hear!); and that every honourable Member carries a civil tongue in his head, ready to converse fittingly, if he have sufficient command of the language, with the very civillest people on the face of the earth. (Loud cheers.)

I have ascertained that her Majesty will go ashore at eleven o'clock, and remain there for some hours; that at eight o'clock her Majesty and his Imperial Majesty will dine in state on board the "Bretagne;" and I have some reason to believe that

his Imperial Majesty may pass very near the "Pera," on his way to the "Bretagne"—(loud cheers)—or that he will not; but in the latter case, no slight or affront to this House will be contemplated by his Majesty. (Hear.)

AN HONOURABLE MEMBER.—How about the fireworks? (A laugh.)

MR. SPEAKER.—I believe they will be very fine, equally worthy of the two great nations who will let them off, and of those who are to be amused by them—(cheers and laughter)—and of the great historical event which they serve to commemorate—the intimate friendship this day signally ratified between the two greatest nations upon earth. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Honourable Members will please to take notice, that lunch may be had by any honourable Member at whatever hour he pleases, and dinner, according to the Standing Order, at seven precisely.

The House will now adjourn till to-morrow morning, when an important question will be taken into consideration, as to the day of the House's return to England.

The House then resumed its wide-awake, and smoked: at least, a majority. A boat was immediately manned, to convey our Admiral, &c. &c., to reconnoitre the "Bretagne;" and another to carry certain others, of whom I was a willing one, to reconnoitre the "Royal Albert." We also accomplished, I trust satisfactorily, the mission which we had undertaken. We directed ourselves to be shown first into the Admiral's quarters, where we immediately inspected him, and regretted to find him far from well; but his quarters were commodious and comfortable, and he courteous and obliging, directing two officers to accompany us all over the ship. Before starting, we also inspected, in passing, the First Lord; he greeted us all—did good Sir John Pakington—with that cheerful yet diffident affability which enabled us to read inscribed on every feature of his face, "Naval Estimates, and Some of Those who grant 'em!" Then we encountered on the quarter-deck, our worthy Under Foreign Secretary; he looked so pensive and

downcast, that he reminded us of the woe-begone deprecating air with which the late First Lord had slipped into his place on a former occasion, amidst the significant cheers of the assembled victims of Government courtesies, in respect of our special seclusion the day before from the sight of our own little demonstration at Portsmouth. On his countenance were impressed in great black letters, "Transit! Perseverance!" But his manly apology disarmed the House and threw it into cheering humour. So let an *exoneretur* be entered in the case of our Foreign Under Secretary. Him passed and forgiven, we commenced our inspection. Deck under deck, grisly rows of guns after guns—here a couple of rows of sixty-eight pounders! 'Twas something like opening a bull-dog's mouth to look inside, and note the number, size, and condition of his glittering teeth, his eyes fixed on you the while with an expression which suggested that the sooner that little business was over the better for some one—a suggestion strengthened by the sort of snap! with which his jaws closed, when the moment had arrived for parting, between Curiosity and Impatience. Down, down we went, to the depth of sixteen feet under water, where divers mysterious revelations were made by our most intelligent and courteous *cicerone*—Lieutenant Wilnot—concerning the perilous misadventure which had happened to the noble ship when in Russian waters. Nothing could be nicer, or more dreadful, or more assuring, than the appearance of everything respectively. We saw dear jolly Jack under every aspect, and I do not know which pleased us most. Here, he and another were stowed away in a corner, intent on a game of drafts. There, were some dozen or two sitting at their tables, fast asleep, tired with their overnight's expedition ashore, and early morning's work on return. Here was Jack's dinner getting ready, on a stupendous scale. How many pailfuls after pailfuls of inchoate soup were tumbled down into the bottomless caldron that by-and-by had to supply a thousand of these jolly hearties, I know not. There, were

young hopefuls busy with slate and pencil, under vigilant superintendence. Here was Jack in his literary capacity, sitting all alone, with very tender aspect, spelling over a love-song, his eye filling every now and then, as he could not help thinking that he that wrote that 'ere song must have seen Jack's own particular hazel-eyed Bess in his native village. Here were the marines—as fine a body of men as can be produced, and worthy of the expense the nation incurs in training every one of them. Here are the Sixty-Eight Pounders!—And at this precise conjuncture, enter, with courteous bows and courtesies, some half-dozen French visitors, the gentlemen consisting of two naval officers, one military officer, all *en grande tenue d'hiver*, and one solemn but keen-eyed priest, looking like a lynx in spectacles, and two ladies. Our two naval friends stepped up quickly to a sixty-eight, looking at it quietly for a few moments, and then whispered a word or two which I did not catch. Then came up the two ladies; the younger, and a very charming one, tapped the grisly monster merrily with her parasol, and addressed a laughing word to one of her two naval companions, who shrugged their shoulders, but looked considerably at that same silent monster—savage, it may indeed be imagined, in his very silence; for his stomach was well-nigh empty, with only a little paper and powder, and no natural solid food! Our French friends were now coming, however, in greater numbers, and themselves the very essence of courtesy and complaisance, were received by Jack with his very best tip-top good-natured civility—a little grim, withal; for Jack, bless him! is a comical creature; his efforts at politeness are touched with a quaint bashfulness; the least thing will make him laugh or cry, but he's always steady! steady! at his gun. Well, we quitted her Majesty's screw line-of-battle ship the "Royal Albert," well pleased with her and her 130 guns; but I did most sincerely wish that Lord True Blue's keen experienced eye had been there to scan her critically, and indicate her telling points to an ignorant landsman!

"What do you think of your next-

door neighbour, my friend?" said I to one of the officers before I quitted.

"What, the 'Bretagne'?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I've seen her."

"Well—eh? If you were laid——"

"Oh, certainly——"

"She's ten more guns, you know."

"Oh, I know. Good morning, gentlemen! good morning! The 'Fairy's' moving up to the 'Victoria and Albert,' and the Queen will embark directly. Good morning, gentlemen!" When we were about half-way between the "Royal Albert" and the "Pera," a rather louder voice than the Lieutenant's told us of the Queen's movements: for such a sudden and fearful uproar of rival gunnery burst forth as nearly stunned my ears, and seemed as if it would blow our little boat, with its inconceivably precious little freight of legislative wisdom—not to forget those who had the honour of rowing it—out of the water. To a landsman, with a spark of imagination, nothing can suggest more appalling thoughts, than to be within fifty or a hundred yards of a line-of-battle ship with her guns pointed towards him; his tiny oars bearing him but too slowly out of reach—blazing away—a lurid flash followed by a furious outburst of white smoke—flash after flash—smoke after smoke, thunder after thunder; then a moment's pause, and a blasting outburst simultaneously of flame and smoke, with ear-splitting uproar; not from one ship only, but fifteen or twenty, succeeded by battery after battery from shore. Thank heaven! we escaped scot-free, and got on board the "Pera" as the "Fairy" glided past us, in time to shout "God save the Queen!" while our brave band gave vehement utterance to the somewhat familiar, but ever-dear air, set to those heart-stirring words. As we watched the progress of the "Fairy" towards shore, the uproar grew fiercer and fiercer, till some timorous inexperienced fair one on board her husband's or brother's yacht, might have imagined that the Frenchmen were bent on blowing England's queenly Majesty into an inconceivable number of millions of majestic atoms, to be scattered, and for ever, each finally to

take its place in the firmament as a star of the first magnitude, and blaze amidst awful space in eternal memory of royal English trust, and imperial French perfidy! instead of a joyous thundering welcome to our Royal Lady, with a million Frenchmen in arms, whose swords would flash like lightning in defence of the Sacred Person of their trusting visitor.

"I see her—there she is," quoth one of our generals, who swore by his glass as the best on board. "She's just alighted on the stairs—and the Empress and she have thrown back their veils—they are kissing each other. . . ."

It might be so: 'twas confirmed by a right honourable friend, in simple vindication of his Dollond: and it needed no glass—even such a thing as mine, which had never done duty for its kind lender, but in the opera-house—to see the little white puffs followed by immense reports, bursting forth from forts and batteries far back on shore, not spitting out venom or fury, but in their own way giving fiercely jubilant welcome to Queen Victoria, setting foot upon the soil of La Belle France!

"Luncheon is ready, sir, and the steamer goes on shore in ten minutes," whispered a most courteous steward, recalling one of the Faithful Commons of Her Majesty from the seventh heaven of imagination to which he was ascending.

"Well, admiral, what of the 'Bretagne'?"

"Faith, my friend, she's not to be despised, I can tell you!" said he, cutting a goodly hunch of bread. "Steward, get me a glass of Bass's ale; I don't care for this Bordeaux till after dinner."

By the time that the announced ten minutes had elapsed, you might have seen a very considerable number of the Commons seated and standing on our attendant steamer—ugh! such a tub! but we found her, though neither "neat" nor "gaudy," capable of carrying us about—an object of lively scrutiny amidst the brilliant craft around us! Into the harbour we steamed steadily, in spite of an artillery officer shouting and motioning us back with an energy of voice and gesticulation increasing

to a point of apparent frenzy as he saw the dingy little craft holding on her way, with sullen sputtering, into the span-new harbour. But we had put ourselves under the command of a right honourable gentleman who spoke French like a Frenchman, and mounted the paddle-box, and stood there with a noble calmness and determination! as we approached nearer and nearer to the steps still covered by the crimson cloth so recently ascended by the royal party—nearer also and nearer to the suddenly stirring, threatening accumulation of soldiery. Down those steps came forthwith a superior officer, with grave and peremptory tone and air, repelling from further approach the Commons of England, and their aforesaid tub! At that awful moment stood on the paddle-box the right honourable member for the borough of Hertford, whose other honourable member was also on board, resolute as the rest of us; a word or two interchanged between our right honourable, fluent, and persuasive spokesman, and the frowning Militaire, appeared to establish between them an eternal friendship. Off went the two hats, civil and military. Our illustrious chief took out a paper and presented it to the other, who, after a glance at it, poured forth a torrent of "Oui! oui! oui!" and invitations to alight. The thing was over; the Commons of England, in the name of *perfidie Albion*, landed and took possession of the stupendous arsenal of Cherbourg, not only being never stopped by anybody whomsoever, whithersoever any of us chose to go, but meeting with the readiest—ay, and eagerest—courtesy imaginable or desirable!

But oh, how hot it was! How blinding the light of the sun's eye, glaring down upon us through the bright blue above us, without a single intervening fleecy of cloud! Yet the soldiery seemed to enjoy the baking process that was going on! They could indeed be "done" no "browner," and seemed to move about with a brisk alacrity that told of a March or October day's duty, instead of that tremendous, sweltering Thursday afternoon of the 5th August, A.D. 1858, henceforth to

be marked in my calendar with a red-hot letter C!

"Prenez garde, messieurs!" sharply whispered a soldier, interposing his arm between me and a corpulent friend with whom I was heartily condoling, for I saw his sufferings—between us two and the edge of the stupendous empty Bassin, we at scarce a yard's distance from its unprotected declivity of, apparently, some sixty feet. We fell back, almost appalled at our unsuspected proximity. We then stood and gazed around us, with the greatest of living engineers to point out all that was striking and important—the honourable Member for Whitby,—not to mention, also, an honourable and gallant military Member, whose opinion on such matters all the military world would respect, but who was too much occupied with his own thoughts, and too busily using his field-glass, to utter a single word to us. On the other side of the vast chasm, hollowed out of the solid rock with an inconceivable amount of labour, perseverance, and science, were four or five slips, one of them occupied by a newly-completed and beautiful man-of-war, the "Ville de Nantes" ready to be launched on Saturday, as soon as the vast space before her should have been prepared for her reception—by being filled with the requisite depth of water—the work which was to be, we were told, of an hour! Here and there, at a little distance, at the bottom of the basin, were a few workmen, who looked like Lilliputians to the Gulliver surveying them with such grave curiosity from the edge of the declivity. They were preparing the site on which the Emperor was to perform his share of the inauguration; and a long flight of steps covered with crimson cloth led down to the spot from the further extremity, where were three temporary structures being prepared for the occasion by numbers of men, and also some dozen laughing and chatting lively-eyed sempstresses, busily engaged under the awning, stitching gilded bees on drapery. All these localities, which may hereafter acquire an interest and importance in the eyes of Englishmen, not at pre-

sent generally or properly appreciable, I pass over undescribed, because a fair notion of them has been already communicated to the public by the graphic pens of the inquisitive and ubiquitous "Own Correspondents" of the public press; and also because the military and naval readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* will, I am told, have an opportunity of profiting by the observations of a military contributor. If, however, for these reasons I say little now, be assured that I am very far from being the only member of the legislature on whom, without regard to party political considerations, what we witnessed that day made an indelible and very deep impression. The results of a century's untiring labour, engineering skill, and enormous expenditure are now visible, as on the eve of completion; and must force grave consideration on every English observer, with reference to our ambitious, warlike, and fickle neighbours' means, intentions, and opportunities for the future. I can tell you that not one of our party quitted the shore, at the close of that memorable afternoon's reconnoitring of the Cherbourg arsenal, disposed to undervalue the tremendous capabilities at length acquired by France, or underrate the commensurate responsibility cast upon those charged with maintaining the safety and honour of Old England. My own individual conclusions collected themselves into a single brief sentence—To be Forewarned is to be Forearmed.

Passing along an extended line of huge anchors, we came upon a picturesque object—a cone of large cannon-balls, with brass field-pieces supporting them, and surmounted with other smaller military weapons and flags arranged most tastefully—the whole combined with what seemed to me a sort of deadly gracefulness; for I can find no other words with which to express the effect produced on my mind by the style of grouping before me—the elegant arrangement of these weapons of destruction. As the Majesty with whom all around us were so closely concerned, had delayed her arrival at the arse-

nal beyond the appointed time—doubtless enjoying the ovation prepared for her and the Emperor in the town—many of us, I among the number, returned to the "Pera," all of whose boats were allowed free entrance and exit into the strictly-guarded basin which we had traversed in our tub. It had gone with another party of Honourable Members on an expedition to the breakwater; and when we reached our ship, we were not reluctant to descend to lunch, and then repose in the shady places in the comparatively deserted deck. The quietude and freshness were charming. The breeze swept gently, and the sun shone brightly but not oppressively, on those chatting together under the awning—a quiet party of six or eight, who were somewhat tired of sight-seeing on shore and afloat. There was our Deputy-Serjeant, in cheerful humour, finding all things going on so pleasantly everywhere; there was our learned and agreeable Chaplain;* there were several elderly and junior Members; and no cigar contaminated the delightful air. After we had compared notes of what each of us had seen, and regarded as most worthy of observation and recollection, the conversation turned on House of Commons reminiscences, many of them illustrating what we may call the by-play and behind-the-scenes—the inner life—of the House, and very entertaining they were. At length the youngest of our number,—a very promising County Member—being warmly congratulated by another as having distinguished himself during the last session by a maiden speech.—"I was present, too, when you made *your* début," said one, turning to another, who good-naturedly gave the following account of his passage through that terrible ordeal. "I had resolved not to open my lips during my first session," said he, "and kept my resolution firmly during three months, except that I had once to present a Petition; and when the Speaker suddenly called out my name, for which, at the moment, I was not prepared, a mist came over my eyes, and the paper trembled in

* Editor of the far-famed *Arundines Cami*.

my hands, during the few inarticulate words in which I endeavoured to indicate its object. 'Bring it up,' quoth the late Speaker, in that melodious voice of his, which will never be forgotten by those who heard it; and having handed in my petition to the clerk, he crammed it, with a matter-of-fact air, into a bag, and so ended my first experiment on the indulgence of the House. At length, however, I was urged by one whose position entitled him to be heard with respect, to endeavour to address the House, for several reasons; which he urged so forcibly, that I reluctantly assented, and promised, but with an inward spasm, to speak on a particular question, when it next came before the House. It was one of great public interest and importance, but not within the category of party questions. Shortly afterwards I left town, and took an early opportunity of shaping my thoughts into a short address. The subject was one with which I was familiar, and yet I was so nervously apprehensive and fastidious, that I wrote out my speech eight times before I could please myself! I should have gone on writing it, up to the present moment, if I had not reflected that I had just three weeks' time left to commit it to memory—"

"Commit it to memory?" inquired one or two, surprisedly—"why, surely, you were no novice in pub—"

"Yes—I committed it to memory, *verbatim et literatim*, for breaking the ice of the House of Commons is a very fearful business to any one. If I repeated it once, I repeated it at least a hundred times—whenever I had the opportunity of being alone! I tried, moreover, to prepare myself for the awful moment at which, on my rising, the cry of 'New Member!' would cause every other who had risen, not so entitled, to resume his seat, leaving me standing in solitary 'possession' of that fearful House! I kept my own counsel,—and as the appointed day drew near, and I thought of the 'break down' which would be ruthlessly recorded by the truthful reporters, and amuse so many good-natured pitying friends round the breakfast-tables, and at the clubs, next morning—felt myself more and

more disposed to give the thing up in despair. At length arrived the day, big with my little fate. I repeated the speech in my dressing-room, that morning, as usual, but, alas! more inaccurately than ever, and felt sick at heart. I dined, very slightly, at three o'clock, and shortly afterwards took a glass of port-wine, with an egg beaten up in it, to clear my voice. Then down to the House I went, sighing at every step with anxiety and apprehension, afraid to look anybody in the face, and lapsed into a sudden taciturnity, and took my seat on one of the back-benches, cold as death. Presently entered the noble lord who was to open the discussion, and my heart beat. He was one of only two who knew that I should attempt to speak. Oh, how I envied his perfect self-possession! his practical knowledge of the House, and of his own weight and position in it! Then another, and another, and another rose; I getting less and less self-possessed, as time wore on. I had resolved to wait till the House had, so to speak, ebbed down to dead low dinner point, viz., eight o'clock. 'You're going to speak—it's written all over your face,' said Sir—sitting next to me, good-humouredly. I whispered in the affirmative; for at that particular moment I dared not tell a fib. 'Well—you won't rise before nine, of course—and I'll run and get dinner! That will do, won't it?' 'Yes,' I faltered, inwardly adding, 'By that time it will do, or I shall have been done for!' Away he went; and resolving to follow the speaker who next rose, I slipped out to the refreshment-stand, and took a glass of Seltzer-water, with a small dash of cogniac in it, and returned to my seat. There were then about thirty Members in the House, but among them, most of the leading men, on whose absence I had anxiously calculated. I glanced at the reporters' gallery, and down again, in trepidation; the strangers' gallery was crowded—the one might have to chronicle what the other would witness—a Break-Down! For these reasons, Sir,—quoth the speaker then on his legs, looking round for his hat, 'I shall unhesitatingly—' I heard no more; down he sat; my

heart knocked against my ribs almost audibly; I trembled from head to foot: I took off my hat—up rose seven or eight Members—"Shall I rise?" I gasped to myself:—I did rise, very slowly: then the cry 'new member!' appalled my ear; every one of the disappointed Members looked sternly—or at least with pique—at me, for whom they were forced to suppress their statistics and eloquence a little—it might be, a very little longer!—and left me standing alone. At that moment the lively image rose before my mind's eye, of a solitary culprit arrived at his last moment on the scaffold. I had my written speech in my pocket: what would I not have given for leave to read the well-worn familiar little document, boldly, to the complaisant House? However, I began, huskily, trembling like an aspen leaf, and got through my first two sentences—oh! the dismal horrid silence there was.

"Ay—I was there—I perfectly recollect; it was intense, and I felt for you," interrupted the Deputy-Serjeant-at-Arms.

"At the end of the second or third sentence my memory failed me,—I slipped, so to speak, 'off the rail'—and thought 'here I go!' I managed, however, to throw in an allusion to the noble Lord who had opened the debate, that enabled me to recollect myself—and I happily got on the line again; But—*cette affreuse silence* continued. Not one solitary 'hear' from any part of the House—nor any whispering, or conversation, which I should have hailed as an inexpressible relief!—Scribble, scribble, went the pens of the ruthless recording angels in the gallery to my right. I thought of them for an instant with terror. After I had been speaking about five minutes, thank Heaven! a kindly and decided 'hear!' issued from the opposite side, followed by one or two on my own side; the effect was truly inspiring on me; the House had seen the agitation with which I was speaking, and generously encouraged me, till at length I was enabled to get through a speech of twenty-five minutes' time, without having missed more than a word or two of what I had

prepared: having had presence of mind, moreover, to throw in one or two allusions to what had fallen from preceding speakers—and resumed my seat; having delivered my MAIDEN SPEECH—which I would not have to do again for a thousand pounds!"

"How were you received when you sat down?"

"Ah, that does not signify!"

"Well—how did you figure in the papers next morning?" asked one.

"At much greater length than I had the least right to expect, and in two of the chief ones, almost word for word."

"Whew!" exclaimed a young Member, who had listened very anxiously—"I'm disposed, after this, to put off *my* little business till the Greek Calends—"

"Pho, pho!" said several kindly; but suddenly our conversation was interrupted by a prodigious uproar from the direction of the shore, indicating the return of her Majesty, accompanied by the same thundering welcome which had attended her approach to the French shore. The "Fairy" glided past us at too great a distance for us to see the figure of our Royal Mistress, glad, doubtless, to repose a little after her fatigues on shore. During the intervening hour or two we passed the time pleasantly enough in receiving visits from friends who had come in their yachts, and assured us, one and all, how greatly the "Pera" was admired. About six o'clock we were pretty audibly informed that the Emperor and Empress had commenced their brief but splendid triumphal progress from the shore to the banquet, in company with the Queen, on board the "Bretagne." This was the grand event of the day. Magnificent was the welcome thundered forth by our own men-of-war, worthily supported by those of France. All the yards were manned; and on ours, there was Jack as usual, standing on, and supported by nothing that was visible to us!—at the top of each mast—a sight positively painful to a landsman to behold, for fear of . . . however, there is jolly reckless Jack! waving at once his cap and his flag, and doubtless cheering at the top of his

voice.—Now, the Frenchmen take the initiative, for the Fairy is on her way, conveying the Majesty of England to the French three-decker; and while we are following her motions, "Partant pour la Syrie" from our band, and loud huzzas from the rigging, make us turn to the left, whence, approaching within fifteen or twenty yards of our stern, behold the imperial barge and its follower, with green and crimson awnings, and gay uniforms and ladies' dresses, partially concealed in their cloaks and mantles, glittering in the departing sunlight. The surface of the water was somewhat, perhaps, rougher than might be agreeable to the Empress and her charming ladies; but the imperial pair looked in high spirits. As they passed us and heard our loud cheering, both inclined towards us, gracefully, several times; the Empress very pale, but very lovely. I could not help thinking of that same imperial pair, at a fearful moment so few months before, when the infernal Orsini and his fellow-assassins—but out upon it! perish the memory of it! Let that hideous spot, blackening the remembrance of the past, be consumed in the lustre and enthusiasm of the present, and of a peaceful and prosperous future! What could be more exciting than the scene at that moment? It was one of wonderful splendour, worthy of so grand and ever-memorable an occasion as the meeting of the Monarchs of England and France at the same naval banqueting-table, with all the accompaniments and emblems of national greatness, and—may it be devoutly hoped and prayed!—designed to shed oblivion on past unfriendly and unhallowed rivalries; to cement, indissolubly, a present union; and give it that prolonged endurance which shall guarantee the uninterrupted progress of civilisation, and peace and goodwill among mankind!

What occurred on that great occasion of international state, I know not, except so far as I am informed by those who profess to be able to speak of it as a scene of befitting splendour, dignity, and cordiality. It suffices for me to learn from the official organ of the French Government,

The Moniteur, confirmed by our own *Court Circular*, that the guests were seventy in number; and that "at the dessert" the Emperor rose and proposed the following toast, in language which already stands recorded in the pages of history, but which we give in the vernacular, that all Englishmen, of whatever degree, may weigh the terms thereof; for who can tell what Lights, or Shadows, may fall on them sooner or later, from the awful unknown Future?

THE EMPEROR'S TOAST.

(Translation.)

"I drink to the health of Her Majesty the Queen of England, and to that of the Prince who shares her throne, and to that of the Royal Family. In proposing this toast in their presence, on board the French Admiral's ship in the port of Cherbourg, I am happy to show the sentiments we entertain towards them. In effect, facts speak for themselves, and they prove that hostile passions, aided by a few unfortunate incidents, did not succeed in altering either the friendship which exists between the two Crowns, or the desire of the two nations to remain at peace. Therefore I entertain the sincere hope that if attempts were made to stir up old resentments and the passions of another epoch, they would break to pieces upon public common-sense, as the waves break upon the breakwater which at this moment protects the squadrons of the two empires against the violence of the sea."

THE QUEEN'S REPLY.

(Translation.)

"Sire,—The Queen desires me to express to your Majesty how sensible she is of the new proof of friendship which you have just given her by proposing a toast in her honour, and by pronouncing words which will always remain dear to her. Your Majesty knows the sentiments of friendship which she entertains towards you, Sire, and towards the Empress, and I need not remind you of them."

"You are also aware that the good understanding between our two countries is the constant object of her desires, as it is of yours. The Queen is, therefore doubly happy at having the opportunity, by her presence here on this occasion, of joining you, Sire, in endeavouring to strengthen as much as possible the bonds of friendship between the two nations."

"That friendship is the basis of their

mutual prosperity, and the blessing of Heaven will not be denied it. The Queen proposes 'The Health of the Emperor and Empress.'

While thus they were royally banqueting on board the "*Bretagne*," her Majesty's most faithful Commons, in respectful propinquity and right royal humour, were dining on board their own ship, the flower and pride of the fleet of the P. and O. S. N. C. !—Mystical initials ! When the welcome bugle summoned us to the saloon, we found our ranks somewhat conspicuously thinned by invitations which had been accepted by many of our number to dine with friends on board our men-of-war, or various yachts, or on shore. We got on merrily enough, I warrant your Lordship. As soon, however, as the effervescent fun of dinner began to give place—as did the champagne to claret—to the mild elevation adapted to grave political and strategical disquisition, I was one of those who thought fit to adjourn to the deck ; mount to my old watch-tower, the fore-castle, and there meditate on the suggestive scene around me ; wishing that the time would arrive for the naval illuminations, which we were given to expect would surpass everything of the sort exhibited on water before—everything that rival French and English pyrotechnists could accomplish : I would have dispensed with them all, to witness a night-salute from the ships of war ; but that, I was informed by some nautical friends, and by two of the ships' officers, was not to be looked for, it being contrary to naval usage to fire after sun-down. At length, however, came the fireworks aforesaid, as glittering and gorgeous, for a second or two, in the dark skies, as could have been desired by the most exacting beholder : as was evidenced among some twenty Members of Parliament collected on the fore-castle, by a solemn "hear, hear !" uttered by a stolid wag among us, the instant that a coruscation of extraordinary splendour had dissolved in the darkness. That coruscation—protentously suggestive—had imaged the outbreak of a volcano, and was certainly one of the finest displays that human art could have made in the

heavens. A beautiful effect, also, was produced by the port-holes of every man-of-war exhibiting a light, glittering upon the muzzle of every gun. In fact, the naval fête, as such, was perfectly successful. Turn in what direction you pleased, the aspect was novel and picturesque. At length, it seemed as though a fixed star of the first magnitude had made its dazzling presence suddenly visible. This was the Fitz Maurice Life Light, which blazed forth from the lower yard or deck of the "*Diadem*" with astonishing power, and showed us the "*Fairy*" approaching the "*Bretagne*," to carry back the Queen to the "*Victoria* and *Albert* ;" the men manning the yards of all the men-of-war—a beautiful sight ; and then was beheld the Imperial barge at about fifty yards' distance from the "*Bretagne*"—the green velvet canopy with its golden bees, and the Emperor and Empress, as distinctly visible as if the sun were shining at noonday. Thus they were being lighted home over the dark waters ! Scarcely had the Queen and the Emperor quitted the "*Bretagne*," than that which I had been so confidently told was not to happen, did : a night salute ! The startled spectator might have imagined himself suddenly placed in the centre of a terrific night-fight between the fleets of France and England. No words of mine can do justice to my own impressions, or afford another the faintest idea of the magnificent and awful spectacle which burst upon one so unexpectedly, at once stunning the ear and dazzling the eye of the beholder. The imagination was taken captive through the astonished senses. While the "*Pera*" was sensibly quivering under the tremendous broadsides which shook the air and the water, there could be heard, during momentary suspensions of flash and roar, the loud clamour of human voices : not, however, of begrimed and ensanguined combatants, not expressive of phrenzied rage, of despair, of hellish hate—but of friendly French and English acclamations—be it ever so!—of their respective friendly Sovereigns ; who had just risen from giving so memorable a

pledge, before the whole world, of peace and good-will between themselves and their peoples. See approach, unharmed and undisturbed, amidst bellowing uproar, incessant flash, and wreathing white smoke, the imperial barge, lit so mysteriously! It is but a fitful glimpse that you catch of the central figure, leaning back with folded arms—that of one of the most marvellous men on earth. What is Napoleon III. at this moment revolving in his thoughts? Is he glancing back at an amazing past, or forwards to a protentous and uncertain future! Is he still sustained by a sublime reliance on Destiny? That he has a mission which is not yet accomplished? Is he comparing the ancient and stable monarchy of England, represented by the tranquil person and presence of its friendly Queen, at that moment his visitor and guest, with the precarious and insecure organization of political government in France? Such were the thoughts with which I followed the beautiful but fragile bark carrying the Emperor and Empress, till it was lost in night and distance. I then descended from the fore-castle; everything around and about was sinking into silence and darkness, and I followed my brethren into the saloon, where I found something like a Committee of the Whole House engaged discussing very earnestly a question which proved of too much importance to be disposed of that night. The debate was therefore adjourned till the next morning, immediately after breakfast. Behold us, at the appointed hour, ten o'clock, a duly constituted House: and this was the question:—Whereas the owners of the “Pera” had placed her at our disposal till Saturday morning, but were so courteously and liberally minded as to enable us to continue, if so inclined, till Monday morning, to see out the Cherbourg fêtes,—to attend the ball, to witness the opening of the Grand Dock, and the inauguration of the statue of Napoleon the First—and for that purpose, would either allow the “Pera” to remain till Monday, or one of their other ships, then at Cherbourg, to convey us back to England; And whereas some hon-

ourable Members wished to abide by the original engagement, and others to embrace the offer of extension, Motion made and question put—those in favour of returning on Saturday will say—Saturday; those in favour of staying till Monday, will say—Monday. Votes taken, on calls of each honourable Member in his place, by name;—when there appeared,—

For returning on Saturday . . .	48
For returning on Monday . . .	30

Majority for returning on Saturday, 18

Of this minority, not a few resolved to avail themselves of the yachts of their friends, who purposed cruising about a few days before returning home; while some dozen or so, comprising most of our naval and military brethren, embraced the offer, very kindly made them, to return on Monday in one of the other two ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Navigation Company.

The House having thus dissolved during pleasure, we were soon scattered for the day. I accompanied a large party on board our attendant tug, *alias* Tub, to inspect the break-water, certainly a wonderful effort of energy and perseverance. What will be its fate, in future encounters with the sea, remains to be seen. We quickly descended from the long line of granite masonry, and returned to our steamboat; for a thundering voice from shore announced that his imperial Majesty had embarked to pay, with the Empress, a parting visit to her Majesty. On this occasion the waters were swarming with small craft of all kinds, anxious to see all that yet remained to be seen—the parting interview between imperial and royal host and guest—England and France bidding each other, for the present, adieu. This time, our poor old Tub, anxious to approach as near to the imperial barge as was becoming, got into the very thick of the smoke, thunder, and lightning. We passed so near the “Renown” while her formidable lower guns were firing, that we were fain to stop our ears, and the Tub shook from stem to stern. Holding on our way, how-

ever, undismayed, we at length came within about twenty or thirty yards of the ladder which the Emperor and Empress were ascending, the latter gallantly attended by the Prince Consort. The imperial couple were received very cordially at the gangway by the Queen, by whom stood the youthful Prince of Wales, in Highland costume, and his uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, bareheaded, and in full uniform, as also was the Prince Consort. The sailors aft, climbed, as if by order, up the sides of the *Victoria* and *Albert* as the Emperor placed his foot on the steps to ascend, and cheered lustily. After staying on deck some twenty minutes or half an hour, the Queen and Emperor the centre of a little straggling group of ladies and gentlemen—the latter in full officer's naval or military costume, the moment for departure arrived. 'Twas amusing to see the surrounding waters crowded with little sailing and rowing boats, and steamboats, the occupants of which were staring with intense interest at the royal group—some of the more inquisitive, approaching without any opposition, within a very few yards of the imperial barge. Now might be seen the Emperor, speaking to the Queen with apparent earnestness: then he took his leave—if by kissing the royal cheek, I did not see it;—the Empress and the Queen appeared to embrace; the Empress was led down to the barge by the Prince Consort; the Emperor followed, with the one or two of his suite who had accompanied him—and as he set foot in his barge, again burst forth the thunder of the guns, French and English;—and as we were then near enough to the "*Bretagne*," I heard the word of command given—"heep, heep, heep—*hurr-ä*," joining in chorus with the genuine "*hip, hip, hip, hurrah!*" of the "*Royal Albert*." The Imperial barge then steered straight for the "*Bretagne*," with which the Emperor was about to commence a narrow inspection of all the men-of-war in the harbour, lasting till six o'clock in the evening; and we, knowing that the "*Victoria* and *Albert*" was about to start immediately, and aware of the rapid rate at which she would

speed along, held our course on to wards the entrance of the harbour that we might see the last of the royal craft. We were not a moment too early. In about ten minutes' time there burst forth on all sides, from every French ship, and from every fort and battery on shore, such a stupendous uproar as seemed to indicate that our French friends had reserved their greatest display of power for a final salute to the Majesty of England. Very grand was the sight of the beautiful vessel which bore our Queen towards her island home, gliding along with stately grace and rapidity amidst the ceaseless roar of French guns—with glancing lurid flash, and pouring forth volumes of white smoke, till she reached the mouth of the harbour. Shall I ever forget the exit from Cherbourg which I then witnessed? On passing the fort, the royal yacht found herself between her own trusty ships of war—the nearest, the "*Royal Albert*" and "*Renown*"—one on each side. The instant that the "*Victoria* and *Albert*" had reached that position, the last French gun having fired, a moment's interval elapsed, when there burst forth from the English ships of war such tremendous broadsides—of welcome to their Royal Mistress, and adieu to her French host—as filled the air with the sound of thunder: in a moment's time each of the two men-of-war was entirely hidden from view in clouds of white smoke, through which the hulls and topmast-spars became gradually visible, as the "*Victoria* and *Albert*" swiftly passed out to sea, and out of our sight. As Queen *Victoria* had made her entrance into the French waters magnificently, so she quitted them. "Well, she's gone," quoth I, "God bless her! and her son, our Sailor Prince, whose birthday she remembers it is. I wish we were on our way after her;" several expressing themselves similarly. It seemed, in truth, as if an Englishman's interest in the scene had ceased suddenly with the departure of his Queen and her ships, and that he was lagging behind cheerlessly and purposelessly. Whatever others might have thought, I felt as if our expedition had come

to a natural end! Scarcely, however, had we returned to our ship, than we perceived a new source of interest and excitement—greater far, indeed, to her crew, judging from appearances, than any which had yet presented itself;—for their glasses had detected, already visible faintly in the distance over the breakwater, the approaching sails of the foremost in the great yacht-race from Cowes, for the Emperor's Cup! Nothing else was talked of; and men and boys seemed suddenly to have forgotten that they had anything to do, or dinner to eat! Every glass, great and small, was in requisition among ourselves; and, indeed, the excitement was genuine and great. At length came round, with swelling sheet, in beautiful style, having completely distanced her competitors, *THE ALARM*,* which appeared to have been the favourite with everybody. Several on board said they would have taken any odds upon her! She proved, nevertheless, not to be the winner. 'Twas the *URSULINE* which, in conformity with the just conditions of the race, with reference to the allowance of time for weight of sail, had gained the Emperor's cup, though only by four minutes' time. We had the gratification of welcoming her owner—the father of one of ourselves†—that day at our dinner-table. Thus, though the Peers had not thought fit to attend her Majesty to Cherbourg, as her faithful Commons had done, one of your House achieved no little distinction, and on a very memorable and fitting occasion. There was, however, another incident, or rather coincidence, which has rendered that dinner most memorable: for towards the close of it, a public announcement was made that the New and the Old World had just been united by the Transatlantic Telegraph! Prodigious and ever-memorable achievement! I cannot do better than adopt the forcible language of the *Times* on that occasion. "When our French neighbours were pouring forth volley after volley from the forts of Cherbourg, a quiet steamer stole into the harbour, unnoticed by the thunder of the artillery, bringing the tidings

of an achievement performed by British hands, in comparison with which Cherbourg and its fortifications sank almost into insignificance. Not a little singular was it, that when salves from the great guns of Cherbourg were announcing to the world that the great naval and military lodgment on the Channel was just effected, intelligence should be received that England and the New World had been at last connected by the electric chain. A new page of policy has been opened, and one making British statesmen feel that they have much to learn, and much to forget. The two great nations of the earth which uphold the principles of political freedom as the condition of their existence, have been at length united by a bond from which they could not extricate themselves if they would. The slender galvanic current, which flashed with the speed of lightning beneath the waters of the Atlantic, and informed the signalman at Valentia that his colleague was speaking with him from the other side of the great ocean, was more than an answer to the roaring of the Cherbourg guns, had they filled the air with a tenfold din." What intelligence—one could not help asking one's self—might not one day flash beneath the ocean from England to her great progeny in the West, respecting her relations with that potent neighbour whom she has this day been congratulating on the completion of her immense undertaking, fraught, it may be, with profound purpose and significance! What the future may reveal, and what this mystic line, hidden in the deepest depths of ocean, may hereafter have to tell, is known to God alone: but let all mankind bear in remembrance the sublime words which first passed along it, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill towards men!" For aught I can tell, this wonderful event formed the subject of brief but memorable converse between the sovereigns of France and of England, while standing in view of the eager beholders of each nation, on the occasion to which I have last adverted.

* Mr. Weld.

† Lord Londesborough.

Might it have passed through the Emperor's deepest thoughts, on the ensuing Sunday, when he closed the splendid ceremonies of Cherbourg by throwing open the statue of the First Napoleon, the right hand pointing with great significance, and at his feet glistening former words of his—*"J'avais résolu de renouveler à Cherbourg les merveilles de l'Égypte!"*

MAN PROPOSES. BUT GOD DISPOSES.

And now, dear Lord True Blue, I am coming to the end of my long yarn. After a delightful dinner that evening, a considerable party went ashore to witness the festivities and illuminations in the town; but others, among whom was your correspondent, remained to enjoy a last quiet evening on deck. Our band played a capital selection of airs from time to time, and a couple of hours passed away very pleasantly. Having waited in vain for any returns from the shore, and knowing that we were to sail at an early hour in the morning, I turned in to my berth about eleven o'clock. When I woke in the morning, we were about an hour's sail from the Needles, having started at the hour appointed, but been brought for a time to a stand-still by some slight accident to our machinery, which was without difficulty rectified by the engineering skill we carried with us. A last delightful bath prepared me for a last pleasant breakfast on board the "Pera." We assembled on deck shortly afterwards, to discharge an act of bare duty, very gratifying to ourselves, to the only one of our party who for once received no summons to attend us—I mean our Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, who had conceived the original idea of the expedition, and with temper never once ruffled, courtesy never once interrupted, and tact never once at fault, had brought it so triumphantly to a close. Our sense of his services has taken the shape of a silver tea and coffee service which we trust will become an heirloom in his family, presented as it is—to adopt the happy expression of Mr. Lindsay (the "L." of this letter), "in acknowledgment, and in remembrance, of three very happy and instructive days," during which he "ma-

terially ministered to the comfort and pleasure of a large number of gentlemen, gratefully mindful of his kind attention, and fully appreciating his zealous activity on an occasion of more than ordinary interest." We endeavoured also to recognise in substantial form, our sense of the great courtesy and constant attention which we experienced from the captain, officers, and crew of the "Pera;" and to acknowledge our lasting obligation to the generous and public-spirited Directors and proprietary of that "noble vessel, which, as our Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms truly told them in his letter of thanks, attracted the attention of all who saw her in French waters." In fact, everybody was in good-humour with everybody concerned. I forgive, and I trust all of us have forgiven, what I have spoken of, in this letter, rather in mock than real earnest, the apparent slight we experienced at the hands of our Consul, whom I believe to be a gentleman incapable of intentionally offering disrespect to any gentleman or body of his countrymen visiting any country in which he discharges important consular duties.

As we came up the Southampton River we cheered, and were cheered in return by the gallant Inniskillens, in their transport bound for India. About one o'clock we reached the mooring we had quitted the Tuesday before; and were saluted by a band playing *God save the Queen!* The officers of Customs were exceedingly easy and courteous in respect of our luggage, which, depending, as they well might, on the honour of Honourable Members, they declined to search. The railway authorities placed a special train at our disposal. Impatient of news, after a week's absence, we quickly appropriated most of the literature at the station; and found that Mr. Punch had been exceedingly merry at our expense, but without any ill-nature. When at length we separated at the Waterloo station, in sight, and almost under the stately shadow of our Honourable House over the water, we all heartily shook one another by the hand, wishing each other "a happy recess, and a happy meeting at the

end of it;" but feared that we eighty-five could hardly look forward to being companions again in so delightful an expedition as that which had now come to an end. I had intended to give you a list of the M.P.'s at Cherbourg, which has not yet been accurately laid before the public; but let a politic mystery hang over their names!

And now, adieu. Whatever may have been the real object of the Emperor, in inviting our Queen to visit Cherbourg, on so great an occasion, I think her Majesty and her advisers did wisely in accepting his invitation. I doubt not that he considered deeply before he sent it, and of course had first ascertained how it was likely to be received by her Majesty and her Government. I am glad that the Queen went; I believe that the Emperor invited and received her in pure loyalty and good faith. I cannot give utterance, especially writing as a member of the legislature, though anonymously, to any harsh or derogatory expressions concerning our gallant and glorious

allies and neighbours. I think that to do so is to the last degree impolitic, unjustifiable, and ungrateful.

As for myself, as I went, so have I returned, a

"Lover of peace, but not afraid of war."

but one should be unworthy the name of Englishman, and unfit to have the honour of a seat in the legislature, if one felt otherwise than gravely solicitous to provide against a rainy day. Let us never be unmindful of the precariousness of human affairs, and the capricious and fluctuating humours and interests of nations, as well as individuals. Disclaiming, even with sternness, the imputation of being an alarmist, let me nevertheless close a letter written in good humour, and with stout heart, with words already to be found in it,—TO BE FOREWARNED IS TO BE FOREARMED.

Believe me ever,

My dear Lord True Blue,

Most sincerely yours,

ONE OF THE COMMONS
AT CHERBOURG.

AYER'S PILLS

are particularly adapted to derangement of the digestive apparatus, and diseases arising from impurity of the blood. A large part of all the complaints that afflict mankind originate in one of these, and consequently these PILLS are found to cure many varieties of disease.

Believers are the statements of some eminent physicians, of their effects in their practice.

AS A FAMILY PHYSIC.

From Dr. E. W. Carterwright, of New Orleans.

"Your PILLS are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, and very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease."

FOR JAUNDICE AND ALL LIVER COMPLAINTS.

From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City.

"Not only are your PILLS admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of bilious complaints than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people."

DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION.

From Dr. Henry J. Knorr, of St. Louis.

"The PILLS you were kind enough to send me have been all used in my practice, and have satisfied me that they are truly an extraordinary medicine. So peculiarly are they adapted to the diseases of the human system, that they seem to work upon them alone. I have cured some cases of dyspepsia and indigestion, which had resisted the other remedies we commonly use. Indeed I have experimentally found them to be effectual in almost all the complaints for which you recommend them."

DYSENTERY—DIARRHŒA—RELAX.

From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago.

"Your PILLS have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients ever found. Their alterative effect upon the Liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in full doses for bilious dysentery and diarrhœa. Their sugar coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children."

INTERNAL OBSTRUCTION—WORMS—SUPPRESSION.

From Mrs. E. Stuart, who practices as a Physician and Midwife in Boston.

"I find one or two large doses of your PILLS, taken at the proper time, to be most effectual in promoting the natural secretion when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual in the cure of the various worms. They are so much the best physic that we have, that I recommend and use them in all cases."

CONSTIPATION—CONSTIVENESS.

From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.

"Too much cannot be said of your PILLS for the cure of constipation. If others of our fraternity have and them as efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although but smooth in itself, is the progenitor of others that are more serious. I believe constiveness to originate in the liver, but your PILLS affect that organ and cure the disease."

PURIFIERS OF THE BLOOD—SCROFULA—ERYSIPELAS—SALT RHEUM—TETTER—TUMORS

—RHEUMATISM—GOUT—NEURALGIA.

From Dr. Ezekiel Bell, Philadelphia.

"You were right, Doctor, in saying that your PILLS purify the blood. They do that. I have used them this year in my practice, and agree with your statements of their efficacy. They stimulate the secretions and carry off the impurities that stagnate in the blood, engendering disease. They stimulate the organs of digestion, and infuse vitality into the system."

"Such remedies as you prepare are a national benefit, and you deserve great credit for them."

THE HEADACHE—SICK HEADACHE—FOUL STOMACH—PILES—DROPSY—PLETHORA—

PARALYSIS—FITS—&c.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore.

"DR. AYER: I cannot answer you what complaints I have met with your PILLS better than to say that we ever treat with a purgative medicine. I place great dependence on an efficient cathartic in my early treatment with disease, and believing as I do that your PILLS afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly."

"Most of the PILLS in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These pills contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever."

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

has long been manufactured by a practical chemist, and every ounce of it under his own supervision, and is sealed and protected by law from counterfeits, and is the best and most reliable remedy without adulteration. It supplies the surest remedy the world has ever known for the cure of pulmonary complaints; for Croup, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease. It makes these facts wider and better known, this medicine has gradually become the best reliance of the country, in every State and City, and indeed almost every household it contains. CHERRY PECTORAL is now as the best of all remedies for diseases of the throat and lungs. In many foreign countries it is extensively used by their most intelligent physicians. If there is any dependence on what men of every station can yield to it; if we can depend on the assurance of intelligent physicians, whose business it is to know; in fact, if there is any reliance upon anything, then it is irrefragably proven that this medicine does cure the worst diseases. It is designed for, beyond any and all other remedies known to mankind. Nothing but its virtuous effects, and the unmistakable benefit conferred on thousands of sufferers, could originate and maintain its reputation if enjoyed. While many inferior remedies have been thrust upon the community, have failed, and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and remarkable to be forgotten.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist.

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VOL. LXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—

By PERCEVAL GAYTON.—PART XVII. 303

ANIMAL HEAT, 315

A PLEA FOR SHAMS, 327

THE LIGHT ON THE HILARITY.—PART II, 337

THE ATLANTIC WEDDING-RING, 347

THE BALLAD POETRY OF SCOTLAND AND OF IRELAND, 357

LORD CLYDE'S CAMPAIGN IN INDIA, 367

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WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART XVII.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

CHAPTER II.—RETROSPECT.

There is a place at which three roads meet, sacred to that mysterious goddess called Diana on earth, Luna, or the Moon, in heaven, and Hecate in the infernal regions. At this place pause the Virgins permitted to take their choice of the three roads. Few give their preference to that which is vowed to the goddess in her name of Diana: that road, cold and barren, is clothed by no roses and myrtles. Roses and myrtles veil the entrance to both the others, and in both the others Hymen has much the same gay-looking temples. But which of those two leads to the celestial Luna, or which of them conducts to the infernal Hecate, not one nymph in fifty divines. If thy heart should misgive thee, O nymph!—if, though cloud veil the path to the Moon, and sunshine gild that pale Hecate—thine instinct recoils from the sunshine, while thou darest not adventure the cloud—thou hast still a choice left—thou hast still the safe road of Diana. Hecate, O nymph, is the goddess of ghosts. If thou takest her path, look not back, for the ghosts are behind thee.

WHEN we slowly recover from the tumult and passion of some violent distress, a peculiar stillness falls upon the mind, and the atmosphere around it becomes in that stillness appallingly clear. We know not, while wrestling with our woe, the extent of its ravages. As a land the day after a flood, as a field the day after a battle, is the sight of our own sorrow, when we no longer have to stem its raging, but to endure the destruction it has made. Distinct before Caroline Montfort's vision stretched the waste of her misery—the Past, the Present, the Future—all seemed to blend in one single Desolation. A strange thing it is how all time will converge itself, as it were, into the burning-glass of a moment! There runs a popular superstition that it is thus, in the instant of death; that our whole existence crowds itself on the glazing eye—a panorama of all we have done on earth—just as the soul restores to the earth its garment. Certes, there are hours in our being, long before the last and dreaded one, when this phenomenon comes to warn us that, if memory were always active, time would be never gone. Rose before this woman—who, whatever the justice of Darrell's bitter reproaches, had a nature lovely enough to justify his anguish at her loss—the image of herself at that turning-point of life, when the morning mists are dimmed on our way, yet when a path chosen is a fate decided. Yes;

she had excuses, not urged to the judge who sentenced, nor estimated to their full extent by the stern equity with which, amidst suffering and wrath, he had desired to weigh her cause.

Caroline's mother, Mrs. Lyndsay, was one of those parents who acquire an extraordinary influence over their children by the union of carressing manners with obstinate resolves. She never lost control of her temper nor hold on her object. A slight, delicate, languid creature too, who would be sure to go into a consumption if unkindly crossed. With much strong common sense, much knowledge of human nature, egotistical, worldly, scheming, heartless, but withal so pleasing, so gentle, so bewitchingly despotic, that it was like living with an electro-biologist, who unnerves you by a look to knock you down with a feather. In only one great purpose of her life had Mrs. Lyndsay failed. When Darrell, rich by the rewards of his profession and the bequest of his namesake, had entered Parliament, and risen into that repute which confers solid and brilliant station, Mrs. Lyndsay conceived the idea of appropriating to herself his honours and his wealth by a second Hymen. Having so long been domesticated in his house during the life of Mrs. Darrell, an intimacy as of near relations had been established between them. Her soft manners attached to her his children; and after Mrs. Darrell's death rendered it necessary that she should find a home of her own, she had an excuse, in Matilda's affection for her and for Caroline, to be more frequently before Darrell's eyes, and consulted by him yet more frequently, than when actually a resident in his house. To her Darrell confided the proposal which had been made to him by the old Marchioness of Montfort, for an alliance between her young grandson and his sole surviving child. Wealthy as was the House of Vipont, it was amongst its traditional maxims that wealth wastes if not perpetually recruited. Every third generation at farthest, it was the duty of that House to marry an heiress. Darrell's daughter, just seventeen, not

yet brought out, would be an heiress, if he pleased to make her so, second to none whom the research of the Marchioness had detected within the drawing-rooms and nurseries of the three kingdoms. The proposal of the venerable peeress was at first very naturally gratifying to Darrell. It was an euthanasia for the old knightly race to die into a House that was an institution in the empire, and revive phoenix-like in a line of peers, who might perpetuate the name of the heiress whose quarterings they would annex to their own, and sign themselves "Darrell Montfort." Said Darrell inly, "On the whole, such a marriage would have pleased my poor father." It did not please Mrs. Lyndsay. The bulk of Darrell's fortune thus settled away, he himself would be a very different match for Mrs. Lyndsay; nor was it to her convenience that Matilda should be thus hastily disposed of, and the strongest link of connection between Fulham and Carlton Gardens severed. Mrs. Lyndsay had one golden rule, which I respectfully point out to ladies who covet popularity and power: She never spoke ill of any one whom she wished to injure. She did not, therefore, speak ill of the Marquess to Darrell, but she so praised him that her praise alarmed. She ought to know the young peer well; she was a good deal with the Marchioness, who liked her pretty manners. Till then, Darrell had only noticed this green Head of the Viponts as a neat-looking Head, too modest to open its lips. But he now examined the head with anxious deliberation, and finding it of the poorest possible kind of wood, with a heart to match, Guy Darrell had the audacity to reject, though with great courtesy, the idea of grafting the last plant of his line on a stem so pitiless. Though, like men who are at once very affectionate and very busy, he saw few faults in his children, or indeed in any one he really loved, till the fault was forced on him, he could not but be aware that Matilda's sole chance of becoming a happy and safe wife, was in uniting herself with such a husband as would at once win her confidence and command her respect. He trembled

when he thought of her as the wife of a man whose rank would expose her to all fashionable temptations, and whose character would leave her without a guide or protector.

The Marquess, who obeyed his grandmother from habit, and who had lethargically sanctioned her proposals to Darrell, evinced the liveliest emotion he had ever yet betrayed when he learned that his hand was rejected. And if were possible for him to carry so small a sentiment as pique into so large a passion as hate, from that moment he aggrandised his nature into hatred. He would have given half his lands to have spited Guy Darrell. Mrs. Lyndsay took care to be at hand to console him, and the Marchioness was grateful to her for taking that troublesome task upon herself. And in the course of their conversations Mrs. Lyndsay contrived to drop into his mind the egg of a project which she took a later occasion to hatch under her plumes of down. "There is but one kind of wife, my dear Montfort, who could increase your importance; you should marry a beauty; next to royalty ranks beauty." The Head nodded, and seemed to ruminate for some moments, and then, *apropos des bottes*, it let fall this mysterious monosyllable, "Shoes." By what process of ratiocination the Head had thus arrived at the feet, it is not for me to conjecture. All I know is that, from that moment Mrs. Lyndsay bestowed as much thought upon Caroline's *chausure*, as if, like Cinderella, Caroline's whole destiny in this world hung upon her slipper. With the feelings and the schemes that have been thus intimated, this sensible lady's mortification may well be conceived when she was startled by Darrell's proposal, not to herself, but to her daughter. Her egotism was profoundly shocked, her worldliness cruelly thwarted. With Guy Darrell for her own spouse, the Marquess of Montfort for her daughter's, Mrs. Lyndsay would have been indeed a considerable personage in the world. But to lose Darrell for herself, the Marquess altogether—the idea was intolerable! Yet, since to have refused at once for her portionless

daughter a man in so high a position, and to whom her own obligations were so great, was impossible, she adopted a policy, admirable for the craft of its conception and the dexterity of its execution. In exacting the condition of a year's delay, she made her motives appear so loftily disinterested, so magnanimously friendly! She could never forgive herself if he—the greatest, the best of men, were again rendered unhappy in marriage by her imprudence (hers, who owed to him her all!)—yes, imprudent indeed, to have thrown right in his way a pretty coquettish girl ('for Caroline is coquettish, Mr. Darrell; most girls so pretty are at that silly age'). In short, she carried her point against all the eloquence Darrell could employ, and covered her designs by the semblance of the most delicate scruples, and the sacrifice of worldly advantages to the prudence which belongs to high principle and affectionate caution.

And what were Caroline's real sentiments for Guy Darrell? She understood them *now* on looking back. She saw herself as she was then—as she had stood under the beech-tree, when the heavenly pity that was at the core of her nature—when the venerating, grateful affection that had grown with her growth, made her yearn to be a solace and a joy to that grand and solitary life. Love him! O certainly she loved him, devotedly, fondly; but it was with the love of a child. She had not awakened then to the love of woman. Removed from his presence, suddenly thrown into the great world—yes, Darrell had sketched the picture with a stern, but not altogether an untruthful hand. He had not, however, fairly estimated the inevitable influence which a mother, such as Mrs. Lyndsay, would exercise over a girl so wholly inexperienced—so guileless, so unsuspecting, and so filially devoted. He could not appreciate—no man can—the mightiness of female cunning. He could not see how mesh upon mesh the soft Mrs. Lyndsay (pretty woman, with pretty manners), wove her web round the "cousins," until Caroline, who at first had thought of the silent

fair-haired young man only as the Head of her House, pleased with attentions that kept aloof admirers, of whom she thought Guy Darrell might be more reasonably jealous, was appalled to hear her mother tell her that she was either the most heartless of coquettes, or poor Montfort was the most ill-used of men. But at this time, Jasper Losely, under his name of Hammond, brought his wife from the French town at which they had been residing since their marriage, to see Mrs. Lyndsay and Caroline at Paris, and implore their influence to obtain a reconciliation with her father. Matilda soon learned from Mrs. Lyndsay, who affected the most enchanting candour, the nature of the engagement between Caroline and Darrell. She communicated the information to Jasper, who viewed it with very natural alarm. By reconciliation with Guy Darrell, Jasper understood something solid and practical—not a mere sentimental pardon, added to that paltry stipend of £700 a-year which he had just obtained—but the restoration to all her rights and expectancies of the heiress he had supposed himself to marry. He had by no means relinquished the belief that sooner or later Darrell would listen to the Voice of Nature, and settle all his fortune on his only child. But then, for the Voice of Nature to have fairplay, it was clear that there should be no other child to plead for. And if Darrell were to marry again, and to have sons, what a dreadful dilemma it would be for the Voice of Nature! Jasper was not long in discovering that Caroline's engagement was not less unwelcome to Mrs. Lyndsay than to himself, and that she was disposed to connive at any means by which it might be annulled. Matilda was first employed to weaken the bond it was so desirable to sever. Matilda did not reproach, but she wept. She was sure *now* that she should be an outcast—her children beggars. Mrs. Lyndsay worked up this complaint with adroitest skill. Was Caroline sure that it was not most dishonourable—most treacherous—to rob her own earliest friend of the patrimony that would otherwise return to Ma-

tilda with Darrell's pardon? This idea became exquisitely painful to the high-spirited Caroline, but it could not counterpoise the conviction of the greater pain she should occasion to the breast that so confided in her faith, if that faith were broken. Step by step the intrigue against the absent one proceeded. Mrs. Lyndsay thoroughly understood the art of insinuating doubt. Guy Darrell, a man of the world, a cold-blooded lawyer, a busy politician, *he* break his heart for a girl! No, it was only the young, and especially the young when not remarkably clever, who broke their hearts for such trifles. Montfort, indeed—*there* was a man whose heart *could* be broken!—whose happiness *could* be blasted! Dear Guy Darrell had been only moved, in his proposals, by generosity—"Something, my dear child, in your own artless words and manner, that made him fancy he had won your affections unknown to yourself!—an idea that he was bound as a gentleman to speak out! Just like him. He *has* that spirit of chivalry. But my belief is, that he is quite aware by this time how foolish such a marriage would be, and would thank you heartily if, at the year's end, he found himself free, and you happily disposed of elsewhere." &c. &c. The drama advanced. Mrs. Lyndsay evinced decided pulmonary symptoms. Her hectic cough returned; she could not sleep; her days were numbered—a secret grief. Caroline implored frankness, and, clasped to her mother's bosom, and compassionately bedewed with tears, those hints were dropped into her ear which, though so worded as to show the most indulgent forbearance to Darrell, and rather, as if in compassion for his weakness than in abhorrence of his perfidy, made Caroline start with the indignation of revolted purity and outraged pride. "Were this true, all would be indeed at an end between us! But it is not true. Let it be proved." "But, my dear, dear child, I could not stir in a matter so delicate. I could not aid in breaking off a marriage so much to your worldly advantage, unless you could promise that, in rejecting Mr. Darrell, you

would accept your cousin. In my wretched state of health, the anxious thought of leaving you in the world literally penniless would kill me at once!"

"Oh, if Guy Darrell be false (but that is impossible!), do with me all you will; to obey and please you would be the only comfort left to me."

Thus was all prepared for the final *denouement*. Mrs. Lyndsay had not gone so far without a reliance on the means to accomplish her object, and for these means she had stooped to be indebted to the more practical villany of Matilda's husband.

Jasper, in this visit to Paris, had first formed the connection, which completed the wickedness of his perverted nature, with that dark adventurer who has fitted shadow-like through part of this varying narrative. Gabrielle Desmarests was then in her youth, notorious only for the ruin she had inflicted on admiring victims, and the superb luxury with which she rioted on their plunder. Captivated by the personal advantages for which Jasper was then pre-eminently conspicuous, she willingly associated her fortunes with his own. Gabrielle was one of those incarnations of evil which no city but Paris can accomplish with the same epicurean refinement, and vitiate into the same cynical corruption. She was exceedingly witty, sharply astute, capable of acting any part, carrying out any plot; and when she pleased to simulate the decorous and immaculate gentlewoman, she might have deceived the most experienced *roué*. Jasper presented this Artiste to his unsuspecting wife as a widow of rank, who was about to visit London, and who might be enabled to see Mr. Darrell, and intercede on their behalf. Matilda fell readily into the snare; the Frenchwoman went to London, with assumed name and title, and with servants completely in her confidence. And such (as the reader knows already) was that eloquent baroness who had pleaded to Darrell the cause of his penitent daughter! No doubt the wily *Parisienne* had calculated on the effect of her arts and her charms, to decoy him into at least a passing forget-

fulness of his faith to another. But if she could not succeed there, it might equally achieve the object in view to obtain the credit of that success. Accordingly, she wrote to one of her friends at Paris, letters stating that she had found a very rich admirer in a celebrated English statesman, to whom she was indebted for her establishment, &c.; and, alluding, in very witty and satirical terms, to his matrimonial engagement with the young English beauty at Paris, who was then creating such a sensation—an engagement of which she represented her admirer to be heartily sick, and extremely repentant. Without mentioning names, her descriptions were unmistakable. Jasper, of course, presented to Mrs. Lyndsay those letters (which, he said, the person to whom they were addressed had communicated to one of her own gay friends), and suggested that their evidence against Darrell would be complete in Miss Lyndsay's eyes if some one, whose veracity Caroline could not dispute, could corroborate the assertions of the letters; it would be quite enough to do so if Mr. Darrell were even seen entering or leaving the house of a person whose mode of life was so notorious. Mrs. Lyndsay, who with her consummate craft, saved her dignity by affected blindness to the artifices at which she connived, declared that, in a matter of inquiry which involved the private character of a man so eminent, and to whom she owed so much, she would not trust his name to the gossip of others. She herself would go to London. She knew that odious, but too fascinating, Gabrielle by sight (as every one did who went to the opera, or drove in the *Bois de Boulogne*). Jasper undertook that the *Parisienne* should show herself at her balcony at a certain day at a certain hour, and that, at that hour, Darrell should call and be admitted; and Mrs. Lyndsay allowed that that evidence would suffice. Sensible of the power over Caroline that she would derive if, with her habits of languor and her delicate health, she could say that she had undertaken such a journey to be convinced with her own eyes of a charge that, if true,

would influence her daughter's conduct and destiny—Mrs. Lyndsay did go to London—did see Gabrielle Desmarests at her balcony—did see Darrell enter the house ; and on her return to Paris did, armed with this testimony, and with the letters that led to it, so work upon her daughter's mind, that the next day the Marquess of Montfort was accepted. But the year of Darrell's probation was nearly expired ; all delay would be dangerous—all explanation would be fatal, and must be forestalled. Nor could a long courtship be kept secret ; Darrell might hear of it, and come over at once ; and the Marquess's ambitious kinsfolk would not fail to interfere if the news of his intended marriage with a portionless cousin came to their ears. Lord Montfort, who was awed by Carr, and extremely afraid of his grandmother, was not less anxious for secrecy and expedition than Mrs. Lyndsay herself.

Thus, then, Mrs. Lyndsay triumphed, and while her daughter was still under the influence of an excitement which clouded her judgment, and stung her into rashness of action as an escape from the torment of reflection—thus were solemnised Caroline's unhappy and splendid nuptials. The Marquess hired a villa in the delightful precincts of Fontainebleau for his honeymoon ; that moon was still young when the Marquess said to himself, " I don't find that it produces honey." When he had first been attracted towards Caroline, she was all life and joy—too much of a child to pine for Darrell's absence, while credulously confident of their future union—her spirits naturally wild and lively, and the world, opening at her feet, so novel and so brilliant. This fresh gaiety had amused the Marquess—he felt cheated when he found it gone. Caroline might be gentle, docile, submissive ; but those virtues, though of higher quality than glad animal spirits, are not so entertaining. His own exceeding sterility of mind and feeling was not apparent till in the *îlles-à-îlles* of conjugal life. A good-looking young man, with a thorough-bred air, who rides well, dances well, and holds his tongue, may, in all mixed societies, pass for a shy youth of sensitive

genius. But when he is your companion for life, and all to yourself, and you find that, when he does talk, he has neither an idea nor a sentiment—alas ! alas for you, young bride, if you have ever known the charm of intellect, or the sweetness of sympathy. But it was not for Caroline to complain ; struggling against her own weight of sorrow, she had no immediate perception of her companion's vapidty. It was he, poor man, who complained. He just detected enough of her superiority of intelligence to suspect that he was humiliated, while sure that he was bored. An incident converted his growing indifference into permanent dislike not many days after their marriage.

Lord Montfort, sauntering into Caroline's room, found her insensible on the floor—an open letter by her side. Summoning her maid to her assistance, he took the marital privilege of reading the letter which had apparently caused her swoon. It was from Matilda, and written in a state of maddened excitement. Matilda had little enough of what is called heart ; but she had an intense selfishness, which, in point of suffering, supplies the place of a heart. It was not because she could not feel for the wrongs of another that she could not feel anguish for her own. Arabella was avenged. The cold-blooded snake that had stung her met the fang of the cobra-capella. Matilda had learned from some anonymous correspondent (probably a rival of Gabrielle's) of Jasper's *liaison* with that adventuress. But half-recovered from her confinement, she had risen from her bed—hurried to Paris (for the pleasures of which her husband had left her)—seen this wretched Gabrielle—recognised in her the false baroness to whom Jasper had presented her—to whom, by Jasper's dictation, she had written such affectionate letters—whom she had employed to plead her cause to her father ; seen Gabrielle—seen her at her own luxurious apartment, Jasper at home there—burst into vehement wrath—roused up the cobra-capella ; and on declaring that she would separate from her husband, go back to her father, tell her

wrongs, appeal to his mercy, Gabrielle calmly replied, "Do so, and I will take care that your father shall know that your plea for his pardon through Madame la Baronne was a scheme to blacken his name, and to frustrate his marriage. Do not think that he will suppose you did not connive at the project so sly; he must know you too well, pretty innocent." No match for Gabrielle Desmarests, Matilda flung from the house, leaving Jasper, whistling an air from *Figaro*; returned alone to the French town from which she now wrote to Caroline, pouring out her wrongs, and, without seeming sensible that Caroline had been wronged too, expressing her fear that her father might believe her an accomplice in Jasper's plot, and refuse her the means to live apart from the wretch, upon whom she heaped every epithet that just indignation could suggest to a feeble mind. The latter part of the letter, blurred and blotted, was incoherent, almost raving. In fact, Matilda was then seized by the mortal illness which hurried her to the grave. To the Marquess much of this letter was extremely uninteresting—much of it quite incomprehensible. He could not see why it should so overpoweringly affect his wife. Only those passages which denounced a scheme to frustrate some marriage meditated by Mr. Darrell made him somewhat uneasy, and appeared to him to demand explanation. But Caroline, in the anguish to which she awakened, forestalled his inquiries. To her but two thoughts were present—how she had wronged Darrell—how ungrateful and faithless she must seem to him; and in the impulse of her remorse, and in the child-like candour of her soul, artlessly, ingenuously she poured out her feelings to the husband she had taken as counsellor and guide, as if seeking to guard all her sorrow for the past from a sentiment that might render her less loyal to the responsibilities which linked her future to another's. A man of sense would have hailed in so noble a confidence (however it might have pained him for the time) a guarantee for the happiness and security of his

whole existence. He would have seen how distinct from that ardent love which in Caroline's new relation of life would have bordered upon guilt and been cautious as guilt against disclosing its secrets, was the infantine, venerating affection she had felt for a man so far removed from her by years and the development of intellect—an affection which a young husband, trusted with every thought, every feeling, might reasonably hope to eclipse. A little forbearance, a little of delicate and generous tenderness, at that moment, would have secured to Lord Montfort the warm devotion of a grateful heart, in which the grief that overflowed was not for the irreplaceable loss of an earlier lover, but the repentant shame for wrong and treachery to a confiding friend.

But it is in vain to ask from any man that which is not in him! Lord Montfort listened with sullen, stolid displeasure. That Caroline should feel the slightest pain at any cause which had cancelled her engagement to that odious Darrell, and had raised her to the rank of his marchioness, was a crime in his eyes never to be expiated. He considered, not without reason, that Mrs. Lyndsay had shamefully deceived him; and fully believed that she had been an accomplice with Jasper in that artifice which he was quite gentleman enough to consider placed those who had planned it out of the pale of his acquaintance. And when Caroline, who had been weeping too vehemently to read her lord's countenance, came to a close, Lord Montfort took up his hat and said, "I beg never to hear again of this lawyer and his very disreputable family connections. As you say, you and your mother have behaved very ill to him; but you don't seem to understand that you have behaved much worse to me. As to condescending to write to him, and enter into explanations how you came to be Lady Montfort, it would be so lowering to me that I would never forgive it—never. I would just as soon that you run away at once—sooner. As for Mrs. Lyndsay, I shall forbid her entering my house. When you have

done crying, order your things to be packed up. I shall return to England to-morrow."

That was perhaps the longest speech Lord Montfort ever addressed to his wife; perhaps it was also the rudest. From that time he regarded her as some Spaniard of ancient days might regard a guest on whom he was compelled to bestow the rites of hospitality—to whom he gave a seat at his board, a chair at his hearth, but for whom he entertained a profound aversion, and kept at invincible distance, with all the ceremony of dignified dislike. Once only during her wedded life Caroline again saw Darrell. It was immediately on her return to England, and little more than a month after her marriage. It was the day on which Parliament had been prorogued preparatory to its dissolution—the last Parliament of which Guy Darrell was a member. Lady Montfort's carriage was detained in the throng with which the ceremonial had filled the streets, and Darrell passed it on horseback. It was but one look in that one moment; and the look never ceased to haunt her—a look of such stern disdain, but also of such deep despair. No language can exaggerate the eloquence which there is in a human countenance, when a great and tortured spirit speaks out from it accusingly to a soul that comprehends. The crushed heart, the ravaged existence, were bared before her in that glance, as clearly as to a wanderer through the night are the rents of the precipice in the flash of the lightning. So they encountered—so, without word, they parted. To him that moment decided the flight from active life to which his hopeless thoughts had of late been wooing the jaded, weary man. In safety to his very conscience, he would not risk the certainty thus to encounter one whom it convulsed his whole being to remember was another's wife. In that highest and narrowest sphere of the great London world to which Guy Darrell's political distinction condemned his social life, it was impossible but what he should be brought frequently into collision with Lord Montfort, the Head of

a House with which Darrell himself was connected—the most powerful patrician of the party of which Darrell was so conspicuous a chief. Could he escape Lady Montfort's presence, her name, at least, would be continually in his ears. From that fatal beauty he could no more hide than from the sun.

This thought, and the terror it occasioned him, completed his resolve on the instant. The next day he was in the groves of Fawley, and amazed the world by dating from that retreat a farewell address to his constituents. A few days after, the news of his daughter's death reached him; and as that event became known, it accounted to many for his retirement for a while from public life.

But to Caroline Montfort, and to her alone, the secret of a career blasted, a fame renounced, was unmistakably revealed. For a time she was tortured, in every society she entered, by speculation and gossip which brought before her the memory of his genius, the accusing sound of his name. But him, who withdraws himself from the world, the world soon forgets; and by degrees Darrell became as little spoken of as the dead.

Mrs. Lyndsay had never, during her schemes on Lord Montfort, abandoned her own original design on Darrell. And when, to her infinite amaze and mortification, Lord Montfort, before the first month of his marriage expired, took care, in the fewest possible words, to dispel her dream of governing the House, and residing in the houses, of Vipont, as the lawful regent during the life-long minority to which she had condemned both the submissive Caroline and the lethargic Marquess, she hastened by letter to exculpate herself to Darrell—laid, of course, all the blame on Caroline. Alas! had not she always warned him that Caroline was not worthy of him?—him, the greatest, the best of men, &c., &c. Darrell replied by a single cut of his trenchant sarcasm—sarcasm which shore through her cushion of down and her veil of gauze like the sword of Saladin. The old Marchioness turned her back upon Mrs.

Lyndsey. Lady Selina was crushingly civil. The pretty woman with pretty manners, no better off for all the misery she had occasioned, went to Rome, caught cold, and, having no one to nurse her as Caroline had done, fell at last into a real consumption, and faded out of the world elegantly and spitefully, as fades a rose that still leaves its thorns behind it.

Caroline's nature grew developed and exalted by the responsibilities she had accepted, and by the purity of her grief. She submitted, as a just retribution, to the solitude and humiliation of her wedded lot; she earnestly, virtuously strove to banish from her heart every sentiment that could recall to her more of Darrell than the remorse of having so darkened a life that had been to her childhood so benignant, and to her youth so confiding. As we have seen her, at the mention of Darrell's name—at the allusion to his griefs—fly to the side of her ungenial lord, though he was to her but as the owner of the name she bore,—so it was the saving impulse of a delicate, watchful conscience that kept her as honest in thought as she was irreproachable in conduct. But vainly, in summoning her intellect to the relief of her heart,—vainly had she sought to find in the world friendships, companionships, that might eclipse the memory of the mind so lofty in its antique mould—so tender in its depths of unsuspected sweetness—which had been withdrawn from her existence before she could fully comprehend its rarity, or appreciate its worth.

At last she became free once more; and then she had dared thoroughly to examine into her own heart, and into the nature of that hold which the image of Darrell still retained on its remembrances. And precisely because she was convinced that she had succeeded in preserving her old childish affection for him free from the growth into that warm love which would have been guilt if so encouraged, she felt the more free to volunteer the atonement which might permit her to dedicate herself to his remaining years. Thus, one day, after a conversation with Alban Morley, in which Alban had spoken

of Darrell as the friend, almost the virtual guardian, of her infancy; and, alluding to a few lines just received from him, brought vividly before Caroline the picture of Darrell's melancholy wanderings and blighted life,—thus had she, on the impulse of the moment, written the letter which had reached Darrell at Malta. In it she referred but indirectly to the deceit that had been practised on herself—far too delicate to retail a scandal which she felt to be an insult to his dignity, in which, too, the deceiving parties were his daughter's husband and her own mother. No doubt every true woman can understand why she thus wrote to Darrell, and every true man can equally comprehend why that letter failed in its object, and was returned to her in scorn. Hers was the yearning of meek, passionless affection, and his the rebuke of sensitive, embittered, indignant love.

But now, as all her past, with its interior life, glided before her, by a grief the most intolerable she had yet known, the woman became aware that it was no longer penitence for the injured friend—it was despair for the lover she had lost. In that stormy interview, out of all the confused and struggling elements of her life-long self-reproach, LOVE—the love of woman—had flashed suddenly, luminously, as the love of youth at first sight. Strange—but the very disparity of years seemed gone! She, the matured, sorrowful woman, was so much nearer to the man, still young in heart, and little changed in person, than the gay girl of seventeen had been to the grave friend of forty! Strange, but those vehement reproaches had awakened emotions deeper in the core of the wild mortal breast than all that early chivalrous homage which had exalted her into the ideal of dreaming poets. Strange, strange, strange! But where there is nothing strange, *there*—is there ever love?

And with this revelation of her own altered heart, came the clearer and fresher insight into the nature and character of the man she loved. Hitherto she had recognised but his virtues—now she beheld his failings; beholding them as *if virtues*, loved

him more; and, loving him, more he would forgive; and, recalling the unexpected gentleness of his farewell words, she felt that, in his promised blessing, lay the sentence that annihilated every hope.

CHAPTER III.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.

A cold night; sharp frost; winter set in. The shutters are closed, the curtains drawn, the fire burns clear, and the lights are softly shaded in Alban Morley's drawing-room. The old bachelor is at home again. He had returned that day; sent to Lionel to come to him; and Lionel had already told him what had transpired in his absence—from the identification of Waife with William Losely, to Lady Montfort's visit to Fawley, which had taken place two days before, and of which she had informed Lionel by a few hasty lines, stating her inability to soften Mr. Darrell's objections to the alliance between Lionel and Sophy; severely blaming herself that those objections had not more forcibly presented themselves to her own mind, and concluding with expressions of sympathy, and appeals to fortitude, in which, however brief, the exquisite kindness of her nature so diffused its charm, that the soft words soothed insensibly, like those sounds which in Nature itself do soothe us we know not why.

The poor Colonel found himself in the midst of painful subjects. Though he had no very keen sympathy for the sorrows of lovers, and no credulous faith in everlasting attachments, Lionel's portraiture of the young girl, who formed so mysterious a link between the two men who, in varying ways, had touched the finest springs in his own heart, compelled a compassionate and chivalrous interest, and he was deeply impressed by the quiet of Lionel's dejection. The young man uttered no complaints of the inflexibility with which Darrell had destroyed his elysium. He bowed to the will with which it was

in vain to argue, and which it would have been a criminal ingratitude to defy. But his youth seemed withered up; down-eyed and listless he sank into that stupor of despondency which so drearily simulates the calm of resignation.

"I have but one wish now," said he, "and that is, to change at once into some regiment on active service. I do not talk of courting danger and seeking death. That would be either a senseless commonplace, or a threat, as it were, to Heaven! But I need some vehemence of action—some positive and irresistible call upon honour or duty that may force me to contend against this strange heaviness that settles down on my whole life. Therefore, I entreat you so to arrange for me, and break it to Mr. Darrell in such terms as may not needlessly pain him by the obtrusion of my sufferings. For, while I know him well enough to be convinced that nothing could move him from resolves in which he had intrenched, as in a citadel, his pride or his creed of honour, I am sure that he would take into his own heart all the grief which those resolves occasioned to another's."

"You do him justice there," cried Alban; "you are a noble fellow to understand him so well! Sir, you have in you the stuff that makes English gentlemen such generous soldiers."

"Action, action, action," exclaimed Lionel. "Strife, Strife! No other chance of cure. Rest is so crushing, solitude so dismal."

Lo! how contrasted the effect of a similar cause of grief at different stages of life! Chase the first day-dreams of our youth, and we cry,

"Action—Strife!" In that cry, unconsciously to ourselves, HOPE speaks, and proffers worlds of emotion not yet exhausted. Disperse the last golden illusion in which the image of happiness cheats our experienced manhood, and HOPE is silent; she has no more worlds to offer—unless, indeed, she drop her earthly attributes, change her less solemn name, and float far out of sight as "FAITH!"

Alban made no immediate reply to Lionel; but, seating himself still more comfortably in his chair—planting his feet still more at ease upon his fender—the kindly man of the world silently revolved all the possible means by which Darrell might yet be softened and Lionel rendered happy. His reflections dismayed him. "Was there ever such untoward luck," he said at last, and peevishly, "that out of the whole world you should fall in love with the very girl against whom Darrell's feelings (prejudices if you please) must be mailed in adamant! Convinced, and apparently with every reason, that she is not his daughter's child, but, however innocently, an impostor, how can he receive her as his young kinsman's bride? How can we expect it?"

"But," said Lionel, "if, on farther investigation, she proved to be his daughter's child—the sole surviving representative of his line and name?"

"His name! No! Of the name of Losely—the name of that turbulent sharper who may yet die on the gibbet—of that poor, dear, lovable rascal Willy, who was goose enough to get himself transported for robbery!—a felon's grandchild the representative of Darrell's line! But how on earth came Lady Montfort to favour so wild a project, and encourage you to share in it?—she who ought to have known Darrell better?"

"Alas! she saw but Sophy's exquisite, simple virtues, and inborn grace; and, believing her claim to Darrell's lineage, Lady Montfort thought but of the joy and blessing one so good and so loving might bring to his joyless hearth. She was not thinking of morbid pride and mouldering ancestors, but of soothing charities and loving ties. And Lady Montfort, I

now suspect, in her scheme for our happiness—for Darrell's—had an interest which involved her own!"

"Her own!"

"Yes; I see it all now."

"See what? you puzzle me."

"I told you that Darrell, in his letter to me, wrote with great bitterness of Lady Montfort."

"Very natural that he should. Who would not resent such interference?"

"Listen. I told you that, at his own command, I sent to her that letter; that she, on receiving it, went herself to Fawley, to plead our cause. I was sanguine of the result."

"Why?"

"Because he who is in love has a wondrous intuition into all the mysteries of love in others; and when I read Darrell's letter, I felt sure that he had once loved—loved still, perhaps—the woman he so vehemently reproached."

"Ha!" said the man of the world, intimate with Guy Darrell from his school-days—"Ha! is it possible! And they say that I know everything! You were sanguine,—I understand. Yes, if your belief were true—if there were some old attachment that could be revived—some old misunderstanding explained away—stop; let me think. True, true—it was just after her marriage that he fled from the world. Ah, my dear Lionel! light, light! light dawns on me! Not without reason were you sanguine. Your hand, my dear boy; I see hope for you at last. For if the sole reason that prevented Darrell contracting a second marriage was the unconquered memory of a woman like Lady Montfort (where, indeed, her equal in beauty, in dispositions so akin to his own ideal of womanly excellence?—and if she too has some correspondent sentiments for him, why, then, indeed you might lose all chance of being Darrell's sole heir; your Sophy might forfeit the hateful claim to be the sole scion on his ancient tree. But it is precisely by those losses that Lionel Haughton might gain the bride he covets: and if this girl prove to be what these Loselys affirm, that very marriage, which is now so repugnant to Darrell, ought to insure his blessing. Were he himself to marry again

—had he rightful representatives and heirs in his own sons—he should rejoice in the nuptials that secured to his daughter's child so honourable a name and so tender a protector. And as for inheritance, you have not been reared to expect it; you have never counted on it. You would receive a fortune sufficiently ample to restore your ancestral station; your career will add honours to fortune. Yes, yes; that is the sole way out of all these difficulties. Darrell must marry again; Lady Montfort must be his wife. Lionel shall be free to choose her whom Lady Montfort approves—befriends—no matter what her birth; and I—I—Alban Morley—shall have an arm-chair by two smiling hearths."

At this moment there was heard a violent ring at the bell, a loud knock at the street-door; and presently, following close on the servant, and pushing him aside as he asked what name to announce, a woman, severely dressed in iron-grey, with a strongly-marked and haggard countenance, hurried into the room, and, striding right up to Alban Morley, as he rose from his seat, grasped his arm, and whispered into his ear, "Lose not a minute—come with me instantly—as you value the safety, perhaps the life, of Guy Darrell!"

"Guy Darrell!" exclaimed Lionel, overhearing her, despite the undertones of her voice.

"Who are you?" she said, turning fiercely; "are you one of his family?"

"His kinsman—almost his adopted son—Mr. Lionel Haughton," said the Colonel. "But pardon me, madam,—who are you?"

"Do you not remember me? Yet you were so often in Darrell's house, that you must have seen my face, as you have learned from your friend how little cause I have to care for him or his. Look again; I am that Arabella Fossett who—"

"Ah, I remember now; but—"

"But I tell you that Darrell is in danger, and this night. Take money; to be in time you must hire a special train. Take arms, though to be used only in self-defence. Take your servant, if he is brave. This young kinsman—let him come too. There is only one man to resist; but that man," she said, with a wild kind of pride, "would have the strength and courage of ten, were his cause not that which may make the strong man weak, and the bold man craven. It is not a matter for the officers of justice, for law, for scandal: the service is to be done in secret, by friends, by kinsmen; for the danger that threatens Darrell—stoop—stoop, Colonel Morley—close in your ear;" and into his ear she hissed, "for the danger that threatens Darrell in his house this night is from the man whose name his daughter bore. That is why I come to you. To you I need not say, 'Spare his life—Jasper Losely's life.' Jasper Losely's death as a midnight robber would be Darrell's intolerable shame! Quick, quick, quick!—come, come!"

BOOK X.—CHAPTER I.

Brute-Force.

We left Jasper Losely resting for the night at the small town near Fawley. The next morning he walked on to the old manor house. It was the same morning in which Lady Montfort had held her painful interview with Darrell; and just when Losely neared the gate that led into the small park, he saw her re-enter the hired vehicle in waiting for her. As the carriage rapidly drove past the miscreant, Lady Montfort looked forth from the window to snatch a

last look at the scenes still so dear to her, through eyes blinded by despairing tears. Jasper thus caught sight of her countenance, and recognised her, though she did not even notice him. Surprised at the sight, he halted by the palings. What could have brought Lady Montfort there? Could the intimacy his fraud had broken off so many years ago be renewed? If so, why the extreme sadness so evident on the face of which he had caught but a hurried,

rapid glance? Be that as it might, it was no longer of the interest to him it had once been; and after pondering on the circumstance a minute or two, he advanced to the gate. But while his hand was on the latch, he again paused; how should he obtain admission to Darrell?—how announce himself? If in his own name, would not exclusion be certain?—if as a stranger on business, would Darrell be sure to receive him? As he was thus cogitating, his ear, which, with all his other organs of sense, was constitutionally fine as a savage's, caught sound of a faint rustle among the boughs of a thick copse which covered a part of the little park, terminating at its pales. The rustle came nearer and nearer; the branches were rudely displaced; and in a few moments more, Guy Darrell himself came out from the copse, close by the gate, and, opening it quickly, stood face to face with his abhorrent son-in-law. Jasper was startled, but the opportunity was not to be lost. "Mr. Darrell," he said, "I come here again to see you; vouchsafe me this time a calmer hearing." So changed was Losely, so absorbed in his own emotions Darrell, that the words did not at once waken up remembrance. "Another time," said Darrell, hastily moving on into the road; "I am not at leisure now."

"Pardon me, *now*," said Losely, unconsciously bringing himself back to the tones and bearing of his earlier and more civilised years. "You do not remember me, sir; no wonder. But my name is Jasper Losely."

Darrell halted; then, still as if spellbound, looked fixedly at the broad-shouldered, burly frame before him, cased in its coarse pea-jacket, and in that rude form, and that defeated, bloated face, detected, though with strong effort, the wrecks of the masculine beauty which had ensnared his deceitful daughter. Jasper could not have selected a more unpropitious moment for his cause. Darrell was still too much under the influence of recent excitement and immense sorrow for that supremacy of prudence over passion which could alone have made him a willing listener to overtures from Jasper Losely.

And about the man whose connection with himself was a thought of such bitter shame, there was now so unmistakably the air of settled degradation, that all Darrell's instincts of gentleman were revolted—just at the very time, too, when his pride had been most chafed and assailed by the obtrusion of all that rendered most galling to him the very name of Jasper Losely. What! was it that man's asserted child whom Lionel Haughton desired as a wife?—was the alliance with that man to be thus renewed and strengthened?—that man have another claim to him and his in right of parentage to the bride of his nearest kinsman? What! was it that man's child whom he was asked to recognise as of his own flesh and blood?—the last representative of his line? That man!—*that!* A flash shot from his bright eye, deepening its grey into dark; and, turning on his heel, Darrell said, through his compressed lips—

"You have heard, sir, I believe, through Colonel Morley, that only on condition of your permanent settlement in one of our distant colonies, or America if you prefer it, would I consent to assist you. I am of the same mind still. I cannot parley with you myself. Colonel Morley is abroad, I believe. I refer you to my solicitor; you have seen him years ago; you know his address. No more, sir."

"This will not do, Mr. Darrell," said Losely doggedly; and, planting himself right before Darrell's way—"I have come here on purpose to have all differences out with you, face to face—and I will—"

"You will!" said Darrell, pale with haughty anger, and, with the impulse of his passion, his hand clenched. In the bravery of his nature, and the warmth of a temper constitutionally quick, he thought nothing of the strength and bulk of the insolent obtruder—nothing of the peril of odds so unequal in a personal encounter. But the dignity which pervaded all his habits, and often supplied to him the place of discretion, came, happily for himself, to his aid now. *He* strike a man whom he so despised!—he raise that man to his own level by the honour of a

blow from his hand! Impossible! "You will!" he said. "Well, be it so. Are you come again to tell me that a child of my daughter lives, and that you won my daughter's fortune by a deliberate lie!"

"I am not come to speak of that girl, but of myself. I say that I have a claim on you, Mr. Darrell; I say that, turn and twist the truth as you will, you are still my father-in-law, and that it is intolerable that I should be wanting bread, or driven into actual robbery, while my wife's father is a man of countless wealth, and has no heir except—but I will not now urge that child's cause; I am content to abandon it, if so obnoxious to you. Do you wish me to cut a throat, and to be hanged, and all the world to hear the last dying speech and confession of Guy Darrell's son-in-law? Answer me, sir."

"I answer you briefly and plainly. It is simply because I would not have that last disgrace on Guy Darrell's name that I offer you a subsistence in lands where you will be less exposed to those temptations which induced you to invest the sums, that, by your own tale, had been obtained from me on false pretences, in the sink of a Paris gambling-house. A subsistence that, if it does not pamper vice, at least places you beyond the necessity of crime, is at your option. Choose it or reject it as you will."

"Look you, Mr. Darrell," said Jasper, whose temper was fast giving way beneath the cold and galling scorn with which he was thus cast aside, "I am in a state so desperate, that, rather than starve, I may take what you so contemptuously fling to—your daughter's husband; but—"

"Knavel!" cried Darrell, interrupting him, "do you again and again urge it as a claim upon me, that you decoyed from her home, under a false name, my only child; that she died in a foreign land—broken-hearted, if I have rightly heard; is that a claim upon your duped victim's father?"

"It seems so, since your pride is compelled to own that the world would deem it one, if the jail chaplain took down the last words of your son-in-law! But, *basta, basta!*

hear me out, and spare hard names; for the blood is mounting into my brain, and I may become dangerous. Had any other man eyed, and scoffed, and railed at me as you have done, he would be lying dead and dumb as this stone at my foot; but you—are my father-in-law. Now, I care not to bargain with you what be the precise amount of my stipend if I obey your wish, and settle miserably in one of those raw, comfortless corners into which they who burthen this Old World are thrust out of sight. I would rather live my time out in this country—live it out in peace, and for half what you may agree to give in transporting me. If you are to do anything for me, you had better do it so as to make me contented on easy terms to your own pockets, rather than to leave me dissatisfied and willing to annoy you, which I could do somehow or other, even on the far side of the Herring Pond. I might keep to the letter of a bargain, live in Phillip's Town or Adelaide, and take your money, and yet molest and trouble you by deputy. That girl, for instance—your grandchild; well, well, disown her if you please; but if I find out where she is, which I own I have not done yet, I might contrive to render her the plague of your life, even though I were in Australia."

"Ay," said Darrell, murmuring—"ay, ay; but"—(suddenly gathering himself up)—"No! Man if she were my grandchild, your own child, could you talk of her thus?—make her the object of so base a traffic, and such miserable threats? Wicked though you be, this were against nature!—even in nature's wickedness—even in the son of a felon, and in the sharper of a hell. Pooh! I despise your malice. I will listen to you no longer. Out of my path."

"No!"

"No?"

"No, Guy Darrell, I have not yet done; you shall hear my terms, and accept them—a moderate sum down; say a few hundreds, and two hundred a-year to spend in London as I will—but out of your beat, out of your sight and hearing. Grant this, and I will never cross you again—never attempt to find, and, if I find

by chance, never claim as my child by your daughter that wandering girl. I will never shame you by naming our connection. I will not offend the law, nor die by the hangman; yet I shall not live long, for I suffer much, and I drink hard."

The last words were spoken gloomily, not altogether without a strange dreary pathos. And amidst all his just scorn and anger, the large human heart of Guy Darrell was for the moment touched. He was silent—his mind hesitated; would it not be well—would it not be just as safe to his own peace, and to that of the poor child, whom, no matter what her parentage, Darrell could not but desire to free from the claim set up by so bold a ruffian, to gratify Losely's wish, and let him remain in England, upon an allowance that would suffice for his subsistence? Unluckily for Jasper, it was while this doubt passed through Darrell's relenting mind, that the miscreant, who was shrewd enough to see that he had gained ground, but too coarse of apprehension to ascribe his advantage to its right cause, thought to strengthen his case by additional arguments. "You see, sir," resumed Jasper, in almost familiar accents, "that there is no dog so toothless but what he can bite, and no dog so savage but what, if you give him plenty to eat, he will serve you."

Darrell looked up, and his brow slowly darkened.

Jasper continued—"I have hinted how I might plague you; perhaps, on the other hand, I might do you a good turn with that handsome lady who drove from your park gate as I came up. Ah! you were once to have been married to her. I read in the newspapers that she has become a widow: you may marry her yet. There was a story against you once; her mother made use of it, and broke off an old engagement. I can set that story right."

"You can," said Darrell, with that exceeding calmness which comes from exceeding wrath; "and perhaps, sir, that story, whatever it might be, you invented. No dog so toothless as not to bite—eh, sir?"

"Well," returned Jasper, mistaking Darrell's composure, "at that

time certainly it seemed my interest that you should not marry again;—but *basta! basta!* enough of by-gones. If I bit once, I will serve now. Come, sir, you are a man of the world, let us close the bargain."

All Darrell's soul was now up in arms. What, then! this infamous wretch was the author of the tale by which the woman he had loved, as woman never was loved before, had excused her breach of faith, and been lost to him for ever? And he learned this, while yet fresh from her presence—fresh from the agonising conviction that his heart loved still, but could not pardon. With a spring so sudden that it took Losely utterly by surprise, he leaped on the bravo, swung aside that huge bulk which Jasper had boasted four draymen could not stir against its will, cleared his way; and turning back before Losely had recovered his amaze, cried out, "Execrable villain! I revoke every offer to aid a life that has existed but to darken and desolate those it was permitted to approach. Starve or rob! perish miserably! And if I pour not on your head my parting curse, it is only because I know that man has no right to curse; and casting your back on your own evil self is the sole revenge which my belief in Heaven permits me."

Thus saying, Darrell strode on—swiftly, but not as one who flies. Jasper made three long bounds, and was almost at his side, when he was startled by the explosion of a gun. A pheasant fell dead on the road, and Darrell's gamekeeper, gun in hand, came through a gap in the hedge opposite the park pales, and seeing his master close before him, approached to apologise for the suddenness of the shot.

Whatever Losely's intention in hastening after Darrell, he had no option now but to relinquish it, and drop back. The village itself was not many hundred yards distant; and, after all, what good in violence, except the gratified rage of the moment? Violence would not give to Jasper Losely the income that had just been within his grasp, and had so unexpectedly eluded it. He remained, therefore, in the lane, standing still, and seeing

Darrell turn quietly into his park through another gate close to the manor-house. The gamekeeper, meanwhile, picked up his bird, reloaded his gun, and eyed Jasper suspiciously askant. The baffled gladiator at length turned, and walked slowly back to the town he had left. It was late in the afternoon when he once more gained his corner in the coffee-room of his commercial inn; and, to his annoyance, the room was crowded—it was market-day. Farmers, their business over, came in and out in quick succession; those who did not dine at the ordinaries, taking their hasty snack, or stirrup-cup, while their horses were being saddled; others to look at the newspaper, or exchange a word on the state of markets and the nation. Jasper, wearied and sullen, had to wait for the refreshments he ordered, and meanwhile fell into a sort of half doze, as was not now unusual in him in the intervals between food and mischief. From this creeping torpor he was suddenly roused by the sound of Darrell's name. Three farmers, standing close beside him, their backs to the fire, were tenants to Darrell—two of them on the lands that Darrell had purchased in the years of his territorial ambition; the third resided in the hamlet of Fawley, and rented the larger portion of the comparatively barren acres to which the old patrimonial estate was circumscribed. These farmers were talking of their Squire's return to the county—of his sequestered mode of life—of his peculiar habits—of the great unfinished house which was left to rot. The Fawley tenant then said that it might not be left to rot after all, and that the village workmen had been lately employed, and still were, in getting some of the rooms into rough order; and then he spoke of the long gallery in which the Squire had been arranging his fine pictures, and how he had run up a passage between that gallery and his own room, and how he would spend hours at day, and night too, in that awful long room as lone as a churchyard; and that Mr. Mills had said that his master now lived almost entirely either in that gallery or in the room in the roof of the old house—quite cut off,

as you might say, except from the eyes of those dead pictures, or the rats, which had grown so excited at having their quarters in the new building invaded, that if you peeped in at the windows in moonlit nights you might see them in dozens, sitting on their haunches as if holding council, or peering at the curious old things which lay beside the crates out of which they had been taken. Then the rustic gossips went on to talk of the rent-day, which was at hand—of the audit feast, which, according to immemorial custom, was given at the old manor-house on that same rent-day—supposed that Mr. Fairthorn would preside—that the Squire himself would not appear—made some incidental observations on their respective rents and wheat-crops—remarked that they should have a good moonlight for their ride back from the audit feast—cautioned each other, laughing, not to drink too much of Mr. Fairthorn's punch—and finally went their way, leaving on the mind of Jasper Loseley—who, leaning his scheming head on his powerful hand, had appeared in dull sleep all the while—these two facts: 1st, That on the third day from that which was then declining, sums amounting to thousands would find their way into Fawley manor-house; and, 2dly, That a communication existed between the unfinished, uninhabited building, and Darrell's own solitary chamber. As soon as he had fortified himself by food and drink, Jasper rose, paid for his refreshments, and walked forth. Noiseless and rapid, skirting the hedges by the lane that led to Fawley, and scarcely distinguishable under their shadow, the human wild-beast strided on in scent of its quarry. It was night when Jasper once more reached the moss-grown pales round the demesnes of the old manor-house. In a few minutes he was standing under the black shadow of the buttresses to the unfinished pile. His object was not, then, to assault, but to reconnoitre. He prowled round the irregular walls, guided in his survey, now and then, faintly by the stars—more constantly and clearly by the lights from the contiguous manor-house—more especially the

light from that high chamber in the gable, close by which ran the thin framework of wood which linked the two buildings of stone, just as any frail scheme links together the Past, which man has not enjoyed, with the Future he will not complete. Jasper came to a large bay unglazed window, its sill but a few feet from the ground, from which the boards, nailed across the mullions, had been removed by the workmen whom Darrell had employed on the interior, and were replaced but by a loose tarpaulin. Pulling aside this slight obstacle, Jasper had no difficulty in entering through the wide mullions into the dreary edifice. Finding himself in profound darkness, he had recourse to a lucifer-box which he had about him, and the waste of a dozen matches sufficed him to examine the ground. He was in a space intended by the architect for the principal staircase; a tall ladder, used by the recent workmen, was still left standing against the wall, the top of it resting on a landing-place opposite a doorway, that, from the richness of its half-finished architecture, obviously led to what had been designed for the state apartments; between the pediments was a slight temporary door of rough deal planks. Satisfied with his reconnoitre, Losely quitted the skeleton pile, and retraced his steps to the inn he had left. His musings by the way suggested to him the expediency, nay, the necessity, of an accomplice. Implements might be needed—disguises would be required—swift horses for flight to be hired—and, should the robbery succeed, the bulk of the spoil would be no doubt in bank notes, which it would need some other hand than his own to dispose of, either at the bank next morning at the earliest hour, or by transmission abroad. For help in all this Jasper knew no one to compare to Cutts; nor did he suspect his old ally of any share in the conspiracy against him, of which he had been warned by Mrs. Crane. Resolving, therefore, to admit that long-tried friend into his confidence, and a share of the spoils, he quickened his pace, arrived at the railway-station in time for a late train to

London, and, disdainful of the dangers by which he was threatened in return to any of the haunts of his late associates, gained the dark court wherein he had effected a lodgment on the night of his return to London, and roused Cutts from his slumbers with tales of an enterprise so promising, that the small man began to recover his ancient admiration for the genius to which he had bowed at Paris, but which had fallen into his contempt in London.

Mr. Cutts held a very peculiar position in that section of the great world to which he belonged. He possessed the advantage of an education superior to that of the generality of his companions, having been originally a clerk to an Old Bailey attorney, and having since that early day accomplished his natural shrewdness by a variety of speculative enterprises both at home and abroad. In these adventures he had not only contrived to make money, but, what is very rare with the foes of law, to save it. Being a bachelor, he was at small expenses; but besides his bachelor's lodging in the dark court, he had an establishment in the heart of the City, near the Thames, which was intrusted to the care of a maiden sister, as covetous and as crafty as himself. At this establishment, ostensibly a pawnbroker's, were received the goods which Cutts knew at his residence in the court were to be sold a bargain, having been obtained for nothing. It was chiefly by this business that the man had enriched himself. But his net was one that took in fishes of all kinds. He was a general adviser to the invaders of law. If he shared in the schemes he advised, they were so sure to be successful, that he enjoyed the highest reputation for luck. It was but seldom that he did actively share in those schemes—lucky in what he shunned as in what he performed. He had made no untruthful boast to Mrs. Crane of the skill with which he had kept himself out of the fangs of justice. With a certain portion of the police he was indeed rather a favourite; for was anything mysteriously "lost," for which the owner would give a reward equal to its value in legal markets, Cutts was

the man who would get it back. Of violence he had a wholesome dislike; not that he did not admire force in others—not that he was physically a coward—but that caution was his predominant characteristic. He employed force when required—set a just value on it—would plan a burglary, and dispose of the spoils; but it was only where the prize was great and the danger small, that he lent his hand to the work that his brain approved. When Losely proposed to him the robbery of a lone country house, in which Jasper, making light of all perils, brought prominently forward the images of some thousands of pounds in gold and notes, guarded by an elderly gentleman, and to be approached with ease through an uninhabited building—Cutts thought it well worth personal investigation. Nor did he consider himself bound, by his general engagement to Mrs. Crane, to lose the chance of a sum so immeasurably greater than he could expect to obtain from her by revealing the plot and taking measures to frustrate it. Cutts was a most faithful and intelligent agent when he was properly paid, and had proved himself so to Mrs. Crane on various occasions. But then, to be paid *properly* meant a gain greater in serving than he could get in not serving. Hitherto it had been extremely lucrative to obey Mrs. Crane in saving Jasper from crime and danger. In this instance the lucre seemed all the other way. Accordingly, the next morning, having filled a saddle-bag with sundry necessities, such as files, picklocks, masks—to which he added a choice selection of political tracts and newspapers—he and Jasper set out on two hired but strong and fleet hacknies to the neighbourhood of Fawley. They put up at a town on the other side of the manor-house from that by which Jasper had approached it, and at about the same distance. After baiting their steeds, they proceeded to Fawley by the silent guide of a finger-post, gained the vicinity of the park, and Cutts, dismounting, flitted across the turf, and plunged himself into the hollows of the unfinished mansion, while Jasper took charge of the horses in a corner of the wood-

ed lane. Cutts, pleased by the survey of the forlorn interior, ventured, in the stillness that reigned around, to mount the ladder, to apply a picklock to the door above, and opening this with ease, crept into the long gallery, its walls covered with pictures. Through the crevices in another door at the extreme end, gleamed a faint light. Cutts applied his eye to the chinks and keyhole, and saw that the light came from a room on the other side the narrow passage which connected the new house with the old. The door of that room was open, candles were on the table, and beside the table Cutts could distinguish the outline of a man's form seated—doubtless the owner; but the form did not seem "elderly." If inferior to Jasper's in physical power, it still was that of vigorous and unbroken manhood. Cutts did not like the appearance of that form, and he retreated to outer air with some misgivings. However, on rejoining Losely, he said, "As yet things look promising—place still as death—only one door locked, and that the common country lock, which a schoolboy might pick with his knife."

"Or a crooked nail," said Jasper.

"Ay, no better picklock in good hands. But there are other things besides locks to think of."

Cutts then hurried on to suggest that it was just the hour when some of the workmen employed on the premises might be found in the Fawley public-house; that he should ride on, dismount there, and take his chance of picking up details of useful information as to localities and household. He should represent himself as a commercial traveller on his road to the town they had quitted; he should take out his cheap newspapers and tracts; he should talk politics—all workmen love politics, especially the politics of cheap newspapers and tracts. He would rejoin Losely in an hour or so.

The bravo waited—his horse grazed—the moon came forth, stealing through the trees, bringing into fantastic light the melancholy old dwelling-house—the yet more melancholy new pile. Jasper was not, as we have seen, without certain supersti-

tions fancies, and they had grown on him more of late as his brain had become chronically heated and his nerves relaxed by pain. He began to feel the awe of the silence and the moonlight; and some vague remembrances of earlier guiltless days—of a father's genial love—of joyous sensations in the priceless possession of youth and vigour—of the admiring smiles and cordial hands which his beauty, his daring and high spirits had attracted towards him—of the all that he had been, mixed with the consciousness of what he was, and an uneasy conjecture of the probable depth of the final fall—came dimly over his thoughts, and seemed like the whispers of remorse. But it is rarely that man continues to lay blame on himself; and Jasper hastened to do, as many a better person does without a blush for his folly—viz. shift upon the innocent shoulders of fellow-men, or on the hazy outlines of that clouded form which ancient schools and modern plagiarists call sometimes "Circumstance," sometimes "Chance," sometimes "Fate," all the guilt due to his own wilful abuse of irrevocable hours.

With this consolatory creed, came of necessity—the devil's grand luxury, *Revenge*. Say to yourself, "For what I suffer I condemn another man, or I accuse the Arch-Invisible, be it a Destiny, be it a Maker!" and the logical sequel is to add evil to evil, folly to folly—to retort on the man who so wrongs, or on the Arch-Invisible who so afflicts you. Of all our passions, is not *Revenge*, the one into which enters with the most zest, a devil? For what is a devil?—A being whose sole work on earth is some revenge on God!

Jasper Losely was not by temperament vindictive, he was irascible, as the vain are—combative, aggressive, turbulent, by the impulse of animal spirits; but the premeditation of vengeance was foreign to a levity and egotism which abjured the self-sacrifice that is equally necessary to hatred as to love. But Guy Darrell had forced into his moral system a passion not native to it. Jasper had expected so much from his marriage with the great man's daughter—counted so thoroughly on her power

to obtain pardon and confer wealth—and his disappointment had been so keen—been accompanied with such mortification—that he regarded the man whom he had most injured as the man who had most injured him. But not till now did his angry feelings assume the shape of a definite vengeance. So long as there was a chance that he could extort from Darrell the money that was the essential necessary to his life, he checked his thoughts whenever they suggested a profitless gratification of rage. But now that Darrell had so scornfully and so inexorably spurned all concession—now that nothing was to be wrung from him except by force—force and vengeance came together in his projects. And yet, even in the daring outrage he was meditating, murder itself did not stand out as a thought accepted—no; what pleased his wild and turbid imagination was the idea of humiliating by terror the man who had humbled him by disdain. To penetrate into the home of this haughty scorner—to confront him in his own chamber at the dead of night, man to man, force to force; to say to him, "None now can deliver you from me—I come no more as a suppliant—I command you to accept my terms;" to gloat over the fears which, the strong man felt assured, would bow the rich man to beg for mercy at his feet;—this was the picture which Jasper Losely conjured up; and even the spoil to be won by violence smiled on him less than the grand position which the violence itself would bestow. Are not nine murders out of ten fashioned thus from conception into deed? "O that my enemy were but before me face to face—none to part us!" says the vindictive dreamer. Well, and what then? *There* his imagination halts—there he drops the sable curtain; he goes not on to say, "Why, *then* another murder will be added to the long catalogue from Cain." He palters with his deadly wish, and mutters, perhaps at most, "Why, *then*—come what may."

Losely continued to gaze on the pale walls gleaming through the wintry boughs as the moon rose high and higher. And now out broke the

light from Darrell's lofty casement, and Losely smiled fiercely, and muttered—hark! the very words—"And then!—come what may."

Hoofs are now heard on the hard road, and Jasper is joined by his accomplice.

"Well!" said Jasper.

"Mount!" returned Cutts; "I have much to say as we ride."

"This will not do," resumed Cutts, as they sped fast down the lane; "why, you never told me all the drawbacks. There are no less than four men in the house—two servants besides the master and his secretary; and one of those servants, the butler or valet, has firearms, and knows how to use them."

"Pshaw!" said Jasper, scoffingly; "is that all? Am I not a match for four?"

"No, it is not all; you told me the master of the house was a retired elderly man, and you mentioned his name. But you never told me that your Mr. Darrell was the famous lawyer and Parliament man—a man about whom the newspapers have been writing the last six months."

"What does that signify?"

"Signify! Just this, that there will be ten times more row about the affair you propose than there would be if it concerned only a stupid old country squire, and therefore ten times as much danger. Besides, on principle I don't like to have anything to do with lawyers—a cantankerous, spiteful set of fellows. And this Guy Darrell! Why, General Jas, I have seen the man. He cross-examined me once when I was a witness on a case of fraud, and turned me inside out with as much ease as if I had been an old pincushion stuffed with bran. I think I see his eye now, and I would as lief have a loaded pistol at my head as that eye again fixed on mine."

"Pooh! You have brought a mask; and, besides, you need not see him; I can face him alone."

"No, no; there might be murder! I never mix myself with things of that kind, on principle; your plan will not do. There might be a much safer chance of more *swag* in a very different sort of scheme. I hear that the pictures in that ghostly long room

I crept through, are worth a mint of money. Now, pictures of great value are well known, and there are collectors abroad who would pay almost any price for some pictures, and never ask where they came from; hide them for some years perhaps, and not bring them forth till any tales that would hurt us had died away. This would be safe, I say. If the pictures are small, no one in the old house need be disturbed. I can learn from some of the trade what pictures Darrell really has that would fetch a high price, and then look out for customers abroad. This will take a little time, but be worth waiting for."

"I will not wait," said Jasper, fiercely; "and you are a coward. I have resolved that to-morrow night I will be in that man's room, and that man shall be on his knees before me."

Cutts turned sharply round on his saddle, and by aid of the moonlight surveyed Losely's countenance. "Oh, I see," he said, "there is more than robbery in your mind. You have some feeling of hate—of vengeance: the man has injured you?"

"He has treated me as if I were a dog," said Jasper; "and a dog can bite."

Cutts mused a few moments. "I have heard you talk at times about some rich relation or connection on whom you had claims; Darrell is the man, I suppose?"

"He is; and hark ye, Cutts, if you try to balk me here, I will wring your neck off. And since I have told you so much, I will tell you this much more—that I don't think there is the danger you count on; for I don't mean to take Darrell's blood, and I believe he would not take mine."

"But there may be a struggle—and then?"

"Ay, if so, and then—man to man," replied Jasper mutteringly.

Nothing more was said, but both spurred on their horses to a quicker pace. The sparks flashed from the hoofs. Now through the moonlight, now under shade of the boughs, scoured on the riders—Losely's broad chest and marked countenance once beautiful, now fearful, formidably defined even under the shadows—his comrade's unsubstantial figure

and goblin features flitting vague even under the moonlight.

The town they had left came in sight, and by this time Cutts had resolved on the course his prudence suggested to him. The discovery that, in the proposed enterprise, Losely had a personal feeling of revenge to satisfy, had sufficed to decide the accomplice peremptorily to have nothing to do with the affair. It was his rule to abstain from all transactions in which fierce passions were engaged. And the quarrels between relations or connections were especially those which his experience of human nature told him brought risk upon all intermeddlers. But he saw that Jasper was desperate; that the rage of the bravo might be easily turned on himself; and therefore, since it was no use to argue, it would be discreet to dissimulate. Accordingly, when they reached their inn, and were seated over their brandy-and-water, Cutts resumed the conversation, appeared gradually to yield to Jasper's reasonings, concerted with him the whole plan for the next night's operations, and took care meanwhile to pass the brandy. The day had scarcely broken before Cutts was off, with his bag of implements and tracts. He would have fain carried off also both the horses; but the ostler, surly at being knocked up at so early an hour, might not have surrendered the one ridden by Jasper, without Jasper's own order to do so. Cutts, however, bade the ostler be sure and tell the gentleman, before going away, that he, Cutts, strongly advised him "to have nothing to do with the bullocks."

Cutts, on arriving in London, went straight to Mrs. Crane's old lodging opposite to Jasper's. But she had now removed to Potten Place, and left no address. On reaching his own home, Cutts, however, found a note from her, stating that she should be at her old lodging that evening, if he would call at half-past nine o'clock; for, indeed, she had been expecting Jasper's promised visit—had learned that he had left his lodgings, and was naturally anxious to learn from Cutts what had become of him. When Cutts called at the appointed hour, and told his story,

Arabella Crane immediately recognised all the danger which her informant had so prudently shunned. Nor was she comforted by Cutts's assurance, that Jasper, on finding himself deserted, would have no option but to abandon, or at least postpone, an enterprise that, undertaken singly, would be too rash even for his reckless temerity. As it had become the object of her life to save Losely from justice, so she now shrunk from denouncing to justice his meditated crime; and the idea of recurring to Colonel Morley happily flashed upon her.

Having thus explained to the reader these antecedents in the narrative, we return to Jasper. He did not rise till late at noon; and as he was generally somewhat stupefied on rising, by the drink he had taken the night before, and by the congested brain which the heaviness of such sleep produced, he could not at first believe that Cutts had altogether abandoned the enterprise—rather thought that, with his habitual wariness, that Ulysses of the Profession had gone forth to collect farther information in the neighbourhood of the proposed scene of action. He was not fully undeceived in this belief till somewhat late in the day, when, strolling into the stable-yard, the ostler, concluding from the gentleman's goodly thews and size that he was a north-country grazier, delivered Cutts's allegorical caution against the bullocks.

Thus abandoned, Jasper's desperate project only acquired a still more concentrated purpose, and a ruder simplicity of action. His original idea, on first conceiving the plan of robbery, had been to enter into Darrell's presence disguised and masked. Even, however, before Cutts deserted him, the mere hope of plunder had become subordinate to the desire of a personal triumph; and now that Cutts had left him to himself, and carried away the means of disguise, Jasper felt rather pleased than otherwise at the thought that his design should have none of the characteristics of a vulgar burglary. No mask now; his front should be as open as his demand. Cutts's report of the facility of penetrating

into Darrell's very room also lessened the uses of an accomplice. And in the remodification of his first hasty plan of commonplace midnight stealthy robbery, he would no longer even require an assistant to dispose of the plunder he might gain. Darrell should now yield to his exactions, as a garrison surprised accepts the terms of its conqueror. There would be no flight, no hiding, no fear of notes stopped at banks. He would march out, hand on haunch, with those immunities of booty that belong to the honours of war. Pleasing his self-conceit with so gallant a view of his meditated exploit, Jasper sauntered at dark into the town, bought a few long narrow nails and a small hammer, and returning to his room, by the aid of the fire, the tongs, and the hammer, he fashioned these nails, with an ease and quickness which showed an expert practitioner, into instruments that would readily move the wards of any common country-made lock. He did not care for weapons. He trusted at need to his own powerful hands. It was no longer, too, the affair of a robber, unknown, unguessed, who might have to fight his way out of an alarmed household. It was but the visit which he, Jasper Losely, Esquire, thought fit to pay, however unceremoniously and unseasonably, to the house of a father-in-law! At the worst, should he fail in finding Darrell, or securing an unwitnessed interview—should he instead alarm the household, it would be a proof of the integrity of his intentions that he had no weapons save those which Nature bestows on the wild man as the mightiest of her wild beasts. At night he mounted his horse, but went out of his way, keeping the high-road for an hour or two, in order to allow ample time for the farmers to have quitted the rent-feast, and the old manor-house to be hushed in sleep. At last, when he judged the coast clear and the hour ripe, he wound back into the lane towards Fawley; and when the spire of its hamlet-church came in sight through the frosty starlit air, he dismounted—led the horse into one of the thick beechwoods,

that make the prevailing characteristics of the wild country round that sequestered dwelling-place—fastened the animal to a tree, and stalked towards the park-pales on foot. Lightly, as a wolf enters a sheep-fold, he swung himself over the moss-grown fence; he gained the buttresses of the great raw pile; high and clear above, from Darrell's chamber, streamed the light; all the rest of the old house was closed and dark, buried no doubt in slumber.

He is now in the hollows of the skeleton pile; he mounts the ladder; the lock of the door before him yields to his rude implements but artful hand. He is in the long gallery; the moonlight comes broad and clear through the large casements. What wealth of art is on the walls! but how profitless to the robber's greed! There, through the very halls, which the master had built in the day of his ambition, saying to himself, "These are for far Posterity," the step of Violence, it may be of Murder, takes its stealthy way to the room of the childless man! Through the uncompleted pile, towards the uncompleted life, strides the terrible step.

The last door yields noiselessly. The small wooden corridor, narrow as the drawbridge which in ancient fortresses was swung between the commandant's room in the topmost story and some opposing wall, is before him. And Darrell's own door is half open; lights on the table—logs burning bright on the hearth. Cautiously Losely looked through the aperture. Darrell was not there; the place was solitary: but the opposite door was open also. Losely's fine ear caught the sound of a slight movement of a footstep in the room just below, to which that opposite door admitted. In an instant the robber glided within the chamber—closed and locked the door by which he had entered, retaining the key about his person. The next stride brought him to the hearth. Beside it hung the bell-rope common in old-fashioned houses. Losely looked round; on the table, by the writing implements, lay a pen-knife. In another moment the rope was cut, high out of Darrell's reach, and

flung aside. The hearth, being adapted but for log-wood fires, furnished not those implements in which, at a moment of need, the owner may find an available weapon—only a slight pair of brass wood-pincers, and a shovel equally frail. Such as they were, however, Jasper quietly removed and hid them behind a heavy old bureau. Steps were now heard mounting the stair that led into the chamber; Losely shrunk back into the recess beside the mantel-piece. Darrell entered, with a book in his hand, for which he had, indeed, quitted his chamber—a volume containing the last Act of Parliament relating to Public Trusts, which had been sent to him by his solicitor; for he is creating a deed of trust, to insure to the nation the Darrell Antiquities, in the name of his father, the antiquarian.

Darrell advanced to the writing-table, which stood in the centre of the room; laid down the book, and sighed—the short, quick, impatient sigh which had become one of his peculiar habits. The robber stole from the recess, and gliding round to the door by which Darrell had entered, while the back of the master was still towards him, set fast the lock, and appropriated the key as he had done at the door which had admitted himself. Though the noise in that operation was but slight, it roused Darrell from his abstracted thoughts. He turned quickly, and at the same moment Losely advanced towards him.

At once Darrell comprehended his danger. His rapid glance took in all the precautions by which the intruder proclaimed his lawless purpose—the closed door, the bell-rope cut off. There, between those four secret walls, must pass the interview between himself and the desperado. He was unarmed, but he was not daunted. It was but man to man. Losely had for him his vast physical strength, his penury, despair, and vindictive purpose. Darrell had in his favour the intellect which gives presence of mind; the energy of nerve, which is no more to be seen in the sinew and bone than the fluid which fells can be seen in the jars and the wires; and that superb kind of pride,

which, if terror be felt, makes its action impossible, because a disgrace, and bravery a matter of course, simply because it is honour.

As the bravo approached, by a calm and slight movement Darrell drew to the other side of the table, placing that obstacle between himself and Losely, and, extending his arm, said, "Hold, sir; I forbid you to advance another step. You are here, no matter how, to re-urge your claims on me. Be seated; I will listen to you."

Darrell's composure took Losely so by surprise, that mechanically he obeyed the command thus tranquilly laid upon him, and sunk into a chair—facing Darrell with a sinister under-look from his sullen brow. "Ah!" he said, "you will listen to me now; but my terms have risen."

Darrell, who had also seated himself, made no answer; but his face was resolute, and his eye watchful. The ruffian resumed, in a gruffer tone, "My terms have risen, Mr. Darrell."

"Have they, sir? and why?"

"Why! Because no one can come to your aid here; because here you cannot escape; because here you are in my power!"

"Rather, sir, I listen to you because here you are under my roof-tree; and it is you who are in my power!"

"Yours! Look round; the doors are locked on you. Perhaps you think your shouts, your cries, might bring aid to you. Attempt it—raise your voice—and I strangle you with these hands."

"If I do not raise my voice, it is, first, because I should be ashamed of myself if I required aid against one man; and, secondly, because I would not expose to my dependents a would-be assassin in him whom my lost child called husband. Hush, sir, hush, or your own voice will alarm those who sleep below. And now, what is it you ask? Be plain, sir, and be brief."

"Well, if you like to take matters coolly, I have no objection. These are my terms. You have received large sums this day; those sums are in your house, probably in that bureau; and your life is at my will."

"You ask the monies paid for rent to-day. True, they are in the house; but they are not in my apartments. They were received by another; they are kept by another. In vain, through the windings and passages of this old house, would you seek to find the room in which he stores them. In doing so, you will pass by the door of a servant who sleeps so lightly, that the chances are that he will hear you; he is armed with a blunderbuss, and with pistols. You say to me, 'Your money or your life.' I say to you, in reply, 'Neither: attempt to seize the money, and your own life is lost.'"

"Miser! I don't believe that sums so large are not in your own keeping. And even if they are not, you shall show me where they are; you shall lead me through those windings and passages of which you so tenderly warn me, my hand on your throat. And if servants wake, or danger threaten me, it is you who shall save me, or die! Ha! you do not fear me—eh, Mr. Darrell?" And Losely rose.

"I do not fear you," replied Darrell, still seated. "I cannot conceive that you are here with no other design but a profitless murder. You are here, you say, to make terms; it will be time enough to see whose life is endangered, when all your propositions have been stated. As yet you have only suggested a robbery, to which you ask me to assist you. Impossible! Grant even that you were able to murder me, you would be just as far off from your booty. And yet you say your terms have risen! To me they seem fallen to—nothing! Have you anything else to say?"

The calmness of Darrell, so supremely displayed in this irony, began to tell upon the ruffian—the magnetism of the great man's eye and voice, and steadfast courage, gradually gaining power over the wild, inferior animal. Trying to recover his constitutional audacity, Jasper said, with a tone of the old rollicking voice, "Well, Mr. Darrell, it is all one to me how I wring from you in your own house, what you refused me when I was a suppliant on the road. Fair means are pleasanter than foul. I am a gentleman

—the grandson of Sir Julian Losely, of Losely Hall; I am you son-in-law; and I am starving. This must not be; write me a cheque."

Darrell dipped his pen in the ink, and drew the paper towards him.

"Oho! you don't fear me, eh? This is not done from fear, mind—all out of pure love and compassion, my kind father-in-law! You will write me a cheque for five thousand pounds—come, I am moderate—your life is worth a precious deal more than that. Hand me the cheque—I will trust to your honour to give me no trouble in cashing it, and bid you good-night, my—father-in-law."

As Losely ceased with a mocking laugh, Darrell sprang up quickly, threw open the small casement which was within his reach, and flung from it the paper on which he had been writing, and which he wrapt round the heavy armorial seal that lay on the table.

Losely bounded towards him. "What means that?—what have you done?"

"Saved your life and mine, Jasper Losely," said Darrell solemnly, and catching the arm that was raised against him. "We are now upon equal terms."

"I understand," growled the tiger, as the silver gathered to his lips—"you think by that paper to summon some one to your aid."

"Not so—that paper is useless while I live. Look forth—the moonlight is on the roofs below—can you see where that paper has fallen? On the ledge of a parapet that your foot could not reach. It faces the window of a room in which one of my household sleeps; it will meet his eye in the morning when the shutters are unbarred; and on that paper are writ these words, 'If I am this night murdered, the murderer is Jasper Losely,' and the paper is signed by my name. Back, sir—would you doom yourself to the gibbet?"

Darrell released the dread arm he had arrested, and Losely stared at him, amazed, bewildered.

Darrell resumed: "And now I tell you plainly that I can accede to no terms put to me thus. I can sign my name to no order that you may dictate, because that would be to

sign myself a coward—and my name is Darrell!"

"Down on your knees, proud man—sign you shall, and on your knees! I care not now for gold—I care not now a rush for my life. I came here to humble the man who from first to last has so scornfully humbled me—And I will, I will! On your knees—on your knees!"

The robber flung himself forward; but Darrell, whose eye had never quitted the foe, was prepared for and eluded the rush. Losely, missing his object, lost his balance, struck against the edge of the table which partially interposed between himself and his prey, and was only saved from falling by the close neighbourhood of the wall, on which he came with a shock that for the moment well-nigh stunned him. Meanwhile Darrell had gained the hearth, and snatched from it a large log, half burning. Jasper, recovering himself, dashed the long matted hair from his eyes, and, seeing undismayed the formidable weapon with which he was menaced, cowered for a second and deadlier spring.

"Stay, stay, stay, parricide and madman!" cried Darrell, his eye flashing brighter than the brand. "It is not my life I plead for—it is yours. Remember, if I fall by your hand, no hope and no refuge are left to you! In the name of my dead child, and under the eye of avenging Heaven, I strike down the fury that blinds you, and I scare back your soul from the abyss!"

So ineffably grand were the man's look and gesture—so full of sonorous terror the swell of his matchless all-conquering voice—that Losely, in his midmost rage, stood awed and spell-bound. His breast heaved, his eye fell, his frame collapsed, even his very tongue seemed to cleave to the parched roof of his mouth. Whether the effect so suddenly produced might have continued, or whether the startled miscreant might not have lashed himself into renewed wrath and inexpiable crime, passes out of conjecture. At that instant simultaneously were heard hurried footsteps in the corridor without, violent blows on the door, and voices exclaiming, "Open, open!—Darrell,

Darrell!"—while the bell at the portals of the old house rang fast and shrill.

"Ho!—is it so?" growled Losely, recovering himself at those unwelcome sounds. "But do not think that I will be caught thus, like a rat in a trap. No—I will!"

"Hist!" interrupted Darrell, dropping the brand, and advancing quickly on the ruffian—"Hist!—let no one know that my daughter's husband came here with a felon's purpose. Sit down—down, I say; it is for my house's honour that you should be safe." And suddenly placing both hands on Losely's broad shoulder, he forced him into a seat.

During these few hurried words, the strokes at the door and the shouts without had been continued, and the door shook on its yielding hinges.

"The key—the key!" whispered Darrell.

But the bravo was stupified by the suddenness with which his rage had been cowed, his design baffled, his position changed from the man dictating laws and threatening life, to the man protected by his intended victim. And he was so slow in even comprehending the meaning of Darrell's order, that Darrell had scarcely snatched the keys less from his hand than from the pouch to which he at last mechanically pointed, when the door was burst open, and Lionel Haughton, Alban Morley, and the Colonel's servant, were in the room. Not one of them, at the first glance, perceived the inmates of the chamber, who were at the right of their entrance, by the angle of the wall and in shadow. But out came Darrell's calm voice—

"Alban! Lionel!—welcome always; but what brings you hither, at such an hour, with such clamour? Armed too!"

The three men stood petrified. There sat, peaceably enough, a large dark form, its hands on its knees, its head bent down, so that the features were not distinguishable; and over the chair in which this bending figure was thus confusedly gathered up, leant Guy Darrell, with quiet ease—no trace of fear nor of past danger in his face,

which, though very pale, was serene, with a slight smile on the firm lips.

"Well," muttered Alban Morley, slowly lowering his pistol—"well, I am surprised!—yes, for the first time in twenty years, I *am* surprised!"

"Surprised perhaps to find me at this hour still up, and with a person upon business—the door locked. However, mutual explanations later. Of course you stay here to-night. My business with this—this visitor, is now over. Lionel, open that door—here is the key. Sir—(he touched Losely by the shoulder, and whispered in his ear, 'Rise and speak not,')—(aloud)—Sir, I need not detain you longer. Allow me to show you the way out of this rambling old house."

Jasper rose like one half asleep, and, still bending his form and hiding his face, followed Darrell down the private stair, through the study, the library, into the hall, the Colo-

nel's servant lighting the way; and Lionel and Morley, still too amazed for words, bringing up the rear. The servant drew the heavy bolts from the front door: And now the household had caught alarm. Mills first appeared with the blunderbuss, then the footman, then Fairthorn.

"Stand back, there!" cried Darrell, and he opened the door himself to Losely. "Sir," said he then, as they stood in the moonlight, "mark that I told you truly—you were in my power; and if the events of this night can lead you to acknowledge a watchful Providence, and recall with a shudder the crime from which you have been saved, why, then, I too, out of gratitude to Heaven, may think of means by which to free others from the peril of your despair."

Losely made no answer, but slunk off with a fast, furtive stride, hastening out of the moonlit sward into the gloom of the leafless trees.

CHAPTER II.

If the Lion ever wear the Fox's hide, still he wears it as the Lion.

When Darrell was alone with Lionel and Alban Morley, the calm with which he had before startled them vanished. He poured out his thanks with deep emotion. "Forgive me; not in the presence of a servant could I say, 'You have saved me from an unnatural strife, and my daughter's husband from a murderer's end.' But by what wondrous mercy did you learn my danger? Were you sent to my aid?"

Alban briefly explained. "You may judge," he said in conclusion, "how great was our anxiety, when, following the instructions of our guide, while our driver rang his alarm at the front portals, we made our entrance into yon ribs of stone, found the doors already opened, and feared we might be too late. But, meanwhile, the poor woman waits without in the carriage that brought us from the station. I must go and relieve her mind."

"And bring her hither," cried Darrell, "to receive my gratitude. Stay, Alban; while you leave me with her, you will speak aside to

Mills; tell him that you heard there was an attempt to be made on the house, and came to frustrate it, but that your fears were exaggerated; the man was more a half-insane mendicant than a robber. Be sure, at least, that his identity with Losely be not surmised, and bid Mills treat the affair lightly. Public men are exposed, you know, to assaults from crack-brained enthusiasts; or stay—I once was a lawyer, and (continued Darrell, whose irony had become so integral an attribute of his mind as to be proof against all trial) there *are* men so out of their wits as to fancy a lawyer has ruined them! Lionel, tell poor Dick Fairthorn to come to me." When the musician entered, Darrell whispered to him, "Go back to your room—open your casement—step out on to the parapet—you will see something white; it is a scrap of paper wrapped round my old armorial seal. Bring it to me just as it is, Dick. That poor young Lionel, we must keep him here a day or two; mind, no pricks for him, Dick."

CHAPTER III.

Arabella Crane *versus* Guy Darrell; or, Woman *versus* Lawyer. In the Courts, Lawyer would win; but in a Private Parlour, foot to foot and tongue to tongue, Lawyer has not a chance.

Arabella Crane entered the room; Darrell hesitated—the remembrances attached to her were so painful and repugnant. But did he not now owe to her, perhaps, his very life? He passed his hand rapidly over his brow, as if to sweep away all earlier recollections, and, advancing quickly, extended that hand to her. The stern woman shook her head, and rejected the proffered greeting.

"You owe me no thanks," she said, in her harsh, ungracious accents; "I sought to save not you, but him."

"How!" said Darrell, startled; "you feel no resentment against the man who injured and betrayed you?"

"What my feelings may be towards him are not for you to conjecture; man could not conjecture them; I am woman. What they once were I might blush for; what they are now, I could own without shame. But you, Mr. Darrell,—you, in the hour of my uttermost anguish, when all my future was laid desolate, and the world lay crushed at my feet—you—man, chivalrous man!—you had for me no human compassion—you thrust me in scorn from your doors—you saw in my woe nothing but my error—you sent me forth, stripped of reputation, branded by your contempt, to famine or to suicide. And you wonder that I feel less resentment against him who wronged me than against you, who, knowing me wronged, only disdained my grief. The answer is plain—the scorn of the man she only revered leaves to a woman no memory to mitigate its bitterness and gall. The wrongs inflicted by the man she loved may leave, what they have left to me, an undying sense of a past existence—radiant, joyous, hopeful; of a time when the earth seemed covered with blossoms, just ready to burst into bloom; when the skies through their haze took the rose-hues as the sun seemed about to rise. The memory that I once was happy, at least then, I owe to him who injured

and betrayed me. To you, when happiness was lost to me for ever, what do I owe? Tell me."

Struck by her words, more by her impressive manner, though not recognising the plea by which the defendant thus raised herself into the accuser, Darrell answered gently, "Pardon me; this is no moment to revive recollections of anger on my part; but reflect, I entreat you, and you will feel that I was not too harsh. In the same position any other man would not have been less severe."

"Any other man!" she exclaimed; "ay, possibly! but would the scorn of any other man so have crushed self-esteem? The injuries of the wicked do not sour us against the good; but the scoff of the good leaves us malignant against virtue itself. Any other man! Tut! Genius is bound to be indulgent. It should know human errors so well—has, with its large luminous forces, such errors itself when it deigns to be human, that, where others may scorn, genius should only pity." She paused a moment, and then slowly resumed. "And pity was my due. Had you, or had any one lofty as yourself in reputed honour, but said to me, 'Thou hast sinned—thou must suffer; but sin itself needs compassion, and compassion forbids thee to despair,—why, then, I might have been gentler to the things of earth and less steeled against the influences of Heaven than I have been. That is all—no matter now. Mr. Darrell, I would not part from you with angry and bitter sentiments. Colonel Morley tells me that you have not only let the man, whom we need not name, go free, but that you have guarded the secret of his designs. For this I thank you. I thank you, because, what is left of that blasted and deformed existence, I have taken into mine. And I would save that man from his own devices as I would save my soul from its own temptations. Are you large-hearted enough to comprehend me? Look

in my face—you have seen his ; all earthly love is erased and blotted out of both."

Guy Darrell bowed his head in respect that partook of awe.

"You too," said the grim woman, after a pause, and approaching him nearer—"you, too, have loved, I am told, and you, too, were forsaken."

He recoiled and shuddered.

"What is left to your heart of its ancient folly? I should like to know! I am curious to learn if there be a man who can feel as woman! Have you only resentment? have you only disdain? have you only vengeance? have you pity? or have you the jealous, absorbing desire, surviving the affection from which it sprang, that still the life wrenched from you shall owe, despite itself, a melancholy allegiance to your own?"

Darrell impatiently waved his hand to forbid farther questions; and it needed all his sense of the service this woman had just rendered him, to repress his haughty displeasure at so close an approach to his torturing secrets.

Arabella's dark bright eyes rested on his knitted brow, for a moment, wistfully, musingly. Then she said,—"I see! man's inflexible pride—no pardon there! But own, at least, that you have suffered."

"Suffered!" groaned Darrell involuntarily, and pressing his hand to his heart.

"You have! and you own it! Fellow-sufferer, I have no more anger against you. Neither should pity, but let each respect, the other. A few words more,—this child!"

"Ay—ay—this child! you will be truthful. You will not seek to deceive me—you know that she—she—claimed by that assassin, reared by his convict father—*she* is no daughter of my line!"

What! would it then be no joy to know that your line did not close with yourself—that your child might—"

"Cease, madam, cease—it matters not to a man nor to a race when it perish, so that it perish at last with honour. Who would have either himself or his lineage live on into a day when the escutcheon is blotted and the name disgraced? No; if that be

Matilda's child, tell me, and I will bear, as man may do, the last calamity which the will of Heaven may inflict. If, as I have all reason to think, the tale be an imposture, speak and give me the sole comfort to which I would cling amidst the ruin of all other hopes."

"Verily," said Arabella, with a kind of musing wonder in the tone of her softened voice; "verily, has a man's heart the same throb and fibre as a woman's? Had I a child like that blue-eyed wanderer with the frail form needing protection, and the brave spirit that ennobles softness, what would be my pride! my bliss! Talk of shame—disgrace! Fie—fie—the more the evil of others darkened one so innocent, the more cause to love and shelter her. But I—am childless! Shall I tell you that the offence which lies heaviest on my conscience has been my cruelty to that girl? She was given an infant to my care. I saw in her the daughter of that false, false, mean, deceiving friend, who had taken my confidence, and bought, with her supposed heritage, the man sworn by all oaths to me. I saw in her, too, your descendant, your rightful heiress. I rejoiced in a revenge on your daughter and yourself. Think not I would have foisted her on your notice! No. I would have kept her without culture, without consciousness of a higher lot; and when I gave her up to her grand-sire the convict, it was a triumph to think that Matilda's child would be an outcast. Terrible thought! but I was mad then. But that poor convict whom you, in your worldly arrogance, so loftily despise—he took to his breast what was flung away as a worthless weed. And if the flower keep the promise of the bud, never flower so fair bloomed from your vaunted stem? And yet you would bless me, if I said, 'Pass on, childless man; she is nothing to you!'"

"Madam, let us not argue. You are right; man's heart and woman's must each know throbs that never are, and never should be, familiar to the other. I repeat my question, and again I implore your answer."

"I cannot answer for certain; and I am fearful of answering at all, lest on a point so important I should mis-

lead you. Matilda's child? Jasper affirmed it to me. His father believed him—I believed him. I never had the shadow of a doubt till ——

"Till what? For Heaven's sake, speak."

"Till about five years ago, or somewhat more, I saw a letter from Gabrielle Desmarests, and ——"

"Ah! which made you suspect, as I do, that the child is Gabrielle Desmarests's daughter."

Arabella reared her crest as a serpent before it strikes. "Gabrielle's daughter! You think so. Her child that I sheltered! Her child for whom I have just pleaded to you! *Hers!*" She suddenly became silent. Evidently that idea had never before struck her; evidently it now shocked her; evidently something was passing through her mind which did not allow that idea to be dismissed. As Darrell was about to address her, she exclaimed abruptly, "No! say no more now. You may hear from me again should I learn what may decide at least this doubt one way or the other. Farewell, sir."

"Not yet. Permit me to remind you that you have saved the life of a man whose wealth is immense."

"Mr. Darrell, my wealth in relation to my wants is perhaps immense as yours, for I do not spend what I possess."

"But this unhappy outlaw whom you would save from himself can henceforth be to you but a burthen and a charge. After what has passed to-night, I do tremble to think that penury may whisper other houses to rob, other lives to menace. Let me, then, place at your disposal, to be employed in such mode as you deem the best, whatever may be sufficient

to secure an object which we may here have in common."

"No, Mr. Darrell," said Arabella, fiercely; "whatever he be, never with my consent shall Jasper Losely be beholden to you for alms. If money can save him from shame and a dreadful death, that money shall be mine. I have said it. And, hark you, Mr. Darrell, what is repentance without atonement? I say not that I repent; but I do know that I seek to atone."

The iron-grey robe fluttered an instant, and then vanished from the room.

When Alban Morley returned to the library, he saw Darrell at the farther corner of the room, on his knees. Well might Guy Darrell thank Heaven for the mercies vouchsafed to him that night. Life preserved? Is *that* all? Might life yet be bettered and gladdened? Was there aught in the grim woman's words that might bequeath thoughts which reflection would ripen into influences over action?—aught that might suggest the cases in which, not ignobly, Pity might subjugate Scorn? In the royal abode of that soul, does Pride *only* fortify Honour?—is it but the mild king, not the imperial despot? Would it blind, as its rival, the reason? Would it chain as a rebel the Heart? Would it mar the dominions that might be serene by the treasures it wastes—by the wars it provokes? Self-knowledge! self-knowledge! From Heaven, indeed, descends the precept—"KNOW THYSELF." That truth was told to us by the old heathen oracle. But what old heathen oracle has told us *how* to know?

ANIMAL HEAT.

A BIRD-CAGE hangs above a small aquarium; in the cage there is a bird; in the glass tank seaweeds, zoophytes, molluscs, and fish. The atmosphere of the apartment varies with the variations of temperature which accompany the earth's daily rotation and annual movement. The summer sunlight streams in through the windows; the icy north wind rushes through the crevices; the shadows of night and the evaporations of morning bring with them perpetual risings and fallings of the temperature of that room; and with these risings and fallings there are corresponding fluctuations in the temperature of the glass and water of the tank, the brass and woodwork of the cage. This is according to the law by which an equilibrium of temperature is always established among inorganic bodies. The warmer atmosphere rapidly warms the glass and water—the cooler atmosphere rapidly cools them; it is true that the water will always be somewhat colder than the atmosphere, because it loses heat in evaporation, but nevertheless, as the external temperature rises and falls, that of the water also rises and falls.

While these changes, so familiar and so easy of explanation, have been taking place, the bird has been neither colder nor warmer; throughout the fluctuations of external temperature it has preserved almost uniformly the very high degree of warmth which, as a bird, belongs to it. Neither the beams of an August sun, nor the nipping east of December, have raised or lowered its normal heat more than one or two degrees. You may perhaps imagine that it has been kept warm through the winter by its envelope of feathers, but this is true only to a very slight extent; strip it of its feathers, and you will still find its heat greatly above that of the air; whereas, if a heated substance be enveloped in feathers, and left exposed to the air, it will soon become as cold as the air. Driven from this explanation, you will ask, How is it that the bird

is enabled to preserve a steady temperature of a high degree amid unsteady influences from without? The answer is obviously to be sought in the organism and its processes, not in any external influence; and a certain Philosophy, somewhat rash and ready, fond of phrases and impatient of proof, will assure you that the bird, as an organised being is absolved from the law of equilibrium which rules all inorganic bodies, because the bird is endowed with a "vital principle which suspends the action of physical laws."

This explanation, which to many has seemed satisfactory, labours under two disadvantages—first, that it invokes the operation of a "vital principle," of which we can form no definite conception; and secondly, that the assumed suspension of physical laws is a pure figment. The organism, living or dead, radiates heat with equal facility; but when living, it produces heat to compensate the loss; and when dead, it no longer produces heat, so that it speedily becomes as cold as the external air. The processes of Life do not "suspend" the operation of physical laws, although, by the introduction of more complex conditions, they bring about results which, superficially considered, look like a suspension of those laws. A close analysis always detects the physical laws. No one thinks of attributing to a spirit-lamp, when lighted under a vessel of water, the power of suspending the equilibrium of temperature, because it keeps the water boiling in spite of the constant loss of heat by evaporation. Without the lamp, the boiling water would speedily cool below the temperature of the air; *with* the lamp, it may be kept indefinitely at the boiling point, if fresh water be from time to time added to replace what has evaporated. There is no "lamp-principle" suspending physical laws. Nor is there any mysterious agent in Animal Heat. Just as the temperature of the water is kept constant by the continual reproduction of heat equal-

ling the amount lost, so is the temperature of the bird kept constant by a continual reproduction of heat within; and although the vital processes by which that reproduction is effected are very far from exhibiting the simplicity of the spirit-lamp, and are indeed still involved in great obscurity, yet we know that physical laws are in no sense suspended thereby, and that the living animal has the tendency to establish an equilibrium between its temperature and that of the objects surrounding it.

We have only to extend our investigations and examine the temperature of the other organised bodies—seaweeds, zoophytes, molluses, and fish—during these changes which *seem* not to have affected the bird, to find that this mysterious “vital principle” suddenly fails altogether. It here abdicates its autocratic power. It suspends no laws, but permits equilibrium to be established unopposed. The seaweeds are as cold as the water, and get warmer as the water warms. The zoophytes have no appreciable superiority of temperature. The fish are only two or three degrees warmer. Either we must give up the explanation which the vital principle seemed to afford, or we must deny that the cold-blooded animals, as they are called, have any vital principle at all. In vain will a refuge be sought in the greater cooling agency of water over that of air; for although something must be allowed for this, we cannot by it account for the enormous disproportion between the temperature of the fish and the bird; and for these reasons: The Bonito, equally subject to this cooling agency of water, preserves a constant temperature of 20° above the sea; and the temperature of the Norwhal is nearly that of man—namely, 96° Fahrenheit. Moreover, while some marine animals are thus independent of the temperature of water, serpents, lizards, and frogs are dependent on the temperature of the air.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that every living organism has within it a source of self-supplying heat. The amount of heat thus supplied will depend on the amount and nature of the chemical changes which take place within the organism.

Even in the microscopic animalcules such a supply exists. We might assume this *a priori*, but we can establish it experimentally, for if water be gradually frozen under the microscope, it will be seen that the last drops which solidify are those which surround the animalcules, and have been kept liquid by their heat.

Organic beings are thus distinguishable from inorganic in possessing, as a necessary consequence of their vital activity, a self-supplying source of heat; and organic beings are distinguishable *among each other* by the rapidity with which this heat is *supplied*, and the facility with which it is *radiated*, and not, as the current classification implies, into animals with warm blood, animals with cold blood, and plants with no heat at all. There are no animals with cold blood, and all plants produce heat. But plants, except during their periods of germination and flowering, when they are sensibly warmer than the air, produce heat so slowly, and part with it so easily, that their temperature always follows that of the medium in which they live; and the so-called “cold-blooded animals” produce heat so slowly that they are never more than two or three degrees above the medium, and sometimes even *below* it, owing to the rapidity of evaporation from their surfaces. Insects—bees, for instance—produce heat with a rapidity equal to that of birds; but they part with it so rapidly that their temperature is little above that of the air. When bees are collected together in the hive, the heat thus radiated is seen to be very great.

Many writers object to the old distinction of warm and cold-blooded animals, as unphysiological, and suggest that the distinction should be, that the warm-blooded are independent and the cold-blooded dependent on the external temperature; the one class preserving its normal heat under all variations of the external medium, and the other class growing warmer and colder as the external medium rises and falls. But against this distinction we would urge three arguments. First,—Both classes of animals are dependent on the external temperature, and both

are independent of it; they are *dependent*, because it accelerates or retards their vital activities by which their own heat is evolved; they are *independent*, because whatever may be the amount of external heat or cold, their own temperature, being really evolved in their vital processes, is always restrained within certain limits, and is almost always *somewhat* above that of the external medium,* until a limit is reached, and then, if the external temperature continue to increase, they perish, or their heat falls below that of the medium. Secondly,—The young of many warm-blooded animals are as much dependent on external temperature as frogs and fish; and even the adult animals of the hibernating class are in this category: no sooner does the external temperature fall, than their heat sinks, and this depression continues till they are only three degrees warmer than the air. Thirdly,—While the foregoing arguments have shown that the distinction is not tenable in the presence of facts, we would further remark that, granting the distinction to be valid, the cause would still have to be sought, and we should ask, why one class of animals was independent and another dependent on the external temperature? In fixing attention on the physiological differences of *rapid supply* and *rapid radiation*, as the real ground of distinction, we avoid the objections just brought forward: at the same time, inquiry into the cause of animal heat is disengaged from many a perplexing digression.

The marvellous balance between supply and loss exhibited by the human organism, and indeed by that of most warm-blooded animals, may be best seen in the following facts. Our temperature is 98° , and this is the standard, no matter what may be the external heat. In the tropics, the thermometer during several hours of the day is 110° . In British India it is sometimes as high as 130° . In the arctic zones it has been observed by our voyagers as low as 90° , and

even 102° , below freezing-point. Nevertheless, amid such extensive variations of the external temperature, that of the human organism has but slightly varied, and a thermometer placed under the tongue of an arctic voyager will show the same degree of heat as one under the tongue of a soldier before the walls of Delhi. Throughout the scale of 200° which represents the variations of climate borne by our voyagers and soldiers, the average temperature of the human organism remains steady at 98° . We say *average*, because the same man is not always at the same degree; his temperature varies at different seasons, different hours, and under different conditions; and of course different men vary among themselves. Dr. Livingstone remarks, "If my experiments are correct, the blood of an European is higher than that of an African. The bulb of the thermometer held under my tongue stood at 100° ; under that of the natives at 98° ."† This is most likely nothing more than an individual difference; but the point is worth investigating.

Although the organism can endure a heat greater than its own, yet this would soon be fatal if continued. For a short period the excess of temperature can be resisted; and it is astonishing what a power of resistance we possess. Chabert, the once celebrated "Fire-King," who used to exhibit in public, amazed his audience by entering an oven, the heat of which was from 400° to 600° ; and although we have no details as to his own temperature when subject to that heat, we may be sure that it could not have risen many degrees above 98° , otherwise he would have perished; for the experiments of Berger and Delaroche‡ prove, that when the temperature of animals is raised 11° or 13° above the normal standard they perish. Workers in iron-foundries and gasworks are constantly obliged to remain for some time in air which is as high as 250° , yet their own temperature remains

* We found the temperature of a lizard to be 56° in the mouth when the air was at 54° .

† LIVINGSTONE'S *Travels in South Africa*, p. 509.

‡ Quoted by W. EDWARDS, *De l'Influence des Agents Physiques sur la Vie*.

tolerably uniform. A dog, confined in heated chamber at 220° – 236° , in which he remained half an hour, was found to have gained only 7° ; and while the external temperature stood as high as 236° , his own stood only at 108° .

It thus appears that warm-blooded animals, besides their central source of heat, which keeps up their temperature in spite of external cold, have also a cooling apparatus by which their standard of heat is preserved in spite of excessive heat outside. What is this process, which prevents the equilibrium of heat, and can keep the animal temperature more than one hundred and fifty degrees *below* that of the atmosphere? We can easily understand why a kettle of water can be kept at boiling-point in a cold atmosphere, so long as a flame is underneath it; but what is it which can keep that water *cold* when the temperature of the air is many degrees above boiling-point? A man whose temperature is 98° in an atmosphere of 60° , suddenly steps into an atmosphere of 200° , and yet his own warmth is scarcely elevated. The ordinary explanation of this surprising fact is, that the evaporation and exhalation of vapour and water from the surface are so accelerated by the excessive heat, that they suffice to keep the man's temperature from rising. Let us look more closely into this.

All over the surface of our bodies there are scattered millions of minute orifices which open into the delicate convoluted tubes lying underneath the skin, and are called by anatomists *sudoriparous glands*. Each of these tubes, when strightened, measures about a quarter of an inch; and as according to Erasmus Wilson, whose figures we follow, there are 3528 of these tubes on every square inch of the palm of the hand, there must be no less than 882 inches of tubing on such a square inch. In some parts of the body the number of tubes is even greater; in most parts it is less. Erasmus Wilson estimates that there are 2800 on every square inch, on the average; and as the total number of such inches is 2500, we arrive at the astounding result that, spread over the surface of the body, there are not

less than *twenty-eight miles of tubing*, by means of which liquid may be secreted, and given off as vapour in *insensible* perspiration, or as water in *sensible* perspiration. In the ordinary circumstances of daily life, the amount of fluid which is thus given off from the skin (and lungs) during the twenty-four hours, varies from $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 5 lb.; under extraordinary circumstances the amount will of course rise enormously. Dr. Southwood Smith found that the workmen in the gasworks employed in making up the fires, and other occupations which subjected them to great heat, lost on an average $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 6oz. in forty-five minutes; and when working for seventy minutes in an unusually hot place, their loss was 5 lb. 2 oz., and $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 14oz.

Whatever stimulates the circulation of the blood at the surface will necessarily increase the action of the sudoriparous glands. A warm atmosphere or a warm bath immediately causes the surface-circulation to be increased. Muscular exertion does the same. That the ordinary amount of evaporation and exhalation will be greatly raised on our entrance into an atmosphere of 200° is very certain; but the question is whether this amount, be it never so considerable, is sufficient of itself to account for the enormous difference between the temperature of the animal and that of the atmosphere? We must remember that not only is the animal more than 100° lower than iron or wood in such an atmosphere, but it is this amount lower in spite of the incessant production of heat taking place in its own organism, by the chemical changes on which vitality depends—a production of heat which will suffice to preserve his temperature at the same height, if, on quitting this atmosphere of 200° , he plunges into a snow-bath. For a short period a man can enter a furnace the floor of which is red-hot, the air being 350° , yet his own heat will remain 250° *below* this; and we cannot suppose that, in this brief period, he has lost enough heat by evaporation to prevent his own temperature rising. What, then, is the cause? We must confess inability to answer this question. For some

time we fancied an explanation might be gained from the low-conducting power of the animal envelope, which would prevent the external temperature from gaining access to the internal organs. Wrap a jug of ice in flannel, and the ice will not melt, even in a very warm room until a considerable time has elapsed. It is on this principle that, in China, they *bake ices*. An ice is enveloped in a crust of delicate pastry, and introduced into the oven. The paste is quickly baked, and the ice is still unmelted, having been protected from the heat by its envelope; and thus the epicure has the delight of biting through a burning crust, and then immediately cooling his palate by the grateful contents. But although the envelope of the warm-blooded animal is unquestionably a bad conductor, and would therefore suffice to account for the animal's not getting warmer during a brief exposure to high temperature, this explanation fails when confronted with experiments which show that, during a longer exposure, the temperature has been still at its old limit. The following experiment by Berger and Delaroche is very instructive:—They introduced a porous vase, containing two wet sponges and a frog, into a furnace at 126°–143°. The temperature of the sponges and the vase had been previously raised to 101°–105°; that of the frog was 70°. At the close of the first fifteen minutes, the vase, the sponges, and the frog had almost an uniform temperature, *which did not exceed that of warm-blooded animals*; and this was maintained pretty constant during two hours. It is remarkable that, to reach this standard, the vase and the sponges *fell* in temperature about a degree and a half, whereas the frog rose as much as 29° in fifteen minutes. But frog, sponges, and vase maintained themselves from 20° to 45° *below* the external temperature—namely, at the temperature of warm-blooded animals. From this it would seem as if the temperature of warm-blooded animals was the limit which could be reached by organic bodies coincident with a free evaporation of water from their sur-

faces. The vase and the sponge were introduced into a furnace very considerably higher than themselves in temperature; and this excess of heat caused an evaporation of their water, which lowered their temperature to that point where the rapidly-rising temperature of the evaporating frog would stop. Now, although the evaporation from the surface of the frog would have had a cooling influence from the first minute of the experiment, yet we see that this cooling influence was not great enough to withstand the rapid rise of the animal's temperature, until the point was reached at which the fall of the vase and sponges had ceased; and this point is the very limit which we find uniformly in the warm-blooded animals, no matter what the external temperature may be.

The temperature of man is constant. Neither the fluctuations of the seasons, nor the differences of latitude, bring any variation in his standard. No fact in science is better established; but we must guard against a misconception, and add, that when this temperature is spoken of as constant, it is not the heat of individual parts, nor of individual men at every hour of the day or under all circumstances, it is the *average* temperature of the internal organs. The limits of oscillation are narrow indeed, but within those limits the oscillation is incessant. We found that when a thermometer is used which marks fractions of a degree so small as one-tenth, if placed in the mouth of an animal, it will exhibit an incessant oscillation; and it is well known that very obvious variations occur at different periods of the day, and under different circumstances. Dr. John Davy found that, when at rest in a temperature of 37°, his own temperature fell as low as 96°.7; in a room at 92°, he found the heat of a workman had risen to 100°. Gierse observed that, before dinner, his temperature under the tongue was 98°.78, and after dinner, 99°.5.

Unsophisticated Reader.—"We want no scientific authority for the belief that variations take place, since the daily complaints of our fellow-

citizens, shivering or perspiring, render the fact too obvious for thermometers to be needed."

Physiological Lecturer.—"Excuse me, sir; but you do want scientific authority. Without the thermometer, you cannot say whether you are warmer or colder than you were."

U. R.—"What! do you tell me I don't know when I feel colder?"

P. L.—"I only tell you that you don't know when you are. What you may feel is another question altogether. Thermometers do not measure feelings."

U. R.—"This is too much! You will tell me next that I ought to trust your thermometer, and distrust my sensations. Before venturing to light a fire in my room, I must place a thermometer under my tongue to see if I am really as cold as I feel; and next July, when I am sweltering in the sun, you will perhaps assure me that I am wrong to complain of the heat, since I am only at 98°—not a degree hotter than I was in December!"

P. L.—"O Unsophisticated Reader! if we are to talk science, let us be accurate. If we are to talk the language of the market and the dining-room, we shall never come to a clear understanding. Were you ever attacked by an intermittent fever?"

U. R.—"Yes; and remember distinctly the vehement shivering-fit which commenced it. Perhaps you will tell me I was not colder then, nor warmer when that fit disappeared, and I seemed on fire, eh?"

P. L.—"Your ironical question warns me of your incredulity when I answer: No, you were not colder when you shivered under the heap of blankets which they in vain threw over you. You were some degrees warmer. The application of that thermometer, which you seem to treat lightly, would have shown that, whatever your sensations may have said, the actual heat of your skin had risen six or seven degrees; and when that sensation of cold was succeeded by a sensation of burning heat, the thermometer, which knows nothing of sensations, but measures heat only, would have shown that you were really not hotter than during the cold fit."

U. R.—"That is very staggering. But fevers are exceptional things, so let us come to ordinary life. Do you mean to say that, when I feel cold in winter, I am really not colder than when I come in from the walk which—according to my sensations—has warmed me?"

P. L.—"As an Unsophisticated Reader, liable to chilblains, your feet are doubtless colder and warmer under these two conditions; and the thermometer placed between your toes before you walk will show a temperature of 66° perhaps, while that of the air is 60°; and after the walk, the same test will show your feet to have risen as high as 96°.5. But if I regard you as a scientific *datum*, and think only of your Animal Heat as an average, I am forced to assure you that your temperature, variable in feet and hands, has remained constant in the blood and internal organs. A thermometer under your tongue would show 98° before and after your walk. Exercise had increased the circulation in your limbs, and consequently increased the warmth of those parts; but the source of your heat is the Blood, and that has not warmed or cooled with exercise. Dr. John Davy found, after a walk in the open air at 40°, that the temperature of his feet rose to 96°.5; of his hands, to 97°; while his tongue remained at 98°. Another day, after a walk in the air at 50°, his feet were 99°, his hands 98°, and tongue 98°. Here the feet were even warmer than the tongue. I can now answer your question without equivocation. When you feel colder, it is because the circulation in your extremities, or at the surface, is less active than usual, and either exercise or external warmth is necessary to restore that circulation; but the temperature of your blood, and, consequently, of those internal parts more abundantly and constantly supplied with blood—in a word, your Animal Heat—remains unaltered."

Our Lecturer, had he been questioned, would have stated that, in spite of this remarkable constancy in animal heat, there are oscillations even in that of the internal organs. The temperature varies according to Age,

Sex, Food, and other circumstances. We cannot, it is true, speak with any confidence as to the exact share which any one of these circumstances has in the variations observed; the case is so complex, and implies the concurrence of so many separate influences, that considerable discrepancies will be found in the results attained by different investigators. Thus the majority of writers agree that in infancy the temperature is higher than in maturity. A thermometer under the armpit of a new-born infant will stand nearly at 100° ; and although it falls rapidly to 95° , yet in the course of the next four-and-twenty hours it will rise again to $99^{\circ}.5$. Between the ages of four months and six years, the average is $98^{\circ}.9$, and between the ages of six and fourteen it is $99^{\circ}.16$. On reading these figures the physiologist is tempted to see in them the simple expression of the fact that, during infancy and childhood, the growth is much more rapid than it afterwards is; and this rapidity of growth implies a greater production of heat, because a more rapid chemical action. Nevertheless, the extensive observations of M. Charles Martins* and W. F. Edwards† disturb the simplicity of this explanation, and cast some doubt on it. M. Martins, comparing the temperature of fifty-six ducks and ninety-seven geese, finds that in infancy it is somewhat less than in maturity. This fact is in direct contradiction to the physiological explanation; but it may possibly have some connection with the very important fact established by W. Edwards, namely, that young animals are distinguished from the adult less in the degree of heat which they attain than in their want of power to resist cold by rapid production of heat. This, as we attempted to show just now, is the distinguishing characteristic of what are called the warm-blooded and cold-blooded animals; and we shall now see that it is a characteristic of Age. Edwards removed a new-born puppy from its mother, and left it exposed to the air at 50° – 60° . It rapidly grew cold,

until at the expiration of three hours it was only two or three degrees above the temperature of the air. A similar result was observed with new-born rabbits, in a shorter space of time. With the new-born guinea-pig nothing of the kind was observed. It had a temperature equal to that of its mother; and this it preserved whether left with the mother or removed from her. Dogs, cats, rabbits, and other warm-blooded animals, therefore, seem in their earlier periods of existence to resemble the cold-blooded animals, and to be dependent on external warmth; but this is not true of all the warm-blooded classes. Edwards divides those classes into two groups, one of which comes into the world cold-blooded, the other warm-blooded. If we examine these groups closely, to discover some external sign by which they may severally be known, we find that one group comes into the world with its eyes closed, and the other with its eyes open. The reader, probably, thinks this sign of very small value, until we beg him further to remark that the puppy, whose temperature was so dependent on external warmth during the early part of its existence, becomes less and less so as he grows older, till at the end of a fortnight he is almost as capable as his parents of resisting external cold—and at this epoch his eyes are open. Thus the cold-blooded period is precisely coincident with the blind period.

Is, then, Animal Heat dependent upon vision?—is it in any degree regulated by vision? The phenomena are, indeed, intimately connected, but their connection is not that of cause and effect: it is that of two effects determined by one cause. Animal Heat is evolved by the vital changes which take place in the organism; and only when that organism has attained a certain degree of development has it the power of evolving sufficient heat to resist external cold: now, the development of the eye is an indication of the degree of development reached by the organism, and no sooner is the animal sufficiently

* *Mémoire sur la Température des Oiseaux du Nord*, in BROWN-SEQUARD: *Journal de la Physiologie*, i. 22.

† W. EDWARDS: *De l'Influence des Agens Physiques*, p. 132.

developed to use its eyes, than it is also sufficiently developed to preserve its normal temperature. The young puppy cannot see, and is forced to remain near its mother to be warmed by her; but the young guinea-pig sees perfectly well, and runs about seeking food for itself. It is the same with birds. Young sparrows, taken from the nest where they were kept warm by their mother and by each other, rapidly lost about 30° , although the external air was moderate (63°), so that their own temperature fell to three degrees above that of the air. A similar result was obtained with the air at 72° . As these birds are born without feathers, their loss of heat might be supposed to be owing to the absence of the warm covering which protected their parents. It is not so, however. Edwards completely stripped an adult sparrow of its feathers, and exposed it to an air at 65° , in company with a young sparrow taken from the nest; the young one had the advantage of down, and in some parts of feathers to protect it, nevertheless its temperature quickly fell to two or three degrees above that of the air, while that of the adult scarcely varied, and remained 86° above that of the air. Although the young sparrows, and those birds which are born imperfectly developed, require the heat of the nest and of their mother, the young chick preserves its temperature as well as the grown hen; but the chick quits the egg in a state of development which permits it to run about and feed itself. Have these facts any application to man? Are we born cold-blooded, like blind puppies? Not exactly; yet the same laws are in operation in our organisms as in the organisms of the puppy and the sparrow. Edwards relates that one of his patients gave birth to a seven-months child, with such ease that the child came before assistance could be got. He arrived two or three hours afterwards, and found the child vigorous, well swaddled in clothes before a good fire; yet its temperature, even under these circumstances, was only 90° , or five degrees below that of the average of a child born at the proper period. Every precaution was taken to keep

the infant warm; had not such precautions been taken, it would have perished as a puppy would have perished.

Maternal instinct has in all ages and in all climates taught women to keep their infants warm. Philosophers have at various times tried, by logic and rhetoric, to thwart this instinct. Philosophy has been eloquent on the virtue of making infants "hardy," and has declared that cold baths and slight clothing must be as "strengthening" to the infant as to the adult. Listen to none of these philosophers, ye mothers! They are to be suspected when they are talking physiology, for under such circumstances they are the worst of guides, deceiving themselves and you by that fatal facility which intellectual power gives them of making ignorance look like knowledge, and of so speciously arraying absurdity that it looks like plain common-sense. It is bad, very bad, to listen to grandmothers, mothers-in-law, and nurses, for their heads are mostly mere lumber-rooms of crotchets and absurdities; but it is better sometimes to listen to them than to philosophers who inspire more respect, and cannot irreverently be treated as "old women." Maternal instinct must not be perverted by such unphysiological teaching as that of "hardening" infants. It is true that strong infants can endure this process, but it is certain that in all cases it is more or less injurious; for the universal law is that the younger the animal the feebler its power of *resisting* cold, in spite of its possessing a higher temperature than the adult.

An interesting fact is elicited by Edwards from his researches, namely, that although the younger the animal the less its ability to resist cold, this peril is to a great extent evaded by the comparative impunity with which the young animals can be subjected to a fall in their temperature. The adult better resists external cold; but if the resistance be overcome, there is greater difficulty in re-establishing the normal heat. In proportion as the faculty of developing heat increases, the faculty of developing it after a considerable fall decreases. One sees the bene-

ficial operation of this law in nature. The most careful bird is forced to quit her young from time to time in search of food; and during her absence they necessarily become colder; if she is absent long, or if the nest be not very warm, they will lose an amount of heat which would be perilous to an adult. But no sooner does she return to warm them, than they regain their temperature with facility.

Old people are commonly said to have a lower temperature than those of middle age; but Dr. Davy's observations do not confirm this; he found no such difference, nor are we aware of any evidence by which the notion can be established. It is true that cold is not so well resisted in old age. Herein old age and infancy agree.

The influence of *Sex* has not been much investigated; yet, considering the differences in the blood and respiration of the sexes, we might expect to find some striking results elicited from a careful comparison of temperatures. The only extensive investigations with which we are acquainted are those of M. Martins, previously cited; from one hundred and ten observations on ducks and drakes, he finds the temperature of the females to be somewhat higher than that of the males; but their temperature is also more *variable*, differing among each other more than is the case with the males. Between women and men there seems to be no appreciable difference, which is the more striking from the known differences in their blood and respiration.

"Food is warmth," says the physiologist; and in one sense this is strictly true, namely, that Food, by rendering a continuance of the vital processes possible, must bring with it the heat to be evolved in those processes. But it is *not* true in the sense in which the aphorism is frequently employed, namely, that Food is the fuel which is burned for animal heat (like coke in a furnace), and that particular kinds, the so-called Respiratory Food, are those we ought to employ as fuel. The warmth you feel after eating a hearty dinner is not really an increase of your temperature, but

a *diffusion* of it to the extremities and the surface. Place a thermometer under your tongue before dinner and after it, and you will find that, in spite of your sensations, the thermometer points to the same degree at each period. Yet, as this admits of another interpretation, we shall adduce the less equivocal observations of M. Martins. The ducks belonging to a miller near Montpellier were fed well on grains every morning before being turned out to enjoy themselves in the river, and every evening on their return they were fed again; close by, there lived a poor waiter on the loch, who also kept ducks, but could not afford to feed them on grains, like his richer neighbour, so that they were reduced to forage for themselves. Here accident had arranged the conditions of a good scientific experiment. Living in the same air, the same temperature, and in the same loch of the river, these two flocks differed only in respect of the grain on which one was daily fed. The influence of food would, therefore, here be manifest. What did observation detect? A superiority of temperature amounting nearly to a degree centigrade (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ Fahr.) in favour of the well-fed ducks. M. Martins adds that he has since then often been able to affirm whether a bird has been well or ill fed, by simply ascertaining its temperature.

On a superficial consideration, this would seem to be convincing evidence that those physiologists are correct who assert "food to be warmth," in the crude sense of food being fuel; but closer attention will show that the evidence supports our view of food. Indeed, M. Martins has furnished us with irresistible evidence; "for," as he remarks, "we shall greatly deceive ourselves if we imagine that a better quality of food will suffice to raise the temperature in a *short period*. Two drakes, after five days of abstinence, were found to have a temperature of $41^{\circ}.83$ centigrade (about 107° Fahr.); I then fed them entirely on bran and herbs, and twenty-five days afterwards their temperature was $42^{\circ}.14$ (not quite 108° Fahr.) Two other drakes, with a temperature of $41^{\circ}.40$, were fed

abundantly on maize and hay; at the end of twenty-five days of such diet their temperature was $41^{\circ}.76''$ —that is to say, actually *less* than those which had been ill fed! This may seem to be in contradiction with M. Martins' previous observation on the well-fed and ill-fed ducks; but the contradiction is only superficial; the reader will notice that, although the temperature of these well-fed drakes was actually less than that of the ill-fed, it was also less when the experiment began; and if we compare the rise in the temperature which took place in both, we shall find that in the ill-fed it was only $0^{\circ}.80$, and in the well-fed $0^{\circ}.36$. This difference, slight as it may seem, is in favour of the well-fed; and when such slight elevations are continued month after month, they may, and will attain a superiority amounting to one degree. Although, therefore, this experiment confirms the previous observation of the influence of generous food in elevating the degree of animal heat, it strikingly discredits the notion that the food is burned as fuel in the organism.

"Food is warmth," because food furnishes the pabulum of the tissues, and warmth is evolved in the chemical changes which go forward in the formation and destruction of the

tissues. But food is not fuel only, as some physiologists would have us believe. If anything is burnt, it is the tissues not the food; our warmth comes from the organic processes which make and unmake the tissues. The proof of this is seen, not only in the foregoing experiments, but even more convincingly in the experiments on starvation which Chossat, and Martins have performed. We shall not here repeat those of Chossat, because they are well known, and the results are accessible in almost every text-book; but those of Martins will be new to our readers, and may therefore briefly be indicated. He took four drakes, and submitted them to several successive periods of abstinence, separated by periods in which they were abundantly fed. They were left in a tub of water in which to bathe, and their habits were unaltered; nothing but the solid food was withheld during the days of the experiment; add in order to avoid the diurnal variations of temperature from complicating the problem, the thermometer was always applied at the same hour of each day. The birds commenced the period of fasting with a temperature of $4^{\circ}.20$ (108° Fahrenheit), at the close of a period of ample nourishment.

After 24 hours' abstinence the temperature sank to $41^{\circ}.84$.				
" 48	"	"	"	rose to $41^{\circ}.89$.
" 72	"	"	"	rose to $41^{\circ}.91$.
" 96	"	"	"	rose to $41^{\circ}.94$.
" 120	"	"	"	sank to $41^{\circ}.62$.

Here we see that twenty-four hours' fast have produced a striking reduction of temperature; and those writers who attribute warmth to the combustion of food may fancy they see evidence for their opinion in such a fact; but, as the fast is prolonged, the temperature does not continue falling; it rises: so that, after ninety-six hours of complete abstinence, the temperature has risen nearly to what it was when the animal was crammed with food. We have only to add, that this is in perfect accordance with the observations of Chossat, on pigeons. It is true that, after the fifth day, the temperature suddenly sinks; but the mere increase, as the abstinence is prolonged during the

first four days, is sufficient to show that animal heat is not evolved by the combustion of food.

Having examined the influence of Age, Sex, and Food, we may now cast a glance at the influence of the Seasons. Although man preserves his standard of 98° in the tropics and in the arctic zone, he does so in virtue of the power his organism possesses of adjusting itself to changing circumstances. We adjust ourselves to the changing seasons. In winter we are as warm as in summer, because in winter we produce more heat, and lose less by evaporation and exhalation. A cold day in summer is incomparably more unpleasant and injurious than a day of

equal temperature in autumn; and the coldest day in summer would be mild to us in winter. The reason is, that in summer the cold day finds us unprepared. The organism during summer has been adjusting itself to the production of less and less heat, and if a cold day now occur, we have less power of resistance; we are somewhat in the condition of the infant animal, which has not yet acquired its full power of heat-making. It is on this principle that we may explain the death of animals exposed during summer to a degree of cold which in winter would scarcely lower their temperature.

We are not all blessed with the same capacity for developing heat; we are not all blessed with the same activity of the circulation. Yet each is apt to make himself the standard. B. shivers, and complains of the cold; thinks he must have the fire lighted, though it be June. C. is amazed that any one can possibly be cold on such a day; C. is quite warm. Perhaps, after reading these pages, B. will learn to understand that it is quite possible for C. to be comfortable in this temperature; and C. will learn to sympathise with the less fortunate B.'s, who shiver when he is warm. The differences may arise from two causes: the heat-producing capacity may be less, or the circulation feebler. The stimulus of the external cold increases the activity of the organic processes in one man, and depresses it in another. That this is the real cause, will appear on examining the influence of cold on the various classes of warm-blooded animals. One class—the hibernaters—is so incapable of resisting cold by an adequate increase of its own temperature, that it falls into a torpor; other classes are forced to seek external warmth in nests and holes, as we seek it in warm clothing and heated rooms; others, again, need nothing but their own temperature. In spite of the active respiration of a mouse, it needs a warm nest, and, unless in active exercise, will perish if exposed to a temperature which we should consider moderate; we, again, should perish in a temperature which the cat or dog could endure without

uneasiness. Among men there are some who resemble the mouse, and others who resemble the cat. The slightest fall of temperature causes the first to put on warmer clothing, or to light the fire; at which their robust friends are liberal in sarcastic allusions, spoken or thought, and are somewhat impatient of this "coddling." These are the cats. It is important to bear in mind, however, that this inadequate production of heat does not always translate itself by the expression of "chilliness;" the effect of cold is often totally unlike that of a chilly sensation; it produces a vague uneasiness, a feeling of depression, resulting from the lowering of the organic activity; and many periodic forms of disease are probably connected therewith. Without positively "feeling cold," the person so affected need only enter a well-warmed apartment, to be at once aware of a reinvigorated condition.

After having thus glanced at the chief phenomena of Animal Heat, we are naturally led to inquire more closely into the cause. If we could trust our text-books, no part of Physiology is better understood; the theory of Animal Heat seems as simple as it is indisputable. There are, indeed, a few recalcitrant physiologists who will not accept the dominant theory; but on the whole, a very remarkable unanimity exists. We shall first state, as clearly as we can, what the dominant theory is, and then state the reasons which, if they do not destroy that theory, at least show the necessity for a reinvestigation of its foundations.

Animal Heat, it is said, is the effect of which Respiration is the cause. In Respiration, oxygen is absorbed, which burns the carbon of the food into carbonic acid, and the hydrogen into water: in these acts of oxidation heat is generated, for no combination of a combustible substance with oxygen can take place without disengaging heat. No matter whether such oxidations take place in the body or out of it, rapidly or slowly, at a low temperature or at a high one, the amount of heat set free by the combination of a given quantity of oxygen with a given

quantity of carbon or hydrogen, is always and everywhere the same. The oxidation of the carbon of the food will liberate precisely as much heat as if, instead of being spread over a long time, the combustion had taken place in a vessel of pure oxygen. Chemistry assures us of those facts. Physiology assures us that oxygen is incessantly absorbed in the lungs, and that carbonic acid and water are as incessantly exhaled; and further assures us that, concurrently with this absorption of oxygen and exhalation of carbonic acid and water, there is an amount of heat generated which would be generated by an equivalent combustion of carbon and hydrogen out of the organism. "It is obvious," says Leibig, "that the amount of heat liberated must increase or diminish with the quantity of oxygen introduced in equal times by respiration. Those animals, therefore, which respire frequently, and consequently consume much oxygen, possess a higher temperature than others, which, with a body of equal size to be heated, take into the system less oxygen."

Such is the so-called "chemical theory of Animal Heat," which we will now proceed to criticise. We have already seen how little confidence is to be given to the notion of the food being burnt in the organism; and when, therefore, we hear "the carbon of the food" spoken of as passing into carbonic acid, and disengaging heat, we must understand by it the carbon of the tissues made from that food. The oxygen which is absorbed in the lungs does not then and there combine with carbon in the blood, and generate its due amount of heat; this, which was formerly believed, is now given up by all competent physiologists. In giving up this idea, we must follow the course of the oxygen in the blood, until we detect it, *flagrante delicto*, in the act of burning the carbon; but this has hitherto escaped all research. *We are in utter ignorance as to the origin of carbonic*

acid in the organism. We have many plausible explanations as to how it *may* arise, but how it *does* arise we do not know. It is extremely doubtful, according to Robin and Verdeil, whether *any* direct oxidation of carbon takes place at all, and is quite certain that much of the carbonic acid is not so produced.* Without venturing further on ground so delicate, we will sum up in the words of the distinguished chemist Regnault, who has specially studied this question:—"It was long believed (and many chemists still believe it) that the heat produced by an animal in a given time is precisely equal to that which would be produced by the burning in oxygen of the same amount of carbon and hydrogen which is found in the carbonic acid and water exhaled in that time. It is very probable that animal heat is entirely produced by the chemical actions which take place in the organism, but the phenomenon is too complex to admit of our calculating it according to the quantity of oxygen consumed."† The simple fact that the carbonic acid exhaled, at times contains *more* oxygen than has been absorbed, although perfectly intelligible when we remember the influence of food on the exhalation of carbonic acid, is of itself enough to destroy all confidence in such calculations.

While, therefore, it is still undecided whether carbonic acid and water arise in the organism by a process of direct oxidation, the theory of Animal Heat, which is based on such an assumption, must necessarily be held questionable. Meanwhile we may look a little closer into the evidence which declares that Animal Heat is the direct product of Respiration, rising and falling with it, dependent on it, as effect upon cause. That a mass of evidence can be adduced is perfectly true, because, whatever theory we may form, we must still perceive that *an* intimate relation necessarily exists between Respiration and Animal Heat; if only on the ground that all vital

* ROBIN et VERDEIL: *Traité de Chimie Anatomique*, ii. 38 seq., 87, 168, 462, and iii. 185 seq.

† REGNAULT: *Cours Élémentaire de Chimie*, ii. 868

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Therefore, it is still understood that carbonic acid and waste are produced by a process of oxidation, the theory of which is based on such evidence, must necessarily be true. Meanwhile we are brought closer into the evidence that Animal Heat is a product of Respiration, falling with it, dependent upon cause. The evidence can be readily true, because, in any form, we find an intimate connection exists between Animal Heat; if we admit that all vital

processes are intimately related, and in the organism one function is necessarily dependent on another. The question, however, is not whether *an* intimate relation exists; but whether *the* causal relation exists, whether the two phenomena are in invariable correspondence, the one never feeble when the other is energetic—the one never acting after the other has ceased.

Disregarding the mass of evidence which may be adduced in favor of the correspondence, let us here fix our attention solely on some striking exceptions. The cases are by no means very rare in which a corpse has preserved a high temperature for many hours; and, as Respiration must altogether have ceased, these cases have great significance for us. Dr. Livingstone mentions a case which came under his own eye, of a Portuguese lady, who died of fever at three o'clock in the morning of the 26th April. "The heat of the body continued unabated till six o'clock, when I was called in, and I found her bosom as warm as ever I did in a living case of fever. This continued for three hours more. As I had never seen such a case in which fever heat continued so long after death, I delayed the funeral till unmistakable symptoms of dissolution occurred." Mr. George Redford informed the writer of a case which he had under his own eye. A soldier, given to drink, died, we forget from what cause, and the next day Mr. Redford was quite startled at finding the body still warm. Dr. Bennet Dowler, of New Orleans, has likewise observed that, in many cases, the temperature *rises* after death; and, as these observations are cited by so eminent an authority as Professor Dughison, we must give them a credit which might perhaps be refused to the cases previously mentioned. Dr. Dowler found that where the highest temperature during life was 104° under the armpit, it rose to 109° in ten minutes after death; fifteen minutes afterwards it was 118° in an incision in the thigh; in one hour forty minutes it was 109° in the heart. Three hours after all the viscera had been removed, an inci-

sion in the thigh showed the temperature to be 110° .

When we remember that, even after death, processes of growth and secretion have been observed to take place, there is nothing incredible in these examples of continued heat after death; but we cannot see how the advocates of the Respiration theory reconcile such facts as the complete absence of Respiration during several hours, with no diminution of Animal Heat. According to theory, the two phenomena are in immediate dependence, the intensity of heat corresponding with the energy of respiration; but here there is no respiration, nor has there been any for some hours, yet the heat continues to be produced.

There are, moreover, numerous facts which show a similar want of correspondence between the energy of respiration and the intensity of heat. In tetanus, for example, the temperature has been known to rise to 110° —an amazing height; yet no corresponding increase of respiration is noted. In women the energy of Respiration is strikingly inferior to that in men: according to Barral, 40 per cent. Yet, although they "burn" so much less carbon than men, their temperature is scarcely lower, if lower at all! We lay more stress on this fact, because it is the expression of the normal condition of the organism. In all cases of disease there is a possibility of some totally new conditions which render our inferences inapplicable; but, in the natural breathing of ordinary men and women, we may expect to see the unobstructed action of the law which connects respiration with animal heat. According to theory, women ought to have a very much lower temperature than men, for they exhale so very much less carbonic acid in respiration, and must, therefore "burn" less carbon. According to fact, women have as high a temperature as men. It looks so plausible when we read that the amount of heat liberated must increase or diminish with the quantity of oxygen introduced in equal times by respiration; yet this plausibility becomes troubled when we find animal heat sometimes bear-

ing no such relation to the amount of inspired oxygen. The woman is as warm as the man, with feebler respiration.

When we take a general survey of the animal kingdom, the correspondence between energetic respiration and high temperature is very striking, and affords that evidence to which allusion was made just now, in favor of the current theory. The cold-blooded animals are all feeble breathers, and the most energetic breathers are the warmest-blooded. A mollusc, a fish, a frog, a quadruped, and a bird, represent the various stages of this correspondence. The absorption of oxygen is smallest in the mollusc, and greatest in the bird. The mollusc has the temperature of the medium in which it lives, or is so slightly raised above it that our instruments detect no elevation. The bird keeps a constant temperature of 110° . So long as we content ourselves with such generalities, the evidence is ample. Indeed, we might, *a priori*, conclude that a general correspondence would necessarily be observed because of the general connection which two organic functions always exhibit; but no sooner do we descend from generals to particulars — no sooner do we compare animals with each other, than the correspondence suddenly ceases to lend its aid to the theory. It is true, as a general fact, that birds have a higher temperature and more energetic respiration than quadrupeds. It is true, moreover, as a general fact, that in birds the highest temperature is found in those of the most energetic respiration, the active hawk or swallow being warmer than the barn-door fowl; but this is true only as a general fact: and if we continue comparing birds together, we shall find that the active predatory petrel has uniformly a much *lower* temperature than the domestic duck. Here the correspondence suddenly fails. "If we bear in mind the current ideas respecting the production of animal heat," says Brown-Séquard, parenthetically, "there is assuredly something strange in the fact that the class of birds to which the petrel be-

longs has not a higher temperature than we find to be the case. The active life of these birds, their extreme vigour, the rapidity of their flight, their food, so rich in fatty principles, and the warm climate in which many of them live, are so many circumstances which ought to give them a high temperature." As M. Brown-Séquard does not doubt the current theory, he is inclined to attribute the discrepancy to the occasional fasts which these birds are subject to. Being, on the whole, less well fed than domestic ducks, they are therefore, he thinks, lower in temperature. This will doubtless have its influence; yet differences in the temperature of birds cannot be wholly attributed to it; for, as M. Martins finds, ducks have a higher temperature than geese. Now, inasmuch as the goose is as well fed as the duck, as well covered with feathers, and as energetic in respiration, we should, *a priori*, expect it to have a higher temperature than the duck, because it is a general law that the smaller the animal the greater the rapidity with which its parts with its heat; yet the inexorable thermometer shows the duck to have a higher temperature than the goose.

A mouse eats eight times as much food, in proportion to its size, as a man, and its respiration is, according to Valentin,* eighteen times more energetic; yet its temperature is little higher than that of man, and its power of resistance to cold is incomparably lower. Birds eat six to ten times as much as a man, in proportion to weight—respire much more vigorously—and lose less heat by evaporation; nevertheless, they are only a few degrees higher, and their power of resistance to cold is in general much less. Valentin says that a dog consumes twice as much oxygen as a man, in proportion; yet the difference in their temperature is very slight.

These illustrations suffice to show that no invariable constancy can be found between Respiration and Animal Heat; even should the theory we are criticising ultimately turn out to be correct, the objections we have urged will still retain their force, not

* VALENTIN: *Text-Book of Physiology*. Translated by W. BRINTON, p. 351.

indeed, against the truth of the theory, but against its inconsiderate interpretation; they will retain their value as indications of the presence of *physiological conditions*, and will show how varieties in the organism modify the operation of the general physical laws; thus removing the question of Animal Heat from the hands of the Chemist, and replacing it in the hands of the Physiologist. Treating the question as a physiological one, we are forced to consider Animal Heat as determined by the energy of two processes, one of production and another of radiation. Some organisms produce heat more rapidly than others, and some part with it more rapidly. The temperature of the organism will be determined by a balance of these processes. Insects produce heat with great rapidity; but they part with it so rapidly that their temperature is as low as that of the reptile, which produces heat slowly. The hibernating animals part with their heat more rapidly than other warm-blooded classes—part with too rapidly for the maintenance of their necessary warmth when the external temperature falls, and thus, the balance being destroyed, they sink into the condition of cold-blooded animals. If a young bird and an adult of the same species be exposed to the same degree of cold, although they have both the same temperature at starting, the young bird will in a short period be found to have a much *lower* temperature than the adult, because its production of heat has not been sufficiently rapid to keep pace with the loss. The physiological causes which determine this rapid loss in the insect, the hedgehog, and the young bird, have yet to be investigated, and may at once be surmised to be different in each case. In the insect, the rapid loss is probably owing to the smallness of its size, and the free penetration of the air through its body. In the hedgehog and young bird, the actual loss may not be greater than in other animals of the same size; but the effect of cold on their organisms may be such as to materially *affect* those processes on which the production of heat depends. So clear-

by the general condition of the organism, that, at different seasons of the year, the same organism will produce different amounts of heat at the same temperature. In winter, the organism is in its greatest heat-producing condition; in summer at its lowest. If subjected in summer to a temperature of zero, its power of resistance will be found very inadequate to such a degree of cold; whereas in winter its power of resistance is so great as to make this degree of cold perfectly endurable. The usual explanation is, that there is a greater amount of oxygen contained in a similar volume of air in winter than in summer, so that at each inspiration a greater amount of combustion is rendered possible. But this is unsatisfactory. In the first place, in winter as in summer, the temperature of the mouth and lungs is constant, and the cold air entering would be warmed before the oxygen reached the blood; so that, unless the oxygen is in a different condition in winter than in summer (as some maintain), no solid argument can rest on the difference of the temperature of the air. In the second place, the experiments of W. Edwards do not admit of being thus explained. He placed sparrows in a glass vase, the air of which was maintained at freezing-point, in the months of February and July. This air, consequently, contained the same amount of oxygen in each case; and as the apparatus was in each case the same, and the birds the same, every variation in the result would be owing to the temporary condition of the organisms. In February the temperature of the birds only fell one degree centigrade, during the first hour, remaining stationary there during the two succeeding hours; whereas in July it fell more than three degrees in the first hour, and continued to fall till the close of the third hour, when it had lost as much as six degrees. This experiment by no means tallies with the proposition laid down by Liebig, that "in different climates the quantity of oxygen introduced into the system by respiration, varies according to the temperature of the external air; the quantity of oxygen inspired increases with the loss of heat by

external cooling ; and the quantity of carbon or hydrogen necessary to combine with this oxygen must be increased in the same ratio ;" for, on the contrary, we see here that the same temperature of the external air will at different seasons lower the temperature of the same bird *one* degree or *six* degrees. The cause cannot lie in the external air and its amount of oxygen, but in the organism, and its different conditions in winter and summer.

Has it never occurred to you, when standing beside a pond in early spring, that there was something paradoxical in the fact of frogs and toads crawling at the bottom, and never once rising to the surface to breathe? They are animals with lungs, and in summer live mostly on land, perishing indeed if unable to get out of the water from time to time ; yet during the whole winter, late autumn, and early spring, they pass their time under water. Puzzled by this fact, we applied to a zoologist for an explanation, and received in reply one of those explanations with which the majority of mankind are willing to be content, namely, a restatement of the fact in different language. Our own experiments and observations gave no explanation. We found, for instance, the two species of newt—land and water newts—behave very differently. Both have gills, as tadpoles, and lungs in a more developed condition. When the gills of the land-newt disappear, the possibility of living under water disappears : the animal quits the water for ever, and you meet him on your staircase, while his companion the water-newt is still in the aquarium, and only occasionally thrusting his head above water. As the season advances, the water-newt also feels the need of occasionally quitting the water, and he will lie basking on the bit of stone or wood for hours together, descending into the water as the coolness of evening descends. To keep him under water for many hours in the hot weather, is to kill him. It is the same with frogs and toads ; and the reason was made clear to us by the experiments of W. Edwards. He found that as long as the tempera-

ture of the water is no more than fifteen or sixteen degrees above freezing point (47° – 48°), frogs will live the whole year round without once rising to the surface. In this condition they *breathe only by the skin*. He has shown the relation which surface respiration bears to pulmonary respiration in these animals ; and he finds that the skin exhales sufficient carbonic acid, and absorbs sufficient oxygen, to supply all their needs of languid life at this temperature. No sooner does the temperature of the water rise, than the vital activity of the frog increases ; and with this increase there is a greater need of oxygen, a greater production of carbonic acid—in other words, a greater energy of Respiration, for which the skin no longer suffices ; the lungs are called upon to do their work ; they cannot do this work in the water ; and if the frog be prevented from rising to the surface, it is prevented from breathing, and it perishes. We see this in spring. The frog, or newt, occasionally rises to expire carbonic acid, and absorb oxygen by its lungs. It then dives under the surface again. As the season advances, the risings become more frequent, till in the hot weather the frog lives chiefly on land, and the newt also is forced to expose itself to the air. These facts do not accord with the hypothesis of Animal Heat being the effect of Respiration ; for we do not see the frogs get warmer because their Respiration has become more extensive, but their Respiration becomes more extensive because they are warmer : warmth has increased the activity of their vital functions, and has increased Respiration, which is one of these. We know how intimately dependent the vital functions are on temperature, and in a previous article we saw how Respiration in the cold-blooded animals uniformly increased in energy as the external warmth increased, up to a certain point ; and we are therefore able to understand how it is that a low degree of vital activity will be found coincident with a feeble respiration and low temperature, while a high degree of vital activity is coincident with energetic Respiration and a high temperature, without our being

forced to admit that this coincidence implies a causal relation between energy of Respiration and Animal Heat.

In conclusion, we may say that the hypothesis generally adopted respecting the production of Animal Heat is very far from possessing the evidence demanded by science. It may be true; we do not think it is true; and we are persuaded that it is not proven. It rests on two pillars, the very foundations of which are insecure. The first of these is the chemical hypothesis of direct oxidation of the carbon and hydrogen. The second is the assumed invariableness of the relation between intensity of heat and energy of respiration. We are not warranted in affirming either

of these propositions; all we are warranted in affirming is this: Animal Heat is evolved in various chemical and physical changes which occur in the processes of life, and is consequently in direct correspondence with their energy, rising in intensity as they become more active, and falling as they fall. We have every reason to believe that oxygen is the great *inciter* of such changes, the indispensable condition of vital activity; but we have no direct evidence that these changes are all oxidations; we have direct evidence that some of them are not oxidations, but are dependent on Respiration only as one organic process is dependent on another, and as Respiration itself is dependent on them.

A PLEA FOR SHAMS.

WE are living, we are told, in an age of "shams." "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players:" in a worse sense than Shakespeare's. The grand drama of life is literally, as the Greeks named their stately tragedy, a "hypocrisy." To look upon its scenes and characters as realities, is, we are assured, the happy ignorance of childhood's first visit to the theatre; wisdom can only smile and envy us: it knows all the actors off the stage—can detect the wigs and the tinsel, smells the lamps most unmistakably, and has heard too much of the heroine's history—behind the scenes—to feel much sympathy for virtue in distress. Yes, everything is a sham; "I sham, you sham, he shams;" this is the pattern verb of the New Universal Grammar. It is put forth by the authority of a formidable array of writers, who have gained, not undeservedly, much of the public ear. The greatest poet, the keenest satirist, the most popular writer of fiction, the most remarkable, if not the deepest, philosophical thinker of our day, unlike in many things, all agree in this tone. It seems the great modern discovery in moral science; and, like other great discoveries, is of doubtful authorship; the idea claims birth in more than one mind at once. Our

poet-laureate, with his deep melodious chime,

"Rings out the false, rings in the true."

Mr. Thackeray, with unflinching hand dissects our very vitals, and lays bare the ghastly framework under the fair skin of *Vanity Fair*; "Boz" himself, heartiest and most genial of his craft in former days, has taken of late to weep and snarl alternately, like his own inimitable Miggs, over the wrongs of injured blackguardism, and the base deceptions of respectability. And last, and most terrible of all, Mr. Carlyle—who uses, as an old lady of our acquaintance truly observes, very shocking language—calls our civil and ecclesiastical dignities "crowned, coroneted, shovel-batted quackheads;" talks of our most sacred political systems as "wind-bags," "cant," and "castle-spectres," and seems to lump his readers and the public generally, in terms more terse than flattering, into two classes—"sham heroes and a valet world." Each of these writers has discovered, like Hamlet, that "the time is out of joint;" but not being blest with the Danish philosopher's modesty, they rather glory in the announcement that they were "born to set it right."

Of the poet, we will not complain.

His vocation gives him a licence to see things in general with other eyes than common men; either all in roseate hues, or wrapt in awful gloom, as suits his temperament or his fancy. We have no right to tie him down to facts, or examine his propositions by the rules of logic. The days are past when the vates was priest and prophet as well as bard. The poetry will live, and the philosophy be forgotten. Society in general does its thinking, for all practical purposes, in very plain prose. Englishmen will no more become dreamy mystics from reading Tennyson, than they became misanthropical and satanic from a course of Byron. A few young enthusiasts then, we can remember, wore turn-down collars, dined (after a good luncheon) on potatoes and vinegar, affected hock and soda-water, and kept a skull on their chimney-piece; but the public generally stuck to its roast beef and port, tied their chokers as tight as ever, and continued to use the old-fashioned drinking-glasses. So the splendid mist in which the laureate shrouds his religious and social creed will find many imitators, for a while, amongst the young and the imaginative, but will leave very little trace upon the minds of his sincerest admirers. We read and admire Lactantius; but we have outlived his science, and we do not trouble ourselves about his creed.

But with the novelist and the philosophical historian the case is different. Both have great influence upon that very large section of a reading public which is glad to take its opinions at second-hand, to save itself the trouble of thinking. The writer of fiction will have most; if for no other reason, because he is easiest to understand. Mr. Carlyle's passionate invectives will weary nineteen readers out of twenty who take them up. And the essayist addresses at best a comparatively small circle. But the novelist, in our degenerate days, has usurped the poet's ground; he has become the teacher of the multitude, either for good or evil. He gives you his religious or political creed in the form of a story, and skilfully wraps up a whole scheme of social regeneration in the adventures

of his heroes and heroines. In fact, the old steady-going novel-readers must find themselves hardly used; their authors now insist on dealing with all readers as if they were in their second childhood: no amusement without instruction. The writers' main object, in half the one, two, and three volumes of fiction which are poured fresh upon us every month, is to make converts to some pet theory, instead of weaving scenes of "breathless interest" and "striking catastrophes." The change is very considerable, and not altogether for the better. We miss the interest, and are not much the better for the instruction; which, indeed, most conscientious novel-readers judiciously skip as far as possible. Some years ago, it was thought part of a wise education to keep novels either entirely out of young people's way, or at all events to exercise a very strict and cautious right of selection; and certainly the style of some of the novels of that day abundantly justified the precaution. In these present days we have (shall we say a purer taste, or only a more sensitive propriety?) than our forefathers, and few writers of fiction venture to offend against decency and morality. Still, the domestic censorship has not expired. Mammals and governesses, and other authorities, still feel it incumbent on them to *viser* the pretty red and blue volumes which now court youthful readers with a double attraction, the fair outside giving hopeful promise of what sweets lie within. There are now High-Church, Low-Church, and No-Church novels, not to be distinguished by their outsides; and each class, according to circumstances, voted dangerous to the peace of families: for these pretty volumes make more converts than any popular preacher. If it be true, as Herbert says, that

"A verse may catch him whom a sermon flies,"

it is quite as true that a novel will catch many a stray sheep who would fly a sermon. But such converts, as may well be supposed, generally show more enthusiasm than wisdom; and, on the whole, we incline to prefer pure romance, as food for the youth-

ful intellect, to religious or political controversy.

But the one leading note in the most popular literature of the day is this modern cynicism—that everything is a “sham.” The writers just mentioned seem to have it constantly in view as the great doctrine they are called upon to preach; and they bring to their task, each in their own line, powers of humour, of description, and of language, which insure them at least a ready audience. They put forth the boldest type of Materialism as the highest philosophy: what you can touch, what you can see, what you can taste—these alone are real. All that appeals to sentiment—all that idealises this coarse outward life of ours—any decent garb in which poor humanity, conscious of its weakness and nakedness, tries to shroud itself,—all these are “shams.” Loyalty, reverence, hereditary respect, are “flunkysm.” “Bishop,” and “bar,” and “respectability”—all these are sneered at. The new maxim is, “whatever is, is wrong.” All the right there is now upon earth is illegitimate. Virtue, religion, kindness of heart—all these are the growth of poor neglected soils, which society is doing its best to keep barren for ever. Our whole civil, political, religious, and social framework is rotten carpentry covered with tinsel. The secret of its unreality and hollowness has been revealed to these few; and a herd of admiring followers take up the cry, and proclaim a crusade against “formulas,” “quackery,” and “beadledom.” It is not a philosophy of very difficult growth. “He that goeth about to persuade a multitude they are not so well governed as they ought to be,” saith Hooker, “shall never lack ready and attentive hearers.” So also he that runs atilt against established respectabilities will always find himself a popular champion. The school-boy who caricatures his master does not need to be a first-rate artist in order to be applauded by his admiring fellows to his heart’s content. Let him take care to put the rod in one hand, and the book in the other, and a few strokes make the portrait, if not a very faithful resemblance, at all events an unmistakable one.

The broader the squint, the longer the nose, the blacker the frown, the more perfect is the work pronounced. If these features are not so in the original, why, they ought to have been. The loudest in their applause, certainly, are apt not to be the best boys in the school, nor is the artist himself usually *dux primus*. The sympathies so successfully appealed to are scarcely the highest even in schoolboy nature. So, possibly, in the larger world outside the school-room, the declaimers against religious formulas are not always the most religious men. The satirists of dull respectability may sometimes have found the checks and restraints which such respectability enforces a yoke and a bondage. Every man who raises his voice in favour of things as they are, has, they insinuate, some vested interest in maintaining shams. Do they believe that any reform or revolution, social, religious, or political, successful or unsuccessful, has been ever attempted or carried out, in which personal and interested motives had not the largest share? It sounds very well to talk about pure philanthropy, and hireling advocates; but if you want to have your cause ably argued, and honestly too, you pay your counsel and attorney.

We are to go back, this school of writers tell us, to “nature and her veracities.” Fine language; “prave ’orts;” but, put into sober workaday English, what does it all mean? How much about us is veracity, and how much conventional usage? Is the model man of regenerated society to make his appearance in public as nature made him—a biped without feathers? Is he to repudiate dress as a conventionality? If the bishop’s apron, and “wig and black triangle,” and the judge’s “horse-hair and scarlet,” and the poor beadle’s laced hat, are shams, in what consists the comparative truth and honesty of a wide-awake or a glengarry? Why is a man more virtuous in a tweed wrap-rascal than in a court uniform? Do our modern realists allow the ladies of their families to indulge in crinoline? Does Mr. Carlyle hold tobacco to be a “veracity?” Does Mr. Albert Smith wear a ring on his finger? Why?

for what possible purpose?—or if a ring on his finger, why not also bells on his toes? Barring the conventional custom, one is as much in its place as the other; nay, why not the ring in his nose, or in his ear? There is undeniable authority for both practices. One glaring conventionality which we are charged with, and which it is considered an especial duty to bear a testimony against, is the practice of shaving the beard. Nature gave us this noble ornament, we are told; smooth chins are an abomination, introduced by an effeminate king—razors an invention of man's great enemy. But do these hirsute philosophers ever pare their nails? because plainly such a habit is quite a modern innovation—a mere conventional absurdity. The original "homo" never pared his nails:

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran,"

his nails were made to dig him roots, and for other useful purposes,—and probably to fight. Good Dr. Watts was mistaken; children's "little hands"—at any rate their little nails—*were* "made to tear each other's eyes;" and would still, only that we barbarously cut them short. Our commonest and most innocent habits, measured by these gentlemen's standard, will be found exceedingly unvarnished. Are we all to walk about as in a palace of truth, and repudiate all the recognised courtesies of society because they are shams? Am I to say to my good old neighbour Mr. Tomkins, whenever I meet him, "Tomkins, you are a bore, and you ought to know it; I can't waste my precious time talking to you about the weather, or even about Mrs. Tomkins; I have more important subjects than these to talk about, and more agreeable people to talk to: so I wish you a very good morning; or rather, I mean to say, I don't care whether you have a good morning or a bad one. I don't wish you any harm, but I want to get rid of you!" Or when I meet Smith at the Folkestone station on his autumn trip,—he in his nautical costume and Mrs. S. in her round hat,—am I to accost them in the sincere language of my heart,—
"Well, for two sensible middle-aged

people, you have contrived to make the greatest guys of yourselves I ever saw in my life!" I am sure this would be a veracity; but would it be an improvement, on the whole, on the conventional type of our actual conversation under the circumstances? "Good morning, Mr. Tomkins; hope I see you well; these easterly winds," &c. &c. "How are you, Smith?—fond of boating as ever, I see; and Mrs. Smith looking really quite," &c. &c. It's a sham: I know it is; perhaps she knows it is: but if she does, she knows it to be a friendly one. Were I to go back to my veracities, I might prefer, being in company with a fastidious friend, to cut the Smiths altogether. The truth is, we live in a world of shams and conventionalities, if you prefer calling things by ugly names. All civilised life is a state of convention. Language itself is all convention: ask the logicians. There is no reason, in the intrinsic nature of things, why *HAT* should spell "hat." All forms of salutation are pure conventionalities. Why do we shake hands? What ceremony can be more absurd? The Pacific Islanders rub noses; so do sheep. Of the two, therefore, the latter may be the more natural. Dr. Livingstone's friends, the Bakolos, by way of paying their best respects, lay down upon the ground, and clapped their thighs with their hands loudly and energetically. Unpleasant, Dr. Livingstone thought it, and so, perhaps, should we; but you see nature seems to dictate no universal forms of politeness: the forms which do suggest themselves to others seem to us as unmeaning or ungraceful as ours may to them. No wise man among us laughs at his British ancestors for painting themselves blue; is it a mark of such superior wisdom to ridicule the outer coating of society in this nineteenth century?

Be real, we are told,—be genuine, be true; say what you will, do what you will, only let it be a truth, and not a falsehood. It sounds very grand; not quite so new a gospel perhaps as its apostles fancy; this "living according to nature" was a favourite dream of old. Only poor human nature, not being itself per-

fection, is forced to be content with a more elastic rule. If we were angels, then to say all we think would be very well, and to act according to nature would follow of course; but as things are in this far from angelic world, there are a great many thoughts which we shall do well to hide if possible even from ourselves, and a good many actions which we must disguise as we can with a little decent hypocrisy. There is no more disagreeable person on earth than the man who always speaks his mind; and whose mind, be it observed, is almost always unpleasant.

Some of us may remember a burlesque of poor Hood's in one of his comic annuals, entitled "Domestic asides, or truth in parentheses." The concluding line of each verse was supposed to be spoken aside, and was printed parenthetically, conveying the real sentiments of the speaker. It began thus:

"I really take it very kind
This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
'Tis quite an age since we have met—
(*The wretch has come to dinner!*)"

It may serve as a specimen of the interesting style of a conversation which should consist wholly of such parentheses, if everybody, in short, spoke out. Heaven deliver us from such sincerity!

Suppose my friend and neighbour Jones asks me, as he often does, to dine with him in a quiet way—"only ourselves—shall make no stranger of you:" am I to conclude he means to take me home, and set me down to hashed mutton, as an agreeable surprise to Mrs. Jones?—and shall I vote my friend a humbug because I know that cut of salmon was ordered expressly for me, because that *moir antique* is not Mrs. Jones's daily dinner dress?—am I bound to believe, when Jones produces that bottle of '24 port,—does he expect or wish me for a moment to believe that such is his daily drink, when he lamented to me himself, six months ago, that he had but two dozen of it left? If I drop into a friend's house unexpectedly, I honour him for boldly offering me the family fare, without calling it the "children's dinner"—were it even cold veal, the abomination of

the Christian; but when I come as an invited guest, I expect to be made a stranger of, in spite of the formal disclaimer; which of course is only understood to mean, that I shall not have inflicted upon me, as upon the last ceremonial dinner-party, the Dowager Lady Scrubbs, Miss Scrubbs, and the Low-Church curate, who is Miss Scrubbs' admirer, the plateau in the centre, and that questionable champagne which is Jones's besetting social sin; but that I may come in walking-boots, that we shall have a bottle of the old port (and finish it), and a quiet cigar afterwards, the smell of which Mrs. Jones, excellent woman, professes rather to like; an angelic falsehood for which I highly respect her. Your perpetually earnest people, who never say anything but what they mean, seem always brimful of unpleasant truths and ill-natured opinions. What they call plain-speaking is more than plain; it is positively ugly-speaking; and in nineteen cases out of twenty, does more harm than good. We all speak our minds plainly enough as it is for the peace of society; perhaps in some cases rather too much so. Indeed, if a little more of that reticence and smooth language which we call conventional politeness were used in our home life, many a household would be all the happier for it. If husbands and wives preserved more of those "formulas" towards each other which they adopt in their intercourse with society, they would be not greater hypocrites, and far more agreeable companions. If our young ladies carried a little more of their drawing-room manners into the family circle, it would be a greater improvement than the contrary process of introducing the free-and-easy realities of temper and selfishness into company. If company manners are unpleasant, it is because we feel they are company manners, and know that the smile and the kind word are not equally ready for home occasions. Our old friend Sir Morgan O'Doherty, amongst his invaluable "maxims for marrying," advises a man, if possible, to engage himself as housemaid in the family, if he wants to know anything of the real

dispositions of the daughters. It may be done, he says, with "tact and close shaving." Those salutary curbs and checks which society imposes upon our lower natures should also be imposed upon ourselves in our most familiar intercourse, when those only are present whose presence is no restraint. What may be hollowness and falsehood, if put on occasionally for a purpose, is self-control if exercised in this way upon principle. Half the amenities of life depend on it. It is the broad distinction between the household of the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant,—a far more important distinction than any which money, and dress, and daily fare can make,—that, in the one case, the courtesies of life are more or less observed even between the closest relatives, and in the other, human nature shows herself in all her natural ugliness, and disdains the control of what we call conventionalisms. And to paint the households of the lower classes as happier or more virtuous, in ordinary cases, than those of the wealthy and refined, may be very pungent satire, but is as untrue a picture as ever was painted as a representation of actual life. As a rule the fact is quite otherwise; not because human nature is better or worse in corduroy than in velvet, but because among the poor you see every human passion in its coarsest and least artificial form, and are brought into contact with "nature and her veracities" with a vengeance. The naked truth is a pretty allegory, but it may be rather a gross exhibition. There are many low necessities of our nature which we are all glad to veil under recognised conventionalities; we cannot get rid of them; they are living "veracities" of which we are all too conscious in ourselves and in each other; but at least we need not parade them.

And as we are not bound to exhibit ourselves *in puris naturalibus*, either mentally or bodily, so in dealing with others we are wise in using a somewhat idealised estimate of their characters. If Christian charity bids us think and hope the best of

every man, no less does social policy call upon us to treat every man as better than he really is. "*Vult sibi quisque credi.*" If you want to be listened to by a mob of the great unwashed, address them as "gentlemen." If you would have your boy at school open and honest and true, as a boy should be, always deal with him as if it were impossible to believe him otherwise. The worst masters, and the worst served, are those whose eyes are open to every servant's faults, and who take care to let them know it. He who insists on poking his nose into every corner, will make more discoveries than his neighbours, no doubt, but not always of the most useful or the most agreeable kind. The current of life runs all the smoother for having a dash of honest falsehood. If we are to reduce everything to its reality, we shall have left us as the residuum, not only a very unpoetical world, but a very uncomfortable one.

One hardly ventures to speak here of that old-fashioned chivalry which sees in every woman a "fair ladye," and vows that it lives only to do her suit and service; such fancies, we know, are all too unreal for this practical age; but shall we have the lover bound down too to base realities? Is he too, in his hatred of shams, and honest scorn at all conventional usage, to be careful to discriminate between the real and the imaginary in the lady of his love? After all, as Congreve says, "Beauty is the lover's gift." We make our own divinities. The idol whom you worship, my dear young sir, and see in her nothing but perfection of soul and form—we know her to be dumpy, we don't believe in her accomplishments, and suspect her to be not immaculate on the point of temper; but we don't wish you to think so,—on no account; we conceal our scepticism carefully from you; and if ever your eyes are opened to the realities of this subject, we trust that it will be by a long and gradual process which may soften the effect of such knowledge when it comes, and which we, who are of the initiated, would not willingly hasten by an hour; for the

fruit of such knowledge of good and evil is not to be desired, though it make one wise.

"Skin a Russian," it is said, "and you will find the Tartar underneath." The proverb may be true, in many senses, of the Englishman as well as the Russian. Strip any of us to the core, and even our most intimate friends might fail to recognise us. But is it absolutely necessary to go through this miserable process? Are we not all the prettier to look at, and quite as good for use, for a little outside? Does not Nature herself give us a lesson in this, that she conceals under a fair smooth cuticle the system of nerves, and sinews, and blood-vessels, which, when uncovered, make but a ghastly show? Let us protest, then, in the name of common sense and comfort, against this philosophy of the dissecting-room. Let us neither anatomise others, nor submit to be thus operated upon ourselves. Let the play of life proceed. Let us lend ourselves with a good grace to its illusions; many of them are pretty and pleasant; few of them are very mischievous; at any rate, we shall gain little by looking behind the scenes. That young lady in the silk and spangles is not a real sylph; granted; but she looks very nice. Why trace her home to the coarse beef-steaks and porter of her mortal supper? If the gallant before us is not all the hero whom he personates, still less is that a real devil who comes in with the red fire. We are all worse—and better—than we seem.

And, if you come to talk of realities, what are realities after all? What is "semblance," and what is "substance?" Who are "I" and "you?" What is the actual idea contained under these little pronouns? because philosophers are by no means agreed even upon this point, whether you and I, properly speaking, are anybody at all—anything more than "formulas," in short. Much has been written upon both sides of the question; a great deal more than I should like to read. Facts? Are there any facts? The Anti-Corn-Law League was a great fact in our time; our posterity may perhaps discover it to have been only an historical fiction. Many things which used to be facts

have now become fables. The Romulus and Remus of our schoolboy days have their very existence questioned. The good wolf who nursed them (of whom we had actually seen pictures, and handled statuettes) turns out to have been, if anything, a shepherd's wife of doubtful character; and *our* Roman History is history no more. Nay, even the History of England, which we all learnt with so much care and pains, was all, it seems, written upon wrong principles. There was no "bloody" Queen Mary, after all, but a meek saint who bore that Christian name, and had a wicked sister called Elizabeth, and was daughter to a good King Henry, who, entirely for his subjects' good, and from motives of the highest philanthropy, consented to be plagued with six wives in succession—quite a different character from the Royal Bluebeard he has been maliciously represented. Were the little princes smothered in the Tower? Was the Red King really killed in the New Forest? Did Louis XVII. die in the Temple prison? We should have had our ears boxed, and very deservedly, any of us, who had the misfortune to be boys five-and-twenty years ago (when boys' ears were not above being boxed), if we had hesitated in our answers about such facts as these. But now, all that can be said with any safety is, nobody knows; and it is rather considered the correct thing to take the negative side on all these questions. The upshot of the universal search after truth seems to be that nobody is anybody, and everybody is somebody else. One inquirer ascertains beyond a doubt that Shakespeare, in whom we all believed next to the Bible, was not Shakespeare at all, but Bacon. Another reopens the great doubt as to the "Author of Waverley," and proves, very much to his own satisfaction, that Sir Walter Scott was, after all, a "sham." A clever Frenchman held that all the classics, with the exception of Homer, Herodotus, and some exceptional half-dozen others, were mere monkish forgeries—the mischievous literary amusements of the writing-schools of the old monasteries. Is clairvoyance a fact? or table-turning? or homœopathy? or the French empire? or the

Indian mutilations? Put these questions to all your friends in succession, and no three of them consecutively will agree in their answers. How is an unfortunate country gentleman to go about looking for facts and realities, and how is he to know them when he meets with them? He may persuade himself that, by virtue of a little natural sense, he knows "what's what," but some more enlightened friend will soon be found to assure him "that's just what it isn't."

The editor of *Household Words*, in a very amusing paper, twits us with our House of Parliament conventionalities amongst others. "Why," he asks, "must every member speak of another as the honourable member for Blankshire—or the noble and learned lord who spoke next after the noble and gallant marquis?"—and so forth? "Why not," says he, "call them by their names at once?" But these forms of circumlocution are not without their use. They make a debate less personal, in the first place; and the formal and precise manner in which each speaker is obliged to designate his opponent, gives him time often to cool his temper and moderate his expressions. He is called upon to remember that he is attacking or replying to, not the man, but the abstract idea—the representative of a certain county or borough, which can have no personal feelings or animosities. For the same reason he addresses, not his rival, but "Mr. Speaker." Would the satirist prefer that free and easy colloquial style of attack and rejoinder which prevails in what we should call, in parliamentary language, "another place"—but let us say for once boldly, in Congress Hall, U. S.? Even the longest periphrasis sounds rather better than what we have lately heard reported in this latter assembly of notables, when one gentleman calls the other "a black republican puppy," and is called to order as "you darned nigger-driver," in return. Yet, when once we drop all these harmless little formalities and circumlocutions, and descend to the personal and conversational style of debate, it is hard to foretell at what point good taste would stop us. Indeed, it seems possible that some of those smart

writers and literary notorieties, should they ever succeed in a very natural and laudable ambition to get into Parliament themselves, would be more indebted to the "forms of the House" than they are now willing to think possible. It might be difficult for the well-known gentleman who entertains us all so agreeably at the Egyptian Hall, to insure a proper amount of grave attention to a speech, under his own proper name, upon any of those important subjects upon which he no doubt has as serious thoughts as other people; most of his hearers would be ready to laugh at once, from the mere force of habit; but if he rose in that august company as "the honourable member for the liberties of Piccadilly," it would save all the proprieties; under this slight veil he becomes at once a recognised Parliamentary entity, quite aloof from Mont Blanc and "the Engineer." Mr. Dickens would hardly like, in a similar position, to be addressed as "Boz," however that monosyllable may be dear to him as the alias of his early fame. And Mr. Thackeray would surely prefer the periphrasis of "the honourable and learned gentleman who represents the city of Oxford"—which really sounds very nice—to the more familiar style of "Titmarsh."

What these writers really mean to teach us—if they really mean anything but bookmaking—by all this cry for realities, is that we should all do our work in this world, and not sham doing it. Most undeniable advice; but we are not all bound to do it in our shirt-sleeves. Much of the world's work must be done in that way; but much also, and that of the best and highest kind, and not done the least effectually, in a more refined and dignified costume. "Never make light of appearances," was the maxim of a wise and good man; "they are something to everybody, and everything to some." There is a large class of minds to which the bishop's "wig and black triangle," and the "horse-hair and learned serjeant gowns of the law"—nay, even the poor beadle's much abused hat—are as proper and seemly distinctions of office as the commonest decent clothing is a need-

ful social distinction between civilised man and the naked and brutal savage. We shall not all of us rejoice in the announcement that our "beef-eaters" are to be stripped of their quaint historical costume, though it is to save the public, we are told, a matter of some pounds per annum. The "clothed embodied justice that sits in Westminster Hall, with penalties, parchments, tipstaves, very visible" *—to Mr. Carlyle's disgust—do we really think she would be purer or more impressive, lolling in her shirt-sleeves, as she is said to do elsewhere, with cigar in her mouth, and her legs elevated on two separate chairs? These showy externals are but make-believes, you say. Well, "populus vult decipi" in more senses than the worst. The most popular form of our abundant cheap literature, it is now admitted on all hands, is not "useful and entertaining knowledge,"—science-and-water, or moral tales, or even immoral—but the grandiloquent, the imaginative, the romantic, and the horrible—the unreal, in short. Nay, it has even been suggested by some social reformers, that one reason why our public executions here, in England, fail to impress the vulgar mind beneficially is, that they are so horribly matter-of-fact; that you strangle a man with little more ceremony than you would a dog; and that, if you would produce the due effect of awe and solemn warning upon the multitude—the only reasonable purpose which such exhibitions can serve—you must adopt the sort of ceremonial used in some Roman Catholic states—you must put on a little tinsel; not merely Mr. Calcraft in his top-boots, the respectable deputy-sheriff in black, and the unimpressive policemen, but soldiers, vested priests, black hangings, and what not. Say what we will of this suggestion, it has at least as much reason in it as another and quite opposite proposal which has respectable supporters—that we should put our great criminals out of the way quietly, before certain chosen witnesses. There have been periods in the history of our own, as well as of

other countries, when this zeal for the destruction of so-called shams became the ruling principle; but the substance which it brought to light was scarcely edifying. The French revolutionists of 1789 voted royalty, and titles of nobility, and forms of religion—shams; and the realities whom they worshipped were a cowardly dictator in a sky-blue coat, with a perpetual nosegay, and a goddess of reason in—nothing at all. Sansculottism—truth without breeches! it was hardly a step in advance even of the ruffles and periwigs of the Bourbons. The English republicans of 1647 in like manner protested against crowns and mitres, and all such conventional gear: they could only recognise "the man Charles Stuart;" they whined and droned to each other in a formula of scriptural cant, ten thousand times more ridiculous, and more disgusting to any healthy mind, than the most fawning compliments which "flunkysism" ever dictated to Stuart or Bourbon; and were brought up at last, under "the man Oliver," by a despotism which was a reality stern enough, whatever other things might be. If any one supposes that the *tutoyer* style of language involves primitive innocence and simplicity, let him try to get a bargain out of a Quaker. "I told thee, friend, the mare had no faults—broken wind is her misfortune." By all means let us be careful to call things by their right names.

It is very difficult for writers in these days to be original, except by a vigorous attack upon established opinions, or departure from ordinary restraints. Society must have an outside; and to seize and hold up to ridicule the weak places in this, is a strong temptation to keen wits and active minds. Sterne knew well how to attract the attention of an audience dulled by continual sermonising, when after giving out his text on one occasion, he immediately started with—"That I deny." The divine who could hazard a negation of received Scripture was sure to be listened to: he might have only preached his hearers asleep with the

* Past and Present.

soundest arguments in support of it. When the celebrated Hardouin was remonstrated with on the absurdity of some of his paradoxes—"Do you think," said he, "that I get up at four o'clock in the morning to say what everybody else does?" So let

us presume that we are not to take all this new-fashioned cynicism in the very letter of its meaning; there may be a sham-philosophy as well as any other sham, which this present plea is by no means intended to include.

THE LIGHT ON THE HEARTH.—PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

*"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land."*

THE stately homes of England! They have no equals. It may be right to carp at their architectural defects. As edifices, as masses of stone and mortar, they may be incongruities, defiances of art; but see them as homes set in the midst of nature—take them with their accompaniments of tree and shrub and park, their accessories of garden, covert, stream, woodland, and wilderness, of glade, grove, and dell—and they present a harmony, a whole, a perfectness of pictorial effect, a unison, a community between man and creation, which seldom characterises palazzo, Rhine castle, château, quinta, casino, villa, or kiosk. Their association with nature, too, is no off-hand connection, no arm's-length meeting. Up to their very threshold sweeps the green turf; the boughs of trees hang over their roof-tops; the light breezes breathe on their casements, and bear with them the song of birds and the smell of flowers. The narrow gravelled walk or carriage-drive, the light palings, make no line of demarcation, raise no barrier; the eye passes straight from window to portico, to turfey terraces, grassy slopes, clumps of trees, and the waving shades of giant oaks, the moving forms of grazing herds, and the passing flight of wings; the ear takes in at once the caw of rook, the carol of the thrush, the gentle symphonies of the wind passing through the grasses and leafy branches, the sound of "some rejoicing stream,"

or the murmuring of a brook; the sense inhales at once odours from flower-beds, fragrance from shrub, freshness from surrounding verdure.

The man in his home stands face to face, with Nature; his life goes forth to mingle with her life, his soul hourly and daily feels her presence.

As the homes are, so mostly are the men who live in them. Not moulded by conventional art or form, perhaps, but fresh, strong, and useful, hearty and heartfelt, drawing from nature the culture which many seek only in social refinements, and dashing the mannerism of breeding and ton with the free impulses caught from fellowship with the outer world.

Such a home was Penhaddoc Park—such a man was old Squire Grenfell. The old man in his home was a portrait well set. It was a bright gladsome place, stately enough, but with more of beauty than stateliness. All other effects were sacrificed here to beauty. All the rules of landscape-making were violated again and again to let in the sunshine, to preserve an old tree, to encourage a wilderness of wildlings and briers, to retain an old moss-grown bridge, an old knove, where early flowers grew, or to keep the old road winding under mossy banks, and betwixt old oaks and beeches, or through a deep dingle. The house had in itself no especial character, came under no particular denomination of style; was merely substantial and handsome. The

wings, with their bay mullioned windows, were connected by a rather heavy colonnade, from which a short flight of granite steps led down to the gravelled path. Whatever there was of formality, or coldness in the structure was toned by the white smoothness of the stone, and the invasion of ivy and Virginian creeper, which were allowed free swing and play for their luxuriant fancies. In front stretched a fair wide vista of park scenery, intercepted only by an old oak which stood before the library window. It was an old tree, but as an oak had scarcely passed its *première jeunesse*, and was lusty and burly in the full strength of gnarled trunk and vigorous spreading boughs. Artists, landscape-gardeners, formalists, hygeists, had again and again spoken its doom. It spoiled the view, destroyed the perspective, darkened the windows, made the walls damp; spite of all, it had stood. It had roots deeper and stronger than its own—old memories, early-day associations and recollections, which were twisted and twined around the Squire's heart—these made its safety. On the other side, near the drawing-room, was a Portugal laurel, in which a nightingale had built its nest. This was also sacred; and at night, when the mellow rich "jug, jug" was heard, the piano and harp and song would be hushed in deference to the natural melody, which poured in through the open casements. To the right, a narrow path ran through a shrubbery, thick and luxuriant with thorn, syringa, laurel, arbutus, acacia, and the hundred-and-one plants which in English ruralism vary every shade of green and every shape of blossom. In the midst, a rhododendron had annexed a large share of the sward by throwing up shoots in every direction, which spread around in masses of flower and leaf, sloping downwards, tent-like, in folds of foliage from the parent stem. Beneath this covert the rabbits had formed a colony; and it was curious enough, ever and anon to see a broad leaf move upward mysteriously and then a head and ears protrude themselves, or a tail and legs disappear suddenly. After a while, the path, growing narrower and more mazed by the grass,

and underwood, would be lost altogether in tangles of briar and bushes. The drive wound, as has already been said, in most meandering turns, avoiding all broad and straight effects, and leading suddenly on glimpses and unexpected touches of beauty. Another and shorter road led towards the gardens and stables, through what was called the Lady's Meadow. There the grass grew in long thick tufts, and along the hedge the turkeys, in their season, sat brooding in state; and there also stood an oak, lone and solitary, an hermit, without companion or kind, and subject, from its isolation, to the degradation of having carrion for the hounds suspended from it by hooks. Garden-trees threw their shade over the meadow, and a tiny stream trickled through it, stagnating here and there in tiny pools. From a tragic legend attached to one of these the meadow had its name. It was said that a lady of the Grenfell race and her lover had wandered forth into the meadow on a moonlight night. They were seen last linked arm and arm, strolling towards the streamlet. In the morn she was found lying on her face in the water: her lover was never seen or heard of again. Of course, her spirit haunted the spot, and had been seen again and again by domestics who loved the moon. Quamino, on one of his visits to the butler, had seen with his own eyes the thin white form floating on the pond, and could never be persuaded that it was one of the swans making a moonlight voyage.

If there was some pretence to regularity in the front of the house, the back denied it altogether; scoffed at, repudiated, and set it at naught entirely. It had been witness and residuary legatee to every vagary and whim which every successive Grenfell had conceived. There was a sort of family sacredness about the front, but here every wicked will had worked itself out most recklessly. A bow had been thrown from a study, and projected like the back of an oven; a latticed window had been set in a boudoir, a small balcony thrust from a nursery, and a verandah over the bower-room faced the garden-house, a quaint old place,

built of spars and unhewn stones, and covered with mosses, ivy, and periwinkle. It looked as if some of the minor designs and sketches in books on architecture had been pasted together, and placed side by side. These eccentricities, however, looked forth on a scene consistent and perfect in its prettiness. Beds of verbenas and heliotrope, baskets of roses and carnations, groups of sweet-william and pansies were set and shaped on the green sward, o'er which trailed many a wilding bough and bud; old stumps, from which fell clusters of rich red creepers, stood here and there, and there was a row of them with bright festoons hanging from one to the other; lilacs, box, privet and guelder roses, lightly fenced in the sides of this garden-plot; and at the top, a low hedge of brier and eglantine, with hop-tops fantastically wreathing and shooting out above, only half hid the clover and corn fields beyond. In different corners were turf or wooden seats placed, so as to catch the changes of the sunlight, and a wide vista opened to the setting sun. 'Twas a summer eve, and old Squire Grenfell loitered about on the gravelled path in front of his house, now stopping to pat a dog, now to take a look across the park, and now to give a passing word to his lady, who sat beneath the colonnade. He was the squire of other days, so often portrayed, so well remembered by all who can look back beyond this age of utilitarianism. Ripe as an old wine, ruddy as an autumn, sturdy as an old tree, he was the very type of his class. The locks were partly grey, which fell behind his ears, and the clear blue eye was calm and steady; the face was fresh and unwrinkled, and the form was falling from its muscular set into that half looseness, which, ere it degenerates into bulkiness or obesity, looks well and comely with old age. The Squire seemed attired for a ride. Judging by the brown tops, the cords, the blue coat with plain brass buttons and broad flaps, the double-breasted kerseymere waistcoat, the hat low-crowned and broad-brimmed, and the whip stuck in the pocket, he was always conceiving that intent, for this was his invari-

able out-door dress. Invariable, out door and in, was the white cravat laid in full loose folds, and fastened by an old diamond-brooch, and the long watch-chain, with a massive bunch of seals at the end.

A traditionary character had descended with the Grenfells from generation to generation. Men of the open air, men of the field, men of the home, men of narrow spheres and large sympathies, of few duties and strong feelings, of simple lives and single purposes; they were ever behind their age in fashion; in advance of it in feeling; below it in enlightenment and intellectual culture; before it in moral impulses and truthfulness; laggards, perhaps, in political wisdom, but honest, faithful administrators of their several functions. The character, as it passed downwards, though preserving its nature originally, took a tone from the different ages. The father of our Squire was of the thorough sporting class, and on returning thanks, when the health of the newborn son and heir was drunk, was reported to have said, "That he hoped to bring him up as a good sportsman and a good Christian." The son inherited the love of field-sports, but refined them by other pursuits and acquirements. He was still, however, earnest in the belief that a gentleman should be also a man, that he should support the superiority of his class by manly attributes, as well as by mental endowments or conventional graces; and held, that to acquire these, other nurture was required than that of the closet or *salon*. Now and then, however, he showed a taint of the old leaven, especially on the judgment-seat; there he enacted the laws of the field like a very Draco, though in other cases his sentences might have been written in milk. Once he astonished the bench of brother magistrates, by inveighing bitterly and violently against a poor wretch who stood in the box for some petty offence of trespass or poaching, and shouting out, when asked what he knew against him, "Know against him! Why, that fellow would murder his father, would rob a church—do anything; last week he ginned a

fox." One of his peculiarities was, to perform all his journeys on horse-back, a servant riding behind with the saddle-bags; and he had never been seen inside a carriage, except on the occasion of his being sheriff, and then he fidgeted and tossed on his seat, to the great discomposure of ermined dignity. Ofttimes such homes and such men are marred by *mesalliances*. A fine lady—a vulgar or artificial one—a fashionable lioness or an amazon, would have jarred on the harmony of the whole. Luckily, like met like here. Of an old country stock like his own, the wife could sympathise with his pursuits, his principles, and even his fancies. Feminine, but not delicate, healthful in mind and spirit, she could participate in most of his tastes, could understand all; could listen to the details of the fox-chase, or the killing of a salmon; could give advice on laying out the grounds or cutting down a tree, and ever administered the details of charity, as women alone can do. Gentleness, the gentleness of the heart, was her charter of ladyhood, a gentleness which repudiated falsetto tones, or the acted mannerism of phrase or gesture, and reposed on an innate tranquillity and nobility of soul. Gentleness! most beautiful of the moral attributes; most pleasant of the social! Blessed be its presence! Blessed ever be that spirit which garbs itself in love and charity; which looks even on error with sweetest pity, and has courtesy for all and every one; which shrinks not only from words and thoughts which wound or sting, as philanthropists would turn from a worm in their path, but will not even harshly rub the down from such butterfly wings as foibles and prejudices. In this gentleness she was educated for the mission of almoner, a friend to the poor. In those times such missions were supposed to need education and training. It was then thought a necessary preparation to learn the language of the hearts, feelings, and habits of the people, for whom the mission was meant; not to rush upon them as on a tribe of Ashantees, or, with the zeal of Crusaders, fiercely enforce it on the masses of ignorance and sin. So it was then, so it

will be again, when the enthusiasm of missions has subsided, and the theories of regeneration and development have fallen back into the old beaten world-worn tracks. Gentle she looked as the evening sunlight fell on the soft face, which yet retained the autumn shade of bloom, and on the soft silky hair, streaked here and there with silvery braids, and on the full figure, sunk now in graceful repose. She was reading and knitting by turns, or indulging in that musing reverie, which *habits* of the world would call dulness, but which, perhaps, are among the most delicious of life's calmer pleasures: a few summer plants grouped around filled in the picture.

The dog, the sporting dog, was largely represented there and then by patriarchs of tribes. Under the old oak lay an old Talbot, the last of a race, with his huge head stretched between his paws, and his large ears hanging down like the leaves of a giant cactus. With half-shut eyes he followed his master's movements, watching for signs of a start. Old Grouse, the pointer, of the old breed and old time, when steadiness and strength were more thought of than fleetness, deep-chested, broad-nosed, and strong-legged, took turn and turn with the Squire, pacing when he paced, halting when he halted, and seeming to take the same interest in the view. A small Blenheim gambolled about his mistress, or made sudden rushes on a stray rabbit, arousing from their corners or explorations spaniels and terriers, and drawing them on by his noise to join him in a *melée razzia*, in the fastnesses of the rhododendron.

Presently the Squire's face brightened as he exclaimed, "By Jove, here they come!" And then, like a bright gleam, Rose on her pony was seen through the intervals of the shrubs, through the branches of the great trees, and by the dancing, leaping water, as she cantered up the park. Behind her, very unlike a bright gleam, came Quamino, sorely tried by the cantrips of Pepperpot, sorely tried by his gold-laced hat. That hat was to him what crown and sceptre are to some monarchs, what

diamonds are to dowagers, what ribbons are to courtiers, at once a glory and a trial. It had brought him into all sorts of scrapes and troubles. It was always coming into contact with doorways or boughs, was always being carried off by chance gusts, or tipped from its equilibrium by any odd movement. Once, when perched on a branch sconce at a meeting-house, it had furnished the preacher with an illustration of the wicked, who bring their gold and their silver into the house of the Lord. It must be confessed that it was a strange head to fix a dignity upon. Like Sancho Panza's, if mitres had been rained on it from heaven, 'tis doubtful if any had fitted it. Had the efforts of Christie and Co., the handyworks of Collet à Paris, the fezzes, turbans, sombreros, Panamas, and wide-awakes, from all parts and all lands, been poured upon it in a full shower, 'tis a question if any one would have found an easy or comfortable fit. Nature had intended that head to be unadorned save by its woolly covering. So thought not Quamino, who never rose to the height of his grandeur until the hat was fixed upon it.

"Ah! Rose, Rose, sweet, blooming Rose, my summer flower, here you are at last," said the Squire, kissing her cheek, and lightly fondling her golden curls as he lifted her from the pony.

"Well, god-pa, you give me prettier names than Quamino, for he is always singing something about Rose, Rose, my coal-black Rose; whether he means me or not, I don't know," said she, laughing, as she was handed onwards to the caresses of Dame Grenfell.

Meanwhile Trevenna and his wife had arrived by the short cut through the lady's meadow, and we, Gerald Grenfell and myself, emerged from the gardens, where he had been making a sort of exploratory expedition, and made the group and the greetings complete.

The dogs, too, had their greeting. The Talbot and Domingo touched noses with a cold courtesy, after the fashion of Oxonians, or Englishmen meeting abroad. Grouse was less stiff, though also very stately in his

welcome; the rest were more demonstrative, some cringing and fawning round him, some making furtive rushes, and giving little short yelps at him, behaving generally as little things do in the presence of a great one.

"Don't you think, god-pa, I am improved in my riding?" said Rose, after a while, looking up in the old man's face; "did you see how I held Snowdrop in hand, and how well I kept him at his paces coming up the park?"

"Oh yes, you are growing a perfect horsewoman, quite a Di Vernon; I shall be taking you to the cover side with me soon; and as for Quamino, he is getting such a first-rate jockey, that I must get him to ride the next steeple-chase for me."

"Ah, Massa Squire, you pokey de fon at Quamino. How can ride that old debil? I tink him always hab a fly under him tail. Me want him to go so" (imitating an amble), "to look quite proper in de town with Missey Rose, and den him surely give plunge and kick, and me go up and up, and de hat bomp and bomp, and all de little boys laugh. Oh, him tarned ole debil, dat Pepperpot."

"Well, never mind, Quamino, we will mount you better some day," said the Squire; "I am glad, however, to see that you have that fine hat still. They told me that the lads wrestled for it at the Whitsun games."

"Hil! Squire, dat all de game of dat Bob Mullis; me gib him hiccory-nut for dat."

This was a sore subject, one of the trials he had undergone in behoof of his hat. The story was, that standing one day by the ring at a wrestling-match, with the hat well to the front, some wag had toppled it over, and that it was there and then seized by the sticklers as a gage of battle. Quamino, following it eagerly, was also set upon; speedily swathed in a wrestling-jacket, and to his great surprise found himself in the grip of a practised player, who, after exhibiting him in all his attitudes and grimaces to an admiring audience, laid him playfully on his back. On rising, the first thing he saw was his hat, the hat, stuck on the pole upon which the prizes were usually ex-

hibited, labelled "For the best man." His rage and fury then were most grotesque, and made the joke and laugh of many an after day.

Moving on to the portico, he made a most elegant obeisance to the lady of the house. "Me hope me see de laady berry well to-night, and dat all de fam'ly quite well."

"Very well, I thank you, Quamino," was the reply; and she too had then her quiet fling at him.

"I hear that you were at the meeting for the abolition of slavery last night. I hope you were edified, and gave them some valuable information on the subject."

"Yes, me dere, laady, and me neber hear sich fool-man's talk. Dere one preacher dat call me 'him poor black broder.' Me scorn de connection. Me hab white blood in me veins, me hab white heart, and me tink that dis tight skin, tho' it war a leetly black, look more better dan him scarecrow carcass; so me tell dem."

Thus Quamino was passed on from one to the other, like a liqueur, until he came to our turn, and was then assailed with one of the old jokes, for schoolboys are not often inventive in their wit.

"Halloa, Quamino, how many blue beans make five?" an arithmetical problem which always posed and bothered him sorely.

"Ili, massa Gerald, you raally too cleber—too cleber for Quamino. You see dem five crow on de tree. Now, 'spose you bang and kill two, how many left—eh?"

"How many left? why, three, to be sure."

"No; dey wasn't. Dey sabe too much for that. Dey fly away. Me tink young gemmen at class'cal school know more better dan dat." And away he marched, strutting and chuckling at his triumph.

Tea was brought round in the open air, and with it all kinds of cakes, and baskets of fresh fruit just plucked. Then we all strolled through the shrubbery, and by a little wood path down towards the brook, the elders moving on quietly and sedately; we, the young fry and the dogs, scampering and scouring over the banks and through the copse, startling birds, and trampling

down moss and wild-flowers. In a little dell by the water's edge was a quaint old summer-house, perched on the top of some old roots, twisted, twined, and knotted into a fantastic framework. Over it hung the shadow of a tree, and behind was a beetling rock overgrown with mosses and creepers, which had spread themselves over the thatched roof, and fell trailing wild wreaths and festoons down the sides and front. From either mossy seat within, the rivulet could be traced in all its windings, and the ripple of its waves over the pebbles mingled softly there with the rustling of boughs and leaves, and the playing of the breeze. The setting sun now lit the pools into a bright glow, and little gusts ever and anon swept over them, ruffling and dimpling them for a moment; swarms of flies flitted over them, and here and there the rise of a trout left a tiny widening circle of waves. 'Twas the scene of a summer eve. Who has not seen it? Yet who would tire to see it again and again, bringing fresh beauty, new thoughts, at each repetition. When such things pall, shut up the book of nature, close this word of God, for it has no longer a sign, or voice, or inspiration, for the soul.

An open glade was our playground; there, too, the mothers sat on an old trunk. In the summer-house Trevenna and the Squire held converse more serious and confidential than their wont.

"I didn't see you on the bench to-day, Trevenna," said the Squire, after some interesting observations as to whether the trout that rose in the pool under the rock was the one he had hooked the day before, or whether the mist rising from the river was a sign of heat or rain. "There was not much business, no poaching, though that fellow Tom Nicholl was brought up on suspicion of throwing lime into the river to kill the fish. We had, however, rather a serious case of house-breaking. By the by, did you ever hear anything more of the fellow who gave you that fright? I should have thought that you and the dog and Quamino would have tackled him, though I don't think

much of the darkie's pluck; the dog, however, was to be depended on, and you used to have a firm strong grip. I never met with anything of that sort," continued he, maundering back into old recollections; "but a curious circumstance occurred once to me in looking after poachers. My father one day discovered a wire near the west-end plantation, and saw the gap by which the man who set it had come and gone. In the evening he took me—quite a boy then—with him to watch the spot. It was agreed that I should remain close by the wire, and that he should make a detour, and return in another direction, avoiding the gap. It was almost dark; and I remember that my heart beat quickly at the excitement and novelty of my situation. Suddenly in the gap there appeared the figure of a man cautiously and quietly climbing over the hedge. I made one rush, and sprang upon him as he came down; we grappled and fell together on the grass, tumbling over and over in the struggle. He was stronger and heavier than I was, and I felt my strength failing, and a dizziness coming over my eyes; he was fumbling, too, to get free play for a short stick he carried: in a sort of despair I raised my hand to strike, when a gleam of moonlight fell upon us, and I saw my father's face. He had come back, contrary to agreement, by the gap, and each had taken the other for the poacher. I never trembled so as at that moment, and my father could not look at me for days without shuddering at the thought of what might have happened."

Some faces show emotion by deep flushes or fiery eye-flashes, some by a cold pallor, and a fixedness of eye and feature. As the Squire went on and on with his story, a paleness came o'er Trevenna's face, and the features grew still, cold, and fixed as stone.

"I never could think," rambled on the Squire, returning to the first idea, "what that fellow's motive could have been. Why he passed all the passages and closets where the plate or valuables might have been, and how he stumbled on the child's room is a mystery to me."

Turning round, he saw the paleness on his friend's face grow more deadly, and the drops of perspiration stand coldly on the forehead. "I have said something to hurt you now, Trevenna—have touched some sore. If there be anything painful or embarrassing in this matter, let it pass by for ever. John Grenfell is not the man to unkennel any one's secret. But if there be aught in which a helping hand or kindly thought can aid or comfort you, speak it out, man. The second barrel often brings down the bird, and a second head may wing a difficulty. At any rate, a clean breast often makes a free heart. So, let it be as you will, silence or council; you may trust me for either. Our fathers for many generations have been friends and play-fellows, and I would be true to you for the sake of old associations, if nothing else. Say the word, then—shall it be a still tongue or open heart betwixt us?"

At this appeal Trevenna's face changed and changed again, showing the deep workings of an inward struggle. Once or twice he made an effort as if to speak; but the words seemed to stick in the throat, and there would come instead a low gurgling sound, and the dead pallor would return, and the cold sweat-drops burst forth afresh. At last he seemed to gather up his strength into resolve; the inward workings settled into a calm; the throes of heart-pain subsided, and then, laying his hand on the Squire's arm, he revealed in fitful, fervid utterances the story of a life.

"Yes," he said; "I will tell all. There may be much of shame in my story, much of error; but there has been also much suffering, much retribution; and though the doom of expiation may be not yet fulfilled, I feel that my soul has through the long years gradually been clearing itself from the degradation of its one sin; and since God has given me my sweet child, it has been no longer dark; and come what will now, whilst that blessing remains, there will be light on my heart, light in my soul. You know, John Grenfell, how that at my father's death our family property was found to have dwindled

and dwindled in successive generations, until there was little left, save some plantations in the West Indies, which had always been managed by an agent, and with which we never concerned ourselves much, as long as the proceeds were regular and ample; and how we, my brother John and myself, resolved to set forth for our Barbadian estates, and see what fortune and endeavour might do for us there, rather than stay at home, and find our property falling off field by field, and ourselves sinking gradually down to the state of poor gentlemen.

"Well, away we started—young, strong, and sanguine—differing in temperament, but united enough in feeling and intent to be good yoke-fellows in the earnest work before us. The sphere was new, not very genial perhaps, or very accordant with old habits and early training; yet it had its excitements and attractions. We found on our estates the usual effects of absenteeism. The land had deteriorated, and fallen into disorder; the buildings were dilapidated, and the slaves were suffering from the grossest neglect and maltreatment. Here was work to do, and we stood to it manfully. Year by year we began to reap results; prosperity dawned before us; order and well-being sprang up around. With our slaves we were especially successful. It is some time ere fresh young blood yields to the influences of climate, and the young fresh nature equally resists for a while the influences of vicious habits and society. Thus in the strength of our own hearts, still pulsing with home feelings, we were able quietly and calmly to carry out our work of reform on those around us. Character always tells, even on slaves, and we soon found that we could do more by personal influences than many had effected by the strictest penal systems,—could do often more by word or look than by whip or shackle. John, especially at first, had a wonderful mastery over them. His nature took more with them than mine. His strength, his jovial spirit, his humour, had great attractions for them. They chimed in well with their own rough sports, their love of fun and drollery. They

would do anything—even work—for him; and his voice, laugh, or presence would always set them agog, and draw out all the best points of their nature. He was their constant theme and admiration. 'Hi!' they would say, 'dere Massa John—how him walk—how him talk—how him work—how him laugh—and, my gar, how him drink!' alluding to his practice of quaffing large goblets of cane-juice at a draught. Thus all went well; we lived on and on, prospering, toiling in kindly brotherhood of hope and intent. In these days of our confidence, under the influence of the feeling of community, which so often grows up betwixt men labouring and succeeding together, we made an agreement, a bond, that whatever wealth was won should be common; that in case of one dying, the survivor should inherit all—that should one be childless, the children of the other should be heirs to both; and there even gleams upon me a vague consciousness—a dark recollection—that, more than this, there was a compact binding us to unite the property by marriage, should one have sons and the other only a daughter or daughters; and that, failing this contract, the whole inheritance should go in the male line—so anxious were we to preserve our newly-gotten gain from the causes which had frittered away and exhausted our ancestral estates. This clause has haunted me of late like a spectre, and is more a dread than a reality.

"About this time our common interest compelled a temporary separation, and I went away to superintend a plantation in a different part of the island. Here I was alone, without companionship, without communion, and soon found that isolation is more dangerous to the soul even than free society. I began to lose that elasticity and buoyancy which often protects the heart from debasement or corruption, and keeps it bounding and rising continually above temptation and beyond the passions. My energy, too, took a more selfish aim and purpose, and my spirit grew unsocial and less sympathising. Then came my trial and my fall. In a hut near my own house, close to the gate, so that I must needs pass it in all my

outgoings and incomings, lived a mulatto girl with an old crone, her natural or adopted mother. They belonged to the property, yet, in some way, had gained a privileged exemption from the usual routine of labour, and performed only such light service about the house and grounds as they chose. They were from Grenada, and the girl showed signs of Spanish blood in her fine rich colour, her oval face, full voluptuous figure, and in the easy grace with which she moved. Ever as I came and went, she stood before me a present temptation—obtruded before me in all her attractions. At first I withstood it well, and felt nought but indifference. Then use had its effects, and the cravings for some companionship wrought upon me. Our salutations became longer, our meetings more frequent. I looked for them, then sought for them, and then—'twas the old story—we fell. From that hour my peace was gone. The spell of passion soon passed away, but the curse of sin clove to me, and entered into my life. I was no longer alone. With me and beside me was one who influenced my every action; whose presence was a daily debasement, drawing down my soul step by step in pollution and misery. The nature of this girl was base, below the ordinary level of her kind; her temper and passions were strong, fierce, and wayward. Money, finery, pleasure, were her sole objects. If thwarted in her taste, she would become furious, demon-like, and soon I scarcely dared to provoke these bursts. A love of power and a vindictiveness towards those who offended or displeased her, often showed themselves in little acts of tyranny and oppression, in which, God help me! I was often an unwilling abettor; and I became the veriest slave on the plantation—a slave with the sense of slavery hanging on me as a millstone. In time a child was born—a son. It could bring no joy, no pride, yet for the time it was a bond and tie between us. This soon ceased. The boy grew up vicious and wilful. It was in vain I strove to curb or subdue his passions. The mother fostered and fed them by indulgence, by example, by every encouragement.

Very early appeared signs of that deep and innate depravity which makes one shudder for the future. In the vices of the child I saw the coming retribution of the man. In my own heart there dwelt a sense of moral degradation, and I saw this ever and ever reflected in the bearing of those around me. The obedience paid was more that of fear than respect, and I missed the cordial confiding tone which once existed in the intercourse betwixt me and my people. The bearing of dependants, like the shadows on a dial, indicate the stages and changes in the moral revolutions. I was fallen, and, as a consequence, self was more and more in the ascendance. My only thought was to get rich—to make money enough to escape and throw off the fetters, the irons of which entered into my very soul. God forgive me! to this thought I sacrificed everything—for this I toiled, for this I wrought, for this I taxed hardly and relentlessly the labour of others, for this I racked the land under my care; and I was growing rich. The hour of release seemed near, the day of liberty was already dawning.

“Meanwhile, all I saw and heard of my brother was far from comforting. His free jovial temperament made him more susceptible of the vitiating influences of the society around him. Gradually he yielded and yielded; the temptations fastened themselves into habits. The debauch became more frequent—excess habitual. The canker of daily vice was eating into his fine nature, spreading and stretching its roots through mind and body. He was not so far gone, however, but that a saving hand might have drawn him back from the abyss. I tried, but I had lost my power. My own sin paralysed my arm, and made my tongue falter. Yet there was hope—hope that his nature might rebound and recover itself. This hope was soon lost. In one of his reckless fits he proposed to, and then married, a Creole lady. Her character toned rather with the encouragement of his vices than with their reform. Her influence became paramount—mine was repudiated, my counsel rejected and my own sin thrown in

my face. Hence we lived apart—seldom meeting—never with affection or in confidence; but rumours came to me of increased profligacy—of health, means, and character wasted in debauchery—of a temper soured by vice and disease; and soon, very soon, it began to be heard that the popular planter was becoming a tyrant,—that punishment, harsh and intemperate, inflicted in haste and passion, was more and more frequent on his estate—that complaints, innumerable, then words of wrath and threats of vengeance, were muttered sullenly and secretly among the people with whom he was once a sort of idol. The time was a crisis with us both. To me, thank God, it brought only warning—a dread, dark warning—fearful enough, bitter enough; to him it brought death—an evil, violent death. Oh, God! I scarce dare to recall the events of that time; memory revolts against passing back again across those dark limits. But it must be told." Here Trevenna gasped, as if for breath and strength, ere he went on with the story of his life. "It was a hot, sultry afternoon, and I was sitting in my room with closed blinds, striving to be cool—striving to forget the growing misery at my heart—striving to see brighter spots in the future, when suddenly my son entered, his face flushed, and his eyes glaring with intoxication. He had grown now into youth, and we had become all but estranged. Our meetings were only altercations—reproof on my side, and insolence and anger on his. He only sought me to get money. That was his errand now. Heated and excited, he demanded a larger supply than ever I had granted before. I remonstrated; he persisted with insults and oaths. Roused from my forbearance, I gave a flat denial, and ordered him from my presence. Scarce had I spoken, when—oh, God! it is too horrible to speak—his hand lifted and raised a knife to strike me—me, his father. Horror paralysed me; I could not move hand or foot to arrest the blow. The blade gleamed before my eyes. At the instant Domingo, then almost a puppy, sprang from

his place at my feet at the raised arm. The blow was turned, and the knife fell with broken force on the dog's ribs. His growls and the noise brought Quamino to the spot. The wretched boy was disarmed, and led away, yelling out imprecations and threats. I was left alone—alone with my thoughts—alone with my conscience. 'Twas a dark, dark hour. Those only who have wrestled with remorse, and stood face to face with the doom of retribution, can know the agony of such hours.

"Scarcely had the sweat-drops dried on my forehead, my limbs ceased to tremble, or my heart to beat so wildly, when a horse's steps were heard, and a man galloped up to the door to say that my brother was dead—had died in the night of a fit—was found lying dead in his balcony in the morning.

"My own woe made me callous for the moment—hard, stony. I had no grief—no tear for my brother. I could scarce comprehend who or what it was that had been taken from me. Mechanically I went with the messenger—mechanically went on and on—on through the cane fields—on through the avenue of cocoa-nut trees—on through the door—up the stairs—on to the balcony, and there he lay on the floor—he, my brother—dead. There he lay, stricken in the fulness of life. Taken in the midst of enjoyment, a shattered glass was beside him—a cigar lay in the poor clasped fingers. Could this bloated, discoloured corpse be he who had so lately stood beside me strong, lusty, and lifeful—who, a few years since, had started forth with me fresh, ardent, and hopeful? And here was the end—death, sin, misery. For a while I knelt down by him alone; all the early memories—all the early hope—all the early thoughts, came rushing back, and with them came the early feelings, softening and hallowing the heart, and kindling it into prayer; and there, by that dead brother, were uttered prayers which were answered in after-life—there were formed resolves which have been firmly, patiently fulfilled.

"The cause of death, on inquiry and examination, was said to be apo-

plex, and so it seemed—so it was believed. Shortly after, it was darkly whispered about that man's hand had done the deed—that some slaves, goaded to vengeance by wrong and punishment, had climbed up the balcony whilst he was asleep and insensible, had tied a cord round his neck outside the cravat, to leave no mark of violence—strangled him, and laid down the body in the semblance of death by the visitation of God.

"These whispers at last reached me, adding to my grief the dark, dread suspicion of murder.

"I could no longer stay in a spot darkened by such fearful scenes, even to realise my dreams of wealth. My resolve was made and acted on. I settled the inheritance with my brother's widow and sons—placed my own portion under careful management, for I was bound by our compact not to sell it—provided for the woman and her son—and then turned my back on a place which I had first seen with such hope, and which was now nothing to me but a dark, black memory.

"Soon after my arrival in England, chance led me to meet with one whom I had known and regarded in early years, who had then held a dependent position, but was now free. She was one in whose gentleness and affection I could hope to find the repose and peace I sought. We married; my thoughts were attracted back to the home of my youth, and we came hither. You know the rest. How the longings, the prayers of years, were answered, after many bitter disappointments, by the birth of my sweet Rose; how she has woven and clustered blessings around me; and how I began at last to feel peace and know happiness. I had almost forgotten the dark past. My life, welling purely and brightly at first from the fountain-head, then fouled and stained by a dark stream running into it, seemed again to be clearing itself as it widened and deepened towards the close. I had heard regularly from Barbadoes. My brother's children were going on in the old voluptuous course. My son had sunk lower and lower, deeper and deeper, in wicked-

ness and depravity; his mother was taken off by fever, and soon after he disappeared altogether. I had heard nothing for several years—had almost ceased to think of him until that terrible night when I was roused from my sleep by my child's cries, and rushed in pursuit after the man whom the dog had seized. Once—ay, twice—in my terror at the danger which had threatened my darling, I levelled a pistol I had taken up at him, but the head of the dog moved ever between, and intercepted my aim. God be praised for this; for when I had strangled the dog off him, and lifted up the light, I looked in my son's face. Yes; 'twas he who stood there, pale and bleeding. You may well imagine now how he escaped, and why Quamino, who alone of my domestics had followed me to England, diverted the pursuit from the right direction.

"What the wretched man's motive was I cannot tell—whether it was plunder or violence, or only reconnoitring—whether he came by chance or design. But his presence has brought back all the old thoughts, and filled my future with forebodings. I live in fear—in fear that at every step I may once more come upon him—that every paper I take up may reveal some villany or violence he has committed.

"Now, Grenfell, you have the clue to my life, and whether it may loosen or strengthen your friendship, you know all."

There was a pause, a short pause. The Squire had listened with deep earnest interest, marked here and there by occasional exclamations, and, when the story was ended, seemed sunk in thought; then rising, he laid his hand on Trevenna's shoulder, and said, "'Tis a sad strange tale; my thoughts don't come quickly. I must think over, sleep on it, ere I can give counsel or opinion; but you have trusted me, and I will stand by you to the end. What can or may be done, I cannot yet see; we will talk more of it to-morrow. Meanwhile look at this, and let it cheer your spirit."

As he spoke, he turned Trevenna towards the glade where Rose was sporting in the evening light, dancing

on the grass, and tossing up handfuls of flowers, with the boys and dogs all playing around her, and the two mothers sitting with their gentle

faces turned towards the group and the sunset. The picture flashed back a light upon his soul, kindling it with hope, with faith.

CHAPTER VII.

Youth—if angels guard the cradle bed, if they spread their wings fondly and lovingly over childhood, there must be joyousness in their glances, a glad motion in the winnowing of their wings, as they hover and circle around the courses of youth, and see them leading, mingling, joining with all the emblems of young life, the morn, the spring-time, the dawning light, the buds, the blossoms, the springing corn-blades; see them blended with the gentle influences of sunshine, sweet airs, bright skies, and luxuriant verdure. It must be joy to their beings, joy such as there is in heaven, to breathe in the pure thoughts and aspirations of young hearts, to catch their free high impulses, their fresh warm affections, and float them upward, heavenward. It must be joy, the joy of angels, to move around, a celestial barrier, warding off the arrow that flieth by day, and the evil thoughts that fly day and night. A pleasant sight is youth to men and angels, pleasant to see the meeting of youth with youth, of youth with the morn, with the spring-time—pleasant, above all, to see young natures meeting and mingling, their thoughts blending, their impulses bending to each other, their hearts shedding forth their emotions and impressions, joy to joy, fervour to fervour, love to love, feeling to feeling, courage to courage, hate to hate, sensibility and apathy, tenderness and coldness, rashness and timidity, impressiveness and false-ness, acting and reacting on each other, shading, toning, and reflecting each other. Pleasant are the memories of such meetings. Even to world-worn hearts, world-tried natures, they came as moon-gleams on the waters, soft and beautiful, reflecting in a mellow light the bright joyous light of other days.

Thus come back upon me the memories of the hours passed with Rose and Gerald. Even now—now

that I look back on a full-joyed youth and a goodly prime—no memories have so tender a light, or such a thrilling voice for the heart as these.

Gerald and Rose—summer days, and summer eves—autumn rambles, rides, nuttings, scramblings in woods and orchards, winter sports, fireside stories, all come wafted back in one vision, the two loved faces and forms standing out as the figures grouped in the lights and shades of youth.

Gerald, as he appears now before me, was a fine, healthy, active, bold fellow, free-hearted, generous, full of impulse, full of quick spirit, not a genius, not even clever, but gifted with ready innate perceptions of moral greatness or feeling, with a keen, though not deep, sense of natural beauty. Hero-deeds and hero-thoughts, the maxims and apothegms of the great stories of adventure or of broad fun, caught his sympathy and admiration at once. Nature's pictures were, at the moment, glorious, beautiful, but it was hard to see what impress they made on the heart, or how they were casting themselves into the future being. He had that gift, so mysterious, so enviable to those who have it not, the gift of winning love and notice. None seemed to look with indifference on that open handsome face, with its bright brown eye, on that smooth rounded forehead, overhung with short, thick, chestnut curls; or on the figure, so round and elastic that it was redeemed from the ungainliness which so often stamps hoppityhoyhood. All seemed to recognise the attraction of the sweet smile, the pleasant voice, and the gay laugh. I myself, his chosen companion and friend, sank back from a comparison with him. Sometimes there would arise in my mind a sense that this inferiority was not real or just, and there would cross my thoughts instances from the school-

room and the play-ground, which made me rebel against the judgment of the world—our world; but a word from him, a smile, or a slap on the shoulder, would again make me content to be his *fides Achates*, his man Friday, or anything, so that I were with him and Rose. Of course he was her favourite; his impulsiveness, his mirth, the wild spirit with which he dashed and bounded onwards, climbing trees for the mere sake of climbing, leaping across brooks, to leap back again, jumping up for a flower she fancied, or springing after a squirrel, always made him the chief of our parties. It sometimes flashed upon me, that I thought more for Rose, when absent, did more in gathering up treasures, in reading stories and learning verses to repeat to her; yet some way his services had always a greater charm, and she would spring away from listening to some legend I had gathered for her, at a shout, or a call, or a laugh from him. Still there was no envy or rivalry; we were happy together, happy in our triple alliance.

One fine afternoon towards the end of August we all accompanied the Squire in one of his strolls. The first of September was near, and he was taking out some young dogs to try them in a field near the park. They were the progeny of old Grouse. That patriarch, indeed, rejoiced in as numerous an offspring as any caliph or Eastern sultan. There was no chance of the paternal name or virtues dying out from want of representatives. The pepper-and-mustard style of nomenclature would have been necessary to designate all the branches of the stock. In every kennel in the country was a Grouse. These were the youngest born, and were said to take very much after the father, though, of course, falling far short of his perfection. The old dog moved amid them with a sort of pride and condescension, repressing by his grave deportment all familiarities and excesses, yet showing a mild forbearance for the exuberances of youth. No elder in the presence of juveniles—no tutor before his pupils—could have been more exact, more precise, than he was, the moment we entered the stubble or

arriish. His every movement, his every attitude, was most perfect and pointer-like. All his casts and turns were made with a most exemplary correctness. Neither tail nor head was a shade out of its bearing. True and steady he moves. Ah! he will show those young dogs what a pointer should be. Hush! the Squire's finger is uplifted. He is standing firm as a rock; the tail straight and stiff; the body motionless; the forefoot lifted; the head turned; the eye fixed and still—a sculptor might take that posture. The shades of departed pointers might look on it with pride. The critics of all the tribes and families of the race could see no fault in it. It was a challenge and an example. At the same instant the three young dogs, with the impulse of instinct, all backed the point, though trembling and quivering with excitement. "Beautiful, by Jove!" muttered the Squire, with bated breath, "Oh, how pretty!" cried Rose. A look and a gesture checked even her voice. We were on professional ground now—beyond the limits of toleration. Presently a young Grouse—the son of promise, too—gives a low whine, and creeps forward. This is an error of youth, and may be excused. Again he creeps on. This even may be overlooked, as the indiscretion of inexperience. But now he is growing more and more restless—moves on and on. This is not to be borne; no dog of character can allow his dignity to be thus compromised. So old Grouse quietly gives up his point, and turns indignantly away, throwing from his shoulders the responsibility of such an unpointer-like act. Two hours after, he is discovered standing by himself at a solitary bird, as though he had found some satisfaction and relief in this exercise of character. When he turned all the young dogs rushed in—the birds rose—and Quamino, who had looked on the whole proceeding with great interest, excited by the movement and the whirring of the wings, sprang after the covey with open mouth and outstretched hands. This escapade saved the blood of the Grouse race from the indignity of the lash, and was nearly giving the Grenfell property the benefit of a minority.

The Squire went off in a fit of laughter, which ended in apoplectic chokes and coughs. Nothing is ever so ridiculous to a man as a blunder or burlesque in his own line or walk.

"Why, Quamino," said the Squire, when he had recovered breath again, "how is it you didn't catch them? I never knew you were such a sportsman before."

"Me not berry much sportsman, Massa Squire, but me kill turkey once."

"Ah! how was that, then? Come, give us the story."

"Why, you know Massa Higgins in Barbadoes; him hab next station to us. Well, him hab turkey; and dis turkey come to roost tree night on our fence, so me knock him over, and take him for de rent."

"By Jove, Quamino, I hope you won't be trying your hand on those in the Lady's Meadow, or my Christmas dinner will come short."

"No, saar. Me hab 'spect for property. Dey no commit trespass."

Our walk homeward led us through a woodland path. The pointers had been taken back, and Domingo alone was following us. On a sudden he rushed forward towards a bed of briars at the foot of a tree, and then started back with a sharp yell and a look of fear. At the same moment we saw the heads and forked tongues of two adders reared above the brushwood. Gerald, with his usual impulse, rushed on them, striking right and left; I followed, crushing the heads of both with well-aimed blows of a stick; yet it was Gerald who killed the adders that stung poor Domingo. An exclamation from Rose attracted our attention towards the dog; his head had swollen to a great size; his eyes were half closed, and he seemed almost stupified. This was a great dilemma, for the elders had left us, and we knew not what to do. Luckily an old woodman came to our relief, and applied what he supposed an effectual remedy, by tying the bark, peeled off a young ash, round the neck, near the swelling, advising us, on getting home, to rub the part with oil, and send for old Biddy to charm it. "Then," added he, "at sundown, when them varmints die, the dog will be all-right,

or he will die." The thought of the possibility of her old guard's death set Rose a-crying; but we set ourselves manfully to work—half dragged, half led Domingo home. The remedy of the oil was at once applied, and a hint of the charm set Quamino off for old Biddy, who was supposed to possess the power of healing all scalds and burns, and extracting venom from wounds. Presently he was heard ushering her in with much ceremony and deference, for in his heart he had a great awe of the old crone, who had the reputation of being a witch as well as charmer.

"Come in, Biddy; dis the dog. Here ole fella," addressing Domingo, "here the great Obee woman come to cure him. She say, 'Go out, snak,' and him go."

Biddy was the very spirit of witchdom. The weird sisters of *Macbeth* were never better got up for the part. The withered begrimed skin, the wrinkled face, the sharp features, the quick cunning grey eye, the dirty white hair hanging in elf-locks, the red cloak, the crook stick, were all according to established characteristics. The cringing, whining, fawning voice and manner, were not so orthodox. The antecedents of her life, as they were known and told, all favoured her present reputation. She had been a camp-follower in the Peninsular War; had witnessed the death of two successive husbands; had seen many a battle-field; and boasted of having once saved the colours of her regiment, by sewing them under her petticoats. It was said, too, that the old withered form, once gaunt and bony, had often been seen prowling amid the heaps of dead and wounded on the night after a battle, and that the skinny hand, as it passed over their faces and down their limbs, struck more dread into the hearts of bleeding, maimed, dying soldiers, than the bayonets or swords of the foe. She came in curtsying, and bowing, and uttering blessings on the house, which sounded in her tones like maledictions. Then, after swallowing a glass of gin, and attempting to force caresses on Gerald, whose father she declared that she had nursed, she sat down

by the dog, took his head in her lap, mumbling some words, and making some signs as she passed her hand over the bitten parts; and when she rose and shuffled rather hurriedly away, it struck me that I saw something drop from her, and immediately afterwards the dog's nose seemed attracted towards it. I stooped down, and picked up what seemed a roll of meat. On showing it to Quamino, his eyes started out from his head, and his teeth chattered as he exclaimed—

"Dat cussed ole tief—dat tarned ole witch—she try to poison de dog. Me must show dis to massa."

The old pallor came back on Trevenna's face as he saw the meat, and heard the story. The attempt to poison the dog roused the suspicion that some scheme of violence and plunder was meditated towards his house, and his mind could associate only one man with such a deed. 'Twas too late to consult the Squire. He dared not seek other aid. So that night he kept silent lonely watch. The dog, strangely enough,

had begun to revive soon after sunset—had roused and shaken himself, and taken his old post by Rose's bed. He, the father—father of one so dear, and one so dreaded—sat by the lone hearth, with a solitary light, keeping such ward as a man would keep who felt that each coming hour, each coming minute, might bring him in deadly contact with his own flesh and blood; that in self-defence, or in defence of those dearer to him, his hand might be raised against his own son. He sat unarmed and alone. None but he might see, none but he might meet the face which might intrude on the watches of that night. The beating heart told the minutes as they passed away; as each hour was chimed, the dread gathered thicker and darker o'er his soul. The night wore on slowly and stilly, and the morn broke at last. With the morn came Rose—Rose, with her twining arms, her soft kisses, her merry laugh, and her play, chasing away the darkness which had brooded o'er that dread watch.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the road leading from Trevenna's house to Penhaddoc Park, there was a bypath branching off to the right. It was a muddy, grass-grown lane, a favourite abode of toads, and was darkened by overhanging bushes. At the bottom it was crossed by a dull, sluggish, gutter-like stream; and in a corner on the other side, where hemlock, and mallow, and brier grew, rank and matted, stood a mud hut, rudely thatched, with one or two small narrow windows oddly placed at some height from the ground. In front there was a stagnant pool, in which squatted a brood of half-starved ducks. This was the home of Biddy, the witch. On one side of the door was a cage, inhabited by an old half-bald raven; and on the other lay a large flat stone, underneath which was supposed to be kept an old toad, to assist her in her incantations. Down this lane, on the night after Domingo was bitten by the snake, walked the Squire and Trevenna,

moving slowly, and stopping at intervals in close and serious talk.

"Yes, Trevenna," said the Squire, enforcing some previous argument, "I am convinced that this old hag must know something of the man you seek, and that her attempt to poison the dog must have been made at his instigation. Her hut has often been a sort of mumpers' inn, a refuge for tramps and vagabonds. Depend upon it, he is here. We will easily unearth him, if you have the courage to meet him, and, once for all, face the difficulty."

For a while Trevenna stood communing with himself, his lips moving as though he were asking for other and better aid than the strength of his own heart. Then bracing himself up to the resolve, he said, "Be it so; I will stand the trial. I must—I will see him; will try whether there be any hope of reclaim, any means of rescue for him. It is my part to forbear, my part to offer atonement for my own sin. At any

rate, it may be that this dread, which is overshadowing my life, which is threatening others, may be dispelled, if met fairly and boldly."

"That's right. Meet it like a man. Half the difficulties in the world disappear before a brave open front. I will manage old Biddy. Do you enter the house. If he be there, as I think is almost certain, your own heart will tell you what to say, what to do. That is not for me to advise. God help thee, friend. I know it will be a sore hard trial."

At that moment they came in view of the hut. All was quiet. There was nought stirring. A knock at the door produced a grumbling, grunting interjection from Biddy; and then, after a little delay, she appeared herself. The sight of her visitors startled and alarmed her at first; but she soon resumed her old manner, and began to fawn and whine round the Squire.

"Oh, blessings on his dear face! Is he come to see his old Biddy, that nursed and suckled un?" snivelled out the old crone, trying to kiss the Squire's hand. "Doesn't she love un better than her own children, the dear."

This might easily have been the case without the Squire's suffering from excess of affection, as she was said to have sold one child, and driven another to doors, and to have brought up her family generally in such loving and happy nurture, that the eldest son was now a sojourner in the colonies, and the rest scattered as vagabonds over the kingdom, gathering experiences of all the different jails, lock-ups, and cadgers' haunts.

"Well, well, Biddy, that will do," said the Squire, after successively freeing his hand, button, and coat-tail from her grasp. "Now we want to talk upon a little business. Mr. Trevenna here wishes to give you a little compliment for curing his dog."

"Ah, poor dumb cretur! Did poor old Biddy's charm save him?" She continued in the same whining tone, "Any trifle will be welcome. 'Tisn't much Biddy wants—a little snuff, or a little of the comfort, dear," she added in a whisper.

"Ay, ay, Biddy, we will take care of that; but we want to know

how this piece of poisoned meat came to be dropped in the kitchen, close by the dog's nose the night you were there. Can you tell us anything about that?"

The old hag's face grew more haggard, more witch-like, as the Squire spoke, and her whining became more abject, more jarring, as she answered—

"Her dear boy wouldn't think his old Biddy would go to hurt the dog—would he? she that loves all the animals, poor things. Why should she want to harm un?"

"Well, Biddy, you know that Mr. Trevenna's house was broken into," said the squire sternly, "and that the dog seized a man in the passage, and nearly killed him; and 'tis rather odd, so soon after that, some one should be trying to make away with the animal. We want to see that man, Biddy, and we must see him. You know where and who he is. I shouldn't like to bring the constables down on my old nurse, or to have her brought up for conniving with burglars; but what can I do if it comes before the bench?"

This last hint seemed to take great effect, and to rouse her from the crooning groaning state into which she had fallen when the Squire began.

"Oh, what can old Biddy know about it? How can she tell what every poor boy, who comes to lay down on her straw, is doing? Sure he seems harmless enough; and if he wants to have his rights, who can blame un?"

"He is there, then; that's all we want to know. No harm shall come to him."

The hag spoke not, but looked assent, with her cunning grey eyes. The Squire nodded to Trevenna. He stood a moment or two to collect courage, then lifted the latch and entered.

An hour passed away, and still the door was closed. Another was half spent, when Trevenna came out, with the tried look of one who had gone through much in short space; yet there was lightness of spirit about the whole man, which told that relief had come out of suffering.

Silently the Squire took his arm, and they walked on for a while without speaking.

"Yes, Grenfell, you were right," he said at last—"right in advising me to face my trial. Not for all the wealth I once sought so eagerly, would I pay back the peace that this last hour has given me. There has been much of agony in this meeting—old wounds have been ripped open—the ashes of old memories raked up. There have been recriminations, explanations, revelations, reconciliation, and at last there is peace, if not love, betwixt me and my son. Oh God! what a pang it was, as I entered that hut, to see the poor, ragged, vagrant-looking being, who lay huddled on the straw in a corner, haggard, world-worn, scarred with wounds in the strife of life, vengeful with despair and hatred. For years he had been tossed and buffeted—cast hither and thither—been ever stranded or wrecked; had tried the land, the sea, the mines, the prairies; had failed and suffered everywhere. At last chance threw him on the English shore—despair led him to seek me out—the entry into my house was more with the object of discovering whether any children had succeeded to what he conceived his rights, and of seeing in what state and how I lived, rather than with an intent of violence or plunder, when the dog rushed upon him, and, with the instinct of old hatred, nearly throttled him. What he might afterwards have meditated, goaded on by despair, want, revenge, and the suggestions

of that infernal hag, my soul shudders to think. Thank God, by your counsel that has been averted. At first he repelled all commune with me, rejected all overtures, and stood on his old war with the world. But my heart was firm in its resolve, and I persevered, until, at last, he softened and melted, and we sat side by side. All was to be forgotten and forgiven; from the dark past and the clouded present we went on into a future. There was yet to be the promise of a new life before him. Sent forth by me, with new hopes and under new auspices, he was to start afresh, and make another advance in the battle of life. To-night I write to town, asking a confidential agent to meet me here, and arrange for my son's being introduced into a new course in one of our colonies—Canada or Australia. A week hence, when all is settled, we are to meet at the Cross Keys Inn, on the other side of the river from Panhaddoc Ford. Rose shall see and know him ere he leaves. Thus all looks well and fair. A few years more—a few years of earnest work, of reputable career, and we may meet once more as father and son should meet."

The Squire would say nought to gloom this hopeful prospect, though it looked not so bright or promising in his eye, but pressed his friend's hand with kindly sympathy as they parted at the park-gate.

CHAPTER IX.

A week had passed, and the eventful morn had arrived. All the necessary arrangements had been fairly made, and Trevenna set forth for the interview. Quamino was driving him in a gig. The day was fair and bright. As they crossed the bridge, Trevenna saw that Domingo was following them, and it struck him that the animosity betwixt him and his son might lead to unpleasantness, and they stopped to drive him back. The dogs, as dogs always do, obeyed the dismissal reluctantly—went partly back—then stopped—then, when unobserved, crept on again. This delayed them on the bridge until they

saw people on the other side making signs to them to come on. All eyes were fixed on the hills towards the north, where the river had its source. O'er them the clouds were banked in a dark heavy mass, which seemed, again and again, to burst with great masses of water. It was a waterspout which had fallen at the very head of the stream, and was swelling its gentle current to the rush and force of a cataract. Presently was heard a deep boom, like the sweep of a mighty wind—then a roar deep and hoarse as the beating of the surge against the sea-shore—then the huge body of swelling waters was seen rolling, flooding

onwards, whelming trees, houses, and meadows in its impetuous flow. It is nearing a large oak, reaches its topmost boughs, and in an instant the tree is whirled onwards, roots uppermost; a farmyard, with its ricks and linheys, is before it; and presently a mass of stone and straw is sucked in and driven round in the eddies. Onwards it flows and gurgles; nearer and nearer now to the old bridge. For a moment it is seen standing with its hoar stones and ivy-covered buttresses—then the waters are upon it—they beat and surge against it. There is a louder roar, a heavier rush, and the old grey stones—the old time-worn buttresses—are hurled from their foundations, and borne on in the maelstrom whirl of waters. The dog had stood on the bridge, hesitating whether to come or go until it was too late, and the flood swept him away. His master and Quamino shouted and waved to encourage him; and when last seen he was lifting his head boldly, and battling bravely with the waves. Saddened by the fate of this old faithful servant, Trevenna went on to the trysting-place. Hour passed on hour, yet no one came. 'Twas true that the river might have swollen just before he came to pass the ford, and stopped him. There was as much cause for hope as fear; yet dark forebodings came over them, and the night was passed in dread suspense. In the morning the waters had subsided to their usual height, leaving the fields and meadows strewn with wreck, like the bottom of the sea. Heaps of stone and timber, bee-hives, trees, sheep-folds, gates, lay scattered here and there; and the whole ground was covered and lain with matted fragments of hay, and straw, and mould. Trevenna and Quamino passed back easily by the ford, and as their safety had been seen and notified to the family, there had been little or no uneasiness. After the first greetings, however, Rose turned round and said, "But where is Domingo?"

"Ah, Missey Rose," half blubbered Quamino, "him gone—poor ole fella, him took away in de flood yesterday. Me see him lift his head one minute, and gib one leetle bark, as much as say, Give my love to Missey Rose, and

dem me see him no more—dem his last words."

Poor Rose—the sweet blue eyes were filling with tears, and her young bosom was heaving with sobs at hearing of the loss of her staunch old friend and guard, when a scraping and whining were heard at the door.

"Dat him duppy—dat old Domingo's duppy," said Quamino, with a scared look.

The door was opened, and in stalked the dog, or rather the spectre of the dog—so gaunt and lank was he, so hollow-eyed, his coat so matted and worn. Rose leaped upon him at once, threw her arms round his neck, kissed and hugged him, crying out—"Oh my dear old friend, you are safe, you are not drowned." And the dog, as if overcome with the like feeling, put his huge paw on her shoulder, licked her face and neck over and over, whining with joy. Quamino, in the eagerness of welcome, placed a large platter of food before him, saying, "Dere, ole fella, eat on as long as good skin hold—you want some ballast me tink."

The dog, as if understanding the words, set to at his meal: that finished, he began to look round restlessly and wistfully for his master; then, hardly answering his caresses, he moved out through the door, whining and stopping at times to see if they followed. "Come, Quamino—come along," said Trevenna at last, "the dog has something to show and tell. God grant it be not what I forebode."

On went the dog, slowly and steadily, towards the river, they following, until they came to a part below the ford, called the Cadger's Pool. There the dog sat on the bank, looked steadily on the opposite shore, and howled.

"He sees something," said Trevenna; "go—run—Quamino, get men with the drag-nets at once. The pool must be dragged—we must know the meaning of this, good or bad."

The Cadger's Pool, so named from a cadger having been drowned in it, was a dark gloomy spot, where, after a bright rapid flow, the river stagnated for a while, and lay in black heavy stillness—a stillness so great that no breeze ever seemed to stir it; a blackness so thick, that no eye ever

penetrated to the bottom. Black rocks, overgrown with stunted brush-wood, shelved down towards, and threw their shadows on it. It was a place avoided by schoolboys and anglers generally. There was a superstitious belief that no fish ever lay there—none, certainly, were ever caught. The men and the nets came at last. The pool is dragged again and again; nought is found or seen; yet still the dog looks at one spot on the opposite shore, and howls. At last an old veteran salmon-fisher, well used to fathom the waters with his eye, goes over, lies down on the rock, and there, on a jutting point, sees something hanging and floating; the grapnel is thrown down—misses—catches—and upwards is drawn the body of a man—a young, dark, powerful man, for death had smoothed out the wrinkles and the scars. He is laid on the bank—a cry is uttered that something has been found—all rush across, Trevenna among the rest. One look—it is enough; and forth from his heart goes the bitter cry—heard by few, perhaps by none, “Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh—my son, my son!” and the strong man totters away to sorrow and weep alone.

The man, the poor wretched man, had been crossing the ford when the

flood came, and had been caught in its rush. By what mysterious instinct the dog knew of his fate, whether in his own swim for life he had seen the man struggling or the body hanging, who can tell? Ay, who can tell, save He who planted the instinct?

The body was found—that was enough for the many. “Found drowned,” was the sentence by which the fact and the fate were recorded among men.

Trevenna sat in his room—the darkness of old times had overcast him; his heart was heavy even to rebellion—rebellion against the doom of retribution which had fallen so suddenly on him, when hope was breaking on him—hope that the consequences of his sin might yet be redeemed in happiness. He sorrowed as one who would not be comforted. The door opened, and Rose glided in silently, for she felt the presence of grief, and threw her arms gently round the neck, placed her soft cheek on his, and murmured soft loving words in his ear, which were to his soul as the strains of David’s harp were to Saul’s.

The man looked up from the depth of his sorrow, and saw only “light on his hearth.”

THE ATLANTIC WEDDING RING.

[It is customary, in referring to the Atlantic and other submarine Telegraphs, to mention only the submerged cable, as if that constituted the entire telegraph. In reality, however, the cable forms but one-half of the requisite electric circuit, the other and equally essential half being furnished by the ocean. Thus excluding from consideration the small portions of land occupied above water-mark on either side of the Atlantic, by the station houses nearest the brink of the sea, the cable, some two thousand miles long, conveys the electric current from shore to shore in one direction, and the sea conveys it in the other. Such a double channel must be provided in all telegraphs, and the half supplied by the earth or sea, although it costs nothing, is as important as the insulated metallic half which is so costly to produce, and so difficult to preserve in working order. The Atlantic Telegraph, accordingly, when considered as a link of union between the old and new worlds, cannot be compared to the ordinary wedding-ring, a circle consisting entirely of metal. Its symbol is one of those finger-rings at present out of fashion, where a part only of the circle is gold, the remaining portion consisting of a jewel held between the ends of the golden crescent, and completing the circle. If we suppose the stone in such a ring to be that which jewellers term the "Aqua Marine," we shall have a perfect symbol of a submarine Telegraph. Since the lines which follow were written, an unexpected derangement of the Atlantic Cable has stopped the working of the telegraph. But even if the worst apprehensions are realized, and no future signal pass along it, it must for ever be sacred in the eyes of the historian and poet. The wedding of the Old and the New World is an accomplished fact, and the thread-like wire which conveyed across the Atlantic the angelic song, as the first greeting from the fatherland, has, in one sense, done its work. Nor is there any reason to doubt that the wise, and brave, and patient men who have so nobly carried out this great enterprise, will before long reap the full reward, as they have already gathered the first fruits of their labours.]

"THE way is far across the sea,

My Daughter," England said :—

"Thy Land and mine each other love,

'Tis time that they should wed."—

"The way is far across the sea,"

America replied :—

"Thou hast the Bridegroom, Fatherland, —

And I the willing Bride."

"Doth any one forbid the bans ?

Will any one declare,

Why these should not be wedded,

This long betrothed pair ?

Then rose the nations of the world,

And shouted as one man :—

Wed Anglo-Saxons if ye will !

Wed rather if ye can."

"Who talks of weddings ? We forbid

The bans :—The Atlantic gales

That shatter ships, and slaughter men,

And turn to shrouds their sails.

Ho ! cease thy vauntings, Bridegroom bold,

And stay thy longings, Bride,

The Wedding-Ring shall never pass
Across the stormy tide."

"Nay! hush your voices, angry winds,
We'll bide our time and go,
When in the sleepy sunshine
Ye scarce flit to and fro.
From east and west our ships shall sail
In calm and sunny weather:
In middle-sea we'll keep our tryst
And join our hands together."

Then rose a voice, sweet, soft, and clear;—
The Earth spake to the Sea:—

"I will give half the wedding-ring,
If half is given by thee.
My half shall be this costly chain
Of copper and dusky steel,
Woven together, and darkly clad
To last through woe and weal.
It bendeth like a crescent moon;
If thou wilt place between
Its crescent horns, like jewel-stone,
Thy waters emerald green;
Then we together shall complete
The wondrous wedding-ring,
Round which the Silent Lightnings
Their voiceless flight shall wing."

"Thou art a Queen, O Ancient Earth!
And I a King of old;
The brides of Venice wedded me
With many a ring of gold.
But better far than golden ring,
I'll prize thy darksome chain;
The beryl of my purest depth
Shall help to wed the twain."

"O! promise not too much, thou Earth!"
Exclaimed the scornful wind;
"Thy wedding-gift is strong indeed
If I no flaw can find:
And trust thou not too much the Sea,
He is my Vassal-slave:—
His wrathful hands to mar thy gift
Shall start from every wave."

The wisest of the Sons of Men
Had heard the speaking Three;—
"We will not fear," they said, "the Wind,
We'll trust the Earth and Sea."
They drew the lightning from the sky,
They quenched its torch of fire,
They flung its thunderbolt away;—
Along a tiny wire
They made th' impatient spirit pass;
Its thunder-voice was still—
But they left its shoes of swiftness
That it might do their will:—
Before an eyelid rose and fell,

Ere scarce the words were given,
It could engirdle Earth and sea
With its lightning pace of Heaven.

On England's shores through many a day
And night they forged the chain,
A thousand, thousand miles in length
To stretch across the main.

Within the stately battle-ships,
Through many an hour of toil,
Like two great sleeping serpents,
They wound it coil on coil.

One ship was from the Bridegroom land,
And one was from the Bride,
And so they sailed together
Across the Atlantic Tide.

They steered across the exulting Sea,
Straight for the middle deep,
That Bridal-land and Bridegroom-land
Their settled tryst might keep.

And there about midsummer-time,
Like lovers who have broken
A ring in twain, and each one-half
Keep as a troth-plight token

Till they can join the halves again;
They welded fast the link

That wove the kindred coils in one,
And watched the welding sink
Beneath the Sun, the Stars, the Sea,
Till it could sink no more;

And then its prow each good ship turned
Home to its native shore.

One sailed to East, and one to West:
Between, they unwound the chain,
Down deepest ocean-valley
Along the sea-deep plain.

From ship to ship along the line,
Where death and silence dwell,
The voiceless lightning went and came,
And signalled "All is well."

Onward by night, onward by day!
They saw arise and set the sun;
They counted all the anxious hours,
And thought their work was done.

Then rose the Demon of the storm,
And lashed the Vassal-sea,
Until with desperate hands the link
He broke in his great agony.

"O take the chain thou lovest so well,
I love it not I wiss!
Take chain and ships, take men and all,
Down to thy dark abyss."

Twice did the sore reluctant sea
Shatter the costly chain:—
Twice did the half despairing crews
See all their work in vain.
But they who manned the ships *were* Men,
The bravest of the brave,

Who vowed they'd sit at bridal feast,
Or lie in honoured grave.

And when the third time unappalled
They sought the middle-deep,
He whom the Winds and Waves obey
Had hushed them both asleep.
And though the chill divorcing wind
Knew but a restless rest,
And tossing in its night-mare dream,
Ruffled the ocean's breast;
Yet cheerily the ships sailed on,
Cheerily west and east:
"We bring the ring: Go call the guests,
And pray the wedding-priest."

They sailed by night, they sailed by day!—
The long betrothed lands
From bridegroom passed to bride the ring
And joined their willing hands.
Loud when the ships had reached each shore,
The cannon spake in thunder;
"Whom God hath joined," they seemed to say,
"Let no man put asunder."
And then around the wondrous ring
The blessed greeting ran,
"Glory to God! On Earth be Peace,
Goodwill to every man."

So now methinks this Earth of ours
More like to Heaven should be,
When we have seen an end of Time,
And there is no more Sea.

GEORGE WILSON.

INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM, EDINBURGH,
September, 1858.

* THE BALLAD POETRY OF SCOTLAND AND OF IRELAND.*

"If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." This is a saying which has often been cited, not always quite so accurately, perhaps, as on the present occasion; but we do not remember that the memorable conditions under which it was uttered have ever been alluded to in connection with it. Some collectors of curious tracts may possess "an account of a conversation concerning a right regulation of governments for the common good of mankind, in a letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earls of Rothes, Roxburgh, and Haddington, from London, the 1st of December 1703." The author was the renowned Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, and he who peruses the little tract will, after certain dialogues as spirited as they are original, come at last to the saying about ballads, which has, as it were, dropped out of its setting and been tossed about in the literary world to be appreciated by its own intrinsic merit as a separate gem. To understand, however, the full import intended to be given to it, and the tenor of the spirited dialogue in which it is spoken, there are some preliminary matters to be kept in view. A time was coming when a nation, endowed with an almost matchless train of the noblest historical traditions, was to sink her government and her historical name in fusion with a neighbouring nation, greater and more powerful, but not more truly illustrious. True, it was not submission to the sword of the conqueror—not even an ignoble or unworthy compromise. Firm to the last in its proud policy of independence, the lesser nation stood out for fair and honourable terms of union, and obtained them, even from those who would give them rather from fear than from fairness. True, also, there appeared in prospect the termination of a long cycle of strife

—the commencement of a peaceful future, and the prospect, afterwards well realised, of a national prosperity which neither nation—and especially the weaker of the two—could ever achieve during repeated centuries of hostility. But still, among those who most cordially concurred in the policy, and even the necessity of the union, there could not fail to be deep-settled regrets, that in their day, and by their hands, the long line of historical tradition should be broken, so that an illustrious nationality should live in the history of the past alone. We regret for a short time when such a thing comes to pass near our door, as in the extinction of an ancient house, the fall of an old ancestral tree, the removal of a venerable bridge or street—even the stopping of the old customary stage-coach superseded by the railway. How deep, then, must have flowed the fountains of regret in those who saw the last Parliament of Scotland ride back from its old hall in all its feudal pageantry to resign its office for ever, and who felt that last solemn procession to be the symbol that a nation had died out with all its associations.

Fletcher of Saltoun was one of those who admitted the necessity of a union, while his impetuous and sensitive nature rendered him keenly alive to all the sorrows of the occasion. He had led a strange, wild, chequered life; had been a soldier in different parts of the world—a rebel and conspirator at home—an archæologist and devotee of literary research among the ruins of ancient nations. Whatever he did he did with impetuosity. He took his politics from the purity and single-minded loftiness which it was fashionable to attribute to the patriots of antiquity, and he professed the same rude simplicity of motive and action which he found in the Homeric heroes and in the ballads of his own dear country.

* *The Ballads of Scotland*, edited by WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN, 2 vols 1858. *The Ballads of Ireland*, collected and edited by EDWARD HAYES, 2 vols, 1856.

Accomplished he was withal, and a very pure vigorous writer of English. Such was the person who tells us that he was walking one fine day slowly and alone in the Mall when he was overtaken by his countryman the Earl of Cromarty, and Sir Christopher Musgrave. The three adjourned together—as gentlemen did then and do now—to the apartments of Sir Christopher, where they were joined by Sir Edward Seymour, and all took dinner with its adjuncts. Thus it is that, whether in allegory, or as the Boswellian record of what really took place, we are introduced to the conversation of this select convivial party. The first topic of conversation presents a curious contrast to many conversations which have taken place in the same neighbourhood among members of Parliament and other persons. Sir Christopher's lodgings in Whitehall have the good fortune to overlook the river Thames, and the speaking starts with rapturous eulogiums on the beauty and salubrity of that river. "You have here, gentlemen," said the Earl, "two of the noblest objects that can entertain the eye—the finest river and the greatest city in the world. When natural things are in the greatest perfection, they never fail to produce most wonderful effects. This most gentle and navigable river, with the excellent genius and industrious inclination of the English people, have raised this glorious city to such a height that, if all things be rightly considered, we shall find it very far to surpass any other." Before the Scottish lord has gone much further, Sir Christopher takes up the eulogium in a more specific strain, indulging in some optimisms on which the tremendous sanitary problem, handed down for the working out of the present generation, is a sad practical commentary. "The whole town lies upon a shelving situation, descending easily, and, as it were, in the form of a theatre, towards the south and river, covered from the north, north-east, and north-west winds; so that, in very cold and stormy weather, by means of the buildings of the city, and on the bridge, it is both warm and calm upon the river, which being, as it

were, the string of the bow affords the great conveniency of a cheap and steady conveyance from one part to the other. The shelving situation of the city is not only most fitted to receive the kind influences of the sun, but to carry off, by common shores and other ways, the mire and dirt of the streets into the river, which is cleansed by the tides twice every day. But above all, the ground on which the city stands, being a gravel, renders the inhabitants healthful, and the adjacent country wholesome and beautiful. The county of Kent furnishes us with the choicest fruit; Hertfordshire and Cambridgeshire with corn; Lincolnshire, Essex, and Surrey, with beef, veal, and mutton; Buckinghamshire with wood for fuel; and the river, with all that the seas and the rest of the world afford." And so the English statesman and the Scottish courtier go on rivalling each other in their glowing pictures of the greatness and glory of England, in order that they may impress upon the Scottish patriot the good fortune in store for his own impoverished country in so august an alliance. The eulogium rises until it irritates the haughty Scot to sarcastic scepticism, which, in its turn, brings out remarks not merely in laudation of England, but in disparagement of Scotland. The debate gets hot. "Sir Edward, all in a flame, cries out—What a pother is here about an union with Scotland, of which all the advantage we shall have will be no more than what a man gets by marrying a beggar—a louse for her portion." The sting of putting such words into the English gentleman's mouth was that he had actually uttered them in Parliament, and a report of them carried to Scotland had aggravated the national exasperation. Fletcher put them into the dialogue that he might have the opportunity of indulging in one of his own touches of courtly irony. "I wonder," he says of Sir Edward, "he is not afraid such language should make us suspect him not to be descended of the noble family whose name he bears." Sir Edward passes on to still hotter ground. What account should England make, forsooth, of a country so often trampled under foot by their

armies? Were not the Scots routed by Somerset, "and of late years did not the very scum of our nation conquer you?" "Yes," said I, "after they had, with our assistance, conquered the king, and the nobility, and gentry of England; and yet that which you call a conquest was a dispute between parties, and not a national quarrel." "It was," said he, "inseparable from the fortune of our Edwards to triumph over your nation." "Do you mean Edward of Carnarvon," said I, "and his victory of Bannockburn?" "No," replied he, "I mean Edward I. and III., whose heroic actions no princes have ever equalled." "Sure," said I, "you do not mean the honour of the first or the humanity of the third, so significantly manifested at Berwick; nor the murder of Wallace by the first Edward, or the poisoning of Randolph Earl of Murray by the third, after they had both refused to give battle to those heroes?"

The high eulogium on England and its capital with which the discourse began, naturally does not stand out through such stormy talk as this. The shrine of national riches and magnanimity raised before the eye of the Scot to tempt his cupidity, is rent open, and behold it is a whited sepulchre full of rottenness and dead men's bones. Scotland may be poor in the elements of mere material wealth; but she has those things which gold can never buy—bravery, hardihood, and purity of heart, while the wealth and external prosperity of England only cover an internal corruption and progressive decay which will bring her, in the end, to shame. To prepare him for indignantly denying the honour and favour conferred on his own country by the proposed alliance, he gets the Englishmen themselves to say, "in this city, gamesters, stock-jobbers, jockies, and wagers, make now the most considerable figure, and in few years have attained to such a degree of perfection in their several ways, that in comparison to many of the nobility, gentry, and merchants of England, those in Newgate are mere ignorants and wretches of no experience." Again, in the words of Sir Christopher, "even the poorer sort

of both sexes are daily tempted to all manner of lewdness by infamous ballads sung in every corner of the streets." "One would think," said the Earl, "this last were of no great consequence." I said, "I know a very wise man so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." Such are the circumstances under which this aphorism was uttered; and they are not uninstructional in bringing us practically home to those qualities of our national minstrelsy which in a mind like Fletcher's naturally formed an element in the estimate so favourable to his own country, which he took of the coming union.

It is evident that he cannot have meant that an arbitrary monopoly of the making of the ballads would give its possessor the power of wielding the popular mind, but merely, in a terse shape, to show how emphatically that popular mind was embodied in the popular literature which arises out of it, and consequently bears the lines and features of all its more emphatic characteristics. Looking homewards, he could see, as we do now, the ballad poetry of his country representing its thorough nationality—a quality of which the strength is deepened by contrast when our minstrelsy is compared with that of other countries, and especially with the Irish. It is begotten of a national feeling which never sacrifices any of the native traditions, however much they may have been the creatures of party strife, to any foreign influences. When the strife is over, we take even the offending side to our heart more readily than the stranger. About Wallace, Bruce, and the other heroes of national independence, there never can be two sides in Scotland. In Ireland there would probably have been a strong Anglo-Norman party. The most zealous enemies of the old French interest look back with a melancholy pride on the beauty, the fascinations, and the talent of Queen Mary; and even, if in heart believing her guilty, can drop a sympathising thought over the terrible disasters of her life and

the mournful tragedy of her death ; while, on the other hand, loyal hearts are not without their homage to the stern virtues of the leaders of the Congregation and the noble genius of Buchanan. Taking a later epoch, there are some who almost waver between their devotion to the military genius of Montrose and the dashing valour of Claverhouse on the one side, and their sympathy with the stern fanaticism and self-denying zeal of the Covenanters on the other. What literature—what country but ours, for instance, could have produced the noble balancing of party virtues and party vices in *Old Mortality* ? Nothing stirs the sympathy even of the steadiest supporters of constitutional government more than the chivalrous devotion of the men who threw their fortunes and fate into the lot of the exiled Stuarts. The Jacobite minstrelsy finds a way to all hearts. Whether it may have arisen from our long triumphant resistance to aggression, or from whatever other cause, so it is that no achievements by our own Scots are ever derided or discarded by their descendants. We have thus no pariah or outcast among us. The very last-accepted member of our circle, the long-discarded Highlander, has become so important among us, that strangers take him for the proper national type. With some rooted defects, he has turned out a showy, dashing fellow, and the grave Lowlander is perhaps rather proud of him than otherwise.

These national characteristics have rendered our ballad poetry what it is. It has not been made for us, but has grown up among us. Full as it is of genius, wit, and poetic skill, it knows no authorship but that of the country at large. It is truly autochthonous. We cannot point to the author of one of the pieces legitimately belonging to it, nor to the age when it was written—if written it could be said to be. The whole rich vein was found among the people, like some geological deposit which had come into existence by no mere human means. They have been handed down from generation to generation, sometimes apparently improved—at others, perhaps, damaged—in their

transference from one to another ; and thus they are what our antiquaries have found them. It is a consideration, however, and a consideration very much to the point on the present occasion, that this process of national ballad growing and ballad preserving can only go on while those concerned in the process are unconscious of the presence of an outer world with an eye fixed upon it. The moment it is discovered, and public attention drawn to it, it stops. In other words, pure tradition and publication cannot go on together—the one confuses the other. Any one who attempts to verify traditions which have made their way into popular literature, will be sure to find that what is told him as the old tradition of the spot, will be a repetition more or less inaccurate of the latest shape in which the tradition has appeared in print. And so of the ballad as of other traditions—the time will shortly be, if it has not yet come, when the oldest woman in the country will only be able to repeat to you *Gil Morice* or *Sir Patrick Spence* from some printed version. During the purely traditional period, and through that transition period in which very old people remembered ballads as they had heard them before they had appeared in print, many active and zealous men have been employed in collecting and verifying this floating minstrelsy. As it is scarcely possible that any new additions should be made to the store, the time seemed to have come for sifting and assorting what had been gathered into the granary.

The task has been fortunately undertaken by the very man to whose hands it seemed legitimately to fall. For reasons, which the public will very well understand, we are not going to enter on a criticism of the manner in which Professor Aytoun has accomplished his task. It is gratifying to find it proclaimed by the general voice of the press that he has fulfilled his duty to the anonymous literature of his country in a manner worthy of his own fame, and to be assured on all hands that his collection is henceforth to be considered the standard edition of the ballad poetry of Scotland.

About the literary merits of the editor who has furnished the public with two handsome volumes full of the ballad poetry of sister Ireland, we have little to say. We do not care to use words of disparagement to one who has spread before us a considerable quantity of curious and pleasant reading. But we cannot help the remark that the introductory matter is far too eloquent and discursive for our sombre taste. We could have well spared all those portions of it which are especially devoted to Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, Guarini, Tassoni, Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France, the Cid, Zimenes, Columbus, the Medici, Averroes, Abencerrage, Ben Zaid, Aristotle, Burke, Ferdusi, Alphonso the Wise, Homer, Charles II., Ben Jonson, Oliver Cromwell, Hippas, Hipparchus, and M'Auley. We are not under any obligation to him for adding to the collections which contain—

"Far in a wild unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit
grew"—

because the author of it is designated as Archdeacon of Clogher; nor for giving us an additional copy of that other "Hermit," who brought his guiltless feast from the mountain's grassy side, although its author, Goldsmith, was one of whose memory Ireland might justly be proud. There are many others which we might exclude, not because they are easily to be found elsewhere, but because there is no great advantage in finding them anywhere. But the collection is large and rich, and we acknowledge with pleasure that it has introduced us into a new field of genius, not deficient in flowers.

But what a sad contrast to the whole spirit of our Scottish minstrelsy. In it, even the most tragic and exciting passages relate to enmities which have long departed. The wrath is appeased—the wounds are healed, and we look back on all through the mellow influence of time and change. It is like the peaceful ivied ruin in the placid sunset. We ask not what bloody scenes it has witnessed—what strong injustice it has protected—what miserable captive sighed in its dungeon; there it is calm, majestic, tranquil—an ob-

ject of the most pleasing interest and gentle enjoyment. But wherever there is action and reality in the Irish ballad, it is sure to bear on feuds and strifes still fresh and rankling. The sores are open; in some instances the very wounds are bloody. The earliest of those pieces which can be legitimately called historical ballads—that is to say, which justify the attribute historical by reference to some event, and justify the name of ballad, by having sprung out of the popular feeling about that event, in distinction from compositions by literary men who have studied the event in books—the oldest historical ballads, in this sense of the term, appear to refer to the unhappy '98. Take, for instance, the "Death-wake of William Orr," written by Dr. Drennan. Orr was, it appears, a Presbyterian farmer of Antrim, executed for administering the oath of the United Irishmen to a soldier. Here is a portion of the dirge dedicated to his fate:—

"Hapless Nation! rent, and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,
Warfare of six hundred years!
Epochs marked with blood and tears!

Hunted through thy native grounds,
Or flung *reward* to human bounds;
Each one pulled and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation—hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand!
Crumbled by a foreign weight;
And by worse—domestic hate.

God of mercy! God of peace!
Make the mad confusion cease;
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it ~~spread~~ the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight!
Brothers' blood will not unite;
Holy oil and holy water,
Mix, and fill the world with slaughter."

All this is very sad and very terrible. And there is another and quite peculiar vein of sadness winding through all the ballads that have reality in them—the traces that they carry of the amount of physical destitution borne by the people, and the dire famines that have swept them from time to time. The picture is not vulgarised by the sordid details of simple physical misery, for the Irish have a way with them in these

things, and can endow even starvation and nudity with the *mighty gentleness*, which is their peculiar gift. We turn, for instance, to the "Lament of the Irish Emigrant," by Lady Dufferin. He lacks food and raiment at home, and is going to seek them abroad. We all can summon up in idea what sort of object of poetic interest is an Irishman of the poorer kind in a famine year—a man who has sold the pig—who has exhausted the last argument with the agent—who has been at the door of every relief committee—who has perhaps begged on the highway—of unwholesome, and forbidding aspect—filthy, ragged, and spotted with vermin. But all these vulgar and offensive attributes are washed away by the fountains of refined sorrow which flow full and strong from the poor man's heart, when he calls up, in the midst of his hardships, the departed form of her who was the partner of his joys and of his sorrows, and now lies in her grave near the stile on which he sits, and thinks about the past and the future. It was there that they sat long ago when they were betrothed. The place is little changed; the lark sings—the corn is green—but the voice that then spoke in affection and hope is silenced for ever.

"I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends!
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride:
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

This is very tender and sweet in sentiment, and melodious in expres-

sion; but it is not ballad poetry, in the fundamental sense of the term. It is not what the people say for themselves, but what refined genius says for them. The function of making the ballads of a people in this fashion is not that to which Fletcher referred. It may happen that the composition of one high in genius or in rank is adopted by the populace, and passes to their bosoms; as, for instance, Lady Anne Barnard's pathetic ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." But this is a matter of chance; and we suspect that the editors of newspapers, and the readers of curious literature, know a great deal more about these ballads of the Irish than the Irish themselves know. With our Scottish ballads it is far otherwise. Such pathos and sentiment as they contain are not triumphs of literary art—they are the throbbing of the national heart itself. And this heart is tender and true, though doubtless it has its capricious, and sometimes its worse than capricious, emotions.

Breaking out of a barbarous age, and echoing freely the sentiments of turbulent times, it is natural that our ballad poetry should not be found to be ever under the regulations of modern refinement and modern ethics. In this, of course, the comparison will be in externals mightily in favour of the Irish muse. We do not deny to that country generally the virtue of purity and decorum in the domestic relations which it so often loudly claims. In a ballad literature, prepared in the name of the country by men of genius and education, it is natural that there should be nothing to even hint offence to the most fastidious reader. The good taste of the editor has, as every one would anticipate, kept the collection of old Scottish ballads as free from any impurity as the modern Irish ballads have been made by their authors. But of course popular compositions springing out of the social conditions of their age, of necessity speak, although they need not speak coarsely, of the sort of acts that were done in their day, and it is a somewhat hard test to measure them by the ways of acting and thinking which belong

to a different period. The Scottish ballads are the utterance of Scottish society, high and low, at periods far earlier than the reign of Queen Mary; and yet, as all the world knows, it would be a desperate affair to judge of the people frequenting Queen Mary's court, and of their conduct, by the criterion of the court of Queen Victoria. There is no denying it, that along with the great deeds of our ancestors great crimes were not unknown. Accordingly, the ballads, taking the tone of the surrounding social conditions, are not only tragic, but often criminally tragic. To give zest to the dramatic narrative of a rude age, and to bring out the magnanimity of the hero of the tale, a crime and a criminal are almost necessary. Are we yet far enough advanced in civilisation to be above this necessity? Tragic enough certainly are the plot and incidents of the Scottish ballads—desperately wicked sometimes the perpetrators male or female. But still, through the histories of their misdeeds, the narrative conveys in some shape—whether that of an avenging Providence or the milder medium of some great man's judgment—a commendation of honour, truth, fidelity, and all those virtues which are the best that men can exercise towards each other. Brightening also, through narratives of falsehood and cruelty, we find those warm and strong domestic affections which have given such an honest glow to the later minstrelsy, and especially to the popular songs of the country. So it is that we have in the well-known lament of "Wally, Wally," and in that other ballad, which is sometimes considered a continuation of it, but is by Professor Aytoun deemed a separate composition,—those deeply pathetic wailings in which the injured wife's sense of wrong and misery struggle with her affection, and give way before its intensity and unwavering constancy. Hence, too, the constancy and faith of poor Burd Helen, which lighted her path through every form of misery and hardship, and that undying love which draws May Margaret to follow her dead lover's spectre to his tomb, crying—

"Is there any room at your head, fadden!
Is there any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Sanden,
Where fain fain I wad sleep."

The many narratives of ferocity and strife which these ballads contain, are often broken in upon by such gentle lights. Take, for instance, one not very extensively known, "Edom o' Gordon." It commemorates one of those terrible acts of feudal violence which crowd the chronicles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, not in Scotland only. The Laird of Towie—the same domain whence the Russian general Barclay de Tolly took his title—is absent from home, and his feudal enemy, Gordon of Auchindown, comes to besiege the castle. The lady defends it with spirit—

"But reach my pistol, Gland, my man,
And charge ye weel my gun;
For, but if I pierce that bludy butcher,
We a' shall be undone."

She stude upon the castle wa',
And let twa bullets flee;
She mis'd that bludy butcher's heart,
And only rased his knee."

Fire is applied; it penetrates quickly through all parts of the narrow peel-house, and reaches the poor children, whose fate, with that of their mother, is described in these pathetic terms:—

"O then bespake her youngest son,
Sat on the nourice's knee;
Says, 'Mother dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek it smothers me.'

'I wad gie a' my gowd, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the westlin' wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee!'

O then bespake her daughter dear—
She was bath jimp and ama'—
'O row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me owre the wa'.

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa';
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks:
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red blude droops.

Then wi' his spear he turned her owre,
O gin her face was wan!
He said, 'You are the first that e'er
I wish'd alive again.'

He turned her owre and owre again,
O gin her skin was white!
'I might hae spared that bonnie face,
To hae been some man's delight.

'Bunk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna look on that bonny face, -
As it lies on the grass!

'Wha looks to fretts, my master deir,
It's fretts will follow them;
Let it ne'er be said that Edom o' Gordon
Was dauntit by a dame.'

But when the lady saw the fire
Come flaming owre her head,
She wept and kissed her children twain,
Says, 'Bairns, we been but dead.'

Their wit is a remarkable feature of the Scottish ballads as well as their pathos. It is sharp, keen, and ever tells home to practical conclusions. Of this kind the "Wife of Auchtermuchty" is a very perfect specimen. It is wonderful how a composition so full of genius, and so dexterously handled, should have come down to us without any claimant to its authorship. Perhaps we must attribute this to the modesty of some feminine composer, who, having executed so noble a vindication of the privileges of her sex, left it to carry its own weight without the incubrance of a name. Its aim is to raise the dignity of the true housewife and her functions. The small farmer or crofter, returning home after his hard day's work in wind and rain, finds his wife bien and comfortable. He thinks she has been thus all day without having anything material to do, and so he reproaches the inequality in their lots. It is resolved that there shall be a more equal division of duties and privileges, and he takes his first day of housekeeping. The calamities and difficulties which come upon him one after another in untiring procession, and with accumulating complexity, are to be compared only to those inextricable dreams begotten of sagaage and Welsh rabbit, in which the hapless sleeper, with a horrible consciousness that he has nothing on but what he went to bed in, is required, on some occasion of public solemnity, to perform impossible functions, and finds himself gradually buried under an inextricable mass of ravelled operations. And yet the

whole is described to the external world with the clear precision of an Ostade or a Teniers; and nothing can be more naturally true and picturesque than every little turn and incident—as, for instance, where the conduct of the sow who discovers the milk kirning to be made into cheese, and proceeds stealthily to appropriate it, not with an entirely easy mind, is thus told:—"Ay she winket and ay she drank." It is singular that Ireland, with such an abundant ready-money currency of wit in the daily intercourse of her people, should have none stored up in reserve for literature. If we had any such echo of the tone and tenor of common life among them as the Scottish ballads are to our own country, we could not well have been without a sprinkling of this element.

Sister Ireland is an adept at fairy legend. The lithe little ephemeral creatures who people the elfin world seem to be adapted to the exuberant and rather airy and unsubstantial habits of thought of that light-hearted people. But they can give a tragic sadness to the doings of the fantastic elves—and indeed, throughout the Irish minstrelsy, notwithstanding the elasticity of the Irish character, there is far more of sadness and inert sorrow than either of gladness or of healthy exertion. The "Fairy Thorn," an Ulster ballad, is one of the tragic class. Some young maidens in their glee have gone up to dance and amuse themselves on fairy ground. One of their number is doomed to be stolen into the spirit world, and the poet describes, with a chilling awfulness, the spell that binds them to the ground, and drags one of them away:—

"And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from
the sky
When the falcon's shadow sallets across the
open shaw,
Are hushed the maidens' voices, as cowering
down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground
beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes and the old
Whitethorn between,
A power of faint enchantment doth through
their beings breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and stealing side to side,
 They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks so fair,
 Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
 For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads together bowed,
 Soft o'er their bosoms beating—the only human sound—
 They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
 Like a river in the air, gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
 But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three—
 For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
 By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
 And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws;
 They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,
 But they dare not look to see the cause.

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
 Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze;
 And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes
 Or their limbs from the cold ground raise."

But the supernatural, like all the other departments of what is termed the ballad poetry of the Irish, partakes in the character of artificiality. They afford us clever poems, translations, imitations, adaptations of popular superstitions and legends—they do not give us, what that valuable gem the genuine ballad is, the shape in which the people have put their own legends. It may be all the more honourable to the modern bards of Ireland that they have made a respectable minstrelsy for a people who had none of their own; but the productions of their ingenious pens, brilliant though they may be, cannot possess the intrinsic value of a popular rhythmic literature which is the growth of centuries. It is speaking well, and not evil, of these able men to say that they have studied our ballads, and in some measure imitated their tone and rhythm. For instance, as we are in the fairy or supernatural department at present, we call the reader's attention to the

strange wild ballad of Binnorie, where the fair-haired damsel is drowned by her elder sister, and a harper strings his harp with the dead girl's hair—

"He has taen three locks of her yellow hair,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 And wi' them strung his harp see rare,
 By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He brought the harp to her father's hall;
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 And there was the court assembled all;
 By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He set the harp upon a stane,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
 And it began to play alane,
 By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."

One of the cleverest of the Irish fairy ballads, "Sir Turlough, or the Churchyard Bride," by William Carleton, begins thus, and follows on throughout with the same refrain—

"The bride she bound her golden hair—
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 And her step was light as the breezy air
 When it bends the morning flowers so fair,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The actual superstitions which have lived among men are the raw material out of which men of genius are enabled to construct the poetry of the supernatural. The most powerful imagination is limited to that which has been believed, however much it may range into that which is in itself impossible. Without this condition the poetry of the supernatural would cease to be poetry, because it would cease to appeal to anything capable of stirring the human heart. All great artists dealing in the supernatural, if they did not believe in it themselves, have studied profoundly the communications of those who did, for the purpose of giving life to their narratives. It is one of the qualities of our purely traditional ballads that they are still a living fountain of the supernatural. It must be of infinite value to all writers of the imaginative, so long as our language lasts, to possess, permanently embodied in print, those rhythmic legends which long lived among the people, not so much in the shape of a literature made for and taught to them, as of the embodiment of the things passing in their

own minds—of the events which they believed to be true, and the supernatural agencies of which they stood in actual awe. One can sympathise with Scott in the delight which he must have felt as he managed to draw out the fragmentary wonders of Tamlane and Thomas of Ercildoun into continuous narrative; for these are wonderful things in their wild imaginativeness, and must ever remain a testimony to the high-wrought fancies and picturesque ideas of the people among whom they lived. We are tempted to print here a less-known specimen of the Scottish supernatural ballad called "Kemp Owain." Perhaps it may be considered to partake more of the grotesque and horrible than of the purely imaginative; but there is a sort of stern consistent flight of imagination in the whole conception, and the language and versification are together terse and powerful. It will be seen that the dialect has a strong flavour of the north; and Professor Aytoun conjectures, apparently with reason, that although it first appeared in a complete shape in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, its recovery is due to the industry of Mr. Peter Buchan of Peterhead.

KEMP OWAIN.

"Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great
moan;
Her father married the worst woman,
That ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand,
In every thing that she could do,
Till once in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, 'Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owain come ower the sea,
And borrow you wi' kisses three.
Let all the world do what they will,
O borrowed shall you never be!'

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang
And twisted twice about the tree;
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was she:
That news did come to Kemp Owain,
Where he lived far beyond the sea.

He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast look'd he,
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted was about the tree;
And with a swing she cam' about,
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me!'

'Here is a royal belt,' she cried,
'That I hae found in the green sea,
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tall or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be!'

He stepped in, gied her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi',
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree;
And with a swing she cam' about,
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me!'

'Here is a royal ring,' she said,
'That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tall or fin,
I vow my ring your death shall be!'

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi',
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance around the tree;
And with a swing she cam' about,
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me!'

'Here is a royal brand,' she said,
'That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tall or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be!'

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi',
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree;
And smilingly she cam' about,
As fair a woman as fair could be."

Perhaps all ballad poetry may be fairly divided, for practical purposes, into ballads sentimental, including those of the affections—ballads imaginative, including those which deal in the supernatural—humorous ballads, involving sarcastic criticism on prevalent social follies—and ballads of historical narrative. The preceding remarks have, in however desultory a manner, treated of all these classes, both in Scotland and in Ireland, although very little has been said of the historical. In this department Ireland stands further apart than ever from Scotland, on account of the entirely distinct historical conditions of the two nations. As we have already remarked, the oldest productions expressing a contemporary sentiment about public events seem to go no farther back than the conclusion of the eighteenth century. But the Irish have, notwithstanding, a historical past sufficiently an-

cient, illustrated by quite a sufficient amount of poetical literature. To a nation whose history during recent centuries has been fraught with so much disaster, and dignified by so little glory, it is natural that a solace should be sought in the far past. There, indeed, ample room might be found for consolation. There is a very ancient authentic Irish history—a history distinct during periods when that both of England and Scotland is obscure. There is also a much vaster field spread out by fabulous annalists, in which the imagination is free to discover whatever it pleases. So, if the Ireland of any particular existing time should be disunited, idle, and famine-stricken, we have only to go back to the days of Brian Boromh, or Nial of the Nine Hostages, or Ollamh Fodhla, or Ollicol Fionn, to find an Ireland triumphant in the strength of union, rich and enterprising, and endowed with a treasury of gold and jewels which excite the wonder and envy of the world. If her degraded lawyers have to peruse the hated pages of Coke and Blackstone, there was a day when she fed counsel learned in the mighty laws of the Brehons. If her members of parliament have now to go up and get snubbed at St. Stephens, she can look back to the distant century when the Hall of Tara received the majestic procession of her legislators, with their harpers marching before them, and an illustrious college of historians or reporters in the rear. It is necessary to have at command such inexhaustible resources in the far past before one can face the parliamentary statistics of the blue-books, by assertions so foreign to all modern experience and belief as the following:

"A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from
the yellow barley ear.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground;
The butter and the cream do wonderfully abound."

This is translated from the Irish, and may therefore apply to any century you please. A "Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century" has this resplendent opening:

"I walked entranced
Through a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens aloft and right"

Some of the bards of Young Ireland appear to enter on the function of the geologists, and to go back into periods which might be called palaeozoic rather than historical. We have here a brief picture of Ireland in the days when the elk, whose horns are sometimes found in the bogs, ranged among the forests; and we have made a mistaken estimate of its merit if the reader do not find that it is powerfully conceived and skilfully versified:—

"Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race,
Taller than Roman spears;
Like oaks and towers they had a giant
race—
Were fleet as deers;
With winds and waves they made their hid-
ing place,
These western shepherd seers.

Their ocean-god was Mán-á-nán M'Lir,
Whose angry lips,
In their white foam, full often would inter
Whole fleets of ships.
Cromach, their day-god and their thunderer,
Made morning and eclipse.
Bride was their queen of song, and unto
her
They prayed with fire-touched lips.

Great were their deeds, their passions and
their sports.
With clay and stone
They piled on strath and shore those mystic
forts
Not yet o'erthrown.
On cairn-crowned hills they held their coun-
cil courts;
While youths alone,
With giant dogs, explored the elks' resorts,
And brought them down."

With all due admiration of the genius of Mr. Thomas D'Arcy M'Ghee, who wrote the poem of which this is a specimen, and all proper respect for that to us previously unknown deity, Mán-á-nán M'Lir, to whom he introduces us, we are content that the historical ballad-poetry of Scotland should be traced no farther back than the war of independence. It was out of that contest that the defensive separate nationality, which required the aid and influence of the *vates sacer*, arose. He did well the work that was required of him in

his day. The rude, fierce, rapid narrative of Blind Harry, the stirring metrical story of "the Bruce," diffused throughout the land, did for it what no mere efforts of literary age, however brightly illustrated by genius, or well founded in antiquarian knowledge, could achieve. And we can now recall these productions, as well as the minor traditionary ballads which followed their track, not in wrath or envy, but in just pride and national thankfulness. As the earliest of our own ballads celebrate the heroes of the war against the Edwards, so the oldest English ballad which refers to Scotland—it may be found in the curious collection printed by the Camden Society—represents these heroes as rebels and cut-throats who have incurred the just vengeance of the king, and exults in the fate and tortures of Wallace and Sir Simon Fraser. Without saying that this is as it ought to be, it may be said that it is what might be expected; and we question if any well-thinking Scotsman will be raised to a feeling of hatred, or even of moderate dislike of his English countrymen, by its perusal.

The whole of the vexed questions about early Celtic poetry stand apart from any connection with the proper ballad poetry of Scotland. It does not go far enough back to deal with the times when there were, at least in a portion of the country, Celtic kings and a Celtic government; and it is not sufficiently modern to come down to what may be called the revival of Celtic feeling. But it embraces and preserves some curious vestiges of that period of strife, when the Celt was not yet brought to the ground, and it was a question from which of its two races Scotland should be ruled. The battle of Harlow is sung in two very curious and valuable ballads in Professor Aytoun's Collection. It was fought on the slopes of Benachie (where Oadie rins at the back of Benaohie) in the year 1411. It is usual for historians to speak of it as the suppression of the rebellion of Donald of the Isles; but in reality it was the conclusive conquest which made the Lowland dynasty of kings supreme over Scotland, and broke for ever the rival

empire of the west. Thus it is no doubt true that, while repelling the English invasion on the one hand, the Scottish kings were aggrandising their own sceptre on the other; much in the same manner as the Plantagenets were doing in Wales, and attempting to do in Scotland. Homages had been performed, submissions made or enforced from time to time; but still the vital strength of the old Highland kingdom, which had been ruled by Somerled and his descendants, was not totally extinct until that last great battle. It was entirely characteristic of those conflicts in which, whether by the Ohio or the Ganges, undisciplined mobs of barbarous warriors are conquered by the disciplined strength of a smaller number belonging to a higher stage of civilization, and trained to a superior military discipline. The feeling with which the small body of well-appointed men-at-arms approached the vast host of mountaineers, is put with his usual historical felicity by Scott into the mouth of the page Roland Græme:

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.
My horse shall ride through ranks so rude,
As through the muirland fern,
Then nere let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Hieland kern."

The ballads about this battle are extremely curious from their cold business-like-air. The narrator of the more elaborate of the two describes himself as a traveller come within the confusion of the conflict, but obliged to go on without satisfying himself touching its cause; for "there I had not time to tarry for business in Aberdeen." He picks up a companion, who tells the whole story with calmness and precision, and we see clearly that it is not the importance of the victory as a political event, nor the extensive slaughter of the Highlanders, that is viewed as matter of moment, but the death of several persons of family and condition who were leaders in the small Lowland force. It is very like some of the affairs in India, in which there is a great victory, but it is dearly bought by the death of a few pro-

mising young officers. The separation in social feeling and condition between the Highlands and the Lowlands, during the ballad period, is perhaps rendered all the more distinct, by some of the ballads which narrate the adventures of romantic damsels, who, instead of becoming the wives of disreputable lairds, have gone off as the runaway brides of "Highland laddies" to the mountains, and have there found themselves converted into queens of little barbarian empires.

It is natural that the ballad poetry of Scotland should be essentially Lowland, or, as it has been usual to say, Saxon, in its character. Whatever the Celts of the Highlands had in the shape of metrical narrative, was of course as thoroughly hidden from the Lowland population as it is from most of us at the present day, when we have not the benefit of a translation. We have, however, glimpses of the Highlands and of Highland customs in the ballads, and they are curious. In looking into them, it is necessary to remember that the existing cordiality between the Highlander and the Lowlander—or, we might with more fairness say, between the Highlander and all the other inhabitants of the United Kingdom—is a recent matter. It dates from the '45, when kindly Scots of all accents and opinions, from Dumfries to Inverness, thought he was cruelly entreated by Cumberland and others; and in later times—or, perhaps, it would be more distinct to say, since the publication of *Waverley*—the feeling has expanded over the United Kingdom. It can do no harm now to any one to remember, as an historical fact, that it was once very far otherwise, and that the mountaineer in his national, or rather in his business costume, was about as unwelcome an object in the Lennox or the southern declivities of the Braes of Angus, as an Indian in his war-paint was at the same period, when seen lurking in the vicinity of New York or Boston. The antipathy arising from distinctions of race could not, indeed, be expected to die out, so long as Donald was enabled to put in practice his inveterate propensity for killing, not his own, but other people's mutton.

It was a practice in which the Lowlander had no sympathy. The borderer, it is true, participated in it also, and was more praised than blamed in song for such participation; but there were broad distinctions separating his position from that of the northern mountaineer. In the first place, he was generally a grazier himself, with his stock of oxen and sheep, which might on occasion be harried as he harried other men's; while the Highlander thought it far better to let his Lowland neighbours go through the whole drudgery of rearing the animals which he desired, trusting to success and a moonlight night for their removal to the proper place of consumption. But there was a far more material difference than this. All the Highlander's victims were his Lowland countrymen. But on the Borders, although there were perhaps a few impartial people in the debatable land who

"Drove the bees that made their broth,
From England and from Scotland both,"

yet the staple of the plundering fell upon the English enemy—the land of the tyrants who had endeavoured to conquer old Scotland; and thus successful marauding was elevated into a patriotic duty. Hence the feats of the Border thieves, as they are discourteously called in our later acts of Parliament, are the theme of some of the most stirring and picturesque of the descriptive ballads. There is the exulting description of the recapture out of Newcastle Jail of Jock o' the Side, of whom Maitland says—

"He is weel kend Johnne of the syde,
A greater thief never did ryde,
He never tyred,
For to break byres,
O'er muir and myre,
Ower gude ane guide."

It would be difficult, in any literature, to show in the same compass, so rapid and effective a narrative of misfortune and success—of wrong and retribution—as the ballad of Jamie Telfer. One Martinmas night the captain of Bowcastle is upon him—

"And when they cam to the fair Dodhead,
Right hastily they climbed the peel;
They loosed the kye out, ane an' a,
And ranshackled the house right weel.

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
The tear aye rowing in his e'e;
He pled wi' the captain to hae his gear,
Or else revenged he wad be.

The captain turned him round and leugh;
Said—"Man, there's naething in thy house,
But ae auld sword without a sheath,
That hardly now wad fell a mouse!"

We next follow the poor fellow
through the varied results of his ap-
peals for aid. Gibbie Elliot alone
sternly refuses, and for specific rea-
sons:—

"Gae seek your succour where ye paid black
mall,
For man ye ne'er paid money to me."

Auld Jock Grieve, to whose door
he next brings the fray, is married to
his wife's sister, and cannot but do
something; so he mounts the weary
wayfarer on a bonny black, and sends
him forth. The next is Williams
Wat, whose gratitude is hearty; for
he never had come by the fair Dod-
head that he had found the basket
bare. Cheered and strengthened by
small aids, Jamie goes on to Brank-
some, where he makes his woes known
to his chief, and then we have indeed
no longer the slow movements of the
desponding unfortunate, but all the
stirring incidents of a Border gather-
ing are brought before us at once:—

"Alack for wae!" quoth the gude auld lord,
"And ever my heart is wae for thee!
But fye, gar cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he come to me speedilie!"

Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it soon and hastily!
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me!

Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmauscleugh, and Commonsids.

Ride by the gate at Priestthanghewire,
And warn the Currors o' the Lee;
As ye come down the Hermitage Black,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorinberry."

The Scots they rade, the Scots they ran,
See starkly and see steadilie!
And aye the over-word o' the thrang,
Was—"Rise for Branksome readilie!"

The cattle and their escort are
overtaken. There is a spirited fight,
with some slaughter, and the party
might return with credit, but a wild

gallant Watty o' the Wudspurs sug-
gests the more poetic conclusion of
carrying away the captain of Bew-
castle's own kye along with the
rescued booty; and so,

"When they cam to the fair Dodhead,
They were a welcome sight to see!
For instead of his ain ten milk-kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three."

Such ballads as the "Outlaw Mur-
ray," and "Johnnie Armstrong," are
testimony of another kind to the po-
pular estimate of the border chief.
Here we are no longer with "Jock
o' the Side," "Dick o' the Cow," or
the bereft owner of the fair Dod-
head—all stalwart fighters and cap-
ital drivers of a foray, but most of
them with scarce a follower of their
own—retainers rather than leaders—
who might be described in the ac-
count which Scott makes the moss-
trooper give of himself in the "Fair
Maid of Perth:" "My name is the
Devil's Dick of Hellgarth, well
known in Annandale for a gentle
Johnstone. I follow the stout laird
of Wamphray, who rides with his
kinsman the redoubted laird of John-
stone, who is banded with the
doughty Earl of Douglas." Above
these were a sort of freebooter ari-
stocracy, like the owners of the castles
on the Rhine and Danube—men who
had each a small army, and kept a
court. How fine a description have
we of such a predatory little court in
the opening stanzas of "the song of
the outlaw Murray,"—a ballad which
we are glad to see has passed Pro-
fessor Aytoun's critical ordeal, and is
accepted by him as genuine.

Ettrick Forrest is a fair forrest,
In it grows many a seemly tree;
The hart, the hynd, the doe, the roe,
And of all wild beasts great plenty.
There a castle's builded of lime and stane,
O gin it stands not pleasantlie:
There's in the forefront of that castle fair,
Twa unicorns is brow to see.

There's the picture of a knight and lady bright,
And the green hollie aboon their bree;
There an Outlaw keeps five hundred men,
He keeps a royal company.
His merry men's in livery clad,
Of the Lincoln green is fair to see,
He and his lady in purple clad;
O gin they live not royallie!

A still more touching testimony to

the high position held by these Border chiefs in the national estimation, is supplied by the spirited ballad "Johnny Armstrong." The tragedy it records is an authentic historical event. The Border chief, not looking upon his occupation as either criminal or disreputable, went to meet his king with an open, guileless-countenance, attended by a following which imprudently paraded not only his strength, but his sense of independent authority. In fact, he went to meet his sovereign as one of the secondary princes of the Continent might have gone to show respect to the supreme monarch to whom he paid homage for his dominion—as, for instance, Charles of Burgundy went to meet Louis the Eleventh at Peronne. James V. was, however, at that time aggrandising the crown of Scotland, and he was little scrupulous as to the methods by which he accomplished his object. It sounds well for respectable conventional history to speak about this sagacious monarch's resolution to strengthen the power of the executive, to keep in awe the independent feudal authorities, which created perpetual anarchy and disturbance throughout his dominions, and, above all, to suppress the bands of border marauders, who fostered anarchy at home and enmity abroad. But there are evil ways of doing things ultimately wise, and without committing one's self to the opinion that border rieving was a sound national institution, yet we cannot forget that a national institution it was, and that the Armstrongs had no reason to suppose themselves to be criminals. However suddenly and sternly the institution was to be put down, its extinction should have been accomplished with fair notice given, and by fair compulsion; and the tone in which contemporary narrators take up the matter shows that the king gained little in the good esteem of his subjects, by the treacherous slaughter of one who, as a deadly scourge of the English, was reputed a national champion.

Then, if these Armstrongs led an illegal life—doubtless they did so, and many acts of Parliament witnessed against them—was there any more law for what they suffered than for what they did? If we could sup-

pose some faint modern repetition of the execution done by the monarch on these Armstrongs made the object of a question to the Home Secretary at the present day, and that responsible gentleman to have no more law on his side than James V. had when he extirpated the Armstrongs, there would be opposition cheers with a witness. Many unjust and cruel deeds were done then in Scotland, in strict conformity with law. But the hanging of the Armstrongs appears to have been done in the course of that kind of rapid execution by which the commander of a force disposes of spies. It is true that, about the date of this transaction, a short significant entry appears in the records of the Court of Justiciary, as preserved by Mr. Pitcairn, to this effect: "April 1. John Armestrang alias Blak Jok, and Thomas his brother, convicted of common theft, reset of theft, &c.,—hanged." Although it was not uncommon for the law thus to vulgarise the occupation of the robber chief, yet a comparison of dates shows that Black Jock must have been some remnant of the clan who had survived the slaughter in Liddesdale, and found his way within the pale of the law; and it is pretty certain that no record and no form of trial solemnised the execution of the mighty chief and his immediate followers. Hence a kind of national grief and indignation were echoed by the minstrel, in the tone of proud sadness which he throws into the chief's farewell, and the solemn indignation with which his own narrative concludes.

"Wist England's King that I was t'en,
O gin a blythe man he wad be!
For ance I slew his sister's son,
And on his breast-bane brak a tree!"

* * *

"Had I my horse, and my harness good,
And riding as I wout to be,
It should have been tauld this hundred year,
The meeting of my King and me!"

God be with thee, Christy, my brother!
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun!
Lang mayst thou live on the Border-side,
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down.

And God be with thee, Christy, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!
But an' thou live this hundred year,
Thy father's better thou'lt never be.

Fareweel, my bonnie Gilnock-ha;
Where on the Esk thou standest stont;
Gif I had lived but seven years mair,
I wad have gilt thee round about."

"Johnie murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant companie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er so wae,
To see sae many brave men die.

Because they saved their countrie dear
Frae Englishmen: none were sae bauld;
While Johnie lived on the Border-side,
None of them durst come near his hauld."

There is no such sympathy as this with the Highland freebooters. For the substantial reason already referred to, that, while the borderers took the fray into England, the Celts plundered the lowland Scots, these are condemned in verse as well as prose. It is true that, in the ballad of "Gilderoy," we find the sentiment,—

"Was worth the louns that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear;
To reive of life for sic a cause
As stealing horse or mear!"

But these words are put into the mouth of the outlaw's bereaved widow; and, as far as the author of the ballad meant them to tell, are said more in sarcasm than sincerity. The tone in which the Highland reiver's deeds are chronicled is usually that of indignation against the wrong done, and pity for the sufferer, than the kind of fierce exultation in successful marauding which the border ballads express. The short sad metrical narrative of the fate of "The Baron of Brackley" is a fair illustration of this side of the distinction. Brackley, on the eastern edge of the north Highlands, was a domain of a branch of the Gordons. This family, though they had a large Highland following, were, like the Campbells in the south, a great middle power, overawing the unruly clans among the mountains behind them through the power of their chief as a great lord, and able, on the other hand, to play a large game in national politics by calling out their Highland strength. Among them reiving was not encouraged, and their retainers were among the plundered rather than the plunderers. A small farm-house, looking down upon the pleasant watering-village of Ballater and across to Prince Albert's

Highland farm, represents, or used to represent, the mansion-house of the old domain of Brackley, where the fierce freebooter Inverey made his appearance one morning with a set of red-haired followers, drove off all the cattle, as Donald Bean Lean did at Tully Veolan, and slew the worthy baron, who came forth in defence of his gear. We remember a circle of stones, on which, we were told, that Inverey and his followers sat and drank after the deed was done. Of Inverey's grim old square tower, the remains, giving shelter to a few sheep, may be seen some fifteen miles farther up among the mountains, and almost beneath the shadow of the precipices of Lochnagar. We are tempted here to mention a characteristic little matter of personal recollection. Being directed to a hut, where lived a guide, reputed to possess old and curious knowledge about a certain tract of country, there issued from the doorway a figure which it was difficult to believe so humble a tenement could contain. Tall he was almost to the giant-height, but perfectly symmetrical, and, though past seventy years of age, without any stoop or other trace of decay, except the grizzling of his long massive locks. He had a large, full, rich dark eye, a high forehead, and an aquiline nose, and bore himself with the dignity of a barbarian prince. Happening, in conversation, to allude to the family whose name he bore, we asked, in the way in which it is thought that a compliment is generally expressed towards a Highlander, if he were nearly related to the head of the clan. Like Sir Edward Seymour, when complimented by Charles II. as a member of the Duke of Somerset's family, the old man drew himself up yet a little higher, and, with a faint blush of pride, said he was the head of the clan himself, the lineal representative of the fallen house of Inverey. It was natural to ask him whether he had ever made the existing head of the clan aware that one following his humble occupation had such claims on their kind attention, but he received the hint as an exiled prince might any such reference to the reigning house. Whether he was

justified either in claiming descent from Inverey or the headship of the clan for that great freebooter, we know not. We have nothing to say in justification of this digression, save that the ballad about Brackley and Inverey happened to recall an incident which impressed itself on the mind as curious and interesting. And now come a stanza or two from the pathetic ballad itself in illustration of that great difference which we have referred to between the popular estimation of the Border and of the Highland reiver:—

"Then up got the baron, and cried for his
graith;
Says, 'Lady, I'll gang, though to leave you
I'm laith.

'Come, kiss me, then, Peggy; and gie me my
spear;
I aye was for peace, though I never fear'd
weir.

'Come, kiss me, then, Peggy; nor think me to
blame;
I weel may gae out; but I'll never win
in!

When Brackley was buakit, and rade o'er the
cross,
A gallanter baron ne'er lap to a horse.

When Brackley was mounted and rade o'er the
green,
He was as bold a baron as ever was seen.

Tho' there cam' wi' Inverey thirty and
three,
There was nane wi' bonny Brackley but his
brother and he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword
draw;
But against four and thirty, wae's me,
what is twa?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him
surround;
And they've pierced bonnie Brackley wi'
mony a wound.

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the
Spey,
The Gordons may mourn him, and ban In-
verey."

There is a poem rather than a ballad, which is not to be found in Professor Aytoun's collection, and indeed, not being traditionary, would have no legitimate claim to be there, which professes to contain the testament and confession of a celebrated Highland freebooter. It is called the testimony of Duncan Laedius, and has long lain in the archives of the house of Breadalbane, among other documents commemorative of the

tragic fate of those who tempted the wrath of the potent lords of Glenurchy. Wharton, the historian of English poetry, had seen a copy of it, and speaks of it as "an anonymous Scotch poem, which contains capital touches of satirical humour not inferior to those of Dunbar and Lindsay." Wharton took the hero to be a mere mythical personage, established as a type of the Highland freebooter. But, to the misfortune of many a neighbouring strath, Duncan was an extremely real person, and his name was as familiar in certain courts of justiciary and regality as those of the Turpins and the Abershaws became at assize-courts in later times. He was a Mc'Gregor, which is equivalent to saying that he was endowed with a *caput lupinum*—made a sort of human wolf, whom it was lawful sport for all men to hunt, and who might be put to death in any way, with or without torture, by a fortunate captor—and no questions asked. His territorial patronymic seems to have been a place called Laedassach, whence the poet has called him Laedius for the benefit of Saxon lips. We find him hard pressed by both branches of the hostile Campbells—Argyle and Breadalbane—and, after in vain seeking refuge in Lochaber, caught at last by Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy. The national calamity at Flodden was the reverse of a calamity to him—there Glenurchy and many of the Campbells were slain, and, in the confusion at Lochawe, Duncan managed to escape. Soon afterwards he is indicted before the Court of Justiciary for the robbery and murder of two retainers of the Breadalbanes, both in the same day; the robber took from one of them "his purs, and in it the sum of fourtie pounds." But the indictment was a mere *brutum fulmen*, for Duncan's foot was still on his native heather. The Breadalbane required to strengthen his hands against this audacious and revengeful depredator; and, accordingly, the family titles contain a bond of manrent, or service and retainery, by which two of the Clan Drummond, and a certain Stewart of Ballinderan, bind themselves to the special service of hunting him, or as

it is in legal form of style set forth by some dry technical conveyancer of that day, they covenant "with their whole power, with their kin, friends, and partakers, to invade and pursue to the death Duncan Laedassach, M'Gregor, Gregor his son, their servants, partakers, and accomplices; by reason that they are our deadly enemies, and our sovereign lady's rebels." The conclusion to the bye-feud, which seems to have been thus established between the M'Gregors and the Drummonds, was so more than usually tragical as to have become historical. The reader will remember it when told the outlines; how Drummond, the keeper of the forest of Glenurichy, having gone to get venison for the feasting at the marriage of King James, was slain by the M'Gregors—how they cut off his head and swore a deep oath before it in the Kirk of Glenurichy—how they then went to the new-made widow demanding hospitality, and the poor Highland woman, having nothing but bread and cheese to give them, they indulged her with the sight of her husband's bloody head, with a portion of the sordid viands stuck into the mouth. But, in the meantime, the original feud had an odd termination, but not an uncommon one, when one of the great houses, guided by an aggrandising policy, was one of the parties. Duncan was bought over and taken into the service of the Breadalbane, entering on a bond of manrent, such as that which had been devised against him, but in more general terms; the chief stating that zeal and love of good conscience has prompted him to forgive his enemy, and remit to him all manner of actions and faults; he and his son, on the other hand, fulfilling their bond of manrent to the chief and his heirs. How these parties fell out again does not appear, but it is simply stated that, on the 15th of June 1552, "Duncan M'Gregor and his sons Gregor and Malcolm were beheaded by Colin Campbell of Glenurichy, Campbell of Glenlyon, and Menzies of Rannoch."* It was when

he had fallen into this, the last of his scrapes, and his fate had come, that the freebooter is supposed to give forth his confession and testament.

He is penitent to a very edifying extent, and solemnly religious. He favours the Reformed creed, not yet triumphant, but secretly strengthening itself, and an opportunity is taken for sarcastic taunts against the clergy, by making the robber dispose of his vices among those whom they will suit. He leaves to the abbot "pride and arrogance," "with trapped mules in court to ride." To the friars are bequeathed "flattery and false dissembling," for "they gloss the Scripture ever when they teach." In another strain the departing robber bids a sentimental adieu to the various spots of local interest connected with his career;—the fair straths where he found an ample prey—the glens dear to his memory by many a drive of the reft oxen through their sinuosities—his rocky resort at Rannoch, the retreat of safety—the only place that was "richt traist both even and morn," and "did him nought beguile when oft he was at the King's horn." The reader will judge for himself by the following specimen, whether Warton's eulogium of this long hidden fragment of national literature is justified.

" Farewell Glenurichy, with thy forest free;
Farewell Fesnay, that oft my friend has
been,
Farewell Monich—alass and woe is me,
Thou was the ground of all my wo and
tyne,
Farewell Breadalbane and Loch Tay, so
shene,
Farewell Glenurichy and Glenlyon baith,
My death to you will be but little skaith.

Farewell Glenalmond—garden of pleas-
ance,
For many a fair flower have I fra you
tane,
Farewell Strathbrann—and have remem-
brance
That thou will never mair see Duncan
again.
Atholl—Strathday—of my death be fain,
For oft-times I took your readiest geer,
Therefore for me see ye greet not ane
teer.

Farewell Stratherne—most comely for to
know,
Plenish'd with pleasant policies, preclair

* See the *Black Book of Breadalbane* and Mr. Innes's Preface, as printed for the Bannatyne Club, for these incidents. The testament is printed at full length in this volume.

Of towers and town standing fair in row,
I rugged thy ribs, quhill oft I gart them
roar.

Gar thy wives, gif thou wilt do no more,
Sing my dirge after *usum Sarum*,
For often-times I garted them allurum.

Farewell Monteth, where oft I did repair,
And, came unsought, aye, as does the
anaw,

To part fra thee my heart is wonder sair,
Sumtime of me I gart ye stand great
awa,

But fortune now has lent me sic an
blaw,
That they whilk dread me as the death
beforn,

Will mock me now with heathen shame
and scorn."

LORD CLYDE'S CAMPAIGN IN INDIA.

AUGUST 1857 TO FEBRUARY 1858

Sir C. Alison
SELDOM has it fallen to the lot of a general to enter upon a more hopeless-looking command than it was Sir Colin Campbell's fate to do when, on the 18th August 1857, he landed at Calcutta. A great empire was on the point of being lost—the edifice erected with so much toil, and cemented with so much blood, seemed to be crumbling away. The dominion won by the genius of Olive and Warren Hastings, extended and supported by the statesmanship of Wellesley, Hastings, Ellenborough, and Dalhousie, subdued by the swords of Lake, Wellington, and Gough, was now one vast scene of revolt, bloodshed, and massacre. A magnificent army, trained with the utmost care, organised with the utmost skill, supplied to overflowing with every requisite, had broken into revolt. An arsenal adequate to the wants of such an army, and suitable to the extent of such a dominion, had fallen into its possession. The whole of northern, central, and western India seemed to be either lost or on the verge of destruction.

Far away in our recently acquired dominion in the Punjab, Lawrence, with a high hand and a stout will, held his now isolated domain. Measuring at once both the extent and the imminence of the danger, he boldly took a course from which most men would have shrunk with dread, but which in reality saved India. Cut off from external aid, isolated from all hope of immediate succour, he threw himself entirely into the arms of our recently acquired Sikh subjects. Disarming or destroying all

the Sepoy battalions, he raised, upon his own responsibility, a new Sikh army, to whom he confided the guard of his territory, whilst he hurried up every disposable man and gun of his European force towards Delhi, to meet the tide of rebellion where it was strongest, and check it where it was flowing with all the whirl and violence of first success and apparently irresistible force. Had it not been for that man and that resolution, and the iron grasp of his stern will, and the calm bold front with which he met and broke the rush of that rebellious torrent, the campaign of 1857-58 would have opened not in upper India with the conquest of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow, but around the gates of Calcutta, and amidst the ghauts above Bombay.

The Doab, Rohilkund, and the kingdom of Oude, were gone. The great arsenal of Delhi, the gun-carriage manufactory of Futtighur, Cawnpore, where all our saddlery and harness were made, had fallen into the hands of the rebels. From the Punjab we were entirely cut off. Agra and Lucknow were the only two points beyond Allahabad where we held garrisons in all that broad tract of country which extends from the Himalayas to the territories of the Sangur and Nerbudda states, from the frontier of the Punjab to that of Bengal proper, and the line of the Ganges below Allahabad.

The military position which we held at the time of the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell was thus much as follows: From Delhi and the Punjab we were entirely cut off.

Our force in position in front of the former city was little over four thousand strong, and could hardly hold its ground. Its base of operations was the Punjab, to which its line of operations ran through Loodianah. It was to be reinforced as soon as possible by European regiments, who were on their way to it by forced marches; but it seemed to be more than doubtful whether it could maintain its forward post until they arrived. The last accounts that had come from it were of the 18th July, and *visâ* Bombay. The garrison in Agra had, after an unfortunate action in the field, been blockaded, and was completely isolated and cut off. That of Lucknow, after a defeat in the field also, was shut up in the comparatively defenceless walls of the Residency, was overwhelmed with a mass of helpless women and children, had numbers wholly inadequate to man its walls, and no casemates to afford them cover. Its prolonged defence, therefore, could hardly be anticipated. Havelock, with a force of about twelve hundred men, with fourteen guns, had retaken Cawnpore, and, crossing the Ganges, boldly attempted to relieve Lucknow; but, after two successful actions, had found that the masses of the enemy, with whom he was hurtling, were too strong to be overcome; and with a heavy heart, but an undaunted front, had been obliged to fall back again upon Cawnpore.

One hundred and twenty-eight miles in rear of Cawnpore, on the great road towards Calcutta, at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna, stands the fortress of Allahabad. This was by far the most important strategical point which we held in this part of India, and was the base for all operations directed either through the Doab for the restoration of our lost lines of communication with Delhi and Agra, or for the relief of Lucknow by Cawnpore. Up to it the Ganges was navi-

gable, and to this point, accordingly, all supplies of ammunition, provisions, ordnance, &c., were to be forwarded by steam from Calcutta, and on it all the disposable troops were to be concentrated. The preservation of our communications with this point, and the shortening of the time consumed in the ascent to it, was therefore the first and greatest object to a commander desirous of undertaking the reconquest of our dominions and the restoration of our fallen prestige.

But this was a point of great difficulty, and what was more, involving the consumption of a large body of troops. The water communication up the Ganges from Calcutta to Allahabad was 809 miles in length, and to keep it open *nine* posts required to be held. Of these the three principal were Benares, Ghazipore, and Dinapore. In the occupation of these points, vital to the maintenance of our advanced positions at Allahabad and Cawnpore, was consumed the whole European available force (with the exception of the 5th and 90th regiments) at the time of the Commander-in-Chief's arrival in India.*

Besides the river line, there is the great trunk road, which leads straight from Calcutta to Benares—being the chord of the bow, of which the river forms the arc. The two lines meet at Benares, where the road crosses the river, and from whence to Allahabad ascends its left bank, again recrossing to its right bank at that point. The length of the road is 503 miles. From Calcutta to Ranee-gunge (120 miles) there is a railway in full operation. Along this road the telegraph was established the whole way. In autumn the fall of the river renders that line so tedious and uncertain that it can no longer be depended on for the transport of troops, who must then be forwarded almost entirely along the road. To reach Allahabad by steamboats between twenty and thirty days are

* The total force under the Commander-in-Chief's orders in Bengal, Behar, and up to Cawnpore, amounted, in the beginning of September, to about 10,200 men; of whom 7600 were British, and 2500 Madras Sepoys and Sikhs. Of these 1100 were in garrison at Calcutta, about 1800 under Havelock at Cawnpore (of whom, however, more than a half were unfit for duty), about 1200 on their way up the Ganges, and the remainder in the various posts on the river line.

taken; to march thither would require about five weeks.

While such was the general position of affairs, an additional complication about this time took place, owing to the revolt of the three Sepoy regiments at Dinapore, followed shortly by that of the 5th Irregular Cavalry at Bhagulpore. This caused such a panic amongst the local authorities on the river line—Dinapore lying in the very centre of our water-communication—that they one and all put out their hands and seized upon every detachment on its way up; and having once got hold of them, disembarked them, and immediately commenced each a little campaign, directed to local objects, in the vicinity of his own posts. Thus at one blow all the reinforcements, about 1200 strong (consisting of the greater portion of the 5th and 90th Regiments, with some Artillery and other detachments), intended to reinforce Havelock, and under the orders of Sir James Outram, were arrested in their upward course, and, for the time, at least, all offensive movements were rendered impossible. The march of those rebel bodies also to join their comrades in the Doab, led to their crossing at right angles, and for a time occupying the great trunk road between the Soane and the Ganges, destroying the telegraph, and almost isolating Calcutta.

Whilst both the river and land lines to Allahabad were thus temporarily rendered useless, and whilst no reserves existed at Calcutta, the most disastrous accounts were coming in from the front. Havelock's force at Cawnpore, after his final retreat there, and his victory over the rebels at Bithoor on the 16th August, had sunk down by sickness and the sword to little more than 700 effective bayonets; while the movement of the revolted Gwalior contingent, with about 8000 well-drilled men, and 30 admirably equipped guns, on Calpee, where they intended to cross the Jumna, and march on his communications with Allahabad, in combination with the advance of a large body of the Oude troops to a point on the Ganges about twelve miles below Cawnpore, whence they were to cross and form a junction with those from

Gwalior, was ascertained. Then even the fiery soul of Havelock was daunted, and he was obliged to report that, unless promised instant reinforcements, he must abandon his advanced position, and fall back on Allahabad, leaving the Lucknow garrison to its fate.

Herculean were the efforts of the Commander-in-Chief to force on the reinforcements—to tear the 5th and 90th Regiments, and Eyre's battery, from the reluctant grasp of the civil authorities, and push them on to the support of Havelock's exhausted band. The difficulty of doing this was indescribable; but at last the reluctance, the fears, and the selfishness of the local powers were overcome, and the whole fairly again set in motion up the river for Allahabad, where the main body of them arrived upon the 8d and 4th September, and pushed on under Outram for Cawnpore on the 5th and 6th. They amounted in all to nearly 1400 men.

In Calcutta itself everything was deficient, and had to be provided. The troops from China might daily be looked for—the first arrivals from England would ere long be coming in, and for their equipment nothing was in readiness. Means of transport there were hardly any; horses for cavalry or artillery there were none; Enfield-rifle ammunition was deficient; flour even was running out; guns, gun-carriages, and harness for the field-batteries, were either unfit for active service or did not exist. Great and immediate were the efforts now made to supply these various wants. Horses were purchased at an immense price (£80 for each trooper, on an average); those of the 8th Madras Light Cavalry, who had refused to embark for service in Bengal, were taken from them and sent up to Calcutta; rifle balls were manufactured at Calcutta, at Madras, and sent for overland from England; flour was ordered to be procured with the least possible delay from the Cape; field-guns were cast at the foundry at Cassipore; gun-carriages and harness made up with all possible haste; the commissariat and ordnance departments stimulated to a degree of activity hitherto not even dreamt of; tents ordered to be

bought and manufactured at Allahabad; native servants for the European regiments collected there, and procured by sea from Madras. The whole military machine was set agoing with a high steam-pressure.

As the fall of the Ganges was daily rendering the river-route more tedious and uncertain, the greatest efforts were made to improve and quicken the means of transport for troops up the grand trunk road. For this purpose the "Bullock Train," as it was called, was established. This consisted in a large number of covered waggons drawn by bullocks, which were changed at regular stages. In these the troops were conveyed by post. Halting for a few hours during the heat of the day, they travelled during the whole night. At each of the resting-places a commissariat officer was stationed, whose business was to have the supplies necessary for their use prepared and ready for cooking on their arrival. Ultimately this system was so far perfected that two hundred men were daily forwarded by it from the railway terminus at Raneegunge; and they reached Allahabad in about a fortnight perfectly fresh and fit for immediate duty; at first, however, conveyance could only be provided for parties of from fifty to eighty men at one time.

To keep the road clear of the rebels, movable columns, generally numbering about six hundred men each, of infantry and artillery, were formed and marched up along it; but to do this was no easy matter. On the left of the road, towards Dorunda, the revolted Ramghur battalions, on its right the movements of the 5th Irregular Cavalry, the Dinapore garrison, and subsequently half of the 32d Native Infantry, and Koor Sing's bands, constantly threatened to interrupt it altogether, and spread such panic and consternation among the local authorities, that all efforts to preserve the steady onward march of the columns and detachments proved unavailing; and in spite of the urgent necessity of reinforcing the over-matched troops in the front, the military authorities had the exquisite pain of seeing large bodies of men diverted, during this dreadful

crisis, to small and comparatively unimportant local operations on the flanks;—so that at one period, out of about 2400 men, who were proceeding by the different routes to Allahabad, 1800 were, on one pretence or other, laid hold of by the civil power, and employed for the time being in operations extraneous to the general plan of the campaign.

The main body of the China troops arrived at Calcutta during the month of September, and were immediately forwarded with the utmost expedition up the trunk road to Allahabad. The military train corps, about two hundred and forty strong, and embracing a considerable number of old dragoons in its ranks, was transformed into a cavalry corps, mounted upon the horses of the 8th Madras Light Cavalry, and became the sole representative of this important branch of the service under Sir Colin's command. The 93d Highlanders, 1019 strong, and nearly all old soldiers, landed in the finest order, and presented a reserve which could be relied on in any crisis, however great. After the China troops, however, no great body of reinforcements could be expected for some weeks, when the first of those sent from England might be looked for, and then the stream would probably for some months be continuous. But the China troops themselves were a strong brigade, and, once present at the theatre of war, and equipped for the field, would entirely alter the aspect of our affairs. The utmost difficulty, however, was experienced in effecting this. All the efforts of the Commissariat, and of the civil authorities, failed to get together anything like an adequate supply of carriage or grain. Tents were deficient, and what is called in India "European supplies" were to be got in small quantities only. It thus became painfully evident that, without some extraneous aid, it would be hardly possible, from want of the means of transport, to fit out a well-organised and movable field force.

But great events were now upon the wing, altering all the prospects and objects of the campaign. The army before Delhi, largely reinforced by the indefatigable efforts of Law-

rence, from the Punjaub, and under the orders of General Wilson, had recovered its superiority in the field, assumed a vigorous offensive, defeated an attempt to cut its line of communications with Loodianah, and, having received an adequate siege train, opened fire upon the place, and was preparing to assault. Outram, too, with his reinforcements, had joined Havelock, upon the 15th and 16th, at Cawnpore, and on the 19th their united force, nearly three thousand strong, with about twenty guns, still under the orders of the latter (owing to the noble generosity of the former, who waived his superior rank in order that to Havelock might belong the glory of rescuing the garrison he had so long struggled to preserve), had crossed the Ganges and commenced its march upon Lucknow. The results of these two great operations were alike successful. The assault at Delhi was given on the 14th instant, and after eight days' fighting, the place was entirely in our possession—the news reached Calcutta upon the 26th inst.; while Havelock, after a long and bloody contest, in which he lost nine hundred and forty-six men, or one-third of his numbers, killed and wounded, forced his way into the Residency, and united with its heroic garrison on the 25th inst.

Great and important as were the results of the fall of Delhi, they were not so much so as were at the time expected both in England and India. It was anticipated that this blow would lead to such a loss of confidence amongst the insurgents as would cause many to fall away from their ranks—that the front of their power being now broken, the whole edifice would crumble to pieces. But no such consequences ensued. Abandoning the town by the eastern and southern gates as we pressed on through the streets from the north and west, they lost comparatively few men. Our attacking force was too small to enable numerous columns to be spread over the whole country, to follow up with vigour the advantage gained. A strong fortress and a large arsenal, the seat of an old empire, a strategical point of first-rate importance, had been

lost; but the force of the insurrection was still unsubdued. Had it been a mere Sepoy revolt, this success would have been decisive; but being to a great extent a popular one—being able to place reliance on the sympathies of nearly the whole population, to depend almost everywhere upon their passive support, in many parts upon their active assistance—secure of supplies wherever they went, collecting reinforcements from every town, finding the resources of every native fort at their disposal—the rebels were enabled to carry on the war with unabated vigour. Beyond the immediate vicinity of the fallen city, hardly a native rajah sent in his adhesion, or a native town restored our authorities. Three great elements the insurgents had still in their favour, and on them they relied with unabated confidence—climate, distance, and numbers. The onward progress of the revolt was stayed, but its reduction had still to be effected.

The result of Havelock and Outram's advance to Lucknow had been far from as satisfactory as had been anticipated. Their force, encumbered with a long train of wounded, had indeed gained the Residency, and relieved it from all fear of an assault; but they had in their turn become as closely hemmed in, as completely besieged, as the garrison they had gone to succour. Supplies were running very short, and they were unable either to procure any by force from the surrounding country, or to re-open their communication with Alum Bagh, a post a couple of miles from Lucknow on the Cawnpore road, which they had fortified and occupied, and where all their tents, stores, baggage and sick had been left. All, therefore, that had been gained was the throwing of a strong garrison into the Residency, without any corresponding addition to its supplies. This garrison was closely besieged, and, according to the accounts forwarded, would be unable to hold out beyond the 10th November. To furnish it, however, every disposable man had been sent on, and they not only had for all offensive purposes become useless, but

would require at least a force equal to two strong brigades for their extrication from the pit into which they had fallen. Now all the regiments on their way up presented a force hardly equivalent to one brigade, and for them there was a most inadequate supply of carriage. No cavalry existed, except about a couple of hundred military train, and there were hardly any horses to supply to the field-batteries which were being organised at Allahabad. The infantry, too, were scattered in small parties, hurrying up along the great trunk road from Calcutta to Cawnpore, a distance of 632 miles. To relieve the place in time seemed to be almost impossible, and a disaster almost equal to that of Cabul appeared to be impending.

To meet this pressing and urgent danger, every exertion was made by the Commander-in-Chief. Every military department was stimulated to the uttermost—the whole resources of Government were thrown into violent action. Every detachment on the trunk road was hurried on night and day—every column pressed forward with the utmost speed. Where horses could not be procured for the field-guns, bullocks were supplied. Stores, provisions, carriage, ammunition, guns, all were directed upon Allahabad, and thence forwarded as fast as possible on Cawnpore.

Now it was that a remarkable movement—the most important first consequence of the fall of Delhi—took place, which rendered a second attempt to rescue the Lucknow garrison feasible. General Wilson sent a column under Colonel Greathed, consisting of two troops of Horse and one battery Foot Artillery, H. M.'s 9th Lancers, detachments of the 1st, 2d, and 4th Punjaub Cavalry, and Hodson's Irregulars, the remains of H. M.'s 8th and 75th Foot, and the 2d and 4th Punjaub Infantry, right down the Doab. This force was weak in infantry, the European regiments being mere skeletons; but in cavalry and artillery it was strong, and the horses and batteries, amounting to 600 sabres and 16 guns, were in perfect order and in the highest state of efficiency. It was accompanied by an immense number of

camels, the want of which had been most severely felt by our commissariat at Allahabad. It routed strong bodies of the rebels, both at Boolundshuhur on the 28th September, and Allyghur on the 5th October, but missed the party (about 5000 strong) that it was in pursuit of. These had left Delhi by the right bank of the Jumna, descended its banks to Muttra, there crossed, and marched right across the Doab towards Oude, getting over the road Greathed was descending before his arrival. Finding he had been anticipated by his nimble opponents, that active officer directed his steps towards Agra, which was threatened by the advance of the Indore brigade from Dholepore. Most alarming and pressing requisitions for aid having reached him when on his way, he made a forced march, wonderful both for its length and the speed with which it was accomplished. On his arrival on the 10th October, he was informed by the Agra authorities that the enemy had retired to a distance of more than ten miles. Trusting to their information, he himself with several of his officers were at luncheon in the fort, and his wearied men were pitching their camp close to the old cantonment, when a volley of grape from the adjoining jungle, and the rush of the enemy's horse, roused them from their security. The battle which ensued was one of the most creditable to the English and Sikh soldiery of any during the war. Taken at every disadvantage—surprised in their camp when exhausted by a forced march of unprecedented length—separated from their superior officers, those gallant men fought and won the battle for themselves. To the 9th Lancers, the Artillery, and the Sikh Cavalry, the principal merit belongs. The former, springing upon their horses, formed under fire, and charged right through the camp, now inundated by the hostile cavalry, recapturing a gun and tumbril which had temporarily been lost, and giving time for the rest of the force to form up and attack, which they did with the utmost vigour, utterly routing the enemy, with the loss of eleven guns, and pursuing them to a distance of many miles from the scene

of action. After this most brilliant achievement Greathed, leaving Agra, marched direct upon Cawnpore. On the road he was joined by Hope Grant, who, assuming the command, forced his way, without any very severe fighting, to that point, which he reached towards the end of October: thus, at the most critical period of the campaign, furnishing to the infantry force, which Sir Colin was painfully hurrying up from Calcutta, six hundred admirable sabres and three perfect batteries of light field-artillery, together with a long train of camels and beasts of burden. Incalculable was the importance of this. The nucleus of a small but well-organised army was obtained; the means of moving with safety—of not merely winning a battle, but of following it up, was secured. Our old superiority to the enemy in field-artillery was regained. The three arms, in a proper proportion to one another, were once more united, and the deliverance of Inglis and Outram could with hope be attempted.

Sir Colin Campbell left Calcutta on the 27th October, and proceeded day and night by horse dāk to the seat of war. It may tend to clearness hereafter to take now a view of the military position of the mutiny, and the probable plan of the campaign. The theatre of war may be divided into three parts—a right, a centre, and a left. The right, lying on the left bank of the Ganges, consisted of the kingdom of Oude and the revolted districts of Goruckpore and Azimghur. Oude, with its 5,000,000 of people, rich country, 400 forts, and feudal organisation, was by far the most formidable enemy we had. 100,000 men-in-arms could easily be raised in it to resist the invader. The centre consisted in the Doab, lying between the Jumna and the Ganges, and the principality of Rohilkund, between the Upper Ganges and the Himalayas. In the Doab the most important position was held by the Nawab of Furruckabad. He had a brigade of revolted troops at his disposal—could raise a large irregular force—held a strong town, close to which was the fort of Futtighur, where the gun-carriage manufactory of the Company's army

presented ample resources for fitting out a field-force. His position on the Ganges—about midway between Allahabad and Delhi, opposite to Agra, and commanding all the main lines of communication through the Doab, with a boat-bridge over the river, from which roads branched off to Bareilly, the capital of Rohilkund on the one hand, and to Lucknow on the other—was, next to Allahabad, the most important strategical position for us in this part of India; as until it was captured we could never keep open our communications with the Punjab through Delhi, or with Central India through Agra. Accordingly, though Greathed's column passed down the trunk road, the enemy closed in upon his rear, reoccupied the country behind him, and his movement produced no more effect in establishing our power than the passage of a ship which cleaves its way through the waves. Bareilly was the capital of Rohilkund, and the seat of a strong and tolerably organized native government under a chief called Bahadoor Khan. A rich, flat, wooded country, it was inhabited by a warlike race, and could turn out a numerous and efficient militia, both ready and willing to support the remains of the many revolted regiments who had taken refuge in it. So long as it was held by the enemy, lying as it did on the flank of the Upper Doab, our intercourse with the Punjab must be uncertain. Lower down the Doab, about twelve or fourteen miles above Cawnpore, lay Bithoor, the seat of the power of the celebrated Nana Sahib. His influence over the population in this neighbourhood was very great; he could always raise a large number of followers for any important enterprise, and his position was equally suited for aiding with them either the Oude chiefs or the Gwalior Contingent at Calpee. To the left, on the right bank of the Jumna, lay the numerous warlike and semi-independent states of Central India. In these many of the chiefs were inclined to favour our cause, but nearly the whole of their military force and the whole popular feeling was against us. Scindia and the Rajah of Rewah both remained faithful; but they could

not restrain their followers; and the movement of the revolted Gwalior Contingent—the most highly organised and best-drilled native force in India—upon Calpee, on the Jumna, was one of the greatest sources of danger and difficulty with which we had to contend.

In undertaking the reduction of this mass of enemies, the most important object, in a military point of view, was the restoration of our line of communication with Delhi and the Punjab; but the most pressing in point of time was the relief and withdrawal of the force beleaguered in Lucknow. To a certain point both objects were compatible; and the establishment of our line of operations by Allahabad on Cawnpore was an equal step to the accomplishment of either. From that point a distance of only fifty-three miles separated us from Lucknow. A vigorous and swift attack might disengage the garrison, and enable the relieving force to be back at Cawnpore before the Gwalior Contingent was able to establish itself permanently upon our naked and defenceless line of operations to Allahabad. That extraneous but pressing object once accomplished, the war could then resume a regular and scientific course: the subjugation of the Doab and reduction of Rohilcund by the force under the Commander-in-Chief would re-unite our severed territories, restore our long-lost communications, concentrate our hitherto scattered and disjointed resources; while a great concentric movement upon the states of Central India, undertaken by the whole disposable military force of the Madras and Bombay Residencies, would effectually occupy the soldiery of that extensive region; and by gradually pressing down the heads of its columns upon the left bank of the Jumna, draw off the severe pressure of the Gwalior Contingent upon the left flank of our long and unprotected line of communications. These two great objects being once effected, the Punjab and Bengal Presidency being once more united by the reconquest of the intervening territory, and the rear of this reconquered base being secured by the reduction of Central India, the greatest and most

difficult task of the war could with safety be undertaken; and Oude, with its large, populous, and hostile territory, defended by one hundred thousand men, studded over with four hundred forts, with the great city of Lucknow, too extensive to be blockaded, and of great strength for defence against assault, lying in its centre, could then, by a large invasive movement of troops, acting from a secure base, be subdued, without the fear of a long and dangerous guerilla war springing up in our unoccupied rear and on our defenceless flanks.

Meanwhile the Commander-in-Chief was hastening up day and night to the front. Between the Soane and Benares he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of a body of the mutinous 32d N. I., who were crossing the road at the very moment he came up. On the 1st November he arrived at Allahabad, where he remained a day to hurry on the engineer preparations. On the 2d, he reached Futteh-pore, half-way to Cawnpore, just as a body, consisting of H.M.'s 58d Foot, 93d Foot, the Naval Brigade, and a company of Royal Engineers, had defeated at Kudjwa, twenty miles to the left, after a most severe, and for some time doubtful action, a considerable rebel force, composed of some of the mutinous Dinapore regiments, who were threatening to cut our line there. On the 3rd he reached Cawnpore. There intelligence from Outram met him, saying that he could hold out until beyond the middle of the month. This gave a precious time for the arrival of the reinforcements. General Grant's column had been moved on to a position some distance beyond Bunsee Bridge, nearly two-thirds of the way to Lucknow, and upon him all the detachments and supplies, as they came up, were concentrated. By the most unwearied exertions, a small siege-train, principally manned by the sailors of Peel's Naval Brigade, had been got up, a diminutive engineer park collected, and commissariat means adequate to the projected operation got together. These various objects being all more or less satisfactorily arranged, Sir Colin, on the 9th inst. set off from Cawnpore, and by a forced march of

forty miles, joined the headquarters of his small army beyond Bunnee.

The operation in which he was now engaged was one of the most difficult and delicate in war. Outram, shut up in the Residency on the side of Lucknow opposite to that by which he had to approach, was blockaded by a force of at least 60,000 men, who were in possession of a very strong position, barring our line of advance. Their numerous cavalry and irregular troops were sure to close upon our rear and flanks as we advanced, and effectually to isolate us in the heart of an enemy's country; while at Calpee, on the Jumna, directly upon the flank of our road to Allahabad, were collecting the Gwalior Contingent, a large force under the Nana Sahib, and the Dinapore regiments, recently defeated by Peel at Kudjwa, avowedly with the intention of striking at Cawnpore, and our line of communications, as soon as we were fairly committed with Lucknow. The whole force, of all arms, under the Commander-in-Chief, was not above 4200 men, and with these he had to rescue Outram from the grasp of 60,000, occupying a position of immense strength, before the 18th of November, and save Windham, whose intrenched camp at Cawnpore, covering the boat-bridge over the Ganges, was our sole line of retreat, from the attack of the Calpee forces. To attack the Calpee army, previously to advancing on Lucknow, would have been the only prudent course to adopt, in a military sense, but for that there

was no time. Outram could not hold out beyond the 19th or 20th. He was fifty-three miles from Cawnpore, on the one side; Calpee was forty miles from it on the other. The enemy, at the latter point, had the broad stream of the Jumna between them and us, and had possession of all the boats, consequently could avoid coming to action with us indefinitely. Under these circumstances there was but one course open—the risk, great as it was, must be run. Windham must be left to struggle as he best could at Cawnpore, while Sir Colin, making up by swiftness of movement and the use of an interior line of communications for his inferiority in every other respect, must plunge into the heart of the fiery circle, and, trusting to the valour of his small but devoted band, hope to wrest Outram from the grasp of famine, and save Windham from the stroke of force. The chances were against him; the risk was immense. Looking to the ordinary course of events, what was to be expected was, that while his small force, refluxed from the strong buildings and streets of Lucknow, was painfully retreating in the face of overwhelming numbers, to Cawnpore, they would find the bridge over the Ganges burned by an enemy, who holding our camp there besieged, commanded all the opposite bank of the river with his guns. A disaster equal to that at Cabul would be the result. But the man was equal to his mission, and the star of England was bright in the heavens.*

* To show how completely the movement of the Gwalior Contingent upon our communications was anticipated *before* the advance on Lucknow, the following extracts from the letters of an officer on the staff are given:—"Cawnpore, 8th Nov. 1857. The Nana has crossed the Ganges, and is moving towards Calpee, on the Jumna, whither also the Dinapore mutineers, defeated by Peel at Kudjwa, the other day, are making; and towards which point the Gwalior Contingent, said to be 8000 strong, with twenty field-guns and a heavy battering train, is also marching." "This is a formidable concentration on our flank and rear, threatening both Cawnpore and Futtehpore, and our sole line of communications with Allahabad. But we must go on to relieve Lucknow, and that done, will soon give a good account of our Gwalior friends. Luckily they, being encumbered with their heavy siege-train, must move very slowly. Anyhow, I think our communications are likely to be interrupted for some time, so do not be uneasy if you do not hear from us for long."—"Camp, Alum Bagh, 13th Nov. 1857.—This (the Kaiser Bagh) is the key to the enemy's position, and as soon as it is taken, the communication to the Residency will be open. Outram will then come to us with the women and children, the sick and wounded. The Residency is to be blown up and abandoned, and the guns destroyed. We have not time or means to take the town now. The Gwalior Contingent is moving on our communications by Calpee, and must be defeated before the siege of this place can be regularly undertaken."

On the 10th part of the siege-train reached camp; on the 11th the Engineer park. The advance was then ordered for the following morning. That afternoon the Commander-in-Chief inspected his small army. The scene was striking. It was drawn up in quarter-distance columns in the centre of a vast plain, surrounded by woods. On the edge of these the pickets were posted. A mere handful it seemed. The guns of the troops and batteries who had come down from Delhi looked blackened and service-worn; but the horses were in good condition, the harness in perfect repair; the men swarthy, and evidently in perfect fighting trim. The 9th Lancers, with their blue uniforms and white turbans twisted round their forage caps, their flagless lances, lean but hardy horses, and gallant bearing, looked the perfection of a cavalry regiment on active service. Wild and bold was the carriage of the Sikh cavalry, riding untamed looking steeds, clad in loose fawn-coloured robes, with long boots, blue or red turbans and sashes, and armed with carbine and sabre. Next to them were the worn and wasted remains of the 8th and 75th Queen's, clad entirely in slate-coloured cloth. With a wearied air they stood grouped round their standards—War stripped of its display, in all its nakedness. Then the 2d and 4th Punjaub Infantry, tall of stature, with eager eyes overhung by large twisted turbans, clad in short sand-coloured tunics—men swift to march, and forward in the fight, ambitious both of glory and of loot. Last stood, many in numbers, in tall and serried ranks, the 93d Highlanders. A waving sea of plumes and tartan they looked, as, with loud and rapturous cheers, which rolled over the field, they welcomed their veteran commander, the Chief of their choice. It was curious to mark the difference between the old Indian troops and the Highlanders, in their reception of Sir Colin. Anxious and fixed was the gaze of the former, as he rode down their ranks—men evidently trying to measure the leader who had been sent to them from so far. Enthu-

siastic beyond expression was his reception by the latter. You saw at once that to him was accorded their entire confidence,—that, under him, they “would go anywhere and do anything.”

Next morning the whole force set out. Reduced as it had been to the utmost possible degree, the train of baggage encumbering the march of the army seemed to a European eye endless. Mile after mile of camels, walking patiently in long strings, and ceaseless rows of hackeries, drawn by strong but slow-paced bullocks, mingled with camp followers dressed in every imaginable variety of Eastern costume, and mounted on every kind of pony, ass, and horse, with here and there the tall stately figure of an elephant towering above the troubled multitude beneath—the whole enveloped in frequent clouds of dust. One great cause of this amount of baggage was the necessity of carrying the whole food for the army and its camp followers, and the grain for the horses and sumpter animals, along with it; for in Oude every man's hand was against the invader, every village was either defended or destroyed, all stragglers were cut off without mercy, and no supplies could be got in; while the loss of our communications, as we moved on, rendered it impossible to depend upon the arrival of any convoys from the rear.

A smart skirmish took place between the advanced guard and a considerable body of the enemy, who attacked with horse, foot, and guns, the head of the column as it approached Alum Bagh. They were, however, quickly driven back, with the loss of two field-pieces, taken in a brilliant charge by Gough's squadron of Hodson's Irregulars. That evening saw the whole force encamped behind the fortified post of the Alum Bagh, within a couple of miles of Lucknow. On the 13th the army halted, to allow some detachments from Cawnpore, in charge of ammunition and heavy guns, to close up. All the tents were parked within the enclosure of the Alum Bagh, and the fort of Jellahabad, in our right rear, was destroyed. The last steps in the organisation of the force were now

taken, the last orders issued. Divided nominally into three brigades of infantry and one of cavalry, with artillery, sailors, and engineers, it hardly numbered one strong brigade—not more than 4200 sabres and bayonets, and, small as it was, it was unequal in its composition. The strength of the infantry lay in the 98d, about 800 strong, veterans experienced but not wasted by the Crimean campaigns, trained in an iron discipline, and to be relied on in any crisis; rather more than half of the 58d Foot, a stubborn old regiment, both hard fighting and hard to hold; and the two Sikh corps, who, though weak in numbers, were perfectly acquainted with their enemy, admirable skirmishers, and of undaunted courage in the charge. The European regiments from Delhi, however, were so few in numbers and so wasted in strength, that much could not be expected from them; whilst two provisional battalions, made up of detachments belonging to Outram's force, could not be supposed to possess the steadiness and consistency of old troops; and a Queen's regiment, which had suffered severely in the Crimean war, was composed of such young soldiers that it would have been unfair to expose it to too severe a shock. The small Artillery force was admirable. Peel's Naval Brigade manned a 24-pounder battery; Travers' Royal Artillerymen, an 18-pounder one; while two and a-half (one Royal, the rest Bengal) 9-pounder field batteries, and two and a-half Horse Artillery troops (Remington's and Blunt's Bengal, and Bridge's Madras troops), were perfect alike in men and material.

To move straight on the Residency by the road along which the advance had hitherto been conducted, would have been madness. In front lay the line of the canal, strongly fortified; behind it, the whole mass of the city, penetrated by a long narrow street, commanded on all sides by strong self-contained buildings—the very grave of an army. To avoid this, Outram had made a flank march to his right, and penetrated at a point where the ground was more open and the city less dense. The Commander-in-Chief's plan was to repeat

this movement, but on a greater scale, and with a wider sweep:—to make a flank march across country to his own right for six miles, upon the Dil Kooshar park and Martinière college, lying near the point where the canal, which covers the town to the west, falls into the Goomtee river; then to force the line of the canal, and, covering his right flank by the Goomtee, to advance up its right bank on the Secunder Bagh. This point once secured, to seize on the Barracks and erect batteries between the two, to play on the Kaiser Bagh, a vast mass of buildings forming the key of the enemy's position, interposing between us and the Residency, and commanding with its fire all the approaches to the latter. Under cover of this attack, which was to be aided by the whole of the Residency guns, Outram was ordered to effect his junction with our force, filing, with all his sick and wounded, women and children, between the Kaiser Bagh and the river—blowing up the Residency as soon as he had withdrawn, destroying its guns, abandoning his baggage, but bringing away the treasure.

It is said to have been the Commander-in-Chief's original intention to have crossed the Goomtee, and move up its left bank opposite to the Residency—there established his heavy guns, under cover of their fire, thrown a bridge, and then drawn off the garrison. But upon this being submitted to Sir James Outram, both he and his chief engineer had so earnestly dissuaded him from it, on the ground of local obstacles, that, yielding to their superior local knowledge, he had given it up, and determined to move by the right bank. An additional reason, probably, was also found in the great extent of country which the army must have gone over to reach the point originally intended, and the danger of leaving a fordless river in its rear. The views of Sir James Outram were brought, and an invaluable guide secured, to Sir Colin Campbell, by Mr. Cavenagh, who, quitting the Residency in the disguise of a native, passed through the enemy's lines without being discovered, and reached in safety the camp

near Bunnee Bridge. An attempt more daring in conception, and more hazardous in execution, was never made.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th, the flank march began. From the first it was evident that the enemy were taken by surprise. No opposition was made. Small bodies were seen hastily endeavouring to throw up cover near the city on the different roads we crossed at right angles; whilst our progress was watched by scouts perched in the uppermost branches of the trees which fringed the fields we were traversing. As the advanced guard approached the park wall of the Dil Kooshar, a smart fire of matchlocks was opened upon our left, but was soon overpowered by the light artillery. An advance was next briskly made by a considerable body of skirmishers through a grove of old trees inside the park, beneath the deep shade of which their white dresses, gliding on from trunk to trunk, and the bright flash of their musketry, had a strange and striking effect. They were, however, speedily driven back out of the Dil Kooshar house, and over the crest of the plateau, down to the Martinière beneath. On our troops reaching the edge of this plateau, a heavy fire of artillery and musketry came upon them from the Martinière, and the broken ground and enclosures around it; but the fire of our field-batteries and Travers' 18-pounders soon got the superiority. The infantry skirmishers rushed down the slope. The Martinière was evacuated at their approach, and all the ground on this side of the canal was won. An attempt to turn our left flank and fall on our rear was about this time repulsed. Opposite our left was a bridge over the canal. To its edge, at this point, the enemy advanced in great strength about half-past four P.M., bringing up several guns, and attacking with considerable spirit. Hope's brigade was here opposed to them. The 93d, lining a mud-wall opposite the bridge, forbade the passage. On the high ground to the left Peel's 24-pounders, with Bouchier's field-battery, were placed. Their heavy and concentric fire on the angle formed by the canal near the bridge,

fairly crushed the enemy out of it, while a rapid advance of the 58d and Sikhs secured a lodgment in a part of the suburb on the other side. Concentrated around the Martinière, Hope on the left, Russell on the right, Greathed in rear,—the artillery on the high ground to the left, the cavalry on the summit of the plateau, around the Dil Kooshar house, behind the centre, the army passed the night tentless, and sleeping with their arms by their side. The commencement of the great attack had been fixed for the next day, but the necessity of bringing up provisions and small arm ammunition from Alum Bagh, which, by a misapprehension of orders, had not come up in time, caused twenty-four hours' delay. An attack upon the picquets posted on the low grounds by the river, on our extreme right flank, made by two Horse Artillery guns, and a considerable body of infantry, was repulsed about midday, and a reconnaissance was subsequently made by the Commander-in-Chief of the position opposite our left, so as to impress our adversaries with the belief that there our advance was to be made. The massing of all our artillery in that direction, and a fire of mortars directed during the night on the same point, together with the absence of all outposts pushed forward on our right, served to strengthen this opinion.

Early on the 16th the army was in motion. The line of advance was from our extreme right, along the river bank for about a mile, and then by a "narrow and tortuous lane," through thickly wooded enclosures, and between low mud-houses, upon the Secunder Bagh. A strong advance guard of cavalry, with Blunt's troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, and a company of the 58d, led the way. Hope's and Russell's brigades followed, the ammunition and engineer park came next, and Greathed's brigade brought up the rear. The Martinière and Dil Kooshar were held by the cavalry and the 8th Foot (detached from Greathed), where the field hospital and baggage were left. The 75th foot, and a Sikh regiment, had been left at Alum Bagh. Thus there remained actually disposable for the relief of the Residency,

only the 98d, and part of the 53d foot, two weak Sikh regiments, two provisional battalions of detachments, and portions of the 28d and 82d regiments, not above three thousand bayonets; while before them lay the whole armed force of Oude, numbering at least sixty thousand men, concentrated in a central position of great strength.

The lane or narrow defile through the wood, into which the advanced guard now plunged, makes a sharp turn to the left before it reaches the Secunder Bagh, and then runs parallel to, and about one hundred and twenty yards from, that building. The enemy at first had evidently been taken by surprise, for no opposition was made; but on our reaching this point, a sharp musketry fire was opened from the houses and wooded enclosures on our right. A few minutes before the first shot, an officer of the staff had remarked to his right hand comrade, "If these fellows allow one of us to get out of this *coul-de-sac* alive, they deserve every one of them to be hanged." Taken at every disadvantage, the struggle was now most critical. The company of the 53d lined the enclosures bordering on the lane with skirmishers, but they were too few in number to make any way, and it was some time before the 98d could be got up to reinforce them. Meanwhile the cavalry, jammed together, could do nothing, and the high earth banks on each side offered what seemed to be an impassable obstacle to artillery.

The Secunder Bagh is a high-walled enclosure about one hundred yards square, with towers at the angles, and well loopholed; one hundred yards farther up the lane is another large building, or serai, also loopholed, and occupied in force. The opening between these two, exposed to the fire of both, was the only clear space on which it was possible to plant guns to bear upon the former building. Into this opening, accordingly, up the steep and seemingly impracticable bank, Blount, with a wonderful energy both of men and horses, led his artillery troop. It was swept by a deadly cross-fire of musketry, but through it he dashed

at the gallop, and, unlimbering, opened on the Secunder Bagh.

The 98d coming up at the same time, drove the enemy entirely out of the houses and enclosures bordering on the lane, and expelled them from the large serai beyond the Secunder Bagh, thus securing an access to the open neck of ground, which had to be passed over before a point could be reached open enough for the head of the column to deploy. Travers' heavy field-battery next arrived, and the sappers and miners having cut down part of the high bank, two of his 18-pounders were, after great exertions, dragged up by the infantry, and put in position against the nearest angle of the Secunder Bagh. Their fire, in less than an hour, opened two large holes in it.

The assault was then given by the 4th Punjab Rifles and 98d, supported by the 53d, and a battalion of detachments. It was a glorious rush. On went, in generous rivalry, the turban of the Sikh and the dark plume of the Highlander. A native officer of the Sikhs, waving his tulwar above his head, dashed on full five yards in front of his men. The Highlanders, determined not to be left behind, strained nerve and limb in the race. Their officers led like gallant gentlemen, shaking their broadswords in the air. Two young ensigns, springing over a low mud-wall, gave the colours of the regiment to the breeze. Paul with voice and action urged on his wild followers. Ewart, amongst the first of the Scots, clambered through the narrow opening in the wall; and soon the interior of the building rang with the sharp tones of musketry, and resounded with the cries of struggling men. The narrow holes through which the assailants were climbing in would not give admittance to the supports as they came up, and great part of them, rushing on to the left, assailed the gate. After some time it gave way to the constant discharge of muskets at the lock, and through it in they poured. Away on the right the 53d had also forced in a window; whilst the sappers and miners had enlarged the openings at the angle. But still with desperate

courage the defence went on. Firing down from the doors and windows of the rooms which surrounded the great courtyard in the centre, fighting hand-to-hand with their tulwars against those who charged home with the bayonet, the Sepoys maintained the struggle unabated for hours; and when at last the embers of the contest expired with the setting sun, more than two thousand corpses lay heaped upon one another in the interior of that vast charnel-house.

Whilst this fierce contest was raging in the Secunder Bagh, some companies of the 53d and 93d, supported by two of Blount's guns, had advanced through the opening, and pushed on across the open plain beyond, to their left front. The 93d, on the left, attacked and effected a lodgment in the large building called "The Barracks;" while the 53d, stretched as skirmishers over the plain, united the two attacks.

After passing between the serai and Secunder Bagh, the road to the Residency leads straight across an open plain about twelve hundred yards broad. About three hundred yards along this road there is a small village, with garden enclosures round it; while, about two hundred and fifty yards further on, and one hundred yards to the right of the road, stood the Shah Nujeef, a large mosque, situated in a garden enclosed by a high loopholed wall. This wall is nearly square, and very strong. Between it and the plain is a thick fringe of jungle and enclosures, with trees and scattered mud-cottages, which make it impossible to get a distinct view of the place until you come close on it. Between it and the Secunder Bagh, amidst jungles and enclosures, to our right of the little plain, was a building on a high mound, called the Kuddum Russul.

Hope, having now drawn off his brigade from the Secunder Bagh, led it against the village, which he cleared and occupied without much difficulty; while Peel brought up his 24-pounders, mortars, and rocket-frames, and placed them in battery against the Shah Nujeef in an oblique line, with their left resting

on the village. The musketry fire which streamed unceasingly from that building and the surrounding enclosures, was most biting and severe; and after nearly three hours' battering it was still unsubdued. An attempt, made with great gallantry by Major Barnston, with his battalion of detachments, to drive the enemy from the fringe of jungle and enclosures in front, by setting fire to the houses, proved unsuccessful; but on the right the Kuddum Russul was assaulted and carried by a party of Sikhs.

In the narrow lane leading up from the rear, meanwhile, the utmost confusion prevailed. The animals carrying the ordnance and engineer supplies, unable to advance from the enemy's fire in front—unable to get out on either side, and pressed forward by those in rear—got completely jammed, insomuch that an officer, sent to bring up ammunition and all Greathed's disposable infantry to the now hard-pressed front, had the utmost difficulty to get the men along in single file; whilst some houses having been wantonly set on fire by the camp-followers, the passage was for a time entirely blocked up; and it was only when the flames were abating that a string of camels, laden with small-arm ammunition, which was urgently required by the troops engaged, could with great risk and toil be forced through the narrow and scorching pass. Even then, however, the confusion near the Secunder Bagh had got to such a pitch, that all passage had become impossible; and had it not been that a staff-officer discovered a by-path leading into a broad road, which abutted on the Secunder Bagh, neither men nor ammunition could have been brought up.

In front of the Shah Nujeef the battle made no way. The enemy, about 4 o'clock, got a heavy gun to bear upon us from the opposite bank of the river, and their very first shot blew up one of Peel's tumbrils, whilst their deadly musketry had obliged him to withdraw the men from one of his pieces and diminished the fire of the others. The men were falling fast; even Peel's usually bright face became grave and anxious. Sir Colin

sat on his white horse, exposed to the whole storm of shot, looking intently on the Shah Nujjeef, which was wreathed in columns of smoke from the burning buildings in its front, but sparkled all over with the bright flash of small arms. It was now apparent that the crisis of the battle had come. Our heavy artillery could not subdue the fire of the Shah Nujjeef—we could not even hold permanently our present advanced position under it. But retreat to us there was none; by that fatal lane our reluctant force could never be withdrawn. Outram, and Havelock, and Inglis, with our women and children, were in the front, and England's honour was pledged to bring them scatheless out of the fiery furnace. What shot and shell could not do the bayonets of the infantry must accomplish. But the crisis was terrible. Even as the fate of the French Empire hung at Wagram on the footsteps of MacDonald's column, so did the fate of our Indian dominions depend that day on the result of the desperate assault now about to be undertaken.

Collecting the 93d about him, the Commander-in-Chief addressed a few words to them. Not concealing the extent of the danger, he told them that he had not intended that day to have employed them again, but that the Shah Nujjeef *must be taken*; that the artillery could not bring its fire under, so they must win it with the bayonet. Giving them a few plain directions, he told them that he would go on with them himself.

To execute this design, Middleton's battery of the Royal Artillery was ordered to pass Peel's guns on the right, and, getting as close as possible to the Shah Nujjeef, to open a quick and well-sustained fire of grape. Peel was to redouble his, and the 93d to form in column in the open plain, close to the village, ready to rush on.

Middleton's battery came up magnificently. With loud cheers, the drivers waving their whips, the gunners their caps, they galloped forward through that deadly fire to within pistol-shot of the wall, unlimbered, and poured in round after round of grape. Peel, manning all his guns, worked his pieces with redoubled energy, and, under cover of

this iron storm, the 93d, excited to the highest degree, with flashing eyes and nervous tread, rolled on in one vast wave. The grey-haired veteran of many fights rode, with his sword drawn, at their head; keen was his eye, as when in the pride of youth he led the stormers at St. Sebastian. His staff crowded round him. Hope, too, with his towering form and gentle smile, was there, leading, as ever was his wont, the men by whom he was loved so well. As they approached the nearest angle of the enclosure, the soldiers began to drop fast; but, without a check, they reached its foot. There, however, they were brought to a stand. The wall, perfectly entire, was nearly 20 feet high, and well loopholed; there was no breach, and there were no scaling-ladders. Unable to advance, unwilling to retire, they halted and commenced a musketry battle with the garrison; but all the advantage was with the latter, who shot with security from behind their loops, and the Highlanders went down fast before them. At this time nearly all the mounted officers were either wounded or dismounted. Hope and his aide-de-camp were both rolling on the ground at the same moment, with their horses shot under them; his major of brigade had just met with the same fate; two of Sir Colin's staff had been stricken to the earth; a party, who had been pushed on round the angle to the gate, had found it so well covered by a new work in masonry as to be perfectly unassailable. Two of Peel's guns were now brought up to within a few yards of the wall. Covered by the fusilade of the infantry, the sailors shot fast and strong; but, though the masonry soon fell off in flakes, it came down so as to leave the mass behind perpendicular, and as inaccessible as ever.

Success seemed now impossible. Even Hope and Peel, these two men, iron of will and ready of resource, could see no way. Anxious and careworn grew Sir Colin's brow. The dead and wounded were ordered to be collected and carried to the rear. Some rocket frames were brought up, and threw in a volley of these fiery projectiles, with such admirable pre-

sion that, just skimming over the top of the rampart, they plunged hissing into the interior of the building, and searched it out with a destroying force. Under cover of this, the guns were drawn off. The shades of evening were falling fast—the assault could not much longer be continued. Then, as a last resource—the last throw of a desperate game—Adrian Hope, collecting some fifty men, stole silently and cautiously through the jungle and brushwood away to the right, to a portion of the wall on which he had, before the assault, thought he perceived some injury to have been inflicted. Reaching it unperceived, a narrow fissure was found. Up this a single man was, with some difficulty, pushed; he saw no one near the spot, and helped up Hope, Ogilvy, (attached to the Madras Sappers) Allgood, the Assistant Quarter-master-General, and some others. The numbers inside soon increased, and as they did so they advanced, gradually extending their front. A body of sappers, sent for in haste, arrived at the double: the opening was enlarged, the supports rushed in. Meanwhile Hope's small party, pushing on, to their great astonishment found themselves almost unopposed. Gaining the gate, they threw it open for their comrades. The white dresses of the last of the garrison were just seen gliding away amidst the rolling smoke into the dark shadows of the night. Panic-struck, apparently, by the destruction caused by the rockets, and the sudden appearance of some of the assailants within the walls, they fled from the place, and gave up the struggle, just when the victory was secure.

Never had there been a harder-fought day, but never was a result gained more satisfactory. The relief of the Residency, an affair in the highest degree problematical in the morning, was now all but certain. We had won our footing on the plain, we had secured a base on which to plant our guns. Time and artillery, with sure but unerring steps, would do the rest. Taken between our batteries and the Residency guns, we were pretty certain to expel the enemy from the intervening buildings. To-day we had fought for

existence, to-morrow we would throw for victory. To retire, indeed, from this point would be nearly as difficult as to win it; but the prestige of success throws a buckler round the conquerors. Anxiously during this day had we strained our eyes, frequently had we stooped our ears, hoping to gain some indication of Outram's progress, looking wearily for the flash of his musketry in the enemy's rear, to lighten us from the load under which we were staggering. But hour after hour passed by, and no bickering tide of war came up to us from the east. Sometimes, amidst the roar of the battle, we thought we could distinguish the dull sound of a more distant cannonade, but nothing certain could be made out. We did not then know how formidable was the mass of buildings still interposed between, rendering such active co-operation impossible. But there was joy now in every heart—there was light in every eye. Not in vain now had Greathed's toil-worn bands pushed on in hot haste from Delhi's smoking ramparts—not in vain had the Highlanders hastened over the stormy main from their distant mountain homes—for the blood of our defenceless women would not now ascend reeking to the heavens—the voice of Rachel mourning for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not, would not now be heard.

Much, however, still remained to be done. Our small force occupied a most extended position—the road to the rear was winding and difficult—the enemy had during the day attacked both the Martinière and Dil Kooshar, and shown themselves in force on the road to Alum Bagh, while on the other side of the Goomtee their outposts swarmed on the edge of the woods. No tents had accompanied our march—no camp-fires could be lighted. Silently in their ranks the men lay down to rest. Ere the grey light of morning had been seen in the heavens, the bells of the city had rung loud and clear, and the beating of many drums been heard. An attack seemed to be impending, and everywhere the ranks were formed; but either the enemy, finding us prepared, changed their mind, or it had not been intended, for no one came

—only a dropping fire of round shot into the field hospital caused both alarm and injury to the wounded, who lay there shelterless and unprotected. Ammunition was now brought up, both for the heavy guns and small arms, and the mode and plan of the attack arranged, and its execution at once set about. Unlike the preceding day, no sudden assaults, no desperate rushes were to be made. The heavy guns, howitzers, and mortars, planted in battery, were to open fire on the Mess House, the next great building which lay in our way. When its defences had been completely ruined, it was to be occupied, and from thence operations against the Motee Mahal undertaken. Then our communication with the Residency would be open, though exposed to a flanking fire from the Kaiser Bagh.

Peel commenced the operations of the day by a steady, well-directed fire upon the Mess House. This was a post of considerable strength, being defended by a ditch twelve feet broad, surmounted by a loopholed wall behind. During the whole day the fire of his guns continued unabated. About three in the afternoon, its musketry having been almost entirely got under, it was assailed by a company of the 90th, and a detachment of the 53rd, and carried with little loss; and the troops, excited with their success, pursued the fugitive garrison to the wall which separated it from the Motee Mahal. This, too, was presently broken through by the Sappers, and the numerous buildings, surrounded by a large enclosure, forming the latter post, were won. The communication with the Residency was now open, though the way to it was exposed to the enemy within easy musket-shot. Outram and Have-lock, running the gauntlet, rode out to meet their deliverer. The task of the latter was nearly accomplished, the defending and relieving force had shaken hands.

On the afternoon of the 16th, Have-lock observing the progress of Sir Colin's army, had made a sally with the whole disposable force of the garrison, and carried, without sustaining any very severe loss, the posts of the Hern Khana and Steau-

Engine House. The occupation of these positions enabled the communications between the two forces to be effected as soon as the Motee Mahal was carried.

But a most difficult and dangerous task still remained. The garrison, with women and children, sick and wounded, guns and stores, had to be withdrawn; and to effect this in the face of the vast force of the enemy was no easy task. One narrow winding lane alone led to the rear, and through it the whole force had to be filed. To protect the march of the convoy, the whole of the immense line, extending from the ruined walls of the Residency to the wooded park of the Dil Kooshar, required to be held, and this gave a most hazardous extension to our forces—far too weak for the maintenance of so extended a position. To keep any considerable reserve in hand was impossible; and to such a dangerous extent did this at last come, that when, on the afternoon of the 18th instant, a vigorous attack was directed by the enemy upon the centre of our line, the only troops which remained in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief, to support the menaced point with, were two weak companies of infantry and Remington's troop of Bengal horse-artillery. The conduct of this troop was the admiration of all beholders; the rapidity of its advance through most difficult ground being only equalled by the beauty and accuracy of its fire.

The measures necessary to secure the safety of the convoy, and cover the withdrawal of the force, may be resolved into two—the getting under the fire of the Kaiser Bagh, and the securing of our left flank in the "Barracks" and adjoining buildings. The former, to enable the convoy to reach the position of Sir Colin's force—the latter, to protect its passage to the Dil Kooshar, through the narrow and tortuous lane already so frequently referred to, which led from our right, in rear of the left, to the Martinière.

To effect the last object a communication was, on the 17th instant, with much trouble, established, leading from the Barracks to the canal, in rear of our left, and our position in

that building strengthened. On the night of the 17th, Banks' House, an important post close to the line of the canal, on the extreme left, was carried by a party of the 2d Punjaub Infantry. During the whole of the 17th and 18th an incessant musketry fire was kept up by the enemy upon this part of our position, from which we suffered considerably. Brigadier Russell was severely wounded on the latter day, and his successor in the command, Colonel Bidulph, killed; but, under the direction of Colonel Hale, of H.M. 82d, the whole of the operations necessary to the security of this important point were successfully carried out, and all the buildings which required to be occupied won. But the service was a most severe and harassing one to the troops engaged, who hardly enjoyed a moment's respite from attack.

But the work was now drawing near its conclusion. On the morning of the 20th, Peel, with all our heavy guns, opened fire upon the Kaiser Bagh, and for three days it went on increasing in its severity. The enemy suffered severely, especially from the bursting of our shells in its courtyards crowded with troops; and by the evening of the 22d, not only had its means of offence and annoyance been nearly destroyed, but three breaches were gaping in its walls, and everything betokened an assault during the ensuing night or morning. This was the moment chosen, when the attention of the enemy was entirely directed to the defence of this important point, for the evacuation of the Residency and withdrawal of the garrison. The women and children, the sick and wounded, had been removed on the night of the 19th; and, along with all the wounded of the field-force, had in safety reached the Dil Kooshar. At midnight on the 22d, the retreat of the garrison commenced. The guns which could not be brought away were rendered unserviceable. Behind the screen of Campbell's outposts, Inglis's and Havelock's toil-worn bands withdrew—then the latter began also to retire; the pickets fell back through the supports, the supports glided away between the intervals of the

reserve—the reserve, when all had passed, silently defiled into the lane—thick darkness shrouded the movement from the gaze of the enemy—and, hours after the position had been quitted, they were firing into the abandoned posts. Hope's brigade, which had so nobly headed the advance, had also covered the retreat. Before daylight on the 23d instant, the last straggler had reached the camp at Dil Kooshar. As soon as the main column was far enough advanced, the left wing, under Hale, evacuated the Barracks and adjoining positions, and effected their retreat by the new road. On the afternoon of the 24th, Sir Colin's force set out for Alum Bagh. Outram's division remained behind to cover the rear and give protection to the long trains of women, children, and wounded; it too followed on the next day, and then the work was done.

One sad event now occurred to cast its shade over this glorious achievement. Worn out by toil and anxiety, Havelock sank into the grave. Sad it was that the noble veteran should be permitted to come to the end of his labours, and yet be snatched away ere he had tasted of his reward. Yet perhaps it was for the best. In the hour of his triumph and his glory he departed. Envy had not had time to dim his laurels, or malice to tarnish his renown. The "electric shock of a nation's gratitude" he knew to have been his; the consciousness of duty unshrinkingly performed, of a life sacrificed to his country's cause, he bore with him to the tomb. On the low plain by the Alum Bagh they made his humble grave; and Campbell, and Outram, and Inglis, and many a stout soldier who had followed him in all his headlong marches, and through the long fatal street, were gathered there to perform the last rites to one of England's noblest dead. As long as the memory of great deeds, and high courage, and spotless self-devotion, is cherished amongst his countrymen, so long will Havelock's lonely tomb in the grove beneath the scorching Eastern sky, hard by the vast city, the scene alike of his toil, his triumph, and his death, be

regarded as one of the most holy of the many holy spots where her patriot soldiers lie.

A true soldier in the highest sense of the word was Havelock. Severe in discipline and rigid in command, he looked for and exacted from all the full performance of their duty. When hardships were to be endured, he expected that they should be met without a murmur. Oftentimes regarded as unpitied by his men, he yet ever strove to alleviate their sufferings and improve their condition. Thoroughly acquainted with the principles of military science, he was able to combine the greatest daring with the greatest prudence; and greater even was his merit when, heedless of the clamours of his soldiers, he refused to move upon Lucknow until joined by Outram's reinforcements, than, when at the head of their united force, he poured along his "march of fire." For he too was assailed by the voice of calumny, and taunted with prudence and faint-heartedness by men who could neither emulate his courage nor fathom the high motives of his conduct. Though victorious in every action during his first advance, as soon as he became convinced that the masses with which he was hurtling were too numerous for his little band, he drew them back; and when the Gwalior Contingent first set out on their march towards Calpee, he was prepared, had he not been promised instant support, to have fallen back on Allahabad, rather than risk the fate of the empire which was intrusted to his keeping. In that resolution he showed a greater moral courage than, and equally great military genius as, when, bursting through the iron barrier of Lucknow, he wrested the sinking garrison from the hand of fate. Worn in body, high of courage, pure in heart, of an energy which no difficulties could daunt, of a resolution which no disasters could shake, he sealed his devotion to his country by his blood; and when the good labourer's work was done, he went to receive his reward in the far distant land.

Leaving General Outram with a force of about four thousand men to

hold the position of Alum Bagh in front of Lucknow, and thus neutralise by his presence, under the very guns of the capital, the effect which would otherwise have arisen from the retreat of the British troops from Oude, Sir Colin set out on the morning of the 27th from Alum Bagh, with about three thousand men, the whole of the women, children, and treasure rescued from Lucknow, and the long train of wounded. In all, two thousand helpless human beings had to be borne along. That evening he passed Bunnee Bridge and encamped. The distant sound of heavy guns was heard faintly stealing over the vast plain from the direction of the Ganges. For many days all intercourse with Windham had been cut off; between him and us a thick veil had fallen; but as the movement of the Gwalior Contingent upon our communications had been known previous to our advance, the moment the firing was heard, the cause became evident; the Calpee host had fallen upon Cawnpore, and was actively engaged with the garrison. Not a moment was to be lost—the danger was instant. Had Cawnpore fallen, and the boat-bridge been destroyed, a disaster, terrible even to contemplate, might have ensued. Early on the morning of the 28th, accordingly the whole army was in motion, and eagerly pressing on towards the scene of danger. At every step the sound of a heavy but distant cannonade became more distinct; but mile after mile was passed over, and no news could be obtained. The anxiety and impatience of all became extreme. Louder and louder grew the roar—faster and faster became the march—long and weary was the way—tired and footsore grew the infantry—death fell on the exhausted wounded with a terrible rapidity—the travel-worn bearers could hardly stagger along under their loads—the sick men groaned and died—but still on, on, on was the cry. Salvos of artillery were fired by the field battery of the advance guard, in hopes that its sound might convey to the beleagured garrison a promise of the coming aid. At last some horsemen were seen

spurring along the road; then the veil which had for so long shrouded us from Windham was rent asunder, and the disaster stood before us in all its deformity.

After Sir Colin's departure from Cawnpore, General Windham directed all his efforts to forwarding on to him all the detachments which came up. His disinterested efforts in the performance of this duty are deserving of the very highest praise; and they are the more commendable, because he was kept perfectly informed by his spies of the slow but steady advance of the force formed by the junction of the Gwalior Contingent with the troops of the Nana Sahib. But not on that account did he hesitate; still every disposable man was sent on, till the news arrived that the relief of the Residency had been effected. Then, indeed, it became time to look to his own preservation. The rebel force was drawing nearer and nearer. He despatched repeated messengers to inform the Commander-in-Chief of the cloud which was rapidly gathering on his rear; but not one of them ever reached him. They were all cut off by the enemy. On the 25th of November, the enemy had advanced so far, that, if an effort to save Cawnpore from attack was to be made, no time could be lost. With a high—though withal imprudent—courage, Windham then gathered together his little band, numbering scarcely 1200 infantry, with 100 sowars and 8 guns, and set out on the morning of the 26th to measure himself with the rebel host. These numbered altogether about 20,000 men, with 40 guns. He found their advanced-guard drawn up in very strong ground on the opposite side of the dried-up bed of the Pando Nuddee. Falling on without a moment's hesitation, he carried their position at the first rush, and, pressing on with vigour, made himself master of the village of Bousce, half-a-mile in rear; but soon the main-body of the rebels came up, and displayed such imposing masses, both of men and artillery, that it became evident that, in such an open country as this, he must be overmatched. He drew off in good order accordingly,

and, falling back on Cawnpore, encamped on the Joosee plain in its front, with his left flank resting on the Ganges canal and a wood, and his centre and right barring the approach to the town. The sun was high in the heavens the next day when the enemy advanced. Bringing all their artillery to the front, they opened a heavy and well-directed fire, to which our few guns could make no adequate reply. Under cover of this, their infantry pushed on, occupying all the topees, broken ground, and cultivation, and firing fast and strong. For five hours our men held their ground against overwhelming numbers, but at length they had to fall back. To do this through the narrow streets of the town and the broken ground around it, in the face of a victorious enemy, was no easy task; and it is no disgrace to them to say, that considerable confusion and disorder accompanied it. It was attended with the loss of our camp, tents, and baggage.

Still desirous of not entirely shutting himself up within his entrenchment, Windham held the broken and wooded ground between the town and the Ganges with his right, where the Church and Assembly Rooms stood—containing nearly all the field-stores and luggage of the Commander-in-Chief's army, and which, most unfortunately, he did not take the precaution of removing within the works during the night; while he stretched his left, consisting chiefly of the Rifles and two companies of the Eighty-Second, under Colonel Walpole, into the plain beyond the canal. The enemy, having occupied the town, erected batteries in front of it, and renewed the contest with vigour on the morning of the 28th. Walpole on the left held his ground against far superior numbers, pushed back the force immediately opposed to him, and took with a bayonet-charge two heavy guns. But disaster again fell upon us on the right. The Church and Assembly Rooms, with all their commissariat stores, were lost; a battery to play upon the entrenchment was erected between the two; the high wooded and broken grounds, intersected with

nullahs and sprinkled with buildings, which lie between these and the Ganges, fell entirely into the hands of the enemy; and his field-batteries, there established, began to send their balls down upon the bridge beneath. A sally made during the day was at first successful, and some guns won and spiked; but not being adequately supported, it was ultimately repulsed, with very severe loss and great discouragement to our men. When the shades of night began to fall, the garrison had everywhere been obliged to fall back into the entrenchments, upon which a heavy fire, both of artillery and small arms, was being kept up. The dust of no succouring columns could be seen rising from the plains of Oude; and the sullen plunge of round shot into the river by the bridge showed by how frail a link they were bound to the opposite bank, whence only aid could arrive. Crowded together into a narrow space, without tents to shelter them or casemates to cover them from vertical fire, they had no cheering prospect for the night.

The clatter of a few horsemen was suddenly heard passing over the bridge, and ascending at a rapid pace the road which leads to the fort. As they came close under the ramparts, an old man with grey hair was seen to be riding at their head. One of the soldiers recognised the Commander-in-Chief; the news spread like wildfire; the men, crowding upon the parapet, sent forth cheer after cheer. The enemy, surprised at the commotion, for a few minutes ceased their fire. The old man rode in through the gate. All felt then that the crisis was over—that the Residency saved would not now be balanced by Cawnpore lost. When the morning broke, the plain towards Lucknow was white with the tents of the returning army. A few hours later, and both the river banks were enveloped with the curling smoke of artillery; for Peel, with his heavy twenty-fours, and all the field-batteries, strove hard to crush the enemy's guns, which played upon the bridge. Gradually the British fire from the left bank, aided by that of the intrenchment, got the mastery,

and the passage of the troops commenced. Soon dark masses of smoke, mingled with sheets of flame, rose from large buildings amid green trees on the high grounds in their front, and rolled heavily over the field. It was the Assembly Rooms and adjoining houses, containing all the commissariat field-stores and baggage of the returning troops, which the enemy had fired. During the whole day, during the ensuing night, and till six o'clock on the evening of the 30th, the passage continued. Troops and baggage, women and children, sick and wounded, filed on unceasingly. They swept by the ramparts of the fort, and crossing the canal, encamped on the plain beyond, round the mouldering remains and riddled walls of the position which Wheeler had held so long. Great was the anxiety till this was successfully accomplished; for the rebels, having possession of the upper course of the river, and all the boats, might at any moment have thrown a large force on the opposite bank, and attacked our rear and the endless convoy of ladies and families; whilst fire-rafts or boats could have destroyed the bridge; and our numbers were too few to enable at once an adequate force to be left beyond the river to cover the rear, and of the plain across the canal to secure the head of the unwieldy column; while the danger of breaking down the bridge by overcrowding rendered great caution necessary in regulating and restraining its progress.

A pause for a few days now ensued. Sir Colin's movement to the plain beyond the canal had placed him on the Futtehpore road, and reopened our communication with Allahabad; but the enemy occupied an exceedingly strong position, which could not be attacked with any hope of success without the employment upon the decisive point of our whole disposable force, and this left no guard for the great convoy from Lucknow, which might, in the tumult of the action, have fallen into their hands. Till arrangements could be made, therefore, for its removal to Allahabad, under a suitable escort, no attack was possible. Meanwhile, also, some re-

inforcements, much wanted, would have time to come up. An attack on our outposts on the 1st of December was repulsed, but the enemy still continued to harass our camp to a great extent with their fire, opening with a field battery upon the Commander-in-Chief's tents almost every forenoon. By the 3d, however, we had to a considerable extent got it under. The same night the convoy was at last got under weigh, and the army, eased of that heavy drag, became once more pliable and fit for active operations. On the 4th an attempt to destroy the floating bridge by fire-boats was happily frustrated. During the fifth an attack was made upon the picket in the plain on our left, and a considerable force of the enemy moved in that direction, as if they meditated turning our flank and threatening our communications. The attack, however, was repulsed, and the display of a considerable part of our force induced them to abandon their intention. The next day the hand of fate was upon them.

The position which they held was one of great strength. Their left was posted amongst the wooded high grounds, intersected with nullahs, and thickly sprinkled with ruined bungalows and public buildings, which lie between the town of Cawnpore and the Ganges. Their centre occupied the town itself, which was of great extent, and traversed only by narrow winding streets, singularly susceptible of defence. The portion of it facing the entrenchment was uncovered; but from the camp of our army it was separated by the Ganges canal, which, descending through the centre of the Doab, falls into that river below Cawnpore. Their right stretched out behind this canal into the plain, and they held a bridge over it, and some lime-kilns and mounds of brick in its front. The camp of the Gwalior Contingent was situated in this plain, about two miles in rear of the right, at the point where the Calpee road comes in. The united force, amounting now, with reinforcements which had come in, to about 25,000 men with 40 guns, consisted of two distinct bodies, having two distinct lines

of operation and retreat—that of the Nana Sahib (and under the command of his brothers), whose line of retreat was in rear of the left on Bithoor; that of the Gwalior Contingent, whose retreat lay from their right upon Calpee. The centre and left of this position was of great strength, and could not be assailed without the certainty of heavy loss, and the risk of an ultimate check. The right, however, was both tactically the weakest and strategically the most important point to gain—the weakest, because there the ground was a vast plain, intersected only by the canal; the most important, because across this plain, and almost in prolongation of their right wing, ran the Calpee road, which, once in our possession, the retreat of the Gwalior Contingent, by far the most formidable of our foes, with their guns and materiel, was rendered impossible. Grasping at once the strength and the weakness of his opponent's post, and skilfully availing himself of both, Sir Colin laid his plans. His design was to reinforce his left with all his available troops—to throw himself with it upon the rebel right—defeat it before it could be reinforced from the centre—seize the camp of the Gwalior Contingent, and establish himself *à cheval* upon their line of retreat; thus at once striking at his enemy's communications, whilst he preserved his own. His force amounted to 5000 infantry, 600 cavalry, and 35 guns.

In execution of this plan, Windham received orders to open a heavy fire, with every available gun and mortar, from the entrenchment, upon the hostile left and their centre in the town, so as to draw their attention entirely to that side, and lead them to accumulate their troops there. When this had been effected, Greathead with his brigade (reinforced by the 64th) was to move straight on the line of the canal, in front of our camp, and, occupying the houses on this side of it, to engage the enemy by a brisk attack, taking care, however, not seriously to commit himself. To his left, Walpole with his riflemen was to cross the canal just above the town, and advance, skirting

its walls, masking in succession, as he reached them, every gate leading into the country, and throwing back the head of every column which tried to debouche thence to the aid of the right. Whilst on the left, Hope with his Sikhs and Highlanders, and the 53d, and Inglis with the 28d, 32d, and 82d, were to debouch into the plain, form in front of the brick mounds covering the enemy's bridge, carry both these points in succession, and press straight on to the Calpee road. Meanwhile the whole cavalry and horse artillery, making a still wider sweep two miles further to the left, were to cross the canal at a bridge there, and, bringing up their left shoulders, turn the rebel flank, and unite their attack with Hope's. This plan left for some time our centre naked and exposed to the blows of the enemy's masses concentrated in the town, with only Greathed's weak brigade, not numbering 1000 bayonets, to oppose them. But their success here would be of no ultimate consequence provided our left was victorious; on the contrary, it would merely lure them further on to their own destruction, though it might occasion the loss of our camp and stores. To provide against this, all the sick and wounded were removed into the fort, the tents struck, the baggage animals loaded, and the whole driven off into the deep nullahs leading down to the river, immediately below the intrenchment, where they could securely await the result of the contest.

The battle commenced on the morning of the 6th with the roar of Windham's guns from the entrenchment. Our right and the hostile left and centre were soon shrouded with the smoke of the contending batteries. Heavily upon the town fell the iron hail, and severe was the loss of the enemy crowded in its narrow streets; while shell flew and shot tore through the houses, and the very earth shook with the hellish uproar. After a few hours this tremendous cannonade gradually slackened, and then the rattle of Greathed's musketry was heard closing rapidly on the line of the canal, and speaking with a loud and mean-

ing voice from the houses and enclosures on its brink. The long rows of white tents, the endless lines of waggons and strings of camels had now disappeared; the earth seemed to have swallowed up the streets of the canvass town. Walpole's dark-clad riflemen were pressing on with hot haste to cross the canal, and Hope's and Inglis's brigades were massed in heavy columns, screened from the enemy's view, behind some large unfinished masses of building on the edge of the plain on our left. Still our plans were undeveloped; no sign indicated with certainty where the gathering storm would burst. Suddenly company after company of infantry appeared from behind the buildings and marched on right into the open. It was Hope's and Inglis's brigades, which in parallel columns of companies, left in front, now shot out and streamed on wave after wave of glittering bayonets, till they stretched far across into the plain; while the cavalry and horse-artillery, trotting rapidly out, pushed on beyond them, raising clouds of dust, and covering their advance. Presently the infantry slowly brought up their left shoulders, and, forming into two lines, swept on with a proud majestic movement right against the high brick mounds covering the bridge over the canal which the enemy occupied in force. The spectacle now was an animated one; grouped in masses behind the mountains, the rebels fired sharply, while their guns, worked with great precision and energy, sent a storm of shot and shell upon the plain, over which, like a drifting storm, came the stout skirmishers of the Sikhs and the 53d, covering their front with the flashes of a bickering musketry, behind whom rolled in a long and serried line the 93d and 42d, sombre with their gloomy plumes and dark tartan, followed some hundred yards in rear by the thin ranks of Inglis's brigade. The field-batteries on our side opened briskly, and the gleaming lance-points of the cavalry were rapidly receding on the left. Rushing on at the double, the skirmishers closed upon the mounds, from which the enemy fell back to the bridge,

and paused for a moment behind their shelter. But now an aide-de-camp spurred swiftly up, briefly repeated a few words, and the Sikhs and 53d, quitting the cover, once more pushed on through the openings, and rushed upon the bridge. The fire was heavy in the extreme, when suddenly the rumbling of heavy guns and the tread of eager feet were heard, and Peel's noble sailors, dragging with them their heavy 24-pounders, came up, and passing through the ranks of the skirmishers, made right for the bridge, on which one of the guns was speedily planted and brought into action. Indescribable was now the enthusiasm of the men. Pressing on as fast as they could run, they passed the canal at the bridge, or forded it, captured some guns by a bayonet rush, and, driving the enemy, now completely broken, before them, advanced right upon their camp. Galloping up, a Bengal field-battery took post within easy range, and switched repeated volleys of grape through the tents, while the infantry, having recovered breath, rushed on. So complete was the surprise, so unexpected was the onslaught, that the chuppaties were found heating upon the fires, the bullocks stood tied beside the hackeries, the sick and wounded were lying in the hospitals, the smith left his forge, and the surgeon his ward, to fly from the avenging bayonets. Every tent was found exactly as its late occupants had sprung from it. Many arose too late, for the conquerors spared none that day; neither the sick man in his weakness, nor the strong man in his strength. During this brilliant victory of the left, Walpole had well executed his mission; rapidly fording the canal above the town, he kept abreast of Hope's advancing brigade, and, passing swiftly along its outskirts, drove back with his volleying musketry the head of every rebel mass which attempted to *debouch* out of the narrow streets upon our flank. The cavalry and horse artillery too, having completed their long detour to the left, had seized the bridge unopposed, and now came swiftly galloping down upon the Calpee road on the flank of the infantry. The victory

was secure. The rebel right, struck by an iron hand, had been shattered into a thousand pieces; their centre, shut up within the town, had been impotent to avert the disaster; the camp of the Gwalior Contingent, with all their field-stores, magazines, and materiel, was in our power; and the Calpee road, covered with their flying ranks, in possession of our victorious soldiery.

Prompt and vigorous were the measures taken by Sir Colin to secure and improve his victory. Detaching General Mansfield with the Rifles, 93d, and fourteen guns, to move round the back of the town and seize the position called the Subadar's Tank, in rear of the enemy's left, and leaving the 23d and 38th regiments to guard the captured camp, Sir Colin, with what remained in hand of infantry and all the cavalry and horse-artillery, pressed the pursuit of the Gwalior Contingent along the Calpee road. Never was a rout more complete, or one more vigorously followed up. For fourteen miles the cavalry and horse-artillery rode at the gallop—at every step ammunition-waggons and baggage-carts fell into our hands; every body of infantry presenting any appearance of consistency was ridden down and dispersed; the slaughter was great, till at last, despairing of effecting their retreat by the road, the rebels, disbanding, and throwing away their arms and accoutrements, dispersed over the country on each side, and, flying into the jungle and the cultivation, shrouded themselves in its thick cover from the red sabres and lances of the horsemen. Not a gun, a tumbril, or a hackery escaped along this road; and when the pursuers, late in the evening, reined in their weary horses by the fourteenth milestone, there was not an enemy in their front.

General Mansfield had moved with the force under his command along the rear of the town towards the Subadar's Tank; on approaching this point, a very sharp resistance was experienced, for it covered the only other line of retreat left to the enemy from the town and broken ground between it and the Ganges,

where the old cantonments stood. The Rifles advanced in skirmishing order, accompanied by Longden's heavy, and Middleton's light field-battery, while Hope with his Highlanders followed in reserve. The advance through the enclosures and broken ground was made with much spirit, and Middleton's battery, with its usual gallantry, pushed at the gallop through the village, close to the Subadar's Tank, before it had been cleared by the infantry. From this point fire was opened upon guns and masses of infantry now in full retreat along the Bithoor road. Presently, however, a heavy fire of artillery and musketry fell upon us from that portion of the hostile left which was still in the ground about the old cantonments, and whose retreat was seriously compromised; and though they failed to force our position, yet the post they held amongst the houses and enclosures was so strong, that General Mansfield did not consider himself justified in incurring the heavy loss which its attack must have involved. When evening came on, the enemy gradually drew off their men round our left, and between it and the Ganges, and by a considerable circuit regained the Bithoor road, along which they retired. An attack made by another portion of them upon the guard of the captured camp was repulsed, and two guns taken. This brought the day's operations to a close.

The right wing, composed of the Gwalior Contingent, had been utterly routed, with the loss of seventeen guns, their camp, the whole of their baggage and materiel, and their line of retreat on Calpee. Almost all the regiments had disbanded, and, throwing aside their arms, dispersed over the country. The centre and left, composed mainly of the Nana's men, with a good many of the Gwalior guns and some revolted Sepoy regiments, had fallen back in great haste and confusion, after sustaining heavy loss, towards Bithoor. Thither they were pursued upon the 8th by Brigadier-General Hope Grant, at the head of the cavalry, light artillery, and Hope's brigade of infantry. Bithoor was evacuated; but Grant, push-

ing on to the ferry of Serai Ghat, on the Ganges, twenty-five miles from Cawnpore, came up at daylight on the 9th with the enemy, who had just reached the ferry, but had not had time to cross. They received our men with a heavy cannonade, and tried to capture our guns with a charge of cavalry; but our horsemen soon drove the latter away, while our artillery, having with great difficulty been got through some quicksands on the river-bank, silenced their guns. Their infantry got off amongst the enclosures and trees; but the whole of the guns, amounting to fifteen pieces, were captured. Thus altogether thirty-two guns were taken, and that with a loss to ourselves of only 99 killed and wounded.

Seldom has a battle been fought, evincing more military genius in conception and more vigour in execution than this. The fixing of the enemy's attention upon their left, the sudden isolation of their left and centre, and the swift stroke by which their right was at once broken in front and turned in flank, the camp of the Gwalior Contingent captured, and its line of retreat to Calpee seized, has seldom been equalled in war, and will bear a comparison with any of the masterpieces of Napoleon or Wellington; whilst the vigorous pursuit along the Calpee road of the broken right, and the movement of General Mansfield against the only other line of retreat left to them upon Bithoor, thereby necessitating the evacuation, with all the hurry, confusion, and discouragement of a rout, of the strong city and environs of Cawnpore, by their centre and left, together with the swift march of Hope Grant to Serai Ghat, resulting in the capture of most of their remaining guns, and the precipitate flight of that portion of them which still kept together, is worthy of all praise. It is not often that 25,000 men, in possession of a strong position, and with forty pieces of artillery, are totally defeated by 5000, with the loss of thirty-two guns, and their dispersion along two eccentric lines of retreat, whilst the victors had sustained casualties only to the amount of ninety-nine of all ranks. And it

was no mean enemy which was thus met and overcome, for it numbered in its ranks the Gwalior Contingent, nearly 10,000 strong—the most perfectly equipped and organised native force in India.

A pause in the operations now took place until the 24th December. This was rendered necessary by the want of the means of transport—an evil from which our army had always suffered, owing to the entire cessation of the usual source of supply of camels and bullocks from Agra, Delhi, and the Upper Doab. It had been with the utmost difficulty, and only by the aid of the convoy brought down by Greathed's column from Delhi, that the movement for the relief of Lucknow could be effected, and the whole of the available means of transport thus collected required either to be left with Sir James Outram's force at Alim Bagh—which came out of the Residency utterly destitute in this particular—or to be employed in the transport to Allahabad of the immense convoy of women, children, wounded, &c., thus leaving the army at Cawnpore, after exhausting the means of the surrounding country, with the carriage necessary for hardly two brigades. Till the return of the carts from Allahabad, therefore, the main body was chained to compulsory inactivity; and owing to some delay and mistake there, and the insecurity of the road, these did not reach the camp until the 23d December. The next morning the upward march began.

The important but extraneous operation of the relief of the Residency of Lucknow, and withdrawal of the garrison, having been effected, the campaign could resume its regular and strategic course. The first and most indispensable object was to restore our long-lost communications with Delhi and the Punjab, by the reconquest of the Doab and reconstruction of our power in that province, the connecting-link between the vast plains watered by the Indus and those traversed by the lower Ganges, where the base of our power and the centre of our resources lay. But to effect this in a hasty and imperfect

manner would be worse than useless. Greathed's column had passed like a destroying angel through all this land, but the wave of rebellion had closed in upon it, and obliterated every trace. What was now to be done was to conquer and subdue, not to traverse; and this could be effected only by the simultaneous sweep through its whole breadth of columns restoring, as they went, our authorities, reducing the revolted villages, and expelling the numerous rebel bands. The most important point to gain, both on account of its strategic position and of its being the seat of the most powerful native government, was Futtighur. Situated on the bank of the Ganges 83 miles from Cawnpore, 112 from Agra, 195 from Delhi, and 212 from Allahabad, it is thus about half-way from Allahabad to Delhi, and almost opposite to Agra; and its occupation would give us the command of the fourth side of the Doab—for we already held Allahabad at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, Delhi at its opposite extremity, and Agra about midway between the two on the Jumna. Any permanent establishment of a hostile government would become impossible as soon as we established in each of these strategic points a force sufficient to command the intervening country with moveable columns; but so long as it remained in the hands of our enemies, the Doab would never be secure. Possessing a floating bridge over the Ganges, and situated nearly opposite the point where the Oude and Rohilkund territories meet, it afforded a free point of access to the whole force of both, from whence they might inundate our territories to any extent, and operate, as from a secure base, against the flank of the trunk road, our line of communication both with Agra and Delhi, with Bombay and the Punjab.

A great concentric movement upon this point, therefore, sweeping with numerous columns the rebel masses from all sides of the Doab upon Futtighur, and thrusting them forth from thence across the Ganges, was the great object to be attained, and

to that end the following plan was arranged :— Colonel Seaton, with a column from Delhi, formed of the Carabineers, Hodson's Irregular Horse, the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, and a Sikh Regiment, numbering in all about 1900 sabres and bayonets, and having charge of an immense convoy of tents, luggage, ammunition, carts, camels, and elephants—in five, everything of which the headquarters were in want, and which covered about seventeen miles of road with its unwieldy length, was moving down the grand trunk road. About the middle of December he defeated, after a very severe cavalry action, a large rebel force at Gungeeree, and another on the 17th at Puttiallee; and from thence was directing his steps on Mynpooree, an important point, close to the junction of the Agra and Delhi roads with that to Cawnpore. While he thus swept the Upper Doab, until he came abreast of Agra, Brigadier Walpole was detached by the Commander-in-Chief with his own brigade of Rifles and a strong force of cavalry and artillery—in all, over two thousand strong—to make a semicircular sweep to our left through the Lower Doab, in the direction of Calpee and the Jumna, by Akbarpoor and Etawah, also on Mynpooree, where he was to join with Seaton, and both united to move straight from that point on Futtighur, driving before them all the rebel bands from the Delhi, Agra, and Etawah sides back upon Futtighur. Upon this point the Commander-in-Chief in person, at the head of the main army—about five thousand in number—was to move from Cawnpore, ascending the main trunk road, and clearing the right bank of the Ganges. Thus three columns from the north-west, south, and south-east, were to converge upon Futtighur, driving before them all the malcontents of the Doab, and casting them out thence on to the opposite bank of the Ganges into Oude and Rohilcund. In this movement Walpole's column had the greatest extent of ground to traverse—that of the Commander-in-Chief the least. To the former, accordingly, the others had to conform

their movements: thus, Seaton was to halt at Mynpooree or Bewur until Walpole joined him; while the marches of the main army were to be regulated so as to approach Futtighur from the one side at the same time, with the head of Walpole's and Seaton's columns on the other. In the execution of this plan, not haste, but precision and completeness of execution were what was required. Taking advantage of the delay caused by his forced halt at Cawnpore, to avoid it in future, Sir Colin despatched Walpole upon his circular march, so as to let him get a fair start; while Hope, detached to the right at Bitthoor, destroyed the Nana's palace there, and recovered much treasure from a well.

It may be objected, on strategic grounds, to Sir Colin's plan, that it would have been more consonant to the rules of art to have first routed out the remains of the Gwalior Contingent from Calpee, and secured his flank and communications from insult, than to have advanced at once on Futtighur. A moment's consideration, however, will show that this was not the case. (1.) The first and most pressing necessity was to restore our communications with Delhi and Agra by the reduction and reoccupation of the Central Doab, and this could only be done by a movement on Futtighur. (2.) A movement on Calpee would not have had the desired effect, for the only result of it would have been that on our approach the remnant of the contingent would have fallen back on Gwalior. Had we followed them, we would have been involved in a long and difficult eccentric operation in Central India, affording every possible time and facility for the consolidation of the rebel power in Oude, Rohilcund, and the Doab, and leaving our communications with the north-west still unopened. Had we not followed them they would simply have returned to the banks of the Jumna on our departure; and what we would have gained would have been the fatigue and exhaustion of a purposeless march of one hundred miles, and the loss of prestige resulting from a fruitless expedition. (3.)

The Gwalior Contingent had been so weakened by its complete overthrow, and the loss of all its field guns at Cawnpore, that it was quite certain that it could not for many weeks to come undertake any important offensive operation. The brigade under Brigadier Inglis, left at Cawnpore, was amply sufficient to prevent the interruption of our communications by any movement of bodies detached from it upon Futtehpore or the Allahabad line. (4.) The destruction of this body at no distant period was certain by the concentric movement of the Bombay and Madras columns, whose special mission it was to reduce Central India down to the banks of the Jumna, thus relieving the main army of all pressure from that side, and enabling it to follow out its own plan of operations to the north of that stream undisturbed. Walpole's movement on Etawah had all the effect of a demonstration against the Calpee people, whilst its ultimate direction on Mynpooree brought it within the circle of the main operations; and the result has signally verified the justice of the Commander-in-Chief's military views, for the long and persevering struggle maintained by the contingent after its defeat before Calpee by Rose, its vigorous movement upon, and capture of Gwalior in his rear, and the repeated defeats it sustained, and the long and harassing marches it inflicted upon its pursuers are it was finally dispersed by Roberts, clearly showed into what a trap Sir Colin would have fallen had he engaged himself against it; while the preservation of our communications uninterrupted, and the absence of any movement on its part into the Doab, show how exactly he had calculated the amount of force necessary to restrain it from anything like a vigorous or dangerous offensive.

On the 24th Sir Colin set out, proceeding slowly by easy marches, and clearing the country on his flanks as he advanced. On the 28th instant the fort of the Rajah of Futtiab was destroyed by Windham, who was detached against it with a brigade; whilst another brigade on our right was employed in destroying the boats

on the Ganges, so as to leave as little means of access across the river as possible to the Oude rebels. By the 31st the headquarters reached Goor-saigunge, the point where the road to Fattyghur branches off to the right from the main road to Delhi. Here the two detached brigades joined. About five miles from this point the Fattyghur road crosses a deep stream called the Kalles Nuddee or Black River. It is traversed by a very fine iron suspension-bridge. This a party of the Nawab of Fattyghur's men were now actively engaged in endeavouring to destroy. On the morning of the 1st January 1858, Hope led his brigade, reinforced by artillery and cavalry, to this place, and, as the rebels fled at his approach, immediately set to work with the engineers, sappers, and a party of Peel's sailors, to restore the broken portion. Fortunately none of the piers or the main chains had been injured; and the labours of Nicholson, who was immediately charged with carrying out the undertaking, were incessant and successful, so much so that on the 2d it was ready for use. The workmen were covered by a strong picket on the left bank.

On the morning of the 2d, Sir Colin rode out to see how Hope was getting on. On the opposite side of the river the ground rises gradually for some distance. To our left were considerable masses of trees; in our front, on the main road and immediately facing the bridge within half cannon-shot, was a large village. It was built on each side of the road as it ascended the acclivity. Just as Sir Colin arrived a great commotion was observed, numbers of white-clad men appearing on the crest of the hill, and descending rapidly into the village. It was at first thought that they were villagers, but the puffs of smoke and sharp pingings of balls soon showed that they were the enemy's skirmishers. It was the Nawab's force, consisting of about four battalions of regular infantry (41st Bengal Native Infantry and some others), a large body of cavalry, and eight guns, coming on to defend the passage of the river. But they came twelve hours too late.

The Sepoys advanced with more

than their usual spirit, with loud cries and at a charging pace; they rushed down the slope into the village, from the enclosures and houses of which they opened a sharp musketry fire, while three of their guns, coming rapidly into action, were served with great vigour. One in particular, placed behind a house at the extremity of the village next to the bridge, was worked with extraordinary endurance and obstinacy. Their cavalry showed large masses on the high grounds above the river to our left, and had a bold bearing. The bridge had just been completed; the 53d passed swiftly over to reinforce the pickets, and were extended to cover the bridge head. A wing of the 93d was brought up behind the bridge as a reserve, the other wing being posted at a ford three miles to the right to secure our flank. A field-battery of artillery, and some of Peel's heavy guns, opened heavily. Orders were sent for the main body of the army to strike their tents and advance immediately to Hope's support. Until their arrival Sir Colin would not permit any advance. Between two and three o'clock a heavy gun was brought up by the rebels, and began to do much damage. The head of the main column had arrived. The heavy, concentric, and cross artillery fire on the village had at last silenced the hitherto impracticable gun behind the house at its entrance, and fairly by weight of metal crushed the enemy out of it. At this moment the 53d could no longer be held back. A report spread amongst the men that they were to be relieved. Determined not to leave to others the advance, they sprang forward, and rushed with cheers upon the village, which they reached just as the enemy withdrew. Along with them rode a gallant young volunteer, Lord Seymour, ever foremost where danger was to be met. The 93d followed in support. Greathed's brigade advanced up the slope to the left. On our extreme left rode Hope Grant at the head of the cavalry. The enemy now began to retire in good order along the road to Futtyghur, covered by their light guns in rear. But well that day did Grant handle

his horsemen: pressing rapidly on through the fields, and driving before him, without a check, the enemy's Sowars, he soon gained the flank of the retiring infantry. Moving amongst topes of trees and high cultivation, he was not at first seen. Rapidly forming up his men, he came down at a charging-pace in echelon of squadrons, right upon the flank of the Sepoy regiments, who were moving in good order along the road. Out of the clouds of dust, forth from the bending cultivation, burst suddenly the bright lances of the 9th, and the gleaming sabres of the Sikhs: their horses came straining over the plain—the charging-cry of the riders smote dismally on the ear. Then despair seized upon the rebel mass; breaking their ranks, throwing aside their arms, they fled in wild confusion; but the horsemen were upon them and amongst them, and the slaughter was terrible: for several miles they rode along spearing and cutting down at every step; and the progress of their swift advance might be marked by the smoke of exploded tumbrils curling up amidst the dark-green trees. Never was a rout more complete. Gun after gun, colour after colour, fell into our hands; palanquins and hackeries, carriages and ammunition-waggons, were captured at every step. Flying in a wild and panic terror, the Sepoys never ceased from that fearful race till they burst into their camp hard by the fort of Futtyghur. Even there, however, they made no stay; seizing upon all that was most portable and valuable, they hastened on across the floating-bridge into the broad plains of Rohilcund. Eight guns, several of which had never been fired, having come up too late, fell into our hands. In the capture of one of these a striking incident occurred. It was coming along dragged by bullocks, when the horsemen cut off its retreat. Deliberately turning his team towards where a squadron of the 9th stood drawn up, the native driver slowly and composedly went up to them. As he approached, a lancer rode out at a foot's-pace to meet him. The Sepoy, albeit well know-

ing his fate, came calmly on. The lancer reached him and thrust his lance through his body; heavily and without a groan he rolled down from his seat on the gun-carriage and died. No Roman ever met his fate with more stoical heroism. For five or six miles the pursuit was continued by the cavalry. Their return from this was a stirring sight of war. In front came the 9th Lancers, with three captured standards at their head; the wild-looking Sikh horsemen rode in the rear. As they passed the Commander-in-Chief, he took off his hat to them, with some words of praise and thanks. The lancers shook their lances in the air, and cheered; the Sikhs took up the cry, waving their sabres above their heads. The men carrying the standards gave them to the wind; the Highland brigade, who were encamping close by, ran down and cheered both the victorious cavalry and the veteran Chief, waving their bonnets in the air. It was a fair sight, and reminded one of the old days of chivalry. When Sir Colin rode back through the camp of the Highlanders, the enthusiasm of the men exceeded description.

Pressing on the next day, both the fort of Futtyghur and the town of Furruckabad were found to be deserted. The enemy had abandoned them, and fled across the Ganges in such haste that they had not even destroyed the gun-carriage manufactory, or set fire to the great stores of seasoned wood which it contained. Property to the amount of full £100,000 was thus saved to the Government. So hasty was their flight—so complete their panic—that they did not cut the boat-bridge in their rear; and when the Commander-in-Chief ascended the ramparts of the fort, he saw the last of the fugitives flying along it, and passing the river in boats. It was soon seized by a party of our men, and pickets pushed over and established on the opposite bank. A rebel chief, who had been guilty of great atrocities, named Najir Kahn, had attempted to make a stand in Furruckabad; but he was given up, along with some guns he had seized,

by the inhabitants themselves, under the threat of the destruction of the town. He was executed on the 4th with some circumstances of needless cruelty, having been forced to eat hog's flesh, and flogged severely first—deeds unworthy of a great and victorious people.

The action at the Kallee Nuddee was one of those events both undesigned and unexpected, which often occur in war. The Commander-in-Chief had no desire to push on to Futtyghur, till Seaton and Walpole had united and advanced to the same point. The communication between Seaton's column and the headquarter camp had a few days before been opened in the most gallant manner by Hodson, the commander of the irregular horse which bears his name. He rode over, attended by a few Sowars, from Mynpooree, right through the enemy's outposts, and took back again to Seaton orders to unite with Walpole and move on Futtyghur. The sudden and unforeseen engagement which ensued from the attack of the enemy, the utter rout in which it resulted, and the consequent immediate advance of the main army to profit by the panic, were events in themselves in the highest degree fortunate. And the flight of the Nawab's troops into Rohilound was exactly what had been desired, and what was one of the main objects of the movements in progress.

Seaton's column, the movements of which were conducted with great skill and energy, had approached Mynpooree on the 27th December, and been encountered outside the town by Tej Sing, the rajah, with all his forces; these he completely defeated, with the loss of six guns. Halting there four days, he advanced on the 31st to Bewur, on the main road, where he received Sir Colin's orders to combine his movement on Futtyghur with Walpole—who had not yet come up from Etawah. The junction being effected on the 4th, on the 5th the whole moved on, reaching the Commander-in-Chief's camp the following day. The army thus concentrated, amounted to more than ten thousand men, including

eighteen hundred sabres, in the highest spirits, and provided by Seaton's convoy with the necessary supplies of camp-equipage and transport.

The conquest of the Doab, and restoration of our communications with Delhi and Agra, was now complete; but the necessity of guarding the extended line of communications thus reopened, became a heavy drag and drain upon us. At Futtighur we had to keep open three lines—one to Cawnpore, 83 miles; one to Agra, 112 miles; one to Delhi, 195 miles. To protect the first, the 88th Queen's were posted at Bithoor, and the 7th Punjaub infantry at Meerunka Serai; to hold the second, the 38th Queen's with 2 guns, and 200 Sowars, occupied Mynporree; while to secure the third, Allyghur was garrisoned by a force of Sikh infantry and sappers, who were to be reinforced by the 64th Queen's. The fort of Futtighur itself required a European regiment—thus at once the disposable force was weakened by more than a strong brigade. In India, as in Russia, the distances are the most formidable of our opponents, wasting away the field force to an incredible extent.

All now expected a forward move—the army was concentrated and in the highest spirits—the weather cool and admirably suited for military operations; the hot months coming on when movement is death. But day after day passed by, and the long white rows of the headquarter tents, beneath the grateful shade of a grove of noble trees, stood motionless. There for nearly a month they stood, and no man could tell the cause. Meanwhile the army, in wonder, enjoyed the rest. The nights were cold, the mornings delightfully bracing; the heat, even in the middle of the day, not oppressive. The country about was cultivated like a garden, and though perfectly flat, was very pretty from the number of topes or clumps of old trees scattered over it and lining the roads. But it was sad to ride through the ruins of the cantonments, amidst burnt bungalows and deserted gardens.

This long halt was caused by political, not military, considerations,

and resulted from the views of the Governor-General, not the plans of the Commander-in-Chief. Hitherto Sir Colin had followed out his own schemes; and there seems to be no doubt that his intention at this time was to have followed up the capture of Futtighur by the immediate invasion of Rohilkand and destruction of the rebel power at Bareilly. This would be effected easily before the hot weather came on. Having thus accomplished in one campaign the relief of Lucknow, reconquest of the Doab, and reduction of Rohilkand, to put his army into quarters in the recovered provinces for the hot and rainy months, distributing them so as to hem the Oude forces into their own territory. To employ these months in the complete restoration and reconstruction of our authority in our old provinces—reinstating everywhere our civil government, treading out through all their breadth the ashes of rebellion. The Madras and Bombay columns to do the like in Central India, and down to the banks of the Jumna. When the cool weather of Autumn came on, a great concentric movement to take place upon Lucknow—the rebels to be driven from the circumference to the centre of the circle, the rebellion hemmed in on all sides, to be crushed in the heart of Oude. The great object in view being to avoid the exhaustion and loss of our noble European army in a hot weather campaign, and by the complete reduction and military occupation of all the territory in our rear, to render a guerilla warfare—so wasting in its effects, so uncertain in its results—an impossibility, by presenting no point in which the fugitive bands from Oude could establish themselves with any prospect of success.

But this plan, based on strict military principles, seems to have been considered inadmissible by the Governor-General, from political considerations. His view seems to have been, that no rest must be given to the insurgents; that, at whatever cost of life the great centres of rebellion must be seized; and that, till that was done, the campaign must be continued. The first and most impor-

tant object, and to which all our present efforts were to be directed, was the reduction of Lucknow. In carrying out that object at once, we would have the aid of the Ghoorka force, 10,000 strong; which, were it put off till autumn, would be lost, as they were certain to retire to their native hills before the summer heats. The fall of Lucknow, it was expected, would produce such dismay amongst the rebel ranks as would lead to their immediate submission: this would be followed up by the conquest of Bareilly; despair would seize upon them, and everywhere a vanquished people would bow their heads beneath the yoke, and submit to our rule as to the stroke of fate. His plan was to strike at the centre, and trust to the moral effect of a great blow there to induce the rebels to submit at the circumference. He looked upon it as of more consequence to take Lucknow, than to resettle our own provinces, because he thought the first would inevitably induce the last. Sir Colin viewed the matter differently; he desired to secure every step as he advanced, to leave nothing behind him, but steadily pressing on, to roll back the rebel force on one point and destroy it there.

The orders of the Governor-General for the abandonment of the invasion on Rohilcund, and for the reduction of Lucknow instead, having been received, a pause became inevitable, to enable a suitable train of siege guns and stores to be collected, and an army large enough to operate with success to be concentrated. The present force, sufficiently numerous to subdue Rohilcund, was quite inadequate for the conquest of Oude. One brigade of infantry was consumed by Cawnpore. Futtyghur, and its communications through the Doab, required at least another. The movement of a large body of the Oude troops down upon Benares, and the road between that point and Allahabad, had necessitated the employment of three European regiments, and a battery of artillery, under Brigadier Franks, to reinforce the Ghoorkas (six Regiments), and stem the torrent in that quarter; and these last had to be taken from

the upward stream of reinforcements. Several weeks must therefore necessarily elapse before fresh troops could be brought up to Cawnpore sufficient to enable the advance on Lucknow to be undertaken; while an equal time would be necessary to procure a siege-train from Agra, and the 68-pounders of the Shannon from Allahabad, and to bring together at the same spot the required amount of ammunition, provisions, and carriage, and the numerous requisites of the artillery and engineer parks. Not a moment, however, was lost in issuing the orders and making the arrangements necessary for this great undertaking. As this, however, would occupy at least three weeks, the point most immediately pressing upon the Commander-in-Chief to consider was, where he could best take post to cover the concentration of his resources at Cawnpore, and at once overawe the re-conquered territory and keep in check the still unsubdued possessions of the enemy.

The point on which his choice fell was Futtyghur, and it afforded an admirable instance of his deep knowledge of strategy. The forces threatening us at present were (1.) The forces of Rohilcund, a very numerous body, who were gathering on the Ganges, and were known to have in view an invasion into the Upper Doab, and the consequent interruption of our communications with Delhi. (2.) The Oude forces, who had collected in heavy masses, and threatened to cross the Ganges either below or above Cawnpore, and, uniting with the Calpee people, cut us off from Allahabad. (3.) The remains of the Gwalior Contingent at Calpee, who had ten guns, which had been left there when they advanced on Cawnpore, and were being joined by numerous recruits from Banda and Bundelcund. Now all of these were threatened and kept in check by the force at Futtyghur. Being on the high-road to Bareilly, from which it is only seventy-seven miles distant, it threatened that point, and prevented the invasion by any very numerous body of the Upper Doab. A country road leading direct from it to Lucknow (111 miles in length), made it doubtful

whether this was not its immediate object, and, together with the force under Outram at Alum Bagh, and Inglis at Cawnpore, gave sufficient cause of anxiety at home to the Oude troops to keep them from undertaking any distant expedition; while the road along which Walpole had marched by Mynpooree and Etawah gave the opportunity of striking a back-handed blow at the Gwalior people, should they leave Calpee and throw themselves into the Lower Doab. This position also effectually covered from the attacks, both of the Oude and Rohilcund forces, the transport of the siege-train from Agra to Cawnpore, a distance of 179 miles, or 16 marches;—the important and indispensable preliminary to any attack on Lucknow. The movement of troops from Benares to Allahabad was protected by Frank's column; that of guns and stores from Allahabad to Cawnpore by the fortified post of Futtehpore, and Carthew's brigade of Madras Sepoys, together with the numerous detachments on their way, and Inglis's brigade at Cawnpore. Protecting thus at all points the concentration of his resources in men, *materiel*, and guns on Cawnpore, and occupying a position which, by threatening alike Bareilly and Lucknow, gave no certain indication of his intentions, Sir Colin calmly, amidst the astonishment of his own troops and the abuse of the Indian press, waited the development of his plans.

But his was no lethargic inaction. Movable columns were constantly sent out to scour the surrounding country, and reduce the still insurgent villages. Hope did good service in this way; and he had no sooner returned to camp, on the 12th January, than Walpole with his brigade, guns, some cavalry and sappers, marched out for eight or ten miles along the Rohilcund road to the banks of the deep Ramgunga river. Here the bridge had been broken by the rebels, and Walpole, with much parade and ostentation, made numerous attempts to restore it; while, still more to keep up the illusion, the Commander-in-Chief rode out to examine the spot, and

the whole army believed that a move into Rohilcund was about to be undertaken. The demonstration perfectly succeeded; both friends and enemies were deceived; and the great mass of the Rohilcund troops kept at home watching Walpole on the banks of the Ramgunga. A column of them, however, 5000 strong, with 5 guns, crossed the Ganges about twelve miles above Futtighur, and reoccupied a village in which our authorities had been established. On the 27th January, Hope marched out against them, and had a most brilliant affair. The enemy waited to receive him. Placing a troop of horse-artillery on each flank, he charged them with his cavalry—two squadrons 9th Lancers, and Hodson's Horse. Some of the enemy's Sowars fought most desperately, and four of our cavalry officers, including Hodson himself, were wounded; but they were soon completely overthrown, four of their guns taken, their camp captured, and the pursuit continued for nine miles.

The siege-train having now started from Agra, and being well on its way, the mask could be thrown off; and Sir Colin accordingly prepared, as soon as it was past, to quit Futtighur and move upon Cawnpore. The 82d Regiment were to be left in garrison at the fort. Our departure would necessarily leave the Delhi force exposed to the incursions of the Rohilcund troops, in spite of the garrisons left both at Mynpooree and Allyghur; but to keep them at home, instructions had been sent for as large a force as could be got together from the Punjab to be collected upon the frontier, and an invasion of their province threatened, and if possible carried out. It was expected that the column destined for this purpose would be at Umballah about the 1st February. On that day the Commander-in-Chief set off with the cavalry and horse-artillery, and proceeded by forced marches to Cawnpore, which he reached in four days. Hope's brigade, with the artillery park, followed by regular stages, while Walpole's and half of Scaton's remained for some days longer, to cover to the last our com-

munications with Agra. The siege-train from that place had now reached Gosaingunge, and a large convoy of women and children was soon to follow. Shortly after his arrival at Cawnpore, Sir Colin made a run down for a day to Allahabad to see the Governor-General, who had arrived there. At Cawnpore, meanwhile, the greatest activity prevailed; the works had been greatly increased, and now formed a large intrenched camp completely covering the boat-bridges over the Ganges. By the middle of February the greater part of the army destined for the attack of Lucknow had crossed over and was stationed in *echelon* along the road to Alum Bagh, to cover the advance of the enormous siege and ordnance stores, together with the commissariat and other supplies, which were daily and hourly arriving. The gathering-place for the siege-train was at Onoo, eleven miles beyond Cawnpore. The movement against Lucknow would now have commenced, had the Ghoorkas been ready to move; but they were not so; and for political reasons it was considered advisable to wait until they could co-operate.

The accounts at this time received from Calpee showed that the progress of the Bombay column was causing the Gwalior Contingent great alarm, and would prevent its making any move upon our communications. It was full time that the pressure of the Bombay and Madras troops should begin to be felt. Both these Presidencies appear to have been invited to operate with their whole disposable force in Central India; and it was hoped that January would have seen their battalions crowding the banks of the Jumna; but January came, and Saugur was hardly passed. The exertions of the Madras Presidency seemed at this period to have been particularly lukewarm. During the early part of the campaign, Bengal owed much to the strenuous and efficient assistance it had received from Madras, both in men and *materiel*. The Madras Fusiliers, with Neil at their head, had pressed on with Havelock to Lucknow, and been second to

none in devoted heroism. Valuable aid in keeping open the communications had been afforded by Brigadier Carthew's Madras Sepoys and rifle companies. But when the appearance of the whole available force of that Presidency was looked for in the heart of Central India, pressing down from Jubblepore upon Calpee, there was seen only Whitlock's feeble brigade (containing little more than a regiment and a half of Europeans) painfully toiling far in the rear, and hardly making itself felt at all in the great struggle which was going on. And yet Madras had the only native army which could be depended on in India.

Though extremely tardy in their movements at first, the ultimate co-operation of Bombay was very different. That Presidency had been exposed to the greatest dangers: its army, recruited to a considerable extent from the same districts, though from lower castes than that of Bengal, had in many regiments been ripe for revolt. With great firmness, resolution, and skill, however, had the crisis been surmounted, and the large arrivals of European troops had delivered it now from all peril. Two columns, under Rose and Roberts, were directed from it on Central India. Though started much later than had been at first hoped, their progress was at last beginning to make itself felt. Soon Jhansi and Kotah sank beneath their blows, and ere the end of the campaign the wonderful energy and perseverance of Rose, in his vigorous movement on Calpee and countermarch on Gwalior, had won for him a deathless reputation. But these are the events of a later period.

Towards the end of the month the convoy of ladies from Agra reached Cawnpore in safety. The whole of the siege-train had come up; the long files of hackeries, laden with ammunition, had passed on. The engineer park, the artillery park, the commissariat supplies, the legions of camp-followers, the dense battalions, the glittering squadrons, the well-horsed batteries, had traversed the bridges, and disappeared across the muddy waters of the Ganges, amidst the

sandy plains of Oude. Such a force India had never seen. Under the Commander-in-Chief, 17 battalions of infantry, 15 of which were British; 28 squadrons of cavalry, including four English regiments; 54 light and 80 heavy guns and mortars, were arrayed; while from the south, right across the country of Oude, Franks, with 3 European and 6 Ghoorka battalions, with 20 guns, was pressing; and from the south-east, Jung Bahadoor, with 9000 men and 24 guns, was marching, all to rendezvous together beneath the stately palaces of Lucknow.

The war was entering on a new phase—grand and imposing was now to be its progress. On the 25th of February, Sir Colin Campbell, quitting Cawnpore, placed himself at its head, and the curtain rose on the last act of the drama of Lucknow. With the passage into Oude came a great word-painter, from a far land, who has sketched in brilliant colours, and with a master's hand, the subsequent progress of events—and he who would read the story of the siege, and listen to the dull sound of the falling walls, may turn to the letters of Mr. Russell to the *Times*.

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Vol. LXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILISATION,	515
WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—	
By PIERRE-LÉON CAYTON.—PART XVIII.,	536
EDWARD IRVING,	557
THE LIGHT ON THE HEARTH.—PART III.,	587
CHEERBOURG—THE PORT AND FORTRESS,	616
LORD CANNING'S REPLY TO THE ELLENBOROUGH DESPATCH,	625

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BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILISATION.

WHAT different ideas does the common expression, "The study of history," call up in various minds! For what different purposes is history read! with what different views is history written! The lawyer, at the very name of English history, recalls his own constitutional learning, and prepares to investigate again the growth of that intricate system of polity in which he lives and works, which he can never sufficiently admire, and which he feels he shall never entirely comprehend. The divine sees pre-eminently in history the development of religion, and more especially of the Christian Church. Idler men fix their eyes on kings and queens, battles and conquests; or they delight in the intrigues of a court, in learning how one minister tripped up the heels of his predecessor, and how another was outwitted by some giddy mistress of the king,—who was both the royal master and royal puppet of the scene. Some few are mainly inquisitive about the manners, dress, and modes of living of that great nameless multitude which occupies the background of the historical picture, and on which the shadows generally fall. Dear to the sexagenarian is the memoir and the contemporary history, full of the very passion and spite of the times; the younger student may prefer the pages of a *Guizot*,

dealing with large views, with institutions, with epochs; but when we come to our chair days, we go back to our *Clarendon* and our *Burnet*; we like to hear what the Bishop said of the Lord, and what Lord Dartmouth thought of Bishop Burnet.

Let the lawyer and the divine and the retired politician still continue to study history, each for his own especial purpose or pleasure; but without a doubt there is a philosophic method of pursuing this study, which must take precedence over every other. Here the progressive manifestation of our multifarious humanity is the constant object of investigation. Here facts are valued for the wide generalisations they authorise. Here individuals are studied that we may better contemplate the giant steps of Humanity, stepping slowly, and pausing long, and often apparently retracing its uncertain path. Here, in short, we study man; for what is all history but the varied development of the human mind? And he who would know what creature man really is, or may probably become, must extend his views over long periods of time, and many regions of the earth.

But we must guard ourselves against a misconstruction here. We do not expect that history is to be raised to a science strictly analogous

to those physical sciences which treat of the uniform action of external nature. We do not expect to be able to predict social events, as the astronomer predicts an eclipse. Man, from time to time, makes new acquisitions of knowledge, invents new arts; and these acquisitions of knowledge and wealth are not only new elements in the calculation, but they modify the elements we already have before us. The various classes of society undergo a change, and their relations and proportions to each other are altered. What is called scientific prediction, which depends on a uniform repetition of the same phenomena, can here hardly have any place at all. We cannot at the same time admit that man acquires fresh knowledge and additional powers, and expect a science of history which is to predict the future: but we can survey the past in a scientific spirit; we can frame certain great generalisations, which, if they will not enable us to predict future events, may authorise certain vague but hopeful expectations; we can examine the several histories of different nations, and observe the same laws acting in each, and can thus form the conception of an harmonious whole. In geology we can form but the vaguest prediction of the future, but the ability to arrange the past in a systematic order has entitled it to the name of a science. It is this whole of humanity on which we must fix our regard. When *Bossuet* wrote his *Universal History*, he too had a *method*, and a philosophy; but he subordinated the history of all other people to the history of the Jews. A man of the same genius as *Bossuet*, writing in the nineteenth century, would hardly adopt this method: he would look with impartiality over the earth, and all the nations of the earth, and see Jew, and Greek, and Indian, all related and subordinated to the great whole of humanity.

It is in this philosophic spirit that Mr. Buckle has studied history, and will enable others also to study it. For the great task he has here undertaken he possesses *almost* every qualification. His mind is stored with scientific as well as historical know-

ledge; he is habituated to wide generalisations; he is not averse to that toil necessary to eliminate fact from fiction; he thinks acutely, and expounds and describes with amplitude and vigour; for he writes in a style free and masterly, and often eloquent—a style which, if it has not the splendour of illustration and epigrammatic force of Lord Macaulay's, has, however, this advantage, that it never wearies by too continuous a display of oratorical power. The reader comes in at the end of the volume as fresh as when he started. Indeed, it is too full of varied thought and information to allow the attention to flag. There is not a dull page in the whole book, unless that is to be accounted a page (p. 678), which is filled with a list of names, by some caprice inserted in the text, instead of being relegated to the notes below. We say, by some caprice, because our author indulges liberally on other occasions, and too liberally, in the tempting practice of making foot-notes. If there is any drawback to the pleasurable perusal of the book, it is this too great indulgence in the *aside* of the foot-note. A note now and then is even an agreeable interruption to the reader, to say nothing of its convenience to the author; but when the attention is repeatedly called off from the text, we lose the sense of continuity: the text itself is broken up and disjointed, and becomes for us, at the moment, as fragmentary as the notes themselves. When these are numerous, it is the best plan to read the text straight through on the first perusal, and afterwards to recur to the notes.

Mr. Buckle, we have said, appears to us to have *almost* every qualification for his great work, a philosophical history of England; and this perhaps is all we have a right to expect of any mortal man. We cannot say that he has every qualification, or that the views which he presents to us of the progress of society are altogether satisfactory or complete. There is something we desiderate. What that something is, what defects or deficiencies we have to note, will be best explained as we proceed. But we may say at once, that we find in

him¹ a tendency to seize upon a few great and leading truths, and to dwell upon them to the exclusion, or all but exclusion, of other truths, which, if not of so fundamental a character, are also of essential importance. He has a *favouritism* in his intellectual domain; he is capable of exaggerating a great truth till he puts it altogether into a false position. He has a telescopic vision, but instead of sweeping the horizon with his telescope, he points it perseveringly to two or three quarters of the heavens. "*Le génie c'est la patience*," writes, we believe, M. Buffon. The definition is very incomplete; there goes something more than patience to form the man of genius; there is the quick perception of relations, and the creative power of new combinations of thought; but the prolonged and patient meditation, that can wait, and can *bear* to see things in opposite points of view, is a most essential element. Now we desiderate in Mr. Buckle a greater degree of patience; we perceive in him other elements of the man of genius, but we find him capable of being impatient and consequently rash and exclusive; capable, with all his acumen, of being led astray by fanciful suggestions, when they harmonise with his favourite views; prone to expound a great truth in such a manner that instead of upholding and illuminating other great truths, it obscures and almost banishes them from the canvass.

No one has developed so ably the influence of external nature, or the peculiarities of the several regions of the earth, on the several populations of the world; but, not content with explaining by this means the difference between the civilisations of Asia and of Europe, he endeavours to explain, in the same manner, certain differences in European nations, as the love of art in Italy and Spain, or the character of the Norwegian and Swedish peasant. In doing this, the *mental* peculiarity which he has to explain, and the *physical* or geographical peculiarity by which he seeks to explain it, are both sometimes open to dispute, and the relation of cause and effect between them quite problematical. And even when descanting on the influence of external nature

in the Asiatic, he permits himself to indulge in an imaginative strain which we remember to have met with, and to have thought fantastical, even in the pages of M. Cousin, who is accustomed to relieve the dryness of his abstract speculations by an occasional exercise of the fancy. No one, again, has so forcibly presented to us his great leading idea, the value of intellectual progress; but in doing this, he sets up a false distinction between it and moral and religious progress. He is anxious to give all honour to the first, instead of representing the three (as they surely are) inseparably united. Our moral and religious sentiments suffer here a temporary degradation in the presence of the intellect. Our religious sentiments especially, and religious beliefs, are thrown always amongst the dark shadows of the picture. Mr. Buckle wants here enlargement of view, and open sympathy with mankind. We are not pronouncing what faith a philosophic historian ought himself to have; but we confidently assert that he is defective in some necessary qualifications for his task, if he fails to perceive that the religious faiths of mankind are worthy of profound and reverential study. Not in one nation, or in one region, but in every nation and region of the earth, religion has been a most conspicuous element in human life; advancing with the intellectual progress of mankind, and itself reacting constantly upon that progress. The boldest displays of the human imagination, and the most exalted efforts of the human reason, blend perpetually in the religious creed: we cannot understand how it can be other than a subject of the greatest interest to a philosophic mind.

But before proceeding further, we must give some account of the portion of the work that Mr. Buckle has at present given to us. The author appears, in the first instance, to have contemplated writing the history of the civilisation of the world, but finding his theme expand, as he proceeded, into proportions altogether too vast to be embraced by one person in one human life, he limited himself to the history of his own country. Having, however, collected materials

energy of man. Therefore it is that the civilisation of Europe, which in its earliest stage was governed by climate, has shown a capacity of development unknown to those civilisations which were originated by soil. For the powers of nature, notwithstanding their apparent magnitude, are limited and stationary; at all events, we have not the slightest proof that they have ever increased, or that they shall ever be able to increase. But the powers of man, so far as experience and analogy can guide us, are unlimited; nor are we possessed of any evidence which authorises us to assign even an imaginary boundary at which the human intellect will of necessity be brought to a stand. And as the power which the mind possesses of increasing its own resources is a peculiarity confined to man, and one eminently distinguishing him from what is commonly called external nature, it becomes evident that the agency of climate, which gives him wealth by stimulating his labour, is more favourable to his ultimate progress than the agency of soil, which likewise gives him wealth, but which does so, not by exciting his energies, but by virtue of a mere physical relation between the character of the soil and the quantity or value of the produce that it almost spontaneously affords."—(P. 41-47.)

From this analysis of the manner in which climate and soil effect the *creation* of wealth, the author passes to that other important subject, the manner in which they affect the *distribution* of wealth.

"In a very early stage of society, and before its later and refined complications have begun, it may, I think, be proved that the distribution of wealth is, like its creation, governed entirely by physical laws; and that these laws are moreover so active, as to have invariably kept a vast majority of the inhabitants of the fairest portion of the globe in a condition of constant and inextricable poverty. If this can be demonstrated, the immense importance of such laws is manifest. For since wealth is an undoubted source of power, it is evident that, supposing other things equal, an inquiry into the distribution of wealth is an inquiry into the distribution of power, and, as such, will throw great light on the origin of those social and political inequalities, the play and opposition of which form a considerable part of the history of every civilised country. . . .

"If two countries, equal in all other respects, differ solely in this, that in one the national food is cheap and abundant and in the other scarce and dear, the population of the former country will inevitably increase more rapidly than the population of the latter. And by a parity of reasoning, the average rate of wages will be lower in the former than in the latter, simply because the labour market will be more amply stocked."

Mr. Buckle here enters into some chemical disquisitions upon the nature and purposes of food, which, however interesting in a scientific point of view, are hardly necessary to the elucidation of his subject. In what proportion the potato is useful to the Irishman by supplying him with animal heat, and in what proportion by repairing the waste of his tissues, may be a curious problem to solve; but it is enough for us here to know that the Irishman can live upon potatoes, and that more Irishmen will stand upon a given area, if planted with potatoes, than if sown with corn. There is a great disadvantage, too, in introducing, in a work of this description, scientific theories which are acknowledged to be still imperfect, immature, in a disputable condition. They are not of the substance of the argument, and yet their refutation may seem to careless readers to affect it; and a portion of a valuable work gets rapidly antiquated. The nature of food, as a chemical and physiological problem, is still surrounded with many difficulties; and the series of papers which at the present time is passing through this Magazine,* has shown that the theories of Liebig, here mainly relied upon, cannot be received without some important modification. We ourselves do not wish to pass any opinion on M. Liebig's animal chemistry; we have only to observe that it is not necessary to do so in order to acquiesce in the general proposition here laid down, that "there is a strong and constant tendency (owing to the greater abundance of food), in hot countries, for wages to be low, in cold countries for them to be high."

"Applying now this great principle," our author proceeds, "to the general

* See Numbers for March and April.

course of history, we shall find proofs of its accuracy in every direction. Indeed, there is not a single instance to the contrary. In Asia, in Africa, and in America, all the ancient civilisations were seated in hot climates; and in all of them the rate of wages was very low, and therefore the condition of the labouring class very depressed. In Europe, for the first time, civilisation rose in a colder climate; hence the reward of labour was increased, and the distribution of wealth rendered more equal than was possible in countries where an excessive abundance of food stimulated the growth of population. This difference produced, as we shall presently see, many social and political consequences of immense importance.

"If, in the first place, we turn to Asia, we shall see an admirable illustration of what may be called the collision between internal and external phenomena. Owing to circumstances already stated, Asiatic civilisation has always been confined to that rich tract where alone wealth could be easily obtained. This immense zone comprises some of the most fertile parts of the globe; and of all its provinces, Hindostan is certainly the one which, for the longest period, has possessed the greatest civilisation.

"If we examine the earliest Indian records which have been preserved—records between two or three thousand years old—we find evidence of a state of things similar to that which now exists, and which, we may rely upon it, always has existed ever since the accumulation of capital once fairly began. We find the upper classes enormously rich, and the lower classes miserably poor. We find those by whose labour the wealth is created, receiving the smallest possible share of it; the remainder being absorbed by the higher ranks in the form either of rent or of profit. And as wealth is, after intellect, the most permanent source of power, it has naturally happened that a great inequality of wealth has been accompanied by a corresponding inequality of social and political power. It is not, therefore, surprising that, from the earliest period to which our knowledge of India extends, an immense majority of the people, pinched by the most galling poverty, and just living from hand to mouth, should always have remained in a state of stupid debasement, broken by incessant misfortune, crouching before their superiors in abject submission, and only fit either to be slaves themselves, or to be led to battle to make slaves of others."—(Pp. 59-63.)

We regret to be compelled, in making our extracts, to omit so much, and to break up the continuity of Mr. Buckle's exposition, but the reader will be able to detect from these fragments we have laid before him, with what care and discrimination this subject of the influence of soil and climate, especially as it refers to the great types of Asiatic and European civilisation, has been here treated. An impression of profound melancholy is apt to fall upon the mind when we survey this vast continent of Asia, and notice how, in one great region, civilisation never enters at all, and how in another its progress appears to be arrested by an inequality in the distribution of wealth which condemns the mass of the population to ignorance as well as poverty. But happily the past, in human affairs, is not the measure of the future. Although such may have been the state of things for twice three thousand years, it does not follow that the next thousand years may not leave a very different record behind them. As Mr. Buckle himself tells us, the powers of nature have a certain limit; already, in this and that district, the rice-fields of India may have supported as large a population as they can ever be made to support; but the intellect of man, and those inventions and arts which civilise life, have no such limit; and if these progress, however slowly and intermittently, the class of the civilised and cultivated must gain upon the class of the poor and ignorant. A time must come when population is stationary, or nearly so, and in that case every advance in civilisation must be accompanied by a change in the proportion between the civilised and the uncivilised; the first must increase, and the latter decrease.

A distinction should be drawn between the power of a country to support an absolute number of inhabitants, and the capability it may still have of *increasing* its supply of food, and consequently increasing its number of inhabitants. The distinction, simple as it is, is not always observed. One country may sustain its thousands, and another its hundreds, but there comes a time when neither country can sustain any more. Meanwhile, what is the

operation going on where there is a progress in civilisation? It is this, that the improved arts and advanced knowledge are constantly cultivating in a larger and larger number of the society new tastes, new wants, new habits; forming them, as we say, to civilised life. It may happen, at one epoch, that, owing to an augmented supply of food, the ruder classes may increase in a still greater proportion. But, *in the long run*, this increase in mere population must grow slower and slower, while the civilised class must have a constant tendency to absorb into itself the uncivilised. Nor is it so much an advance in the arts that is wanted to promote a more uniform civilisation in such a country as India. What is chiefly or urgently wanted is good government, equal laws, and property everywhere secured. The manner in which just laws, strictly and impartially administered, would develop the industry and the resources of India, is manifest enough. For why do we, any of us, work, but for gain? If our earnings may be taken from us, we shall labour only for that which we can consume to-day. We shall take no thought of to-morrow; we shall certainly not heap up riches for others to gather. If the insecurity is only partial, if there is still a *chance* that we shall keep our profits, and if these profits are large, we shall still venture into commerce. Men are tempted by a great prize, although its possession may even risk them their lives. The *cent-per-cent* is irresistible, even if the wicked pasha is watching for his opportunity to pounce upon us, and to torture from us the secret of our wealth. But where capital is only tempted into employment by high profits, the industry of the country cannot be fully developed. That which distinguishes the highly prosperous country is the employment of capital at low and certain profits, and to this condition no country can attain where there is not perfect security. Let, therefore, the European jurisprudence, in its practice as well as its theory, make its way in this Asiatic climate through the instrumentality of England. This mission devolves indisputably on us, so to govern India that *power* shall

be there, as it is in England, one with *law*. Here and in other instances we see that Europe is repaying the debt it owed to Asia. The land of spontaneous fertility first scattered wealth and the arts over the more temperate climates of the world; but it is in these temperate climates that the great art of government is matured, it is here where the commonwealth arises, *wherein all men stand equal before a law made for the good of all*; and by example, and precept, and by wisdom, coming, as she often does, sword in hand, Europe will teach this great art to her early benefactor. England will especially teach it to India.

If property is everywhere secure, the accumulation and employment of capital advance, the productions of human industry are multiplied, and then grows up that competition between capitalist and capitalist for the hire of the labourer, which distinguishes the more prosperous countries of Europe. Till this competition commences, the labouring class are little removed from the condition of slaves, and generally are, in fact, in the state of slavery. But there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent this competition from taking place and extending throughout the whole population of India, as it does at present through the whole population of England. The circumstances which Mr. Buckle brings before us with so much distinctness, merely explain to us why this condition of things is much more slowly attainable in the one country than the other. We often hear it said that the Indian and the African need little clothing and little food, as if it was their deliberate choice to be half-starved and to go bare-footed. Men might live and work bare-footed in our own climate, and have done so; it is only the advance of our industrial arts that has taught them to look upon stout substantial clothing as a necessary of life. The same advance would work an alteration in the habits of the Indian or African peasant; the sandal must be almost as agreeable to him as the shoe to us, and dress protects against the heat as well as against the cold. Let the arts, so to speak, gain upon population (as in

the long run they must do), and the remuneration of the labourer comes necessarily to include something more than the handful of rice and the strip of cotton.

With the exceptions we have already hinted at, this branch of his subject, the influence of soil and climate in the development of the human society, is treated by Mr. Buckle in a very masterly manner. On the influence of the aspects of external nature upon the imagination of men, we do not think that his observations are equally cautious or correct. Not that we desire to abate a jot of all that is said here, or that can be said, on the influence of nature on the imagination. It is one of the primary links between the earth and man. The earth does not more clearly feed the body than it feeds the mind, or stimulates it to thought. But we find this influence of nature over man so universal, that we are not disposed to lay much stress on the difference in degree or kind which can be traced to difference in the physical aspects of the several regions of the world. Everywhere there are storms, and rain, and lightning—powers that utterly defy all the control of man, before which his harvest, and his cattle, and his own life may lie prostrate: if there is not the volcano and the earthquake, there may be the flood or the hurricane; and the frigid zone has its terrors and its grandeurs as well as the torrid. If vast plains bounded by lofty mountains oppress or kindle the imagination in one region of the world, are there not dark forests, and the ever-restless and interminable ocean, in other parts of the world, to throw their awe and mystery over the human being? If there are no Himalayas on his horizon, are there not those floating Himalayas on the skies above him—those mountain-clouds which give sublimity to the simplest meadow or the flattest fen? "Man," says our author, "contrasting himself with the force and majesty of nature, becomes painfully conscious of his own insignificance. . . . On the other hand, when the works of nature are small and feeble, man regains confidence." Where are they

small and feeble? Under what skies, under what sun, by the borders of what sea, does he not note the force and majesty of nature? That is when the reflective mood is on him: at other times he pursues his avocations with the same calm, whether the Himalayas are looking on him, or whether he is on the plains of Belgium. Stars, and the sun, and the moon, may exert a more conspicuous influence over the imagination under Asiatic than under European skies, but they still everywhere exert this influence; they are everywhere the great wonders of the untaught and imaginative man. Mr. Buckle lays great stress on the monstrous exaggerations we find in the fables and legends of India. The mythology of Eastern nations may be of a wilder character, but those of the North and the West are by no means deficient in extravagance, and they appear to have more distinctness, and take up a more permanent place in the minds of men. The classical mythologies of Greece and Rome would appear to us more extravagant than they do, if an early familiarity had not almost reconciled us to them. What bolder device can there be than that which set the sun in a chariot drawn by four horses across the crystal firmament? How did it get back again to its starting-point in the East? Did the same steeds carry it under the earth through some Plutonic region? or did it float back, as one poet sings, in a golden bowl, through that circumfluous ocean which bounds the level world? and did it, every morning, find fresh horses to carry it again over its strange pathway in the sky? No difficulties were felt; Imagination was lord of all. If it is said that this notable device originated in some part of Asia, we have still this well-known but most remarkable fact, that a European as well as an Asiatic people could look up to the summit of a Mount Olympus, and see in it, because it mingled with the skies, the abode of gods and goddesses. No question was asked how gods and goddesses were to live, and sit in glorious conclave, on the granite tops of a mountain. But when the poet felt himself pressed for space,

he simply opened the clouds above and around, and poured forth his deities on some region which he still called Olympus.

We cannot, therefore, agree with Mr. Buckle in giving to certain climates the same pre-eminence in exciting the spontaneous products of the human imaginations, as they have in supplying spontaneously the physical wants of man. For those aspects of nature which are connected with sterility, or comparative sterility, are quite as capable of exciting the imagination as those which accompany a prodigal and exuberant vegetation. The north wind is here as productive as the south; and everywhere the winds blow uncertainly. No man can calculate on the morrow. And everywhere there is the same wide horizon, the same mysterious boundary between the finite and the infinite. But while in every region of the earth there is that which sooner or later prompts reflection, we do not find in the most magnificent spectacles of nature anything that impedes the industry of man, or destroys his confidence in those powers which he really possesses. The peasant cultivates his field under the eye of Mount Blanc with perfect self-possession. If he were given to chemical investigations, he would carry on his analyses with equal calmness. It is a mere sport of fancy to suppose that the magnificence of nature could disturb man's confidence in himself in any needful or practicable task which lay before him.*

But although Mr. Buckle sees and describes so ably the influence of our common mother-earth on the first forms of civilisation, and the first forms of thought, he appears to have most unphilosophical intolerance towards these early products of our humanity. Instead of seeing in them the necessary stepping-stones

to higher conditions of society, he speaks occasionally as if he felt a downright repugnance to all forms of thought which do not harmonise with those of a scientific age. We can hardly understand how a philosopher could bring himself to use such an expression as occurs in the following sentence: "The evidence I have collected seems to establish two leading facts, which, unless they can be impugned, are the necessary basis of universal history. The first fact is, that in the civilisations out of Europe, the powers of nature have been far greater than in those in Europe. The second fact is, *that those powers have worked immense mischief*; and that while one division of them has caused an unequal distribution of wealth, another division of them has caused an unequal distribution of thought, by concentrating attention upon subjects which inflame the imagination," (p. 138). Now, we have but one world, but one humanity to discourse of; we cannot compare our world with any other; we have simply to trace the connection between external nature and the development of human society, and of human thought; and this is a subject which Mr. Buckle himself, notwithstanding his occasional vagaries, has thrown more light upon, and treated with more ability, than any other writer we are acquainted with; but, after showing that civilisation takes its rise from the spontaneous fertility of the soil, and that human reflection is first kindled by those powers and forms of external nature which "inflame the imagination"—to turn round and denounce all this as an *immense mischief*, is really the most ungracious and illogical proceeding we can call to mind. Mr. Buckle can have no right to predict that the earliest forms of civilisation, or of imaginative thought, will be perpetual in

* The whole passage betrays a mere exercise of the fancy. "On the other hand, where the works of nature are small and feeble, man regains confidence: he seems more able to rely on his own power; he can, as it were, *pass through* and exercise authority in every direction. *And as the phenomena are more accessible, it becomes easier for him to experiment upon them*, or to observe them with minuteness; an inquisitive and analytic spirit is encouraged, and he is tempted to generalise the appearances of nature, and refer them to the laws by which they are governed."—P. 109.

any region of the earth. But even if we accept the present state of the world as its mature and final condition, how denounce as an immense mischief that which was a necessary antecedent to whatever has been hitherto attained of higher civilisation and of higher thought?

The last quotation we have made brings us to the commencement of the third chapter, which treats on "The method employed by metaphysicians for discovering mental laws." Mr. Buckle has a very low appreciation of whatever metaphysicians or psychologists have done, or are likely to do, in the investigation of the laws of human thought, or (to use a wider expression still) of the human consciousness. The individual, by exploring his own consciousness, has attained, he thinks, to no certain results, or very few, and those of little value. He prefers that we study man in society, and in that life of societies which we call history. "For my own part," he thus concludes the short chapter devoted to this subject—"for my own part, I believe that, by mere observation of our own minds, and even by such rude experiments as we are able to make upon them, it will be impossible to raise psychology to a science; and I entertain very little doubt that metaphysics can only be successfully studied by an investigation of history so comprehensive as to enable us to understand the conditions which govern the movements of the human race," (p. 151.)

To our apprehension, history perpetually throws fresh light upon psychology; but still every reader of history must be more or less a psychologist. The two modes of studying man—in the individual, and in the society—give mutual aid to each other, and must inevitably be carried on together. We have no especial predilection for the study of metaphysics, and certainly should make no attempt to disguise the very unsatisfactory results to which it has hitherto led, owing to the apparently irreconcilable opposition amongst its ablest professors. Men of equal attainments, and of the like strength of mind, pursue here different *methods*, or, to speak more accurately,

start from two different hypotheses. All this must be admitted. But, nevertheless, the study of history cannot release us from the necessity of some kind of investigation into the laws of the consciousness, as they are revealed to the individual by reflection on himself. Whether we call it by the scientific name of psychology, or simply describe it as a self-examination, it is clear that the knowledge which each man derives from his own experience of his own mind is necessary to his understanding the motives and operations of the minds of others. We cannot comprehend the passions and imaginations of other men, their ambitions, their fears, their loyalties to each other, unless we can trace some kindred feelings or operations in our own minds. It is indisputably true that man, as a social being, can only be studied in society; and that, as society itself exhibits various phases, in various regions and successive epochs, it is history which must finally give us the widest knowledge of the human race. But all throughout this wider study there is a process of self-observation going on and advancing with it, which is more or less systematic. What others have done or thought reveals to us what we ourselves *might* have done or thought. Our knowledge of the capabilities of the individual is advancing with our knowledge of history; and to the very last we can only understand so much of humanity as we can find some reflection of in ourselves. No metaphysician ever dreamt of constructing history out of the general laws of passion and of thought as he detects them in his own mind; and no historian ever hoped to explain the great events and revolutions of society, without appealing to those general laws of passion and of thought, as known to each individual in his own experience.

Take the following illustration:—No subject has of late been more carefully studied than the mythical or legendary nature of the early histories of all nations. Now it is manifest that it has only been by comparing the several histories together that this general fact has distinctly

come to light. So long as a people confined its attention exclusively to its own early history, or was absorbed in the history of some one people with which it was traditionally connected, the probability is, that the imaginative nature of the earlier annals would never be suspected. The conclusion would be, that men were different in times past from what they had since become, and the course of events of an altogether different description. But when many fabulous histories come to be compared, their *mental* origin can no longer be concealed; the belief arises that nature and men have been always constant to certain laws; and the origin of such legends is found, in fact, in the *psychical laws* of the human being. But now, unless the student of history can detect in his own mind those operations by which the myth or fable is first formed, and then afterwards believed by others as a substantive fact, such a result could never have been arrived at or understood. We must form some conception of those *psychical laws* to which we have referred the origin of the marvellous history.

Whilst reading the criticisms of a Niebuhr, we are bringing his statements to some test which our own consciousness supplies, or we ransack our memory for some analogous experience to enable us to understand the imaginations and the faiths of an uncritical and unscientific age. The myth may be an imaginary event, at once invented and believed to explain a present fact; as if one who saw the stones on Salisbury Plain should at once rush to the conclusion that giants had brought them there, and had intended to build a house, but had been interrupted by the gods. Looking into our own minds, we see how easily, at one time of life, we might have invented some such explanation. Sometimes the mythical story may have been, in its first origin, an illustration or parable, which came afterwards to be believed by the hearers and subsequent narrators as a substantive fact or narrative. Probably an educated man would be at a loss for any case in which he has made such a transformation; but, on self-inspection, he can detect a tendency or liability to

just such a mistake. He can recall the time when he was a child, and heard repeated the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son. He can remember that to him it was parable and fact both; it was as much as historical fact as the never-to-be-repeated narrative of Joseph and his brethren. The parable, which comes so spontaneously to the lips of the teacher, dwells in the imagination of the hearer as a substantive fact. Lazarus in the bosom of Abraham is just as real a picture to the young listener as Daniel in the lion's den. If illiterate people are to tell the two narratives, they will both be histories. Reflections like these may be passing through the mind of the student of Niebuhr; the learned criticism of the historian becomes distinct to him by some such personal experience; and, on the other hand, the historian has led him to re-examine the annals of his own consciousness.

Mr. Buckle would send us to statistics. But it is hardly necessary for us to say that the statistic-table must be read by the light of some knowledge gained from a very different source, if it is to end in anything else than a mere empirical statement. In what *proportion* certain known passions and temptations act throughout a whole society, can only be guessed at by some sort of statistics; but the nature of those passions and temptations cannot be studied in statistics. Mr. Buckle merely indulges in a startling exaggeration when he describes statistics as "a branch of knowledge which, though in its infancy, has already thrown more light on the study of human nature than all the sciences put together." Statistics prompt or direct further inquiries, or they confirm previous conclusions; they are of the utmost value in every science where they can be brought to bear; but of what use would be the excellent tables of mortality and disease if the physiologist and the physician had not some theoretical knowledge of the human frame, and the diseases to which it is subject? Nay, the very statistical table itself will only be constructed by one who has some theory which he expects the figures will either confirm or contradict. The statistics of

crime would be unintelligible without the knowledge we all possess of the temptations to crime, and of the circumstances which are likely to avour their operation. That uniformity, year after year, in a settled society, of a certain number of criminals which statistical tables reveal, would of itself teach us merely to despair of any improvement in this respect. We should have said, it is an absolute law of society that there should be so many murders and suicides, so many men assassinated and poisoned every year, and we have nothing to do but to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable fact. Place before a person, utterly unaccustomed to scientific speculations of any kind, one of those tables collected by the great Belgian statistician. Let him read that not only year after year there are very nearly the same number of suicides committed, but the same number committed in a specific manner—so many poison, so many hang themselves annually—this our quite practical man would look at such tables with mere dismay, or else with some such feeling of bewilderment as we have in witnessing a conjuror's trick. There it is, but he can make nothing of it. Perhaps he concludes that there is something wicked as well as mysterious about it, and may look askance at statistics for the rest of his life. But a person who brings some scientific culture to the study of such tables, finds in them only a confirmation of general knowledge he had before obtained. A people, living from year to year in the same climate, earning subsistence by the same arts, preserving the same relative proportions of rich and poor, and living under the same government and religion, may be expected to exhibit annually the same amount of crime. If there is a diversity, it is he diversely he will have to explain. He is not surprised at the uniformity, neither is he thrown into despair by it. Poverty and ignorance, and other sources of crime, may appear to undergo no alteration year after year, and even in some countries, for century after century; but yet he knows that amongst the laws of the human being is this of an increment of knowledge somewhere

visiting us, and slowly spreading amongst the nations, and adding to the power and the wealth of all societies.

The reader of Mr. Buckle's book will always feel himself in the presence of a highly-cultivated mind; he will admire the author's range of scientific knowledge, his erudition, and the original and philosophical manner in which he deals with the materials of history; but he will probably be least of all disposed to accept him as an authority in this arena of psychology. Fond of tracing the immediate connection between external nature and our modes of thought, he appears unwilling to direct his attention to the more internal connection between thought and thought, or thought and feeling, and the sentiments that inevitably spring up from this combination. At the outset of his volume he volunteers an explanation of that general conviction of free will which we must all admit, though we may hold to what is called the doctrine of philosophical necessity. The explanation is not given in a dogmatic manner; but it is such as no one would have hazarded, unless he had been very prone to seek, in the immediate influence of the objective world, for a solution of all psychological difficulties. We must give it in his own words:—

"Thus it is that, in the ordinary march of society, an increasing perception of the regularity of nature destroys the doctrine of chance, and replaces it by that of necessary connection. And it is, I think, highly probable that out of these two doctrines of chance and necessity there have respectively arisen the subsequent dogmas of free will and predestination. Nor is it difficult to understand the manner in which, in a more advanced state of society, this metamorphosis would occur. In every country as soon as the accumulation of wealth has reached a certain point, the produce of each man's labour becomes more than sufficient for his own support. It is, therefore, no longer necessary that all should work; and there is found a separate class, the members of which pass their lives for the most part, in the pursuit of pleasure; a very few, however, in the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge. Among these last there are al-

ways found some who, neglecting external events, turn their attention to the study of their own minds; and such men, when possessed of great abilities, become the founders of new philosophies and new religions, which often exercise immense influence over the people who receive them. But the authors of these systems are themselves affected by the character of the age in which they live. It is impossible for any man to escape the pressure of surrounding opinions; and what is called a new philosophy, or a new religion, is generally not so much a creation of fresh ideas, but rather a new direction given to ideas already current among contemporary thinkers. Thus, in the case now before us, the doctrine of chance in the external world corresponds to that of free will in the internal; while the other doctrine of necessary connection is equally analogous to that of predestination, the only difference being that the first is a development by the metaphysician, the second by the theologian. In the first instance, the metaphysician, *setting out with the doctrine of chance, carries into the study of the mind this arbitrary and irresponsible principle, which in its new field becomes free will*—an expression by which all difficulties seem to be removed, since perfect freedom, itself the cause of all actions, is caused by none, but, like the doctrine of chance, is an ultimate fact admitting of no further explanation. In the second instance, the theologian, taking up the doctrine of necessary connection, recasts it into a religious shape; and his mind being already full of conceptions of order and of uniformity, he naturally ascribes such undeviating regularity to the presence of Supreme Power; and thus to the magnificent notion of one God there is added the dogma, that by Him all things have from the beginning been absolutely predetermined and preordained.”—(P. 9.)

We may observe that the doctrine of predestination is more often seen opposed to that of the necessary connection between event and event, than founded on it. Everything is attributed to the free will of the Supreme Power. The Greek idea of Fate seems connected with such a doctrine, but the predestination of a Turk would revolt from it. An arbitrary will has predetermined all. It is, in fact, the doctrine of free will carried up into the celestial regions. But we quoted the passage only for

the sake of the other branch of the statement—that our belief in our free will was a metamorphosis of the doctrine of chance.

Whether it *might* have had such an origin, we do not intend to discuss; but we are quite sure that it has an independent origin in each man's consciousness, and is not due to the labours of any metaphysician; for this belief in free will is but another name for the *sense of power* we all indisputably have, which is inseparable from human life itself. It springs up from the very nature of each man's mind. We *think* an act and can perform our thought. We *have* this power. It is no mistake at all, and no delusion. He who can anticipate his action in thought, and then execute his thought, has and feels an indisputable power over the future. Subsequent reflection may reveal to us that at each moment of our lives we exercise this power according to certain precedent conditions. We have certain purposes to accomplish, certain rules of conduct to act upon; but if we ask ourselves the question, how it came to pass that we have adopted such rules or purposes?—why it is, for instance, that we have set ourselves to obtain wealth rather than reputation, or reputation rather than wealth?—we are made aware that a long and complicated train of events—some of a mental, some of a social, some of a physiological character—may have led to the present intellectual position in which we find ourselves. But in that position, whatever it may be, we desire, and determine, and act, and have the sense of power to accomplish our wishes. These precedent conditions are not present to our thoughts, are never fully known to any of us, and not at all suspected by many; but this sense of power is present whenever we act or determine. Every man seems to himself at the moment the fountain-source of his own resolves.

We next come to Chapters IV. and V., which have excited more discussion than any other portion of Mr. Buckle's book. They contain “a comparison between moral and intellectual laws, and inquiry into the

effect produced by each on the progress of society," and also an "Inquiry into the influence exercised by religion, literature, and government." The prevailing feeling which these chapters seem to have produced, is, that there is a great and important truth in them, but also a considerable amount of error. We participate in this impression. We apprehend that a profound truth is here obscured by an over-zealous exposition of it; whilst other truths, of all but equal importance, are hastily passed over or thrown into oblivion. Instead of that harmony amongst the great elements of civilisation, science, art, religion, laws, government, and literature, which the philosopher, in general, delights to portray, our author appears desirous of giving all the honours to science or the intellect alone.

We entirely agree with Mr. Buckle in his leading idea, that the increase of knowledge is the great initiative of human progress. External nature being the same, and human appetites and passions being the same, what is it but fresh knowledge of some kind or other that produces the difference in successive ages? But morality is not a blind instinct, acting with a uniform force at all epochs; it is a combination of passion and of knowledge. Why, then, does Mr. Buckle represent morality as the *stationary* element? Whatever acquisition of knowledge bears upon morality, is effecting a change in our moral sentiments. As well might a physiologist, after tracing the growth and condition of any organ or tissue (as the liver) to the blood, proceed to describe that organ or tissue as a *stationary* element—overlooking the fact, that, according to the condition of the blood will be the condition of the liver, and its effect upon the whole system. Our intellectual progress is of so pre-eminent value, because, owing to it, our moral and religious sentiments are themselves modified, and *their* improvement leads on again to progress in every kind of knowledge.

"Since civilisation," says Mr. Buckle, "is the product of moral and intellectual agencies, and since that product is constantly changing,

it evidently cannot be regulated by the stationary agent; because, where surrounding circumstances are unchanged, a stationary agent can only produce a stationary effect." Very true; but if we once admit an increase of knowledge, where is this "stationary agent" to be found? Arts, morals, government, are all alive with change, reacting upon each other; the whole social organism is in motion. Good government may now be said to initiate improvement in the industrial arts, and these together to give new force and new applications to moral precepts. The progress complicates as it advances. We may still look back to some strictly intellectual progress as the initiatory force which set all in motion; but the good law and the new invention which were thus originated, become in their turn active agents, rendering good services, which can be accredited only to *them*. Morality and religion, arts, literature, and government, all advance by the same intellectual energy of man; but why jealously exclude, in the programme of human progress, their operation upon each other, and their reaction on that intellect?

Mr. Buckle, in his contempt for psychological studies, appears not to have given himself the trouble to come to any conclusion upon the nature of the moral sentiments, for in the same page (p. 163) he points out the successive changes which the moral opinion of society undergoes, and yet speaks of "the dictates of what is called moral instinct," and dwells upon the stationary nature of these dictates. "There is nothing," he says, "to be found in the world, which has undergone so little change as those great dogmas of which moral systems are composed. To do good for others—to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes—to love your neighbour as yourself—to forgive your enemies—to restrain your passions—to honour your parents—to respect those who are set over you—these and a few others are the sole essentials of morals; but they have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books which mor-

alists and theologians have been able to produce." If these are the dictates of a moral instinct, the moral instinct must act very differently at different times; for there have been times when some of them have been very little heard of. But, in fact, it is a mere delusion to suppose that because general precepts of this kind are so widely repeated, that they have the *same meaning* or application at all times and places. These general precepts may not be altered in a single letter, and yet a very different code of morality may be enforced by public opinion.

Our author quotes with approbation a passage from Sir James Mackintosh, which upholds the same sophistical view of the stationary nature of morality. The identity of certain general precepts is supposed to imply the same actual code of morals; as if every people who repeated the precept, "Thou shalt not steal," had the same laws of property, and made the same application of this commandment. Sir James Mackintosh says, "Morality admits no discoveries. More than three thousand years have elapsed since the composition of the Pentateuch; and let any man, if he is able, tell me in what important respect the rule of life has varied since that distant period. Let the institutes of Menu be explored with the same view, we shall arrive at the same conclusion. Let the books of false religion be opened, it will be found that, their moral system is, in all its grand features, the same. The fact is evident, that no improvements have been made in practical morality." (Note, p. 164). Life itself has varied considerably since the times of Moses and of Menu, and therefore, at all events, the application of any rule of life must have varied also. Slavery is with us extinct; there is no property in man. The rule of "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," receives, here at least, a somewhat larger application and a new significance. As no society has existed without some law of property, there must always have been the moral precept, Thou shalt not steal!

In the island of *Ladrones* itself we may be sure there was the same moral law, though the Portuguese found, to their cost that it did not apply to strangers. What is stealing? Is it stealing to induce a man, by false representations, to part with his property at a tenth of its value? Some people evidently think not. Is it stealing to plunder the wrecked vessel? The people of *Zetland* did not so interpret the law. In the middle ages many a courtly knight thought it no robbery to pillage a Jew. Perhaps he quoted to him his own text about "spoiling the Egyptians." Every man would preserve his life, and there is sure, therefore, to be the law, "Thou shalt do no murder!" But what is murder? Is killing the man who has injured you a murder? We think so; our Saxon ancestors held a more indulgent opinion. Is it murder, or is it not the first of duties to revenge an ancestor, and follow up a family feud? In olden times revenge was permitted; only you must kill your enemy before he gets into the city of refuge, or lie in wait for him till he imprudently issues from its sacred precincts. Go through the Decalogue, and you will find that the substantial morality of any age depends not on the text, but on the interpretation. If Solomon takes to himself a thousand wives, does the poor man commit adultery who runs away with one of them? No precept tells us much till we know what are the circumstances, customs, and modes of thought amongst which it is to operate.

How does this passion of revenge alter as civilization advances, and what different laws and duties it prescribes! Some English travellers* sailing the other day upon one of the less-frequented lakes of North America met a naked savage paddling along in his bark canoe, "his matted hair hanging over his shoulders, and his hideous face daubed over with ashes. The wild man was skulking amongst the reeds, but being chased and accosted, he explained to the English traveller that "he was then on his way to

* See *Minnesota*.

Fond du Lac to revenge the death of a relative, for whom, he said, pointing to the ashes on his face and head, he was then in mourning." Under the sense of a grave responsibility, the poor savage was proceeding on his solitary mission of blood and revenge. The family feud must at all risks be pursued. With this poor last remnant of the tribe it seemed to have been felt as a miserable necessity, a melancholy duty. He and his duties were alike vanishing from the scene.

We see that our passions themselves modify with advanced thinking—for what is popularly called a passion is a union of thought and feeling—and that, consequently, our moral sentiments must vary also, and become at each stage other agents than they were before. After acknowledging, as Mr. Buckle does most distinctly, that the moral opinion which governs society advances with its intelligence, we are at a loss to understand what it is that he would reserve as a *stationary* element under the name of "instinctive morals." For the rest, we quite agree with what he has said of the modification of our morality by the increase of knowledge. Of course, the value of any specific knowledge must in each case depend on the relation it bears to the existing intellectual and social condition of the people. To refer to an illustration Mr. Buckle employs, the doctrine of free trade would not teach the love of peace to a nation which had little trade or commerce. Probably no such doctrine would arise or be heeded. The old Romans, who were enriching themselves by conquest, were not open to any argument drawn from our political economy; they had a quite different doctrine about the wealth of nations. So, too, in questions of morality between the inhabitants of the same country, no amount of speculative or theoretical knowledge will avail much where broad distinctions, like that which slavery introduces, separate society into adverse classes.

Bearing in mind these observations, we quote with pleasure the following eloquent passage, which concludes the fourth chapter:—

"In a great and comprehensive view, the changes in every civilised people are, in their aggregate, dependent solely on three things: first on the amount of knowledge possessed by their ablest men; secondly, on the direction which that knowledge takes—that is to say, the sort of subjects to which it refers; thirdly, and above all, on the extent to which the knowledge is diffused, and the freedom with which it pervades all classes of society.

"These are the three great movers of every civilised country; and although their operation is frequently disturbed by the vices or the virtues of powerful individuals, such moral feelings correct each other, and the average of long periods remain unaffected. Owing to causes of which we are ignorant, the moral qualities do, no doubt, constantly vary; so that in one man, or perhaps even in one generation, there will be an excess of good intentions, in another an excess of bad ones. But we have no reason to think that any permanent change has been effected in the proportion which those who naturally possess good intentions bear to those in whom bad ones seem to be inherent. In what may be called the innate and original morals of mankind, there is, so far as we are aware, no progress. . . . The desolation of countries and the slaughter of men are losses which never fail to be repaired, and at the distance of a few centuries every vestige of them is effaced. The gigantic crimes of Alexander or Napoleon become after a time void of effect, and the affairs of the world return to their former level. This is the ebb and flow of history—the perpetual flux to which, by the laws of our nature, we are subject. Above all this there is a far higher movement; and as the tide rolls on, now advancing, now receding, there is amidst its endless fluctuations one thing, and one alone, which endures for ever. The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good; and eventually the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralised by subsequent generations, absorbed by the incessant movement of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggles of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and different standards; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. They pass away like a dream; they are as the

fabric of a vision, which leaves not a rack behind. The discoveries of genius alone remain; it is to them we owe all that we now have; they are for all ages and all times; never young, and never old, they bear the seeds of their own life; they flow on in a perennial and undying stream; they are essentially cumulative, and, giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, they thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation."—(P. 205.)

After so eloquent a passage, it is disagreeable to return to the task of cavilling, or of requiring a more accurate and impartial exposition. Yet in the chapter which follows, on the influence of religion, literature, and government, it is impossible not to notice throughout a certain capricious and perverse spirit, that turns from the commonplace truth, perhaps partly because it is commonplace, and loves to border upon a paradox. How grudgingly are the claims of literature allowed! That books perpetuate error, is brought almost as conspicuously forward as that they are the great depositaries of human thought, and the instruments of preserving and teaching and carrying forward the knowledge of mankind. It is not always clear in what sense Mr. Buckle uses the term Literature. Sometimes it embraces original thinking; sometimes it is confined to the act of expression; or the written record, in contradiction to oral communication.

"Literature, when it is in a healthy and unforced state, is simply the form in which the knowledge of a country is registered—the mould in which it is cast. In this, as in the other cases we have considered, individual men may, of course, take great steps, and rise to a great height above the level of their age. But if they rise above a certain point, their present usefulness is impaired; if they rise still higher, it is destroyed. When the interval between the intellectual classes and the practical classes is too great, the former will possess no influence, the latter will reap no benefit. This is what occurred in the ancient world, when the distance between the ignorant idolatry of the people and the refined systems of philosophers was altogether impassable; and this is the

principal reason why the Greeks and Romans were unable to retain the civilisation which they for a short time possessed. Precisely the same process is at the present moment going on in Germany, where the most valuable part of literature forms an esoteric system, which, having nothing in common with the nation itself, produces no effect on the national civilisation."—(P. 244.)

In these remarks, which in the main appear to us perfectly just, literature means not only a written record or act of expression, but it embraces also the original thinking, the intellectual progress of our highest men. During the remaining part of the very same paragraph, the term is used in a more restricted sense.

"The truth is, that although Europe has received great benefit from its literature, this is owing, not to what the literature has originated, but to what it has preserved. Knowledge must be acquired before it can be written; and the only use of books is, to serve as a storehouse in which the treasures of the intellect are safely kept, and where they may be conveniently found. Literature, in itself is *but a trifling matter*; and is merely valuable as being the armoury in which the weapons of the human mind are laid up, and from which, when required, they can be quickly drawn."

The *only* use of books to serve as a storehouse! But what a use this is! The book becomes an indispensable aid to thinking of a high order. It is for all classes, and for every successive generation, the great instrument of culture. But, moreover, this is not the only use of books; they are not only depositaries of knowledge for those who seek it there—they, by the delight they frequently give, disseminate knowledge amongst those who would never seek it. Mr. Buckle tells us that what is important "above all, is the extent to which knowledge is diffused." Now the beauty of expression, the lucid arrangement, even the fictitious narrative—whatever passes under the name of poetry, or eloquence, or invention—all these quite literary excellences tend immensely to disseminate knowledge and to promote inquiry. Not a mere dead storehouse or armoury do we see here, but a storehouse that carries out its provender from door to door—an armoury

hat puts the sword in your hand, and the buckler on your arm, and equips you before you ever thought of arming. What extended so widely in France, prior to the Revolution, whether for good or for evil, so much knowledge, or so many new ideas, but that charm of style and exquisite art of expression which had been so highly cultivated in that country?

In like manner, the value of great received systems of religion, teaching the multitude authoritatively, is but boldly acknowledged by our author, while the evils or inconvenience attending such authoritative teaching are brought prominently before us. Mr. Buckle uses here occasionally harsh and provoking expressions, which, however, we will not now stop to canvass or repel. Adopting for the time his own wide method of generalisation, we do not find that justice is done to the great priesthoods and great creeds that have wrought so much for the government of nations, and have been so instrumental in diffusing thought from people to people. For there has always been a missionary spirit at work, not only amongst individuals, but amongst nations. No people has ever felt an interest in teaching another people, unless it had this missionary spirit. It is indisputably true, and it is a truth which Mr. Buckle illustrates in a most clear and forcible manner, that a rude ferocious people cannot at once receive the religion of a more refined and cultivated people. But it is also true that the more educated people may gradually indoctrinate the less educated, and that refinement of manners may in part follow as a consequence of more elevated thinking.

That other elements of civilisation must in general precede the adoption of a high spiritual religion, is very ably stated and illustrated in the following passage:—

"Thus necessary is it that, so far as nations are concerned, intellectual activity should precede religious improvement. If we require further illustrations of this important truth, we shall find them in the events which occurred in Europe soon after the promulgation of Christianity. The Romans were, with rare exception, an ignorant and barbar-

ous race—ferocious, dissolute, and cruel. For such a people, Polytheism was the natural creed; and we read, accordingly, that they practised an idolatry which a few great thinkers, and only a few, ventured to despise. The Christian religion, falling among these men, found them unable to appreciate its sublime and admirable doctrines. And when, a little later, Europe was overrun by fresh immigrations, the invaders, who were even more barbarous than the Romans, brought with them those superstitions, which were suited to their actual condition. It was upon the materials arising from these two sources that Christianity was now called to do her work. The result is most remarkable; for after the new religion seemed to have carried all before it, and had received the homage of the best part of Europe, it was soon found that nothing had been really effected. It was soon found that society was in that early stage in which superstition is inevitable, and in which men, if they do not have it in one form, will have it in another. It was in vain that Christianity taught a simple doctrine, and enjoined a simple worship. The minds of men were too backward for so great a step, and required more complicated forms, and a more complicated belief. What followed is well known to the students of ecclesiastical history. The superstition of Europe, instead of being diminished, was only turned into a fresh channel. The new religion was corrupted by the old follies; the adoration of idols was succeeded by the adoration of saints; the worship of the Virgin was substituted for the worship of Cybele; pagan ceremonies were established in Christian churches; not only the mummeries of idolatry, but likewise its doctrines, were quickly added, and were incorporated and worked into the spirit of the new religion, until, after the lapse of a few generations, Christianity exhibited so grotesque and hideous a form, that its best features were lost, and the lineaments of its earlier loveliness altogether destroyed.

This is the truth, but it is not the whole truth. To these barbarians an ideal of moral excellence was presented in the great Founder of Christianity, and in His pre-eminent disciples, which could not, at this epoch, have originated amongst themselves. Such an ideal, such great example, might often be entirely obscured, and always but vaguely appreciated. They might still occasionally be worshippers, in their hearts, of Odin

or of Thor; but such great Exemplar was nevertheless presented before them constantly in their church. If the young man could not understand it, the old man did; if the warrior forsook it, the man of peace returned to it. It was there to appeal to all hearts that nature or circumstance, or tender disposition, or an adverse fate, rendered susceptible to moral and religious impression. It was winning its way, slowly rising into empire, and helping all along to subdue and civilise. And if it be true that the Virgin Mary took the place of the dethroned Cybele, there was at least here a change of dynasty that was most propitious to the moral government of mankind.

Mr. Buckle is most disposed to contemplate the spontaneous or unassisted progress of any one given people; the aid which one people has received from a culture or from a mode of thinking which originated in another, is a phase of his subject which he does not often present to the reader. But while we must of necessity presume that every people has an intellectual energy which it will put forth under favourable circumstances, yet circumstances favour a very different development in different people; and nations communicate and interchange with each other their intellectual wealth, as well as the various products of their soil. We owe much to the collision between nation and nation. Christianity itself, when we contemplate the mode in which its development was ordained to take place, is seen to arise at a time when the Greek and the Hebrew mind were blending together. It is impossible for us to conceive how it could have assumed its actual form, or become the religion that it is, if it had remained exclusively amongst the Jews. The Jews had made many proselytes amongst the pagans; and it was among these pagan proselytes that Christianity became a *universal* religion—a religion for the world. Had it remained amongst the Jews, it would have presented a Messiahship for the Jews, not a Messiahship for all mankind. As the mere historian would define it, Christianity was the religion which the more thoughtful

pagans of the Roman Empire attracted for themselves by their intercourse with the Hebrews. As the mere historian would say, it was the greatest product of the various mental powers, passions, hopes, and reason of mankind, at this remarkable epoch; and being once given to the world, it has remained as a substantive teacher, a permanent instrument for the moral and religious elevation of all the nations of the earth.

When our author comes to speak of the influence of government on civilisation or the progress of society, we find the same spirit of capricious antagonism. Of course, the indispensable services of government are not denied; but he dwells with especial emphasis on the *obstructive* operation of all governments. That they conserve to us what is good, would appear to be not half so important a truth as that they preserve what is bad. He even permits his dislike to legislators to lead him into an inconsistency; for he allows them no merit for their good measures, because these are really the produce of the public opinion; yet he does not relieve them from blame for their bad measures, though these are quite as much the result of the public opinion of the age. He gives as an illustration of a good measure the repeal of the Corn-laws, but allows no merit to Minister or Parliament, assigning all to the force of public opinion; but the protective policy which was set aside, had been in its day and generation quite as popular as the doctrine of free trade is now; and when he fulminates against this policy, he throws all the blame on Government and the Minister. "A system was organised and strictly enforced, of interference with markets, interference with manufactories, interference with machinery, interference even with shops. The towns were guarded by excisemen, the ports swarmed with tide-waiters, whose sole business was to inspect nearly every process of domestic industry, peer into every package, and tax every article; while, that absurdity might be carried to its extreme height, a large part of all this was by the way of protection; that is to say, the money was avowedly raised, and the

inconvenience suffered, not for the use of the Government, but for the benefit of the people; in other words, the industrious classes were robbed of an order that industry might thrive," (p. 255). Nothing is said here of the popularity of protection, and that the industrious classes were the very people who clamoured for it. All is ironically laid "to the paternal care of European legislators."

But it is not always the case that the bad or the good law has been forced upon a minister or legislator by public opinion; the legislator is sometimes in advance of the public opinion. In ancient times, unless all legislators are mythical personages (as some evidently are), it was the individual lawgiver who, under the sanction of religion, imposed laws upon the multitude.

Nor can we see the propriety of the distinction which is drawn in the following passage:—

"To maintain order, to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, and to adopt certain precautions respecting the public health, are the only services which any government can render to the interests of civilisation. That these are services of immense value, no one will deny; but it cannot be said that by them civilisation is advanced, or the progress of man accelerated. All that is done is, to afford an opportunity of progress; the progress itself must depend on other matters."

We apprehend that a good system of drainage would be itself as substantial a progress as any that could be named, and be the cause of much further progress. Of course, a system of drainage, or any other great measure respecting the public health, is founded on much antecedent knowledge of various kinds; but is nothing

to be attributed to the administrative faculty, which brings all this knowledge into operation, and *accomplishes the very thing*; purifies the air, and makes the lungs of a thousand generations play healthfully? Are good laws, protecting the life and property of all, not a substantive progress, because they also afford *opportunity* for further progress? If Government had no other end than to frame and execute a perfect law of property, and had accomplished that end, would it not have been one of the most intellectual, and also one of the most serviceable works that man had ever performed?

We have not quite travelled through that first portion of the book to which we limited ourselves, and our space is already exhausted. We will not attempt to enter on the Sixth Chapter, which treats of the manner in which history has been written. We must now leave the work to the reader, contented if we have been able to add here and there a useful suggestion, or a criticism not altogether needless or uninteresting. We have met with no book for a long time which we have read with so much interest, from which so much information and so many novel views are to be derived, or which is altogether so worthy of a studious perusal. Every great writer appears to have his *mannerism* either of thought or of style. Mr. Buckle has a *slashing* uncompromising method of dealing with his subject, which leads, as we have seen, to exaggerated one-sided statements; it also has this advantage, that what we learn from him we shall, in all probability, never forget. No book lays hold of the attention more powerfully, and few reward it more amply.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART XVIII.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

CHAPTER IV.

The Man-eater humiliated. He encounters an old acquaintance in a traveller, who, like Shakespeare's Jacques, is "a melancholy fellow;" who, also, like Jacques, hath "great reasons to be sad;" and who, still like Jacques, is "full of matter."

JASPER LOSELY rode slowly on through the clear frosty night; not back to the country town which he had left on his hateful errand, nor into the broad road to London. With a strange desire to avoid the haunts of men, he selected—at each choice of way in the many paths branching right and left, between waste and woodland—the lane that seemed the narrowest and the dimmest. It was not remorse that gnawed him, neither was it the mere mercenary disappointment, nor even the pang of baffled vengeance—it was the profound humiliation of diseased self-love—the conviction that, with all his brute power, he had been powerless in the very time and scene in which he had pictured to himself so complete a triumph. The very quiet with which he had escaped stung him. Capture itself would have been preferable, if capture had been preceded by brawl and strife—the exhibition of his hardihood and prowess. Gloomily bending over his horse's neck, he cursed himself as fool and coward. What would he have had!—a new crime on his soul? Perhaps he would have answered—"Anything rather than this humiliating failure." He did not rack his brains with conjecturing if Cutts had betrayed him, or by what other mode assistance had been sent in such time of need to Darrell. Nor did he feel that hunger for vengeance, whether on Darrell or on his accomplice (should that accomplice have played the traitor), which might have been expected from his characteristic ferocity. On the contrary, the thought of violence and its excitements had in it a sickness as of shame. Darrell at that hour might have ridden by him

scatheless. Cutts might have jeered and said,—“I blabbed your secret, and sent the aid that foiled it;” and Losely would have continued to hang his head, nor lifted the herculean hand that lay nerveless on the horse's mane. Is it not commonly so in all reaction from excitements in which self-love has been keenly galled? Does not vanity enter into the lust of crime as into the desire of fame?

At sunrise Losely found himself on the high road, into which a labyrinth of lanes had led him, and opposite to a milestone, by which he learned that he had been long turning his back on the metropolis, and that he was about ten miles distant from the provincial city of Ouzelford. By this time his horse was knocked up, and his own chronic pains began to make themselves acutely felt; so that when, a little farther on, he came to a wayside inn, he was glad to halt; and after a strong dram, which had the effect of an opiate, he betook himself to bed, and slept till the noon was far advanced.

When Losely came down stairs, the common room of the inn was occupied by a meeting of the trustees of the high roads; and, on demanding breakfast, he was shown into a small sanded parlour adjoining the kitchen. Two other occupants—a man and a woman—were there already seated at a table by the fire-side, over a pint of half-and-half. Losely, warming himself at the hearth, scarcely noticed these humble revellers by a glance. And they, after a displeased stare at the stalwart frame which obscured the cheering glow they had hitherto monopolised, resumed a muttered conversation; of which, as well as of the *vile modicum*

which refreshed their lips, the man took the lion's share. Shabbily forborn were that man's habiliments—turned, and returned, patched, darned, weather-stained, grease-stained—but still retaining that kind of mouldy, grandiose, bastard gentility, which implies that the wearer has known better days; and, in the downward progress of fortunes when they once all, may probably know still worse. The woman was some years older than her companion, and still more forlornly shabby. Her garments seemed literally composed of particles of dust glued together, while her face might have insured her condemnation as a witch before any honest jury in the reign of King James the First. His breakfast, and the brandy bottle that flanked the oaf, were now placed before Losely; and, as distastefully he forced himself to eat, his eye once more glanced towards, and this time rested on, the shabby man, in the sort of interest with which one knave out of elbows regards another. As Jasper thus looked, gradually there stole on him a reminiscence of those coarse large features—that rusty disreputable wig. The recognition, however, was not mutual; and presently, after a whisper interchanged between the man and the woman, the latter rose, and approaching Losely, dropped a curtsey, and said, in a weird, under voice,—"Stranger! luck's in store for you. Tell your fortune!" As she spoke, from some dust hole in her garments she produced a pack of cards, on whose half-obliterated faces seemed incrustated the dirt of ages. Thrusting these antiquities under Jasper's nose, she added, "Wish and cut."

"Pshaw," said Jasper, who though sufficiently superstitious in some matters, and in regard to some persons, was not so completely under the influence of that imaginative infirmity as to take the creature before him for a sibyl. "Get away; you turn my stomach. Your cards smell; so do you."

"Forgive her, worthy sir," said the man, leaning forward. "The hag may be unsavoury, but she is wise. The Three Sisters who accosted the Scottish Thane, sir (Macbeth—you have seen it on the stage?) were not

savoury. Withered, and wild in their attire, sir, but they knew a thing or two! She sees luck in your face. Cross her hand, and give it vent."

"Fiddledee," said the irreverent Losely. "Take her off, or I shall scald her," and he seized the kettle.

The hag retreated grumbling; and Losely, soon despatching his meal, placed his feet on the hobs, and began to meditate what course to adopt for a temporary subsistence. He had broken into the last pound left of the money which he had extracted from Mrs. Crane's purse some days before. He recoiled with terror from the thought of returning to town and placing himself at her mercy. Yet what option had he? While thus musing, he turned impatiently round, and saw that the shabby man and the dusty hag were engaged in an amicable game of *scarté*, with those very cards which had so offended his olfactory organs. At that sight the old instinct of the gambler struggled back; and, raising himself up, he looked over the cards of the players. The miserable wretches were, of course, playing for nothing; and Losely saw at a glance that the man was, nevertheless, trying to cheat the woman! Positively he took that man into more respect; and that man, noticing the interest with which Losely surveyed the game, looked up, and said, "While the time, sir? What say you? A game or two? I can stake my pistols—that is, sir, so far as a fourpenny bit goes. If ignorant of this French game, sir, cribbage or all-fours."

"No," said Losely, mournfully; "there is nothing to be got out of you; otherwise"—he stopped and sighed. "But I have seen you under other circumstances. What has become of your Theatrical Exhibition? Gambled it away? Yet, from what I see of your play, I think you ought not to have lost, Mr. Rugge."

The ex-manager started.

"What! You knew me before the Storm!—before the lightning struck me, as I may say, sir—and falling into difficulties, I became—a wreck? You knew me?—not of the Company?—a spectator?"

"As you say—a spectator. You had once in your employ an actor—

clever old fellow. Waife, I think, he was called."

"Ha! hold! At that name, sir, my wounds bleed afresh. From that execrable name, sir, there hangs a tale!"

"Indeed! Then it will be a relief to you to tell it," said Losely, resetting his feet on the hob, and snatching at any diversion from his own reflections.

"Sir, when a gentleman, who is a gentleman, asks, as a favour, a specimen of my powers of recital, not professionally, and has before him the sparkling goblet, which he does not invite me to share, he insults my fallen fortunes. Sir, I am poor—I own it: I have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, sir; but I have still in this withered bosom the heart of a Briton!"

"Warm it, Mr. Rugge. Help yourself to the brandy—and the lady too."

"Sir, you are a gentleman; sir, your health. Hag, drink better days to us both. That woman, sir, is a hag, but she is an honour to her sex—faithful!"

"It is astonishing how faithful ladies are when not what is called beautiful. I speak from painful experience," said Losely, growing debonaire as the liquor relaxed his gloom, and regaining that levity of tongue which sometimes strayed into wit, and which—springing originally from animal spirits and redundant health—still came to him mechanically whenever roused by companionship from alternate intervals of lethargy and pain. "But now, Mr. Rugge, I am all ears; perhaps you will be kind enough to be all tale."

With tragic aspect, unrelaxed by that *jeu de mots* and still wholly unrecognising in the massive form and discoloured swollen countenance of the rough-clad stranger, the elegant proportions, the healthful, blooming, showy face, and elaborate fopperies of the Jasper Losely who had sold to him a Phenomenon which proved so evanishing, Rugge entered into a prolix history of his wrongs at the hands of Waife, of Losely, of Sophy. Only of Mrs. Crane did he speak with re-

spect; and Jasper then for the first time learned—and rather with me for the interference than gain for the generosity—that she had paid the £100, and thereby cancelled Rugge's claim upon the child. The ex-manager then proceeded to a narrative of his subsequent misfortunes—all of which he laid to a charge of Waife and the Phenomenon. "Sir," said he, "I was ~~an~~ From my childhood's hour I dream of the great York Theatre—dream of it literally thrice. Fatal Vision! But, like other dreams, that ~~one~~ would have faded—been forgotten: the work-day world—and I ~~did~~ not have fallen into the sere and yellow, but have had, as former troops of friends, and not been reduced to the horrors of poverty: a faithful Hag. But, sir, when first took to my bosom that ~~old~~ William Waife, he exhibited a gem, sir, that Dowton (you have seen Dowton?—grand!) was a stick compared with. Then my ambition, sir, blazed and flared up—obstinate, perous, and my childhood's dream haunted me; and I went about ~~me~~ing—[Hag, you recollect!]—~~an~~ muttering 'The Royal Theatre of York.' But incredible though it seem, the ungrateful scorpion left me with a treacherous design to exhibit the parts I had fostered on the London boards; and even-handed Justice, sir, returned the poisoned chalice to his lips, causing him to lose an eye and to hobble—besides splitting up his voice—which served him right. And again I took the scorpion for the sake of the Phenomenon. I had a babe myself once, sir, though you may not think it. Gormerick (that is this faithful Hag) gave the babe Daffy's Elixir, in teasing; but it died—convulsions. I comforted myself when that Phenomenon came out on my stage—in pink satin and pearls. 'Ha!' I said, 'the great York Theatre shall yet be mine!' The haunting idea became a Mania, sir. The learned say that there is a Mania called Money Mania*—when one can think but of the one

*Query—Monomania.

ing needful—as the guilty Thane with the dagger, sir—you understand. And when the Phenomenon had vanished and gone, as I was told, to America, where I now wish I was myself, acting Rolla at New York or somewhere, to a free and enlightened people—then, sir, the Mania grew on me still stronger and stronger. There was a pride in it, sir—a British pride. I said to this faithful Hag—“What!—shall I not have the York because that false child has deserted me? Am I not able to realise a Briton’s ambition without being beholden to the Phenomenon in spangles?” Sir, I took the York! Alone I did it!”

“And,” said Losely, feeling a sort of dreary satisfaction in listening to the grotesque sorrows of one whose condition seemed to him yet more object than his own—“And the York Theatre alone perhaps did you.”

“Right, sir,” said Rugge—half-loudly, half-exultingly. “It was a Grand Concern, and might have done for the Bank of England! It swallowed up my capital with as much ease, sir, as I could swallow an oyster if there were one upon that plate. I saw how it would be, the very first week—when I came out myself, strong—Kean’s own part in the *Iron Chest*—Mortimer, sir; there wasn’t three pounds ten in the house—packed audience, sir, and they had the face to hiss me. ‘Hag,’ said I, to Mrs. Gormerick, ‘this Theatre is a howling wilderness.’ But there is a fascination in a Grand Concern, of which one is the head—one goes on and on. All the savings of a life devoted to the British Drama and the productions of native genius went in what I may call—a jiffy! But it was no common object, sir, to your sight displayed—but what with pleasure, sir (I appeal to the Hag!) Heaven itself surveyed!—a great man struggling, sir, with the storms of fate, and greatly falling, sir, with—a sensation! York remembers it to this day! I took the benefit of the Act—it was the only benefit I did take—and nobody was the better for it. But I don’t repine—I realised my dream: that is more than all can say. Since then I have had many downs, and no ups. I have been a messenger,

sir—a prompter, sir, in my own Exhibition—to which my own clown, having married into the tragic line, succeeded, sir, as proprietor; buying of me, when I took the York, the theatre, scenery, and properties, sir, with the right still to call himself, ‘Rugge’s Grand Theatrical Exhibition,’ for an old song, sir—Melancholy. Tyrannised over, sir—snubbed and bullied by a creature dressed in a little brief authority; and my own tights—scarlet—as worn by me in my own applauded part of ‘The Remorseless Baron.’ At last, with this one faithful creature, I resolved to burst the chains—to be free as air—in short, a chartered libertine, sir. We have not much, but thank the immortal gods, we are independent, sir—the Hag and I, chartered libertines! And we are alive still—at which, in strict confidence, I may own to you that I am astonished.”

“Yes! you do live,” said Jasper, much interested—for how to live at all was at that moment a matter of considerable doubt to himself; “you do live—it is amazing! How?”

“The Faithful tells fortunes; and sometimes we pick up windfalls—widows and elderly single ladies—but it is dangerous. Labour is sweet, sir; but not hard labour in the dungeons of a Bridewell. She has known that labour, sir; and in those intervals I missed her much. Don’t cry, Hag; I repeat, I live!”

“I understand now; you live upon her! They are the best of creatures, these hags, as you call them, certainly. Well, well, no saying what a man may come to! I suppose you have never seen Waife, nor that fellow you say was so well-dressed and good-looking, and who sold you the Phenomenon, nor the Phenomenon herself—Eh?” added Losely, stretching himself, and yawning, as he saw the brandy bottle was finished.

“I have seen Waife—the one-eyed monster! Aha—I have seen him!—and yesterday too; and a great comfort it was to me.”

“You saw Waife yesterday—where?”

“At Onzelsford, which I and the Faithful left this morning.”

“And what was he doing?” said

Losely, with well-simulated indifference. "Begging, breaking stones, or what?"

"No," said Rugge, dejectedly; "I can't say it was what, in farcical composition, I should call such nuts to me as that, sir. Still, he was in a low way—seemed a pedlar or hawker, selling out of a pannier on the Rialto—I mean the Corn-market, sir—not even a hag by his side, only a great dog—French. A British dog would have scorned such fellowship. And he did not look merry, as he used to do when in my troop. Did he, Hag?"

"His conscience smites him," said the Hag, solemnly.

"Did you speak to him?"

"Why, no. I should have liked it, but we could not at that moment, seeing that we were not in our usual state of independence. This faithful creature was being led before the magistrates, and I too—charge of cheating a cook maid, to whom the Hag had only said, 'that if the cards spoke true, she would ride in her carriage.' The charge broke down; but we were placed for the night in the Cells of the Inquisition, remanded, and this morning banished from the city, and are now on our way to—any other city;—eh, Hag?"

"And the old man was not with the Phenomenon? What has become of her, then?"

"Perhaps she may be with him at his house, if he has one; only, she was not with him on the Rialto or Cornmarket. She was with him two years ago, I know; and he and she were better off then than he is now, I suspect. And that is why it did me good, sir, to see him a pedlar—a common pedlar—fallen into the sere, like the man he abandoned!"

"Humph—where were they two years ago?"

"At a village not far from Humberston. He had a pretty house, sir, and sold baskets; and the girl was there too—favoured by a great lady—a Marchioness, sir! Gods!"

"Marchioness?—near Humberston? The Marchioness of Montfort, I suppose."

"Likely enough; I don't remember. All I know is, that two years ago my old clown was my tyrannical manager; and he said to me, with a

sneer, 'Old Gentleman Waife, whom you used to bully, and his Juliet Araminta, are in clover.' And the mocking varlet went on to say, that when he had last visited Humberston, in the race-week, a young tradesman, who was courting the Columbine, whose young idea I myself taught to shoot on the light fantastic toe, treated that Columbine and one of her sister train (being, indeed, her aunt, who has since come out at the Surrey in *Desdemona*) to a picnic in a fine park. (That's discipline!—ha, ha!) And there, sir, Columbine and her aunt saw Waife on the other side of a stream by which they sat carousing."

"The clown perhaps said it to spite you."

"Columbine herself confirmed his tale, and said that, on returning to the Village Inn for the Triumphal Car (or buss) which brought them, she asked if a Mr. Waife dwelt thereabouts, and was told, 'Yes, with his grand-daughter.' And she went on asking, till all came out as the clown reported. And Columbine had not even the gratitude, the justice, to expose that villain—not even to say he had been my perfidious servant! She had the face to tell me 'she thought it might harm him, and he was a kind old soul.' Sir, a Columbine whose toes I had rapped scores of time before they could be turned out, was below contempt! but when my own clown thus triumphed over me, in parading before my vision the bloated prosperity of mine enemy, it went to my heart like a knife; and we had words on it, sir, and—I left him to his fate. But a pedlar! Gentleman Waife has come to that! The heavens are just, sir, and of our pleasant vices, sir, make instruments that—that—"

"Scourge us," prompted the Hag, severely.

Losely rang the bell; the maid-servant appeared. "My horse and bill. Well, Mr. Rugge, I must quit your agreeable society. I am not overflowing with wealth at this moment, or I would request your acceptance of—"

"The smallest trifle," interrupted the Hag, with her habitual solemnity of aspect.

Losely, who, in his small way, had all the liberality of a Catiline, "*alieni expetens, sui profusus*," drew forth the few silver coins yet remaining to him; and though he must have calculated that, after paying his bill, there could scarcely be three shillings left, he chucked two of them towards the Hag, who, clutching them with a profound curtsy, then handed them to the fallen monarch by her side, with a loyal tear and a quick sob that might have touched the most cynical republican.

In a few minutes more, Losely was again on horseback; and as he rode towards Ouzelford, Rugge and his lusty Faithful shambled on in the op-

posite direction—shambled on, foot-sore and limping, along the wide, waste, wintry thoroughfare—vanishing from the eye, as their fates henceforth from this story. There they go, by the white hard milestone; farther on, by the trunk of the hedge-row tree, which lies lopped and leafless—cumbering the wayside, till the time come to cast it off to the thronged, dull stack-yard; farther yet, where the ditch widens into yon stagnant pool, with the great dung-heap by its side. There the road turns aslant; the dung-heap hides them. Gone! and not a speck on the Immemorial, Universal Thoroughfare.

CHAPTER V.

No wind so cutting as that which sets in the quarter from which the sun rises.

The town to which I lend the disguising name of Ouzelford, which in years bygone was represented by Guy Darrell, and which in years to come may preserve in its municipal hall his effigies in canvass or stone, is one of the handsomest in England. As you approach its suburbs from the London Road, it rises clear and wide upon your eye, crowning the elevated table-land upon which it is built;—a noble range of prospect on either side, rich with hedgerows not yet sacrificed to the stern demands of modern agriculture—venerable woodlands, and the green pastures round many a rural thane's frank, hospitable hall;—no one Great House banishing from leagues of landscape the abodes of knight and squire, nor menacing, with 'the legitimate influence of property,' the votes of rebellious burghers. Everywhere, like finger-posts to heaven, you may perceive the church-towers of rural hamlets embosomed in pleasant valleys, or climbing up gentle slopes. At the horizon, the blue fantastic outline of girdling hills mingles with the clouds. A famous old cathedral, neighboured by the romantic ivy-grown walls of a ruined castle, soars up from the centre of the town, and dominates the whole survey—calm, as with conscious power. Nearing the town, the villas of merchants

and traders, released perhaps from business, skirt the road, with trim gardens and shaven lawns. Now the small river, or rather rivulet, of Ouzel, from which the town takes its name, steals out from deep banks covered with brushwood or aged trees, and, widening into brief importance, glides under the arches of an ancient bridge; runs on, clear and shallow, to refresh low fertile dairy-meadows, dotted with kine; and finally quits the view, as brake and copse close round its narrowing, winding way; and that which, under the city bridge, was an imposing noiseless stream, becomes, amidst rustic solitudes, an insignificant babbling brook.

From one of the largest villas in these charming suburbs came forth a gentleman, middle-aged, and of a very mild and prepossessing countenance. A young lady without a bonnet, but a kerchief thrown over her sleek dark hair, accompanied him to the garden-gate, twining both hands affectionately round his arm, and entreating him not to stand in thorough draughts and catch cold, nor to step into puddles and wet his feet, and to be sure to be back before dark, as there were such shocking accounts in the newspapers of persons robbed and garroted even in the most populous highways; and, above all, not

to listen to the beggars in the street, and allow himself to be taken in; and before finally releasing him at the gate, she buttoned his greatcoat up to his chin, thrust two pellets of cotton into his ears, and gave him a parting kiss. Then she watched him tenderly for a minute or so as he strode on with the step of a man who needed not all those fostering admonitions and coddling cares.

As soon as he was out of sight of the lady and the windows of the villa, the gentleman cautiously unbuttoned his greatcoat, and removed the cotton from his ears. "She takes much after her mother, does Anna Maria," muttered the gentleman; "and I am very glad she is so well married."

He had not advanced many paces when, from a branch road to the right that led to the railway station, another gentleman, much younger, and whose dress unequivocally bespoke him a minister of our Church, came suddenly upon him. Each with surprise recognised the other.

"What!—Mr. George Morley!"

"Mr. Hartopp!—How are you, my dear sir?—What brings you so far from home?"

"I am on a visit to my daughter, Anna Maria. She has not been long married—to young Jessop. Old Jessop is one of the principal merchants at Ouzelford—very respectable worthy family. The young couple are happily settled in a remarkably snug villa—that is it with the portico, not a hundred yards behind us, to the right. Very handsome town, Ouzelford; you are bound to it, of course?—we can walk together. I am going to look at the papers in the City Rooms—very fine rooms these are. But you are straight from London, perhaps, and have seen the day's journals? Any report of the Meeting in aid of Ragged Schools?"

"Not that I know of. I have not come from London this morning, nor seen the papers."

"Oh!—there's a strange-looking fellow following us; but perhaps he is your servant?"

"Not so, but my travelling companion—indeed my guide. In fact, I come to Ouzelford in the faint hope

of discovering there a poor old friend of mine, of whom I have long been in search."

"Perhaps the Jessops can help you; they know everybody at Ouzelford. But now I meet you thus by surprise, Mr. George, I should very much like to ask your advice on a matter which has been much on my mind the last twenty-four hours, and which concerns a person I contrived to discover at Ouzelford, though I certainly was not in search of him—a person about whom you and I had a conversation a few years ago, when you were staying with your worthy father."

"Eh?" said George quickly; "whom do you speak of?"

"That singular vagabond who took me in, you remember—called himself Chapman—real name William Losely, a returned convict. You would have it that he was innocent, though the man himself had pleaded guilty on his trial."

"His whole character belied his lips, then. O, Mr. Hartopp, that man commit the crime imputed to him?—a planned, deliberate robbery—an ungrateful, infamous breach of trust! That man—that!—he who rejects the money he does not earn, even when pressed on him by anxious imploring friends—he who has now gone voluntarily forth, aged and lonely, to wring his bread from the humblest calling rather than incur the risk of injuring the child with whose existence he had charged himself!—he a dark midnight thief! Believe him not, though his voice may say it. To screen, perhaps, some other man, he is telling you a noble lie. But what of him? Have you really seen him, and at Ouzelford?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Yesterday. I was in the City Reading-room, looking out of the window. I saw a great white dog in the street below;—I knew the dog at once, sir, though he is disguised by restoration to his natural coat, and his hair is as long as a Peruvian lama's. 'Tis Sir Isaac,' said I to myself; and behind Sir Isaac I saw Chapman, so to call him, carrying a basket with pedlar's

wares, and, to my surprise, Old Jessop, who is a formal man, with a great deal of reserve and dignity, pompous indeed (but don't let that go farther), talking to Chapman quite affably, and actually buying something out of the basket. Presently Chapman went away, and was soon lost to sight. Jessop comes into the reading-room. 'I saw you,' said I, 'talking to an old fellow with a French dog.' 'Such a good old fellow,' said Jessop; 'has a way about him that gets into your very heart while he is talking. I should like to make you acquainted with him.' 'Thank you for nothing,' said I; 'I should be—taken in.' 'Never fear,' says Jessop, 'he would not take in a fly—the simplest creature.' I own I chuckled at that, Mr. George. 'And does he live here,' said I, 'or is he merely a wandering pedlar?' Then Jessop told me that he had seen him for the first time two or three weeks ago, and accosted him rudely, looking on him as a mere tramp; but Chapman answered so well, and showed so many pretty things in his basket, that Jessop soon found himself buying a pair of habit cuffs for Anna Maria, and in the course of talk it came out, I suppose by a sign, that Chapman was a freemason, and Jessop is an enthusiast in that sort of nonsense, master of a lodge or something, and that was a new attraction. In short, Jessop took a great fancy to him, patronised him, promised him protection, and actually recommended him to a lodging in the cottage of an old widow who lives in the outskirts of the town, and had once been a nurse in the Jessop family. And what do you think Jessop had just bought of this simple creature? A pair of worsted mittens as a present for me, and what is more, I have got them on at this moment—look! neat, I think, and monstrous warm. Now, I have hitherto kept my own counsel. I have not said to Jessop, 'Beware—that is the man who took me in.' But this concealment is a little on my conscience. On the one hand, it seems very cruel, even if the man did once commit a crime, in spite of your charitable convictions to the contrary, that I should be blabbing

out his disgrace, and destroying perhaps his livelihood. On the other hand, if he should still be really a rogue, a robber, perhaps dangerous, ought I—ought I—in short—you are a clergyman and a fine scholar, sir—what ought I to do?"

"My dear Mr. Hartopp, do not vex yourself with this very honourable dilemma of conscience. Let me only find my poor old friend, my benefactor I may call him, and I hope to persuade him, if not to return to the home that waits him, at least to be my guest, or put himself under my care. Do you know the name of the widow with whom he lodges?"

"Yes—Halse; and I know the town well enough to conduct you, if not to the house itself, still to its immediate neighbourhood. Pray allow me to accompany you; I should like it very much—for, though you may not think it, from the light way I have been talking of Chapman, I never was so interested in any man, never so charmed by any man; and it has often haunted me at night, thinking that I behaved too harshly to him, and that he was about on the wide world, an outcast, deprived of his little girl, whom he had trusted to me. And I should have run after him yesterday, or called on him this morning, and said, 'Let me serve you,' if it had not been for the severity with which he and his son were spoken of, and I myself rebuked for mentioning their very names, by a man whose opinion I, and indeed all the country, must hold in the highest respect—a man of the finest honour, the weightiest character—I mean Guy Darrell, the great Darrell."

George Morley sighed. "I believe Darrell knows nothing of the elder Losely, and is prejudiced against him by the misdeeds of the younger, to whose care you (and I cannot blame you, for I also was instrumental to the same transfer which might have proved calamitously fatal) surrendered the poor motherless girl."

"She is not with her grandfather now? She lives still, I hope? She was very delicate."

"She lives—she is safe. Ha—take care!"

These last words were spoken as a horseman, riding fast along the road

towards the bridge that was now close at hand, came, without warning or heed, so close upon our two pedestrians, that George Morley had but just time to pluck Hartopp aside from the horse's hoofs.

"An impudent, careless, ruffianly fellow, indeed!" said the mild Hartopp indignantly, as he brushed from his sleeve the splash of dirt which the horseman bequeathed to it. "He must be drunk!"

The rider, gaining the bridge, was there detained at the toll-bar by some carts and waggons, and the two gentlemen passed him on the bridge, looking with some attention at his gloomy, unobservant countenance, and the powerful frame on which, despite coarse garments and the change wrought by years of intemperate excess, was still visible the trace of that felicitous symmetry once so admirably combining Herculean strength with elastic elegance. Entering the town, the rider turned into the yard of the nearest inn. George Morley and Hartopp, followed at a little distance by Morley's travelling companion, Merle, passed on towards the other extremity of the town, and after one or two inquiries for "Widow Halse, Prospect Row," they came to a few detached cottages, very prettily situated on a gentle hill, commanding in front the roofs of the city and the gleaming windows of the great cathedral, with somewhat large gardens in the rear. Mrs. Halse's dwelling was at the extreme end of this row. The house, however, was shut up; and a woman, who was standing at the door of the neighbouring cottage, plaiting straw, informed the visitors that Mrs. Halse was gone out "charing" for the day, and that her lodger, who had his own key, seldom returned before dark, but that at that hour he was pretty sure to be found in the Corn-market or the streets in its vicinity, and offered to send her little boy to discover and "fetch" him. George consulted apart with Merle, and decided on despatching the cobbler, with the boy for his guide, in quest of the pedlar, Merle being of course instructed not to let out by whom he was accompanied, lest Waife, in his obstinacy, should rather abscond than

encounter the friends from whom he had fled. Merle, and a curly-headed urchin, who seemed delighted at the idea of hunting up Sir Isaac and Sir Isaac's master, set forth and were soon out of sight. Hartopp and George opened the little garden-gate, and strolled into the garden at the back of the cottage, to seat themselves patiently on a bench beneath an old apple-tree. Here they waited and conversed some minutes, till George observed that one of the casements on that side of the cottage was left open, and, involuntarily rising, he looked in; surveying with interest the room, which, he felt sure at the first glance, must be that occupied by his self-exiled friend: a neat, pleasant little room—a bullfinch in a wicker cage on a ledge within the casement—a flower-pot beside it. Doubtless the window, which faced the southern sun, had been left open by the kind old man in order to cheer the bird and to gladden the plant. Waife's well-known pipe, and a tobacco-pouch worked for him by Sophy's fairy fingers, lay on a table near the fireplace, between casement and door; and George saw with emotion the Bible which he himself had given to the wanderer, lying also on the table, with the magnifying-glass which Waife had of late been obliged to employ in reading. Waife's habitual neatness was visible in the aspect of the room. To George it was evident that the very chairs had been arranged by his hand; that his hand had courteously given that fresh coat of varnish to the wretched portrait of a man in blue coat and buff waistcoat, representing, no doubt, the lamented spouse of the hospitable widow. George beckoned to Hartopp to come also and look within; and as the worthy trader peeped over his shoulder, the clergyman said whisperingly, "Is there not something about a man's home which attests his character?—No 'pleading guilty' here!"

Hartopp was about to answer, when they heard the key turn sharply in the outer door, and had scarcely time to draw somewhat back from the casement when Waife came hurriedly into the room, followed, not by Merle, but by the tall rough-looking

horseman whom they had encountered on the road. "Thank heaven," cried Waife, sinking on a chair, "out of sight, out of hearing now! Now you may speak; now I can listen! O wretched son of my lost angel, whom I so vainly sought to save by the sacrifice of all my claims to the respect of men, for what purpose do you seek me? I have nothing left that you can take away! Is it the child again? See—see—look round—search the house if you will—she is not here."

"Bear with me, if you can, sir," said Jasper, in tones that were almost meek; "you, at least, can say nothing that I will not bear. But I am in my right when I ask you to tell me, without equivocation or reserve, if Sophy, though not actually within these walls, be near you, in his town or its neighbourhood!—in short, still under your protection?"

"Not in this town—not near it—not under my protection; I swear."

"Do not swear, father; I have no belief in other men's oaths. I believe our simple word. Now comes my second question—remember I am still strictly in my right—where is she?—and under whose care?"

"I will not say. One reason why I have abandoned the very air she breathes, was, that you might not trace her in tracing me. But she is out of your power again to kidnap and to sell. You might molest, harass, shame her, by proclaiming yourself her father; but regain her into our keeping, cast her to infamy and disgrace—never, never! She is now with a powerless, miserable convict, for whom Law has no respect. She is now no helpless infant, without a choice, without a will. She is safe from all, save the wanton unprofitable effort to disgrace her. O Jasper, Jasper, be human—she is so delicate of frame—she is so sensitive to reproach, so tremulously alive to honour—I—I am not fit to be near her now. I have been a tricky, shifty vagrant, and innocent though I be, the felon's brand is on me! But you, you too, who never loved her, who cannot miss her, whose heart is not breaking at her loss as mine is—now—you, you—to rise up from the stinking pesthouse in which you have

dwelt by choice, and say, 'Descend from God's day with me'—Jasper, Jasper, you will not—you cannot; it would be the malignity of a devil!"

"Father, hold!" cried Jasper, writhing and livid; "I owe to you more than I do to that thing of pink and white. I know better than you the trumpery of all those waxen dolls of whom dupes make idols. At each turn of the street you may find them in basketsful—blue-eyed or black-eyed, just the same worthless frippery or senseless toys; but every man dandling his own doll, whether he call it sweetheart or daughter, makes the same puling boast that he has an angel of purity in his puppet of wax. Nay, hear me! to that girl I owe nothing. You know what I owe to you. You bid me not seek her, and say, 'I am your father!' Do you think it does not unbecome me more, and can it wound you less, when I come to you, and remind you that I am your son!"

"Jasper!" faltered the old man, turning his face aside, for the touch of feeling towards himself, contrasting the cynicism with which Jasper spoke of other ties not less sacred, took the father by surprise.

"And," continued Jasper, "remembering how you once loved me—with what self-sacrifice you proved that love, it is with a bitter grudge against that girl that I see her thus take that place in your affection which was mine—and you so indignant against me if I even presume to approach her. What! I have the malignity of a devil because I would not quietly lie down in yonder kennels to starve, or sink into the grade of those whom your daintier thief disdains; spies into unguarded areas, or cowardly skulkers by blind walls; while in the paltry girl, who you say is so well provided for, I see the last and sole resource which may prevent you from being still more degraded, still more afflicted by your son."

"What is it you want? Even if Sophy were in your power, Darrell would not be more disposed to enrich or relieve you. He will never believe your tale, nor deign even to look into its proofs."

"He might at last," said Jasper evasively. "Surely with all that

wealth, no nearer heir than a remote kinsman in the son of a beggared spendthrift by a linendraper's daughter—he should need a grandchild more than you do; yet the proofs you speak of convinced yourself; you believe my tale."

"Believe—yes, for that belief was everything in the world to me! Ah, remember how joyously, when my term of sentence expired, I hastened to seek you at Paris, deceived by the rare letters with which you had deigned to cheer me—fondly dreaming that, in expiating your crime, I should have my reward in your redemption—should live to see you honoured, honest, good—live to think your mother watched us from heaven with a smile on both—and that we should both join her at last—you purified by my atonement! Oh, and when I saw you so sunken, so hardened, exulting in vice as in a glory—bravo and partner in a gambler's hell—or, worse still, living on the plunder of miserable women, even the almsman of that vile Desmaretz—my son, my son, my lost Lizzy's son blotted out of my world for ever!—then, then I should have died if you had not said, boasting of the lie which had wrung the gold from Darrell, 'But the child lives still.' Believe you—O yes, yes!—for in that belief something was still left to me to cherish, to love, to live for!"

Here the old man's hurried voice died away in a passionate sob; and the direful son, all reprobate though he was, slid from his chair, and bowed himself at his father's knee, covering his face with fell hands that trembled. "Sir, sir," he said in broken reverential accents, "do not let me see you weep. You cannot believe me, but I say solemnly that, if there be in me a single remnant of affection for any human being, it is for you. When I consented to leave you to bear the sentence which should have fallen on myself, sure I am that I was less basely selfish than absurdly vain. I fancied myself so born to good fortune!—so formed to captivate some rich girl!—and that you would return to share wealth with me; that the evening of your days would be happy; that you would be repaid by my splendour for your own disgrace! And

when I did marry, and did ultimately get from the father-in-law who spurned me the capital of his daughter's fortune, pitifully small though it was compared to my expectations, my first idea was to send half of that sum to you. But—but—I was living with those who thought nothing so silly as a good intention—nothing so bad as a good action. That mocking she-devil, Gabrielle, too! Then the witch's spell of that d-d green table! Luck against me—wait! double the capital ere you send the half. Luck with me—how balk the tide? how fritter the capital just at the turn of doubling? Soon it grew irksome even to think of you; yet still when I did, I said, 'Life is long, I shall win riches; he shall share them some day or other!'—*Basta, Basta!*—what idle twaddle or hollow brag all this must seem to you!"

"No," said Waife feebly, and his hand drooped till it touched Jasper's bended shoulder, but at the touch recoiled as with an electric spasm.

"So, as you say, you found me at Paris. I told you where I had placed the child, not conceiving that Arabella would part with her, or you desire to hamper yourself with an encumbrance,—nay, I took for granted that you would find a home as before with some old friend or country cousin;—but fancying that your occasional visits to her might comfort you, since it seemed to please you so much when I said she lived. Thus we parted—you, it seems, only anxious to save that child from ever falling into my hands, or those of Gabrielle Desmaretz, I hastening to forget all but the riotous life round me till—"

"Till you came back to England to rob from me the smile of the only face that I knew would never wear contempt, and to tell the good men with whom I thought she had so safe a shelter, that I was a convicted robber, by whose very love her infancy was sullied. O Jasper! Jasper!"

"I never said that—never thought of saying it. Arabella Crane did so, with the reckless woman-will, to gain her object. But I did take the child from you. Why? Partly because I needed money so much that I would

ave sold a hecatomb of children for half what I was offered to bind the irl to a service that could not be ery dreadful, since yourself had first laced her there;—and partly because ou had shrunk, it seems, from appealing to old friends; you were iving, like myself from hand to outh; what could that child be to ou but a drag and a bother?"

"And you will tell me, I suppose," aid Waife, with an incredulous bitter irony, that seemed to wither himself in venting it, so did his whole rame recoil and shrink—"you will ell me that it was from the same onsiderate tenderness that you would ave again filched her from me some onths later, to place her with that she-devil' who was once more by our side; to be reared and sold to —oh horror!—horror!—unimagin- ble horror!—that pure helpless infant!—you, armed with the name of ather!—you, strong in that mighty orm of man."

"What; do you mean? Oh I remember now! When Gabrielle was n London, and I had seen you on the Bridge. Who could have told you hat I meant to get the child from ou at that time?"

Waife was silent. He could not etray Arabella Crane; and Jasper ooked perplexed and thoughtful. Then gradually the dreadful nature of his father's accusing word seemed o become more clear to him; and e cried, with a fierce start and a warthy flush—"But whoever told ou that I harboured the design that t whitens your lip to hint at, lied, and foully. Harkye, sir, many years ago Gabrielle had made acquaintance with Darrell, under another name, as Matilda's friend (long story now—not worth telling); he had never, I believe, discovered the imposture. Just at the time you refer to, I heard hat Darrell had been to France, inquiring himself into facts connected with my former story that Matilda's child was dead. That very inquiry seemed to show that he had not been so incredulous of my assertions. of Sophy's claims on him as he had affected to be when I urged them. He then went on into Italy. Talking this over with Gabrielle, she suggested, that if the child could be

got into her possession, she would go with her in search of Darrell, resuming the name in which she had before known him—resuming the title and privilege of Matilda's friend. In that character he might listen to her, when he would not to me. She might confirm my statement—melt his heart—coax him into terms. She was the cleverest creature! I should have sold Sophy, it is true. For what? A provision to place me above want and crime. Sold her to whom? To the man who would see in her his daughter's child, rear her to inherit his wealth—guard her as his own honour. What! was this the design that so shocks you? *Basta—basta!* Again, I say Enough. I never thought I should be so soft as to mutter excuses for what I have done. And if I do so now, the words seem forced from me against my will—forced from me, as if in seeing you I was again but a wild, lawless, wilful boy, who grieved to see you saddened by his faults, though he forgot his grief the moment you were out of sight."

"Oh, Jasper," cried Waife, now fairly placing his hand on Jasper's guilty head, and fixing his bright soft eye, swimming in tears, on that downcast gloomy face. "You repent!—you repent! Yes; call back your boyhood—call it back! Let it stand before you, now, visible, palpable! Lo! I see it! Do not you? Fearless, joyous Image! Wild, lawless, wilful, as you say. Wild from exuberant life; lawless as a bird is free, because air is boundless to untried exulting wings; wilful from the ease with which the bravery and beauty of Nature's radiant Darling forced way for each jocund whim through our yielding hearts! Silence! It is there! I see it, as I saw it rise in the empty air when guilt and ignominy first darkened round you; and my heart cried aloud—'not on him, not on him, not on that glorious shape of hope and promise—on me, whose life, useless hitherto, has lost all promise now—on me let fall the shame.' And my lips obeyed my heart, and I said—'Let the laws will be done—I am the guilty man.' Cruel—cruel one! Was that sunny Boyhood then so long departed from

you? On the verge of youth, and such maturity in craft and fraud—that when you stole into my room that dark winter eve, threw yourself at my feet, spoke but of thoughtless debts, and the fears that you should be thrust from an industrious honest calling, and I—I said—‘No, no; fear not; the head of your firm likes you; he has written to me, I am trying already to raise the money you need, it shall be raised, no matter what it cost me; you shall be saved, my Lizzy’s son shall never know the soil of a prison; shun temptation henceforth; be but honest, and I shall be repaid!’—what, even *then*, you were coldly meditating the crime that will make my very grave dishonoured!”

“Meditating—not so! How could I? Not till after what had thus passed between us, when you spoke with such indulgent kindness, did I even know that I might more than save myself—by monies—not raised at risk and loss to you! Remember, you had left me in the inner room, while you went forth to speak with Gunston. There I overheard him talk of notes he had never counted, and might never miss; describe the very place where they were kept; and then the idea came to me irresistibly; ‘better rob him than despoil my own generous father.’ Sir, I am not pretending to be better than I was. I was not quite the novice you supposed. Coveting pleasures or shows not within my reach, I had shrunk from draining you to supply the means; I had not had the same forbearance for the superfluous wealth of others. I had learned with what simple tools old locks may fly open; and none had ever suspected me, so I had no fear of danger, small need of premeditation; a nail on your mantel-piece, the cloven end of the hammer lying beside, to crook it when hot from the fire that blazed before me! I say this to show you that I did not come provided; nothing was planned before hand; all was the project and work of the moment. Such was my haste, I burnt myself to the bone with the red iron—feeling no pain, or rather, at that age, bearing all pain without winoing. Before Gunston left you, my whole plan was then arranged—

my sole instrument fashioned. You groan. But how could I fancy that there would be detection? How imagine, that even if monies, never counted, *were* missed, suspicion could fall on you—a better gentleman than he whom you served? And had it not been for that accursed cloak which you so fondly wrapped round me, when I set off to catch the night-train back to ———; if it had not been, I say, for that cloak, there could have been no evidence to criminate either you or me—except that unlucky £5 note, which I pressed on you when we met at ———, where I was to hide till you had settled with my duns. And why did I press it on you?—because you had asked me if I had wherewithal about me on which to live meanwhile; and I, to save you from emptying your own purse, said—‘Yes!’ showed you some gold, and pressed on you the bank note, which I said I could not want—to go, in small part, towards my debts; it was a childish, inconsistent wish to please you: and you seemed so pleased to take it as a proof that I cared for you.”

“For me!—no, no; for honour—for honour—for honour! I thought you cared for honour; and the proof of that care was, thrusting into these credulous hands the share of your midnight plunder!”

“Sir,” resumed Jasper, persisting in the same startling combination of feeling, gentler and more reverential than could have been supposed to linger in his breast, and of the moral obtuseness that could not, save by vanishing glimpses, distinguish between crime and its consequences—between dishonour and detection—“Sir, I declare that I never conceived that I was exposing you to danger; nay, I meant, out of the money I had taken, to replace to you what you were about to raise, as soon as I could invent some plausible story of having earned it honestly. Stupid notions and clumsy schemes, as I now look back on them; but, as you say, I had not long left boyhood, and fancying myself deep and knowing, was raw in the craft I had practised. Basta, basta, basta!”

Jasper, who had risen from his

knees while speaking, here stamped heavily on the floor, as if with anger at the heart-stricken aspect of his silenced father; and continued with a voice that seemed struggling to regain its old imperious, rollicking, burly swell.

"What is done cannot be undone. Fling it aside, sir—look to the future; you with your pedlar's pack, I with my empty pockets! What can save you from the workhouse—me from the hulks or gibbet? I know not, unless the persons sheltering that girl will buy me off by some provision which may be shared between us. Tell me, then, where she is; leave me to deal in the business as I best may. Pooh! why so scared? I will neither terrify nor kidnap her. I will shuffle off the crust of blackguard that has hardened round me. I will be sleek and smooth, as if I were still the exquisite Lothario—copied by would-be rufflers, and spoiled by willing beauties. Oh, I can still play the gentleman, at least for an hour or two, if it be worth my while. Come, sir, come; trust me; out with the secret of this hidden maiden; whose interests should surely weigh not more with you than those of a starving son. What, you will not? Be it so. I suspect that I know where to look for her—on what noble thresholds to set my daring foot; what fair lady, mindful of former days—of girlish friendship—of virgin love—wraps in compassionate luxury Guy Darrell's rejected heiress! Ah, your looks tell me that I am hot on the scent. That fair lady I knew of old; she is rich—I helped to make her so. She owes me something. I will call and remind her of it. And—tut, sir, tut—you shall not go to the workhouse, nor I to the hulk."

Here the old man, hitherto seated, rose—slowly, with feebleness and effort—till he gained his full height; then age, infirmity, and weakness, seemed to vanish. In the erect head, the broad massive chest, in the whole presence, there was dignity—there was power.

"Hark to me, unhappy reprobate, and heed me well! To save that child from the breath of disgrace—to place her in what you yourself assured

me were her rights amidst those in whose dwellings I lost the privilege to dwell when I took to myself your awful burthen—I thought to resign her charge for ever in this world. Think not that I will fly her now, when you invade. No—since my prayers will not move you—since my sacrifice to you has been so fruitless—since my absence from herself does not attain its end; there, where you find her, shall you again meet me! And if there we meet, and you come with the intent to destroy her peace and blast her fortune, then I, William Losely, am no more the felon. In the face of day I will proclaim the truth, and say, "Robber, change place in earth's scorn with me; stand in the dock, where thy father stood in vain to save thee!"

"Bah, sir—too late now; who would listen to you?"

"All who have once known me—all will listen. Friends of power and station will take up my cause. There will be fresh inquiry into facts that I held back—evidence that, in pleading guilty, I suppressed—ungrateful one—to ward away suspicion from you."

"Say what you will," said Jasper, swaying his massive form to and fro, with a rolling gesture which spoke of cold defiance, "I am no hypocrite in fair repute whom such threats would frighten. If you choose to thwart me in what I always held my last resource for meat and drink, I must stand in the dock, even, perhaps, on a heavier charge than one so stale. Each for himself; do your worst—what does it matter?"

"What does it matter that a father should accuse his son! No, no—son, son—this must not be!—Let it not be!—let me complete my martyrdom! I ask no reversal of man's decree, except before the Divine Tribunal. Jasper, Jasper—child of my love, spare the sole thing left to fill up the chasms in the heart that you laid waste. Speak not of starving, or of fresh crime. Stay—share this refuge! I WILL WORK FOR BOTH!"

Once more, and this time thoroughly, Jasper's hideous levity and coarse bravado gave way before the lingering human sentiment knitting

him back to childhood, which the sight and voice of his injured father had called forth with spasms and throes, as a seer calls the long-buried from a grave. And as the old man extended his arms pleadingly towards him, Jasper, with a gasping sound—half groan, half sob, sprang forward, caught both the hands in his own strong grasp, lifted them to his lips, kissed them, and then, gaining the door with a rapid stride, said, in hoarse broken tones, "Share your refuge! no—no—I should break your heart downright did you see me daily—hourly as I am! You work for both!—you—you!" His voice stopped, choked for a brief moment, then hurried on: "As for that girl—you—you—you are—but no matter, I will try to obey you—will try to

wrestle against hunger, despair, and thoughts that whisper sinking men with devils' tongues. I will try—I will try; if I succeed not, keep your threat—accuse me—give me up to justice—clear yourself; but if you would crush me more than by the heaviest curse, never again speak to me with such dreadful tenderness! Cling not to me, old man; release me, I say;—there—there;—off! Ah! I did not hurt you? Brute that I am—you bless me—you—you! And I dare not bless again! Let me go—let me go—let me go!" He wrenched himself away from his father's clasp—drowning with loud tone his father's pathetic soothing—out of the house—down the hill—lost to sight in the shades of the falling eve.

CHAPTER VI.

Gentleman Waife does not forget an old friend. The old friend reconciles Astrology to Prodoma and is under the influence of Benefica. Mr. Hartopp hat in hand to Gentleman Waife.

Waife fell on the floor of his threshold, exclaiming, sobbing, moaning, as voice itself gradually died away. The dog, who had been shut out from the house, and remained ears erect, head drooping, close at the door, rushed in as Jasper burst forth. The two listeners at the open casement now stole round; there was the dog, its paw on the old man's shoulder, trying to attract his notice, and whining low.

Tenderly—reverentially, they lift the poor martyr—evermore cleared in their eyes from stain, from question;—the dishonouring brand transmuted into the hallowing cross! And when the old man at length recovered consciousness, his head was pillowed on the breast of the spotless, noble preacher; and the decorous English trader, with instinctive deference for repute and respect for law, was kneeling by his side, clasping his hand; and as Waife glanced down, confusedly wondering, Hartopp exclaimed, half sobbing, "Forgive me; you said I should repent if I knew all! I do repent! I do! Forgive me—I shall never forgive myself."

"Have I been dreaming? What

is all this? You here, too, Mr. George! But—but there was ANOTHER. Gone! ah—gone—gone! lost, lost! Ha! did you overhear us?"

"We overheard you—at that window! See, spite of yourself, heaven lets your innocence be known, and in that innocence, your sublime self-sacrifice."

"Hush! you will never betray me, either of you—never! A father turn against his son!—horrible!"

Again he seemed on the point of swooning. In a few moments more, his mind began evidently to wander somewhat; and just as Merle (who with his urchin-guide, had wandered vainly over the whole town in search of the pedlar, until told that he had been seen in a by-street, stopped and accosted by a tall man in a rough great-coat, and then hurrying off, followed by the stranger)—came back to report his ill success, Hartopp and George had led Waife up stairs into his sleeping-room, laid him down on his bed, and were standing beside him watching his troubled face, and whispering to each other in alarm.

Waife overheard Hartopp propos-

ing to go in search of medical assistance, and exclaimed piteously, "No, that would scare me to death. No doctors—no eaves-droppers. Leave me to myself—quiet and darkness; I shall be well to-morrow."

George drew the curtains round the bed, and Waife caught him by the arm. "You will not let out what you heard, I know; you understand how little I can now care for men's judgments; but how dreadful it would be to undo all I have done—to be witness against my Lizzy's child! I—I! I trust you—dear, dear Mr. Morley; make Mr. Hartopp sensible that, if he would not drive me mad, not a syllable of what he heard must go forth—'twould be base in him."

"Nay!" said Hartopp, whispering also through the dark—"Don't fear me; I will hold my peace, though 'tis very hard not to tell Williams, at least, that you did not take me in. But you shall be obeyed."

They drew away Merle, who was wondering what the whispered talk was about, catching a word or two here and there, and left the old man not quite to solitude—Waife's hand, on quitting George's grasp, dropped on the dog's head.

Hartopp went back to his daughter's home in a state of great excitement, drinking more wine than usual at dinner, talking more magisterially than he had ever been known to talk, railing quite misanthropically against the world; observing, that Williams had become insufferably overbearing, and should be pensioned off: in short, casting the whole family into the greatest perplexity to guess what had come to the mild man. Merle found himself a lodging, and cast a horary scheme as to what would happen to Waife and himself for the next three months, and found all the aspects so perversely contradictory, that he owned he was no wiser as to the future than he was before the scheme was cast. George Morley remained in the Cottage, stealing up, from time to time, to Waife's room, but not attaining him with talk. Before midnight the old man slept, but his slumber was much perturbed, as if by fearful dreams. However, he rose early, very weak, but free from fever,

and in full possession of his reason. To George's delight, Waife's first words to him then were expressive of a wish to return to Sophy. "He had dreamed," he said, "that he had heard her voice calling out to him to come to her help." He would not revert to the scene with Jasper. George once ventured to touch on that reminiscence, but the old man's look became so imploring that he desisted. Nevertheless, it was evident to the Pastor, that Waife's desire of return was induced by his belief that he had become necessary to Sophy's protection. Jasper, whose remorse would probably be very short-lived, had clearly discovered Sophy's residence, and as clearly Waife, and Waife alone, still retained some hold over his rugged breast. Perhaps, too, the old man had no longer the same dread of encountering Jasper; rather perhaps, a faint hope that, in another meeting, he might more availingly soften his son's heart. He was not only willing, then—he was eager to depart, and either regained or assumed much of his old cheerfulness in settling with his hostess, and parting with Merle, on whom he forced his latest savings, and the tasteful contents of his panier. Then he took aside George, and whispered in his ear, "A very honest, kind-hearted man, sir; can you deliver him from the Planets?—they bring him into sad trouble. Is there no opening for a cobbler at Humberston?"

George nodded, and went back to Merle, who was wiping his eyes with his coat-sleeve. "My good friend," said the scholar, "do me two favours, besides the greater one you have already bestowed in conducting me back to a revered friend. First, let me buy of you the contents of that basket; I have children, amongst whom I would divide them as heir-looms; next, as we were travelling hither, you told me that, in your younger days, ere you took to a craft which does not seem to have prospered, you were brought up to country pursuits, and knew all about cows and sheep, their cure and their maladies. Well, I have a few acres of glebe-land on my own hands, not enough for a bailiff—too much for my gardener—and a pretty cottage,

which once belonged to a school-master, but we have built him a larger one; it is now vacant, and at your service. Come and take all trouble of land and stock off my hands; we shall not quarrel about the salary. But, hark-ye, my friend—on one proviso—give up the Crystal, and leave the Stars to mind their own business.”

“Please your Reverence,” said Merle, who at the earlier part of the address, had evinced the most grateful emotion, but who, at the proviso which closed it, jerked himself up, dignified and displeased—“Please your Reverence, no! Kit Merle is not so unnatural as to swop away his Significator at Birth for a mess of porritch! There was that forrin chap, Gally-Leo—he stuck to the stars, or the sun; which is the same thing—and the stars stuck by him, and brought him honour and glory, though the Parsons war dead agin him. He had Malefics in his Ninth House, which belongs to Parsons.”

“Can’t the matter be compromised, dear Mr. George?” said Waife persuasively. “Suppose Merle promises to keep his crystal and astrological schemes to himself, or at least only talk of them to you;—they can’t hurt you, I should think, sir? And science is a sacred thing, Merle; and the Chaldees, who were the great star-gazers, never degraded themselves by showing off to the vulgar. Mr. George, who is a scholar, will convince you of that fact.”

“Content,” said George. “So long as Mr. Merle will leave my children and servants and the parish generally, in happy ignorance of the future, I give him the fullest leave to discuss his science with myself whenever we chat together on summer noons or in winter evenings; and perhaps I may—”

“Be converted?” said Waife, with a twinkling gleam of the playful Humour which had ever sported along his thorny way by the side of Sorrow.

“I did not mean that,” said the Parson, smiling; “rather the contrary. What say you, Merle? Is it not a bargain?”

“Sir—God bless you!” cried Merle,

simply; “I see you won’t let me stand in my own light. And what Gentleman Waife says as to the vulgar, is uncommon true.”

This matter settled, and Merle’s future secured in a way that his stars, or his version of their language, had not foretold to him, George and Waife walked on to the station, Merle following with the Parson’s small carpet-bag, and Sir Isaac charged with Waife’s bundle. They had not gone many yards before they met Hartopp, who was indeed on his way to Prospect Row. He was vexed at learning Waife was about to leave so abruptly; he had set his heart on coaxing him to return to Gatesboro’ with himself—astounding Williams and Mrs. H., and proclaiming to Market Place and High Street, that, in deeming Mr. Chapman a good and a great man disguised, he, Josiah Hartopp, had not been taken in. He consoled himself a little for Waife’s refusal of this kind invitation and unexpected departure, by walking proudly beside him to the station, finding it thronged with passengers—some of them great burgeses of Onzelsford—in whose presence he kept bowing his head to Waife with every word he uttered; and, calling the guard—who was no stranger to his own name and importance—he told him pompously to be particularly attentive to that elderly gentleman, and see that he and his companion had a carriage to themselves all the way, and that Sir Isaac had a particularly comfortable box. “A very great man,” he said, with his finger to his lip, “only he will not have it known—just at present.” The guard stares, and promises all deference—opens the door of a central first-class carriage—assures Waife that he and his friend shall not be disturbed by other passengers. The train heaves into movement—Hartopp runs on by its side along the stand—his hat off—kissing his hand; then, as the convoy shoots under yon dark tunnel, and is lost to sight, he turns back, and seeing Merle, says to him, “You know that gentleman—the old one?”

“Yes, a many year.”

“Ever heard anything against him?”

“Yes, once—at Gatesboro.’”

"At Gatesboro'!—ah! and you did not believe it?"

"Only jist for a moment—transiting."

"I envy you," said Hartopp; and he went off with a sigh.

CHAPTER VII.

Jasper Losely in his Element. O young Reader, whosoever thou art, on whom Nature has bestowed her magnificent gift of physical power with the joys it commands, with the daring that springs from it—on closing this chapter, pause a moment and think—"What wilt thou do with it?" Shall it be brute-like or God-like? With what advantage for life—its delights or its perils—toils borne with ease, and glories cheap bought—dost thou start at life's onset? Give thy sinews a Mind that conceives the Heroic, and what noble things thou mayst do? But value thy sinews for rude Strength alone, and that strength may be turned to thy shame and thy torture. The Wealth of thy life will but tempt to its Waste. Abuse, at first felt not, will poison the uses of Sense. Wild bulls gore and trample their foes. Thou hast Soul! Wilt thou trample and gore it?

Jasper Losely, on quitting his father, spent his last coins in payment for his horse's food, and on fiery drink for himself. In haste he mounted—in haste he spurred on to London; not even pence for the toll-bars. Where he found the gates open, he dashed through them headlong; where closed, as the night advanced, he forced his horse across the fields, over hedge and ditch—more than once the animal falling with him—more than once thrown from the saddle; for, while a most daring, he was not a very practised rider; but it was not easy to break bones so strong, and though bruised and dizzy, he continued his fierce way. At morning his horse was thoroughly exhausted, and at the first village he reached after sunrise, he left the poor beast at an inn, and succeeded in borrowing of the landlord £1 on the pawn of the horse thus left as hostage. Resolved to husband this sum, he performed the rest of his journey on foot. He reached London at night, and went straight to Cutts' lodging. Cutts was, however, in the club-room of those dark associates against whom Losely had been warned. Oblivious of his solemn promise to Arabella, Jasper startled the revellers as he stalked into the room, and towards the chair of honour at the far end of it, on which he had been accustomed to lord it over the fell groups he had treated out of Poole's purse: One of the biggest and most redoubted of the Black Family was

now in that seat of dignity, and, refusing surlily to yield it at Jasper's rude summons, was seized by the scuff of the neck, and literally hurled on the table in front, coming down with clatter and crash amongst mugs and glasses. Jasper seated himself coolly, while the hubbub began to swell—and roared for drink. An old man, who served as drawer to these cavaliers, went out to obey the order; and when he was gone, those near the door swung across it a heavy bar. Wrath against the domineering intruder was gathering, and waited but the moment to explode. Jasper, turning round his bloodshot eyes, saw Cutts within a few chairs of him, seeking to shrink out of sight.

"Cutts, come hither," cried he, imperiously.

Cutts did not stir.

"Throw me that cur this way—you, who sit next to him."

"Don't, don't; his mad fit is on him; he will murder me—murder me, who have helped and saved you all so often. Stand by me."

"We will," said both his neighbours, the one groping for his case-knife, the other for his revolver.

"Do you fear I should lop your ears, dog," cried Jasper, "for shrinking from my side with your tail between your legs? Pooh! I scorn to waste force on a thing so small. After all, I am glad you left me; I did not want you. You will find your horse at an inn in the village of ———. I will pay for its

hire whenever we meet again. Meanwhile, find another master—I discharge you. *Mille tonnières!* why does that weasel-faced snail not bring me the brandy? By your leave,”—and he appropriated to himself the brimming glass of his next neighbour. Thus refreshed, he glanced round through the reek of tobacco smoke; saw the man he had dislodged, and who, rather amazed than stunned by his fall, had kept silence on rising, and was now ominously interchanging muttered words with two of his comrades, who were also on their legs. Jasper turned from him contemptuously;—with increasing contempt in his hard, fierce sneer, noted the lowering frowns on either side the Pandemonium; and it was only with an angry flash from his eyes that he marked, on closing his survey, the bar dropped across the door, and two forms, knife in hand, stationed at the threshold.

“Aha! my jolly companions,” said he then, “you do right to bar the door. Prudent families can’t settle their quarrels too snugly amongst themselves. I am come here on purpose to give you all a proper scolding, and if some of you don’t hang your heads for shame before I have done, you’ll die more game than I think for, whenever you come to the last Drop!”

He rose as he thus spoke, folding his sinewy arms across his wide chest. Most of the men had risen too—some, however, remained seated; there might be eighteen or twenty in all. Every eye was fixed on him, and many a hand was on a deadly weapon.

“Scum of the earth!” burst forth Jasper, with voice like a roll of thunder. “I stooped to come amongst you—I shared amongst you my money. Was any one of you too poor to pay up his club fee—to buy a draught of Forgetfulness—I said, ‘Brother, take!’ Did brawl break out in your jollities—were knives drawn—a throat in danger—this right hand struck down the uproar, crushed back the coward murder. If I did not join in your rogueries, it was because they were sneaking and pitiful. I came as your Patron, not as your Pal; I did not

meddle with your secrets—did not touch your plunder. I owed you nothing. O’fial that you are! to me you owed drink, and meat, and good-fellowship. I gave you mirth, and I gave you Law; and in return you laid a plot amongst you to get rid of me;—how, ye white-livered scoundrels? Oho! not by those fists, and knives, and bludgeons. All your pigeon breasts clubbed together had not manhood for that. But to palm off upon me some dastardly deed of your own, by snares and scraps of false evidence—false oaths, too, no doubt—to smuggle me off to the hangman. That was your precious contrivance. Once again I am here: but this once only. What for?—why, to laugh at, and spit at, and spurn you. And if one man amongst you has in him an ounce of man’s blood, let him show me the traitor who planned that pitiful project, and be they a dozen, they shall carry the mark of this hand till their carcases go to the surgeon’s scalpel.”

He ceased. Though each was now hustling the other towards him, and the whole pack of miscreants was closing up, like hounds round a wild bear at bay, the only one who gave audible tongue was that thin splinter of life called Cutts!

“Look you, General Jas, it was all a mistake your ever coming here. You were a fine fellow once, particularly in the French way of doing business—large prizes and lots of row. That don’t suit us; we are quiet Englishmen. You brag of beating and bullying the gentlemen who admit you amongst them, and of not sharing their plans or risks; but that sort of thing is quite out of order—no precedent for it. How do we know that you are not a spy, or could not be made one, since you say you owe us nothing, and hold us in such scorn? Truth is, we are all sick of you. You say you only come this once: very well, you have spun your yarn—now go. That’s all we want; go in peace, and never trouble us again. Gentlemen, I move that General Jas be expelled this club, and requested to withdraw.”

“I second it,” said the man whom Jasper had flung on the table.

“Those who are in favour of the

resolution, hold up their hands;—all—carried unanimously. General Jasper is expelled."

"Expel me!" said Jasper, who in the meanwhile, swaying to and fro his brawny bulk, had cleared the space round him, and stood resting his hands on the heavy arm-chair from which he had risen.

A hostile and simultaneous movement of the group brought four or five of the foremost on him. Up rose the chair on which Jasper had leaned—up it rose in his right hand, and two of the assailants fell as falls an ox to the butcher's blow. With his left hand he wrenched a knife from a third of the foes, and thus armed with blade and buckler, he sprang on the table, towering over all. Before him was the man with the revolver, a gentleman outlaw than the rest—ticket-of-leave man, who had been transported for forgery. "Shall I shoot him?" whispered this knave to Cutts. Cutts drew back the hesitating arm. "No; the noise! bludgeons safer." Pounce, as Cutts whispered—pounce as a hawk on its quarry, darted Jasper's swoop on the Forger, and the next moment, flinging the chair in the faces of those who were now swarming up the table, Jasper was armed with the revolver, which he had clutched from its startled owner, and its six barrels threatened death, right and left, beside and before and around him, as he turned from face to face. Instantly there fell a hush—instantly the assault paused. Every one felt that there no faltering would make the hand tremble or the ball swerve. Wherever Jasper turned the foes recoiled. He laughed with audacious mockery as he surveyed the recreants.

"Down with your arms, each of you—down that knife, down that bludgeon. That's well. Down yours—there; yours—yours. What, all down! Pile them here on the table at my feet. Dogs, what do you fear?

—death? The first who refuses dies."

Mute and servile as a repentant Legion to a Caesar's order, the knaves piled their weapons.

"Unbar the door, you two. You, orator Cutts, go in front; light a candle—open the street-door. So—so—so. Who will treat me with a parting-cup—to your healths? Thank you, sir. Fall back there; stand back—along the wall—each of you. Line my way. Ho, ho!—*you* harm me—*you* daunt me—*you*—*you*! Stop—I have a resolution to propose. Hear it, and cheer. 'That this meeting rescinds the resolution for the expulsion of General Jasper, and entreats him humbly to remain, the pride and ornament of the club.' Those who are for that resolution, hold up their hands—as many as are against it, theirs. Carried unanimously. Gentlemen, I thank you—proudest day of my life—but I'll see you hanged first; and till that sight diverts me, —gentlemen, your health."

Descending from his eminence, he passed slowly down the room unscathed, unmenaced, and, with a low mocking bow at the threshold, strode along the passage to the street-door. There, seeing Cutts with the light in his hand, he uncocked the pistol, striking off the caps, and, giving it to his quondam associate, said—"Return that to its owner, with my compliments. One word—speak truth, and fear nothing. Did you send help to Darrell?"

"No; I swear it."

"I am sorry for it. I should like to have owed so trusty a friend that one favour. Go back to your pals. Understand now why I scorned to work with such rotten tools."

"A wonderful fellow, indeed!" muttered Cutts, as his eye followed the receding form of the triumphant bravo. "All London might look to itself, if he had more solid brains, and less liquid fire in them."

CHAPTER VIII.

Jasper Losely sleeps under the portico from which Falsehood was borne by Black Horses. He forgets a promise, re-weaves a scheme, visits a river side; and a door closes on the Street; Man and the Grim Woman.

Jasper had satisfied the wild yearnings of his wounded vanity. He had vindicated his claim to hardihood and address, which it seemed to him he had forfeited in his interview with Darrell. With crest erect and a positive sense of elation, of animal joy that predominated over hunger, fatigue, remorse, he strided on—he knew not whither. He would not go back to his former lodgings; they were too familiarly known to the set which he had just flung from him, with a vague resolve to abjure henceforth all accomplices, and trust to himself alone. The hour was now late—the streets deserted—the air bitingly cold. Must he at last resign himself to the loathed dictation of Arabella Crane? Well, he now preferred even that, to humbling himself to Darrell, after what had passed. Darrell's parting words had certainly implied that he would not be as obdurate to entreaty as he had shown himself to threats. But Jasper was in no humour to entreat. Mechanically he continued to stride on towards the solitary district in which Arabella held her home; but the night was now so far advanced that he shrunk from disturbing the grim woman at that hour—almost as respectfully afraid of her dark eye and stern voice as the outlaws he had quitted were of his own crushing hand and levelled pistol. So, finding himself in one of the large squares of Bloomsbury, he gathered himself up under the sheltering porch of a spacious mansion, unconscious that it was the very residence which Darrell had once occupied, and that from that portico the Black Horses had borne away the mother of his wife. In a few minutes he was fast asleep,—sleeping with such heavy, death-like soundness, that the policeman passing him on his beat, after one or two vain attempts to rouse him, was seized with a rare compassion, and suffered the weary outcast to slumber on.

When Jasper woke at last in the grey dawn, he felt a strange numbness in his limbs; it was even with difficulty that he could lift himself up. This sensation gradually wearing off, was followed by a quick tingling down the arms to the tips of the fingers. A gloomy noise rang in his ears, like the boom of funeral church-bells; and the pavement seemed to be sliding from under him. Little heeding these symptoms, which he ascribed to cold and want of food, and rather agreeably surprised not to feel the gnaw of his accustomed pains, Jasper now betook himself to Podden Place. The house was still unclosed; and it was not till Jasper's knock had been pretty often repeated, that the bolts were withdrawn from the door, and Bridgett Gregg appeared. "Oh, it is you, Mr. Losely," she said, with much sullenness, but with no apparent surprise. "Mistress thought you would come while she was away; and I'm to get you the bedroom you had, over the stationer's six years ago, if you like it. You are to take your meals here, and have the best of everything; that's mistress's orders."

"Oh, Mrs. Crane is out of town," said Jasper, much relieved; "where has she gone?"

"I don't know."

"When will she be back?"

"In a few days; so she told me. Will you walk in, and have breakfast? Mistress said there was to be always plenty in the house—you might come any moment. Please scrape your feet."

Jasper heavily mounted into the drawing-room, and impatiently waited the substantial refreshments, which were soon placed before him. The room looked unaltered, as if he had left it but the day before—the prim book-shelves—the empty bird-cage—the broken lute—the patent easy-chair—the footstool—the sofa, which had been added to the original furniture for his express com-

fort, in the days when he was first adopted as a son—nay, on the hearth-rug the very slippers, on the back of the chair the very dressing-gown, graciously worn by him while yet the fairness of his form justified his fond respect for it.

For that day he was contented with the negative luxury of complete repose; the more so as, in every attempt to move, he felt the same numbness of limb as that with which he had woken, accompanied by a kind of painful weight at the back of the head, and at the junction which the great seat of intelligence forms at the spine with the great mainspring of force; and, withal, a reluctance to stir, and a more than usual inclination to doze. But the next day, though these unpleasant sensations continued, his impatience of thought and hate of solitude made him anxious to go forth and seek some distraction. No distraction left to him but the gambling-table—no companions but fellow-victims in that sucking whirlpool. Well, he knew a low gaming-house, open all day as all night. Wishing to add somewhat to the miserable remains of the £1 borrowed on the horse, that made all his capital, he asked Bridgett, indifferently, to oblige him with two or three sovereigns; if she had them not, she might borrow them in the neighbourhood till her mistress returned. Bridgett answered, with ill-simulated glee, that her mistress had given positive orders that Mr. Losely was to have everything he called for except—money. Jasper coloured with wrath and shame; but he said no more—whistled—took his hat—went out—repaired to the gaming-house—lost his last shilling, and returned moodily to dine in Podden Place. The austerity of the room, the loneliness of the evening, began now to inspire him with unmitigated disgust, which was added in fresh account to his old score of repugnance for the absent Arabella. The affront put upon him in the orders which Bridgett had so faithfully repeated, made him yet more distastefully contemplate the dire necessity of falling under the rigid despotism of this determined guardian; it was like going back to a preparatory school

to be mulcted of pocket-money, and set in a dark corner! But what other resource? None but appeal to Darrell—still more intolerable; except—he paused in his cogitation, shook his head, muttered “No, no.” But that “except” would return! Except to forget his father’s prayer and his own promise—except to hunt out Sophy, and extract from the generosity, compassion, or fear of her protectress, some such conditions as he would have wrung from Darrell. He had no doubt now that the girl was with Lady Montfort; he felt that, if she really loved Sophy, and were sheltering her from any tender recollection, whether of Matilda or of Darrell himself, he might much more easily work on the delicate nerves of a woman, shrinking from all noise and scandal, than he could on the stubborn pride of his resolute father-in-law. Perhaps it was on account of Sophy—perhaps to plead for her—that Lady Montfort had gone to Fawley; perhaps the grief visible on that lady’s countenance, as he caught so hasty a glimpse of it, might be occasioned by the failure of her mission. If so, there might be now some breach or dissension between her and Darrell, which might render the Marchioness still more accessible to his demands. As for his father—if Jasper played his cards well and luckily, his father might never know of his disobedience; he might coax or frighten Lady Montfort into secrecy. It might be quite unnecessary for him even to see Sophy; if she caught sight of him, she would surely no more recognise his altered features than Ragge had done. These thoughts gathered on him stronger and stronger all the evening, and grew into resolves with the next morning. He sallied out after breakfast—the same numbness; but he walked it off. Easy enough to find the address of the Marchioness of Montfort. He asked it boldly of the porter at the well-known house of the present Lord, and, on learning it, proceeded at once to Richmond—on foot, and thence to the small, scattered hamlet immediately contiguous to Lady Montfort’s villa. Here he found two or three idle boatmen lounging near the river side; and

entering into conversation with them about their craft, which was sufficiently familiar to him, for he had plied the strongest oar on that tide in the holidays of his youth, he proceeded to inquiries, which were readily and unsuspectingly answered. 'Yes, there was a young lady with Lady Montfort; they did not know her name. They had seen her often in the lawn—seen her, too, at church. She was very pretty; yes, she had blue eyes and fair hair.' Of his father he only heard that 'there had been an old gentleman such as he described—lame, and with one eye—who had lived some months ago in a cottage on Lady Montfort's grounds. They heard he had gone away. He had made baskets—they did not know if for sale; if so, perhaps for a charity. They supposed he was a gentleman, for they had heard he was some relation to the young lady. But Lady Montfort's head coachman lived in the village, and could, no doubt, give him all the information he required.' Jasper was too wary to call on the coachman; he had learned enough for the present. Had he prosecuted his researches farther, he might only have exposed himself to questions, and to the chance of his inquiries being repeated to Lady Montfort by one of her servants, and thus setting her on her guard; for no doubt his father had cautioned her against him. It never occurred to him that the old man could already have returned; and those to whom he confined his interrogatories were quite ignorant of that fact. Jasper had no intention to intrude himself that day on Lady Montfort. His self-love shrank from presenting himself to a lady of such rank, and to whom he had been once presented on equal terms, as the bridegroom of her friend and the confidential visitor to her mother, in habiliments that bespoke so utter a fall. Better, too, on all accounts, to appear something of a gentleman; more likely to excite pity for suffering—less likely to suggest excuse for rebutting his claims, and showing him to the door. Nay, indeed, so

dressed, in that villanous pea-jacket and with all other habiliments to match, would any servant admit him?—could he get into Lady Montfort's presence? He must go back—wait for Mrs. Crane's return. Doubtless she would hail his wish—half a reform in itself—to cast off the outward signs of an accepted degradation.

Accordingly he went back to town in much better spirits, and so absorbed in his hopes, that, when he arrived at Podden Place, he did not observe that, from some obliquity of vision, or want of the normal correspondence between will and muscle, his hand twice missed the knocker—wandering first above, then below it; and that, when actually in his clasp, he did not feel the solid iron; the sense of touch seemed suspended. Bridgett appeared. "Mistress is come back, and will see you."

Jasper did not look charmed; he winced, but screwed up his courage, and mounted the stairs—slowly—heavily. From the landing-place above glared down the dark shining eyes that had almost quailed his bold spirit nearly six years before; and almost in the same words as then, a voice as exulting, but less stern, said—"So you come at last to me, Jasper Losely—you are come." Rapidly—flittingly, with a step noiseless as a spectre's, Arabella Crane descended the stairs; but she did not, as when he first sought that house in the years before, grasp his hand or gaze into his face. Rather, it was with a shrinking avoidance of his touch—with something like a shudder—that she glided by him into the open drawing-room, beckoning to him to follow. He halted a moment; he felt a longing to retreat—to fly the house; his superstitious awe of her very benefits came back to him more strongly than ever. But her help at the moment was necessary to his very hope to escape all future need of her, and, though with a vague foreboding of unconjecturable evil, he stepped into the room, and the door closed on both.

BOOK XI.—CHAPTER I.

“The course of true love never does run smooth!” May it not be because where there are no obstacles, there are no tests to the truth of Love? Where the course is smooth, the stream is crowded with pleasure-boats. Where the wave swells, and the shoals threaten, and the sky lowers, the pleasure boats have gone back into harbour. Ships fitted for rough weather are those built and stored for long voyage.

I pass over the joyous meeting between Waife and Sophy. I pass over George's account to his fair cousin of the scene he and Hartopp had witnessed, in which Waife's innocence had been manifested, and his reasons for accepting the penalties of guilt had been explained. The first few agitated days following Waife's return have rolled away. He is resettled in the cottage from which he had fled; he refuses, as before, to take up his abode at Lady Montfort's house. But Sophy has been almost constantly his companion, and Lady Montfort herself has spent hours with him each day—sometimes in his rustic parlour, sometimes in the small garden-plot round his cottage, to which his rambles are confined. George has gone back to his home and duties at Humberston, promising very soon to revisit his old friend, and discuss future plans.

The scholar, though with a sharp pang, conceding to Waife that all attempt publicly to clear his good name at the cost of reversing the sacrifice he had made, must be forborne, could not, however, be induced to pledge himself to unconditional silence. George felt that there were at least some others to whom the knowledge of Waife's innocence was imperatively due.

Waife is seated by his open window. It is noon; there is sunshine in the pale blue skies—an unusual softness in the wintry air. His Bible lies on the table beside him. He has just set his mark in the page, and reverently closed the Book. He is alone. Lady Montfort—who, since her return from Fawley, has been suffering from a kind of hectic fever, accompanied by a languor that made even the walk to Waife's cottage a fatigue, which the sweetness of her kindly nature enabled her to overcome, and

would not permit her to confess—has been so much worse that morning as to be unable to leave her room. Sophy has gone to see her. Waife is now leaning his face upon his hand, and that face is sadder and more disquieted than it had been, perhaps, in all his wanderings. His darling Sophy is evidently unhappy. Her sorrow had not been visible during the first two or three days of his return, chased away by the joy of seeing him—the excitement of tender reproach and question—of tears that seemed as joyous as the silvery laugh which responded to the gaiety that sported round the depth of feeling, with which he himself beheld her once more clinging to his side, or seated, with upward loving eyes, on the footstool by his knees. Even at the first look, however, he had found her altered; her cheek was thinner, her colour pale. That might be from fretting for him. She would be herself again, now that her tender anxiety was relieved. But she did not become herself again. The arch and playful Sophy he had left was gone, as if never to return. He marked that her step, once so bounding, had become slow and spiritless. Often when she sat near him, seemingly reading or at her work, he noticed that her eyes were not on the page—that the work stopped abruptly in listless hands; and then he would hear her sigh—a heavy but short impatient sigh! No mistaking that sigh by those who have studied grief: Whether in maid or man, in young or old, in the gentle Sophy, so new to life, or in the haughty Darrell, weary of the world, and shrinking from its honours, that sigh had the same character, a like symptom of a malady in common; the same effort to free the heart from an oppressive load; the same token of a

sharp and rankling remembrance lodged deep in that finest nervework of being, which no anodyne can reach—a pain that comes without apparent cause, and is sought to be expelled without conscious effort.

The old man feared at first that she might, by some means or other, in his absence, have become apprised of the brand on his own name, the verdict that had blackened his reputation, the sentence that had hurled him from his native sphere; or that, as her reason had insensibly matured, she herself, reflecting on all the mystery that surrounded him—his incognitos, his hidings, the incongruity between his social grade and his education or bearing, and his repeated acknowledgments that there were charges against him which compelled him to concealment, and from which he could not be cleared on earth; that she, reflecting on all these evidences to his disfavour, had either secretly admitted into her breast a conviction of his guilt, or that, as she grew up to woman, she had felt, through him, the disgrace entailed upon herself. Or if such were not the cause of her sadness, had she learned more of her father's evil courses; had any emissary of Jasper's worked upon her sensibilities or her fears? No, that could not be the case, since whatever the grounds upon which Jasper had conjectured that Sophy was with Lady Montfort, the accuracy of his conjectures had evidently been doubted by Jasper himself; or why so earnestly have questioned Waife? Had she learned that she was the grandchild and natural heiress of a man wealthy and renowned—a chief amongst the chiefs of England—who rejected her with disdain? Was she pining for true position? or mortified by the contempt of a kinsman, whose rank so contrasted the vagrancy of the grandsire by whom alone she was acknowledged?

Tormented by these doubts, he was unable to solve them by such guarded and delicate questions as he addressed to Sophy herself. For she, when he falteringly asked what ailed his darling, would start, brighten up for the moment, answer—"Nothing, now that he had come back;"

kiss his forehead, play with Sir Isaac, and then manage furtively to glide away.

But the day before that in which we now see him alone, he had asked her abruptly, "If, during his absence, any one besides George Morley had visited at Lady Montfort's—any one whom she had seen?" And Sophy's cheek had as suddenly become crimson, then deadly pale; and first she said "no," and then "yes;" and after a pause, looking away from him, she added—"The young gentleman who—who helped us to bay Sir Isaac, he has visited Lady Montfort—related to some dear friend of hers."

"What, the painter?"

"No—the other, with the dark eyes."

"Haughton!" said Waife, with an expression of great pain in his face.

"Yes—Mr. Haughton; but he has not been here a long, long time. He will not come again, I believe."

Her voice quivered, despite herself, at the last words, and she began to bustle about the room—filled Waife's pipe, thrust it into his hands with a laugh, the false mirth of which went to his very heart, and then stepped from the open window into the little garden, and began to sing one of Waife's favourite simple old Border songs; but before she got through the first line, the song ceased, and she was as lost to sight as a ringdove, whose note comes and goes so quickly amongst the impenetrable coverts.

But Waife had heard enough to justify profound alarm for Sophy's peace of mind, and to waken in his own heart some of its most painful associations. The reader, who knows the wrong inflicted on William Loeley by Lionel Haughton's father—a wrong which had led to all poor Willy's subsequent misfortunes—may conceive that the very name of Haughton was wounding to his ear; and when, in his brief, sole, and bitter interview with Darrell, the latter had dropped out that Lionel Haughton, however distant of kin, would be a more grateful heir than the grandchild of a convicted felon—if Willy's sweet nature

could have admitted a momentary hate—it would have been for the thus vaunted son of the man who had stripped him of the modest all which would perhaps have saved his own child from the robber's guilt, and himself from the robber's doom. Long since, therefore, the reader will have comprehended why, when Waife came to meet Sophy at the riverside, and learned at the inn on its margin that the name of her younger companion was Lionel Haughton—why, I say, he had so morosely parted from the boy, and so imperiously bade Sophy dismiss all thought of meeting “the pretty young gentleman” again.

And now again this very Lionel Haughton to have stolen into the retreat in which poor Waife had deemed he left his treasure so secure! Was it for this he had fled from her? Did he return to find her youth blighted, her affections robbed from him, by the son of Charles Haughton? The father had despoiled his manhood of independence; must it be the son who despoiled his age of its only solace? Grant even that Lionel was worthy of Sophy—grant that she had been loyally wooed—must not that attachment be fruitless—be fatal? If Lionel were really now adopted by Darrell, Waife knew human nature too well to believe that Darrell would complacently hear Lionel ask a wife in her whose claim to his lineage had so galled and incensed him. It was while plunged in these torturing reflections that Lady Montfort (not many minutes after Sophy's song had ceased and her form vanished) had come to visit him, and he at once accosted her with agitated inquiries—“When had Mr. Haughton first presented himself?—how often had he seen Sophy?—what had passed between them?—did not Lady Montfort see that his darling's heart was breaking?”

But he stopped as suddenly as he had rushed into this thorny maze of questions; for, looking imploringly into Caroline Montfort's face, he saw there more settled signs of a breaking heart than Sophy had yet betrayed, despite her paleness and her sighs. Sad, indeed, the change in

her countenance since he had left the place months ago, though Waife, absorbed in Sophy, had not much remarked it till now, when seeking to read therein secrets that concerned his darling's welfare. Lady Montfort's beauty was so perfect in that rare harmony of feature which poets, before Byron, have compared to music, that sorrow could no more mar the effect of that beauty on the eye than pathos can mar the effect of the music that admits it on the ear. But the change in her face seemed that of a sorrow which has lost all earthly hope. Waife therefore checked questions that took the tone of reproaches, and involuntarily murmured “Pardon.”

Then Caroline Montfort told him all the tender projects she had conceived for his grandchild's happiness—how, finding Lionel so disinterested and noble, she had imagined she saw in him the providential agent to place Sophy in the position to which Waife had desired to raise her; Lionel to share with her the heritage of which he might otherwise despoil her—both to become the united source of joy and of pride to the childless man who now favoured the one to exclude the other. Nor in these schemes had the absent wanderer been forgotten. No; could Sophy's virtues once be recognised by Darrell, and her alleged birth acknowledged by him—could the guardian who, in fostering those virtues to bloom by Darrell's hearth, had laid under the deepest obligations one who, if unforgiving to treachery, was grateful for the humblest service—could that guardian justify the belief in his innocence which George Morley had ever entertained, and, as it now proved, with reason—then where on all earth a man like Guy Darrell to vindicate William Loseley's attained honour, or from whom William Loseley might accept cherishing friendship and independent ease, with so indisputable a right to both! Such had been the picture that the fond and sanguine imagination of Caroline Montfort had drawn from generous hope, and coloured with tender fancies. But alas for such castles in the air! All had failed. She had only herself to blame.

Instead of securing Sophy's welfare, she had endangered Sophy's happiness. They whom she had desired to unite were irrevocably separated. Bitterly she accused herself—her error in relying so much on Lionel's influence with Darrell—on her own early remembrance of Darrell's affectionate nature, and singular sympathies with the young—and thus suffering Lionel and Sophy to grow familiar with each other's winning characters and carry on childlike romance into maturer sentiment. She spoke, though briefly, of her visit to Darrell, and its ill success—of the few letters that had passed since then between herself and Lionel, in which it was settled that he should seek no parting interview with Sophy. He had declared to Sophy no formal suit—they had exchanged no lovers' vows. It would be, therefore, but a dishonourable cruelty to her to say, "I come to tell you that I love you, and that we must part for ever." And how ayow the reason—that reason that would humble her to the dust? Lionel was forbidden to wed with one whom Jasper Losely called daughter, and whom the guardian she so venerated believed to be his grandchild. All of comfort that Lady Montfort could suggest was, that Sophy was so young that she would conquer what might be but a girl's romantic sentiment—or, if a more serious attachment, one that no troth had cemented—for a person she might not see again for years; Lionel was negotiating exchange into a regiment on active service. "Meanwhile," said Lady Montfort, "I shall never wed again. I shall make it known that I look on your Sophy as the child of my adoption. If I do not live to save sufficient for her out of an income that is more than thrice what I require, I have instructed my lawyers to insure my life for her provision; it will be ample. Many a wooer, captivating as Lionel, and free from the scruples that fetter his

choice, will be proud to kneel at the feet of one so lovely. This rank of mine, which has never yet bestowed on me a joy, now becomes of value, since it will give dignity to—to Matilda's child, and—and to——"

Lady Montfort sobbed.

Waife listened respectfully, and for the time was comforted. Certainly, in his own heart he was glad that Lionel Haughton was permanently separated from Sophy. There was scarcely a man on earth, of fair station and repute, to whom he would have surrendered Sophy with so keen a pang as to Charles Haughton's son.

The poor young lovers! all the stars seemed against them! Was it not enough that Guy Darrell should be so obdurate? must the mild William Losely be also a malefic in their horoscope?

But when, that same evening, the old man more observantly than ever watched his grandchild, his comfort vanished—misgivings came over him—he felt assured that the fatal shaft had been broken in the wound, and that the heart was bleeding inly.

True; not without prophetic insight had Arabella Orane said to the pining, but resolute, quiet child, behind the scenes of Mr. Rugge's show, "How much you will love one day." All that night Waife lay awake, pondering—revolving—exhausting that wondrous fertility of resource which teemed in his inventive brain. In vain!

And now—(the day after this conversation with Lady Montfort, whose illness grieves, but does not surprise him)—now, as he sits and thinks, and gazes abstractedly into that far, pale, winter sky—now, the old man is still scheming how to reconcile a human loving heart to the eternal loss of that affection which has so many perishable counterfeits, but which, when true in all its elements—complete in all its varied wealth of feeling, is never to be forgotten, and never to be replaced.

CHAPTER II.

An offering to the Manes.

Three sides of Waife's cottage were within Lady Montfort's grounds; the fourth side, with its more public entrance, bordered the lane. Now, as he thus sate, he was startled by a low timid ring at the door which opened on the lane. Who could it be?—not Jasper! He began to tremble. The ring was repeated. One woman-servant composed all his establishment. He heard her opening the door—heard a low voice; it seemed a soft, fresh young voice. His room-door opened, and the woman, who, of course, knew the visitor by sight and name, having often remarked him on the grounds with Lady Montfort and Sophy, said, in a cheerful tone, as if bringing good news, "Mr. Lionel Haughton."

Scarcely was the door closed—scarcely the young man in the room, before, with all his delightful, passionate frankness, Lionel had clasped Waife's reluctant hand in both his own, and, with tears in his eyes, and choking in his voice, was pouring forth sentences so loosely knit together, that they seemed almost incoherent;—now a burst of congratulation—now a falter of condolence—now words that seemed to supplicate as for pardon to an offence of his own—rapid transitions from enthusiasm to pity—from joy to grief—variable, with the stormy April of a young, fresh, hearty nature.

Taken so wholly by surprise, Waife, in vain attempting to appear cold and distant, and only very vaguely comprehending what the unwelcome visitor so confusedly expressed, at last found voice to interrupt the jet and gush of Lionel's impetuous emotions, and said as dryly as he could, "I am really at a loss to conceive the cause of what appears to be meant as congratulations to me and reproaches to yourself, Mr. — Mr. Haught—"; his lips could not complete the distasteful name.

"My name shocks you—no wonder," said Lionel, deeply mortified, and bowing down his head as he

gently dropped the old man's hand. "Reproaches to myself!—Ah, sir, I am here as Charles Haughton's son!"

"What!" exclaimed Waife, "you know? How could you know that Charles Haughton—"

LIONEL (interrupting)—"I know! His own lips confessed his shame to have so injured you."

WAIFE—"Confessed to whom?"

LIONEL—"To Alban Morley. Believe me, my father's remorse was bitter; it dies not in his grave, it lives in me. I have so longed to meet with William Loesely."

Waife seated himself in silence, shading his face with one hand, while with the other he made a slight gesture, as if to discourage or rebuke farther allusion to ancient wrong. Lionel, in quick accents, but more connected meaning, went on—

"I have just come from Mr. Darrell, where I and Colonel Morley (here Lionel's countenance was darkly troubled) have been staying some days. Two days ago I received this letter from George Morley, forwarded to me from London. It says—let me read it—'You will rejoice to learn that our dear Waife'—pardon that name."

"I have no other—go on."

"Is once more with his grandchild." (Here Lionel sighed heavily—sigh like Sophy's.) "You will rejoice yet more to learn that it has pleased Heaven to allow me and another witness, who, some years ago, had been misled into condemning Waife, to be enabled to bear incontrovertible testimony to the complete innocence of my beloved friend; nay, more—I say to you most solemnly, that in all which appeared to attest guilt, there has been a virtue, which, if known to Mr. Darrell, would make him bow in reverence to that old man. Tell Mr. Darrell so from me; and add, that in saying it, I express my conviction of his own admiring sympathy for all that is noble and heroic."

"Too much—this is too, too much,"

stammered out Waife, restlessly turning away; "but—but, you are folding up the letter. That is all?—he does not say more?—he does not mention any one else?—eh—eh?"

"No, sir; that is all."

"Thank Heaven! He is an honourable man! Yet he has said more than he ought—much more than he can prove, or than I!"—He broke off, and abruptly asked, "How did Mr. Darrell take these assertions? With an incredulous laugh—eh?—'Why, the old rogue had pleaded guilty!'"

"Sir, Alban Morley was there to speak of the William Losely whom he had known; to explain, from facts which he had collected at the time, of what nature was the evidence *not* brought forward. The motive that induced you to plead guilty I had long guessed; it flashed in an instant on Guy Darrell; it was not mere guess with him! You ask me what he said? This: 'Grand nature! George is right! and I do bow my head in reverence!'"

"He said *that*?—Guy Darrell? On your honour, he said *that*?"

"Can you doubt it? Is he not a gentleman?"

Waife was fairly overcome.

"But, sir," resumed Lionel, "I must not conceal from you, that, though George's letter and Alban Morley's communications sufficed to satisfy Darrell, without further question, your old friend was naturally anxious to learn a more full account, in the hope of legally substantiating your innocence. He therefore despatched by the telegraph a request to his nephew to come at once to Fawley. George arrived there yesterday. Do not blame him, sir, that we share his secret."

"You do! Good Heavens! And that lawyer will be barbarous enough too; but no—he has an interest in not accusing of midnight robbery his daughter's husband; Jasper's secret is safe with him. And Colonel Morley—surely his cruel nephew will not suffer him to make me—me, with one foot in the grave—a witness against my Lizzy's son!"

"Colonel Morley, at Darrell's suggestion, came with me to London; and if he does not accompany me to

you, it is because he is even now busied in finding out your son, not to undo, but to complete, the purpose of your self-sacrifice. 'All other considerations,' said Guy Darrell, 'must be merged in this one thought—that such a father shall not have been in vain a martyr.' Colonel Morley is empowered to treat with your son on any terms; but on this condition, that the rest of his life shall inflict no farther pain, no farther fear on you. This is the sole use to which, without your consent we have presumed to put the secret we have learned. Do you pardon George now?"

Waife's lips murmured insensibly, but his face grew very bright; and as it was raised upwards, Lionel's ear caught the whisper of a name—it was not Jasper, it was "Lizzy."

"Ah! why," said Lionel, sadly, and after a short pause, "why was I not permitted to be the one to attest your innocence—to clear your name? I, who owed to you so vast an hereditary debt! And now—dear, dear Mr. Losely!"

"Hush! Waife!—Call me Waife still!—and always."

"Willingly! It is the name by which I have accustomed myself to love you. Now, listen to me. I am dishonoured until at least the mere pecuniary debt, due to you from my father, is paid. Hist! hist!—Alban Morley says so—Darrell says so. Darrell says 'he cannot own me as kinsman till that debt is cancelled.' Darrell lends me the means to do it: he would share his kinsman's ignominy if he did not. Before I could venture even to come hither, the sum due to you from my father was repaid. I hastened to town yesterday evening—saw Mr. Darrell's lawyer. I have taken a great liberty—I have invested this sum already in the purchase of an annuity for you. Mr. Darrell's lawyer had a client who was in immediate want of the sum due to you; and, not wishing permanently to burthen his estate by mortgage, would give a larger interest by way of annuity than the public offices would; excellent landed security. The lawyer said it would be a pity to let the opportunity slip, so I ventured to act for you. It was all

settled this morning. The particulars are on this paper, which I will leave with you. Of course the sum due to you is not exactly the same as that which my father borrowed before I was born. There is the interest—compound interest; nothing more. I don't understand such matters; Darrell's lawyer made the calculation—it must be right."

Waife had taken the paper, glanced at its contents, dropped it in confusion, amaze. Those hundreds lent swelled into all those thousands returned! And all methodically computed—tersely—arithmetically—down to fractions. So that every farthing seemed, and indeed was, his lawful due. And that sum invested in an annuity of £500 a-year!—income which, to poor Gentleman Waife, seemed a prince's revenue!

"It is quite a business-like computation, I tell you, sir; all done by a lawyer. It is indeed," cried Lionel, dismayed at Waife's look and gesture. "Compound interest *will* run up to what seems a large amount at first; every child knows that. You can't deny Cocker and calculating tables and that sort of thing. William Losely, you cannot leave an eternal load of disgrace on the head of Charles Haughton's son."

"Poor Charlie Haughton," murmured Waife. "And I was feeling bitter against his memory—bitter against his son. How Heaven loves to teach us the injustice that dwells in anger! But—but—this cannot be. I thank Mr. Darrell humbly—I cannot take his money."

"It is not his money—it is mine; he only advances it to me. It costs him really nothing, for he deducts the £500 a-year from the allowance

he makes me. And I don't want such an absurd allowance as I had before going out of the Guards into the line—I mean to be a soldier in good earnest. Too much pocket-money spoils a soldier—only gets one into scrapes. Alban Morley says the same. Darrell, too, says, 'Right, no gold could buy a luxury like the payment of a father's debt!' You cannot grudge me that luxury—you dare not!—why? because you are an honest man."

"Softly, softly, softly," said Waife, "Let me look at you. Don't talk of money now—don't let us think of money! What a look of your father! 'Tis he, 'tis he, whom I see before me! Charlie's sweet bright playful eyes—that might have turned aside from the path of duty—a sheriff's officer! Ah! and Charlie's happy laugh, too, at the slightest joke! But *this* is not Charlie's—it is all your own (touching, with gentle finger, Lionel's broad truthful brow). Poor Charlie, he *was* grieved—you are right—I remember."

"Sir," said Lionel, who was now on one knee by Waife's chair—"Sir, I have never yet asked man for his blessing—not even Guy Darrell. Will you put your hand on my head; and oh! that in the mystic world beyond us, some angel may tell Charles Haughton that William Losely has blessed his son!"

Solemnly, but with profound humility—one hand on the Bible beside him, one on the young soldier's bended head—William Losely blessed Charles Haughton's son—and, having done so, involuntarily his arms opened, and blessing was followed by embrace.

CHAPTER III.

Nothing so obstinate as a young man's hope; nothing so eloquent as a lover's tongue.

Hitherto there had been no reference to Sophy. Not Sophy's lover, but Charles Haughton's son had knelt to Waife and received the old man's blessing. But Waife could not be long forgetful of his darling—nor his anxiety on her account. The expression in his varying face changed

suddenly. Not half-an-hour before, Lionel Haughton was the last man in the world to whom willingly he would have consigned his grandchild. Now, of all men in the world Lionel Haughton would have been his choice. He sighed heavily; he comprehended, by his own changed feelings, how

tender and profound an affection Lionel Haughton might inspire in a heart so fresh as Sophy's, and so tenacious of the impressions it received. But they were separated for ever; she ought not even again to see him. Uneasily Waife glanced towards the open window—rose involuntarily, closed it, and drew down the blind.

"You must go now, young gentleman," said he, almost churlishly.

The quick lover's sense in Lionel divined why the blind was drawn, and the dismissal so abruptly given.

"Give me your address," said Waife; "I will write about—that paper. Don't now stay longer—pray—pray."

"Do not fear, sir. I am not lingering here with the wish to see—*her*!"

Waife looked down.

"Before I asked the servant to announce me, I took the precaution to learn that you were alone. But a few words more—bear them patiently. Have you any proof that could satisfy Mr. Darrell's reason that your Sophy is his daughter's child?"

"I have Jasper's assurance that she is; and the copy of the nurse's attestation to the same effect. They satisfied me. I would not have asked Mr. Darrell to be as easily contented; I could but have asked him to inquire, and satisfy himself. But he would not even hear me."

"He will hear you now, and with respect."

"He will!" cried Waife, joyously, "And if he should inquire, and if Sophy should prove to be, as I have ever believed, his daughter's child, would he not own and receive, and cherish her?"

"Alas, sir, do not let me pain you; but that is not my hope. If, indeed, it should prove that your son deceived you—that Sophy is no way related to him—if she should be the child of peasants, that of honest peasants—why, sir, *that* is my hope, my last hope—for then I would kneel once more at your feet, and implore your permission to win her affection and ask her hand."

"What! Mr. Darrell would consent to your union with the child of peasants, and not with his own grandchild?"

"Sir, sir, you rack me to the heart;

but if you knew all, you would not wonder to hear me say, 'I dare not ask Mr. Darrell to bless my union with the daughter of Jasper Loosely.'"

Waife suppressed a groan, and began to pace the room with disordered steps.

"But," resumed Lionel, "go to Fawley yourself. Seek Darrell; compare the reasons for your belief with his for rejecting it. At this moment his pride is more subdued than I have ever known it. He will go calmly into the investigation of facts; the truth will become clear. Sir—dear, dear sir—I am not without a hope."

"A hope that the child I have so cherished should be nothing in the world to me!"

"Nothing to you! Is memory such a shadow?—is affection such a weathercock! Has the love between you and Sophy been only the instinct of kindred blood? Has it not been hallowed by all that makes Age and Childhood so pure a blessing to each other, rooted in trials borne together? Were you not the first who taught her in wanderings, in privations, to see a Mother in Nature, and pray to a Father which is in Heaven? Would all this be blotted out of your souls if she were not the child of that son whom it chills you to remember! Sir, if there be no tie to replace the mere bond of kindred, why have you taken such vigilant pains to separate a child from him whom you believe to be her father!"

Waife stood motionless and voiceless. This passionate appeal struck him forcibly.

"And, sir," added Lionel in a lower, sadder tone—"can I ask you, whose later life has been one sublime self-sacrifice, whether you would rather that you might call Sophy grandchild, and know her wretched, than know her but as the infant angel whom Heaven sent to your side when bereaved and desolate, and know also that she was happy? Oh, William Loosely, pray with me that Sophy may not be your grandchild. Her home will not be less your home—her attachment will not less replace to you your lost son—and on your knee her children may learn to lisp the same prayers that you taught to her. Go to Darrell—go—go! and take me with you!"

"I will—I will," exclaimed Waife; and snatching at his hat and staff—"Come—come! But Sophy should not learn that you have been here—that I have gone away with you; it might set her thinking, dreaming, hoping—all to 'end in greater sorrow." He bustled out of the room to caution the old woman, and to write a few hasty lines to Sophy

herself—assuring her, on his most solemn honour, that he was not now flying from her to resume his vagrant life—that, without fail, please Heaven, he would return that night or the next day.

In a few minutes he re-opened the room-door, beckoning silently to Lionel, and then stole into the quiet lane with quick steps.

EDWARD IRVING.

A GREAT preacher is a peculiar and unusual development of nature. It is hard to prevail upon people to confess, in this age, that there is anything which cannot be learned—yet few will be bold enough to place this among the list of acquirable facilities. An orator must be born, like a poet; and even the limited circle of natural orators shrinks into proportions more contracted still, when we specify the manner of the oration. A great preacher requires additional gifts independent of the mere oratorical gift. While his influence lasts, it is such an influence as is possessed perhaps by no other development of genius—and of all the endowments of human nature, this is perhaps the rarest. Great command of language, and great skill in putting it together, are powers of literature as well as oratory; and the charm of voice and gesture are common to the actor and the mime as well as to the public speaker. When you add the two together, the result is a Burke or a Macaulay—a splendid, cold-blooded, dazzling mechanism of speech, so perfect in itself that it fills and satisfies the ear, and is independent of all other results—the voice of a charmer, to which the dumbest cannot choose but listen. But these endowments will not make a great preacher of the highest fashion of that order of man. It lies in the nature of true oratory to produce this satisfaction and fullness of ear alike and mind. The buzz of applause is but the natural relief of that enthusiastic consciousness of something complete and unimprovable, with which we listen to those full liquid resonant sentences

which thrill us with a pleasure perhaps more perfect in its kind than any other intellectual enjoyment. Music does not approach it, for the very soul of music is wistful—and there is no other art in which we cannot find something to be improved. There never was poem nor picture which did not leave something desirable unaccomplished, even in the consciousness of its devoutest admirer; but the great orator charms his audience by the most perfect and faultless expression of human art. If the speech is improvable, it is no longer oratory; and the natural result of its perfection is, that the audience, excited to the highest point by that brilliant completeness, rest upon it, and stand still there, in a pause of admiring satisfaction, acquiescence, and content. Friends can but glory in the thought that all opposition is silenced; enemies themselves, being human, can but hold their breath with the universal sentiment. A great oration defeats reason and every mundane faculty—makes an end of argument—fills, as with a meal, the hungry public appetite, which is so seldom content, and reduces the world to a condition of sudden calm and momentary unanimity, which no other exercise of power has a chance to bring.

Few human things share this attribute of perfection. Is this so perfect, one wonders, because we shall have less need for this mortal tool of language in the other world?

The effect of preaching is, and is meant to be, different. It is not the ineffable applause of an audience, satisfied and delighted to the highest

extent of which it is capable, but a stir and tumult of new-awakened thought, a crowd of hasty, restless, eager suggestions, which surge around the great preacher, who has suddenly arrested the world. Content is the last thing in the world which this fashion of oratory engenders. The highest aim of the pulpit is to bring all men, in the first place, to such a noble discontent as will stir them to the deepest and most radical of revolutions. The end of preaching is something to be believed, something to be acted upon, something to do. It has a practical application and purpose, which reaches beyond the range of oratory; and whereas the gift of the orator, as bearing upon matters less important, may be exercised with a certain degree of calmness, and on a moderate amount of conviction, the preacher who has a right to be called great, must first throw himself into his vocation with such a fervour and inspiration, that it is at risk of mind and balance, at risk of the very greatness he is winning, that he exercises his prodigious power. He who would arrest the careless world in the midst of its occupations; he who would compel the multitude to pause and listen; he who would startle the everyday quiet by instant proclamation of that divine Might and Majesty—that awe and terror of death, that glory and solemnity of life unseen—which are nigh to every one of us, must first be so penetrated with the truth he speaks, so confident that what he speaks is startling, terrible, glorious, and of importance beyond all words, that the burden of his prophecy becomes well-nigh the tenure by which he holds his reason and his life. This is not the development of eloquence, staid and dignified, which commands bishoprics and presidential chairs; it is not a gift necessary for the common nourishment of the church; but it is the temper and mood of the old prophets—the cry of one who cometh from the wilderness—the special arbitrary voice calling out from one age to another that world-wide report, with which these sentinels answer each other across the heads of a hundred generations, and which is not, and never will be while this

world remains as it is, an “*Adieu*” well.”

The gift of preaching, in its widest and most general sense, is, let us be grateful for our privileges, the most universally diffused of all gifts. Happy is that man who has not experienced its special development in his own immediate and closest surroundings, and who has yet to discover the remarkable fact, that it is the thing of all others for which his wife, his father, his mother, possibly even the urchin at his knee, is most perfectly qualified. We all preach, *con amore*, to the extreme extent of our chance; it is the one faculty common to mankind. Honest people, who are contracted by the limits of a private possibility, take it out in revenge, as is natural, upon their friends; and anybody who ever has exercised the gift in public, is but too willing to repeat it on every feasible opportunity: but in this wide and general sense, we are grieved to say, the power of preaching is less popular and welcome than it ought to be. We are pleased to exercise it ourselves, but not to furnish material for the exercise, nor to receive it with due and becoming humility; so that it is impossible to deny that the word has become a synonym for a very unattractive necessity of life. And we are not sure that the general bulk of authorised preachers throw much light upon the matter, or improve in a high degree the regard in which we hold it. Men taken from all classes and complexions of mind, and placed in a position which largely enhances the natural human proclivity towards moral addresses and good advice, stand on their little bit of platform everywhere, most ready, and sometimes urgent, to tell us all that we have to do. We give them that respect which the very name of God's service is enough to secure in this country; but it is undeniable that we are not always seized upon, shaken out of our common lethargy, and recalled to thoughts of our real object and destination, by the ministrations of our authorised teachers. Perhaps the whole machinery of the churches has become too absolute and regular for all the exigencies of this variable and changeful human-

ity; perhaps an extraordinary occasional office—the ministry of a wandering apostle—might be of more advantage than we are apt to suppose anything so opposite to ordinary rule and decorum could be. At all events, it is true that preaching generally is tinged with dulness to a very large extent, and that people do not go to church, except in special instances, with very lively expectations of what they are to hear there; while at the same time it remains certain that no art of human skill, or inspiration of human genius, has ever startled the world into such a universal excitement as this gift of preaching, in the hands of a man to whom Providence had given the mastery of its extraordinary power.

It is not easy to pronounce upon the kind of qualities which make great preachers. They have been, like other great men, of different character and different temperament throughout the different ages of the world. The one thing needful is that the speaker be possessed to the utmost extent of his capacity with the message which he bears to the world—that he be too much absorbed in this to take time for the small dishonesties of eloquence—that he be beyond thought of effect, of reputation, of prudence, of the common barriers which limit common men—but that with a spontaneous flood and overflow he give forth what is in him in that unfailing confidence of response, sympathy, and comprehension, which all great men have. It needs not that he should be wise or always right—these are qualities of quite another kind; perhaps it is even impossible that the full swell of a merely mortal voice should reach its height of sound at any time without a certain mixture of error; but it is certain that he who stands fearing and trembling over his words, and hesitates to say what he thinks, will, right or not, never be a great preacher. The man who is, does not take time to think what style of preaching his shall be—he does not make up his mind to address the intellectual, or the sentimental, or the imaginative; and the secret of his power is not, in the first place, the manner or the form, the

diction or the argument, which he uses—but the force and fullness with which he pours forth *what is in him*—a glorious storm of reproof, of discontent, of longing, of hope, sorrow, rejoicing, exultation,—the voice and passion of a man, the praise and demonstration of God.

It is not the calm of the pulpit, heaven knows—the calm of the pulpit drives us asleep, exasperates our everyday toils and sufferings with platitudes and placidities, coaxes our superficial sympathies, appeals to our feelings—as if men had time to have feelings in these hard labouring days, when everybody runs to and fro, and knowledge and sadness grow upon the burdened world; but the great preacher ventures to go into his pulpit a complete man, with all his natural griefs and loads upon him, not a whit less or more than God has laden him withal, and under the yoke, like us all, speaks, to us all, all that is in his heart. It is thus alone that one man rules over a thousand, that the common limitations of space and number vanish, that the heart of the crowd is pricked with sudden consciousness of all it wants and has not—of all it has, and makes no thanksgiving for: such was the effect wrought some thirty years ago upon the curious crowds of London, by the extraordinary man, whose name stands at the head of this page.

At once the greatest and the saddest instance in modern records of his prophetic race—a man whose merest words lift up his reader still into an atmosphere, sublimed and changed, out of the common breath—a man standing so close and full at gaze upon his God, that the dazzle of that glory made motes in the common sunshine, till the great soul fell astray, and pursued the motes instead of the light. How it happens that a career so wonderful has passed without record, save of the most trifling and unworthy kind, it is very hard to tell. Every circumstance of interest unites around a man, who in himself is as perfect an example as any discrowned emperor of the fickle popular favour, which crowns and kills, and, more touching and true than any Faustus, declares the mortal weakness which accompanies all

the glory of human mind and spirit. He whose prime of strength was attended by the delicate flattery of the most delicate and noble, yet who died with a heart-break, forgotten of his worshippers, a dethroned king—he whose errors have effloresced and blossomed out into a magnitude he never dreamed of, almost hiding by the name they bear the true story of that life which dimmed its glory by their means: and there is only some tenth-rate hack of literature, or some Dissenting minister bent upon the edification and warning of his young men's society, to read this epic to the world. In the sunless splendour of that sole place in Scotland which has preserved austere and noble walls for a fit shelter to such dust, lies this apostle, whose true sphere was the world, but whom custom cramped into a span of ground too small to give him breathing-room, where his fiery soul consumed itself, and his light went out in darkness. A tragedy more noble or more pitiful has never been enacted in this great theatre of all tragic things. The world and the time, which have changed their fashion, have room now for other battles than those of arms, and know how a hero may be worsted and overthrown by means more subtle than the slaughter of hosts opposed; and we cannot but think that this age, if it paused to look upon the picture, might spare its tears from Brutus and Coriolanus, to spend them over the uncommemorated grave of Edward Irving, a soul as great, a victor as famous, and an end as moving as theirs.

This singular man was born in the end of the last century, in the little town of Annan—born of that Border country, full of ballads, full of traditions, meditative with long stretches of moorland, singing with burns and streams beyond counting, breaking forth into wistful hills, which is, perhaps, as fit a nurse for a poetic child as the grander mountain-country farther north; hills not great enough to overawe, blooming with heather here and there, other-where scathed and yellow as if with a fiery breath—towers of defence upon high riversides, watching still, through narrow

window and arrow-slit, with the jealous eye of age, how peaceful modern men come and go unchallenged on the southern road;—solitary churchyards in unlikely silent places, some with their rude death-chapel falling into the universal grave, some undistinguished even by such a mark as that—solemn hamlets of the dead; and everywhere running rivers and tributary burns—so frequent, that it is rare to be out of hearing of some tinkle of that fairy music—winding their pleasant way among the fields and trees—

"The muse a poet never fand her,
Till by himsel' he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander."

One can well suppose that Burns had this rhythmical country in his thought when he identified thus, the most poetic and dramatical of all rural rambles, the walk which is accompanied by a living, animate, and companionable stream, the very minstrel and story-teller of nature. This south country divides its heart, according to the different likings of its population, between the faint yet martial reminiscences of the old fights of the March, and those stories of the Covenanters which hang about every glen. The last are the most vivid, as is natural; and Professor Aytoun himself could win little favour for Claverhouse, and still less for the Claverhouse of the district—the "Lagg" who, in that country-side, impersonates the most diabolical ideas of persecution—among the cottages and farmhouses of Annandale, where the fervour of popular execration, and the fiery partisanship of popular sympathy, have not yielded yet to forgetfulness and time. In the little metropolis of this district, with the wan water of Annan at his father's door, and tawny Sulway rushing on his banks almost within hearing, Edward Irving was born. There he shared his child's porridge with Hugh Clapperton of Africa, and learned his boy's lessons, where, some time after, another boy called Thomas Carlyle, born of that same big race and poetic country, received the like instruction; and whether the tidal swell and daily ode of the great Firth close by, rung into the

lad's ear and heart till they grew at last to the climax and cadence of his own grand sentences, we cannot tell; though to our own thinking the stormy Solway echoes continually through the preposterous, intolerable, magnificent chant of his great countryman. But at least Irving's genius, like Carlyle's, betrays the inspiration of his district. It is stormy, hilly, irregular, full of the swell and passion of nature—the climaxes and choruses in which all natural music abounds.

These were deepened by the associations which belonged to that scene and landscape. To strangers accustomed to more impressive ecclesiastical services, the forms of the Church of Scotland are bald and meagre; but it needs to be a child in a Scottish church-loving household, to know what a romance and enthusiasm *may* be gathered around this grave and simple worship. All the more because it is unimaginative, the fervid imagination builds upon that austere superstructure of doctrine and faith; and it is no marvel to the young Presbyterian, inexperienced and heroic, that peasant "confessors" should have died by the score for that which the world calls freedom of worship and religious liberty, but which the Scottish ecclesiastic, not choosing these terms, names more abstrusely "the Headship of Christ." This distinction is worthy to be considered when one looks at the character of such a man as Irving. It seems to lie at the very foundation at once of his greatness and his errors. Destitute of those imaginative accessories which catch the lighter wing of fancy as it soars, the Church of Scotland has little protection against the grave, fervent, prophet imagination which avenges itself upon her simplicity by carrying to a wild extreme the spirituality which she prizes. The outside world, when it has regarded with anything beyond a passing curiosity the singular and eventful course of ecclesiastical history in Scotland, has ever attributed to the external and visible cause the struggles which it saw. The Covenanters suffered for religious liberty—the Seceders, of a recent date, for the democratic principle

that ministers should be chosen by the people. So the public generally supposes; but put the question to one of the sufferers, and he will scout your explanation. Neither for democratic rule, nor liberty of worship—for "the Headship of Christ!" This is the idea with which all the graver spirits of the Presbyterian community identify the martyrdoms of their fathers; and this is the principle with which the disrupted portion of the Scottish Church justifies its own sacrifice. That the Church is an absolutely-constituted kingdom over which Christ reigns—that the Synods and Assemblies of that Church are guilty of high treason if they acknowledge any other authority there but that of their sole King and Head—and that the sway of that elaborate ecclesiastical polity, with all its legal forms and courts of appeal, is absolute, because it is Christ's appointment, and bears the rule under Him—is the leading idea of Presbyterian church government; an idea great in the abstract, but dangerous enough in the hands of common men, and capable of being misconstrued into the basis of a vulgar papacy. But we confess it is not very easy to convey the living power and influence of this thought as it did exist, and does exist; to persons unacquainted with these hereditary principles of the Scotch Church. Nothing is so common as the idea that the Church of Scotland is the most democratic of all corporations; but so far as principle and intention go, nothing can be more mistaken: the democracy and the religious liberty come by the way—secondary matters; whereas the principle is that of the highest and most positive of monarchical institutions. The great historian of those troubled times, when the last Stuart reigned, and when "the persecution" was at its height, can understand no more of this fountain-head of Presbyterian resistance than to set down the refusal of the poor girl who, drowning on the sands of Wigtown, would not say "God save the King," as an amazing and altogether unintelligible example of bigotry and the doctrine of reprobation! What chance, then, have we to convey a better idea to

our excellent reader, who perhaps is not so able as Lord Macaulay? But the boys in Annandale who were in training for the ministry—the lads who heard these martyr-tales till their young blood boiled as with a present and personal tyranny—the theological shepherds on the hills, and ploughmen-elders in the furrow, not only understood, but believed, and were ready to dare as much again in the fervour of their hearts. This strong national unanimous assertion of a principle quite beyond demonstration—of a dominion totally invisible, and of the spirit, yet extending an absolute and formal authority over everyday matters and objects—and the fact that religious liberty and personal freedom of faith are always kept secondary and subservient, rather accidents of blessing which have befallen the true servants of the King than things for which they have fought at first hand—is a thing which should never be lost sight of in the consideration of Scottish religious character, and which, above all others, is of importance to the character of Irving, a sublimated type and revelation of the deeper thoughts and dangers common to all impassioned men.

With this principle, gleaned not only from theological teaching and the standards of the Church, but from every martyr's grave and glen of covenanting worship, a truth beyond question to his eager spirit—that power and authority are from Christ alone, service and devoir due to Christ alone—and that all external matters are external and secondary to that strait and close allegiance, the theocratic rule—Edward Irving set out upon his life. It is said he was cast in the strongest mould of man, a superb human creature, nobly developed, able for anything and everything, ready to be a Xavier or a Loyola as occasion called. Occasion, as it happened, called the boy to neither. For the ripening of his genius and the youth of his spirit, the calm ordinary discipline of the Scotch probationer was enough. He dropped into a school as young ministers in Scotland were wont to drop, and went out of hearing of his own irregular eccentric

Firth to gain a broader note of music from that stately flood which parts from Edinburgh and the golden Lothians the kingdom of Fife. He became a schoolmaster in Kirkcaldy while he was still a youth; and by-and-by brought to the same place and school his countryman, Thomas Carlyle. Strange blank of human nature, which holds its steady average in spite of all excitements! One does not know that anything has ever come of the Kirkcaldy boys who chanced upon such teachings; that marvellous yoke of winged steeds did not carry the chariot to its goal with shouts of triumph as one might have expected, and made little more commotion in their race than any tame couple of educational ploughers who know nothing of Pegasus. In the manse of Kirkcaldy at that period was a parish pastor of the old type of hereditary Scottish ministers, who rejoiced over and perceived the mightiness of the lads beside him; and the two young schoolmasters walked and talked with the fittest auditory that could have been provided for their youth—young daughters of the manse, as full of intelligence and apprehension as their companions were of genius—stimulating the speculations, the discussions, and the overflowing fancy of that early time, by the subtle and indescribable impulse which a woman's mingled sympathy and contradiction give to the powers and imaginations of a young man. Imagine the two big men of Annandale, with the dew upon their boyish genius, and all their future glories still unknown, and the girls, who doubtless revered and mocked them as girls use, witting nothing of the fame and the disaster—the good report and the bad report—the conquest and the overthrow which waited on that further way! The scene charms like a picture; and there was not wanting either that touch of warmer interest, without which, let philosophers say what they will, the record of young life is always incomplete. Two of the four were lovers; for Irving had found his future bride in the Kirkcaldy manse.

This time was the time of the young man's preparation for all his

future work. His reading was not perhaps the fashion of reading most in use among Scotch probationers; and the long pause which he had to make before engaging at first hand in the immediate duties of ministerial work, left his eager and impassioned mind full room to consider and note the imperfections of the religious community around him.

"I have been accused," he writes at a later date, "of affecting the antiquated manner of ages and times now forgotten. The writers of those times are too much forgotten, I lament, and their style of writing hath fallen much out of use; but the time is fast approaching when this stigma shall be wiped away from our prose, as it is fast departing from our poetry. I fear not to confess that Hooker, and Taylor, and Baxter, in theology—Bacon, and Newton, and Locke, in philosophy, have been my companions, as Shakespeare, and Spenser, and Milton, have been in poetry. I cannot learn to think as they have done, which is the gift of God; but I can teach myself to think as disinterestedly, and to express as honestly what I think and feel; which I have, in the strength of God, endeavoured to do. They are my models of men—of Englishmen and of authors. My conscience could find none so worthy, and the world has acknowledged none worthier. They were the fountains of my English idiom; they taught me forms for expressing my feelings; they showed me the construction of sentences, and the majestic flow of continuous discourse. Their books were to me like a concert of every sweet instrument of the soul, and heart, and strength, and mind. They seemed to think, and feel, and imagine, and reason all at once, and the result is to take the whole man captive in the chains of the sweetest persuasion."

Thus, according to his own judgment, he formed his style; but the *perferidum ingenium Scotorum* burns too warmly through the stately speech to suggest to his audience the judicious Hooker, or the princely calm of Bacon. Solway and the winds had their share in it, though the orator does not own their power; and the young man who surrounded himself in his study with these old potentates of thought, standing in the unwilling pause of youthful genius, restrained by Providence till his time came, looking on, restless and

indignant, while meaner men carried on with lower powers the battle into which he burned to plunge, made such observations as such a man was like to make upon the fashion of the warfare in which he was most interested, and where his true vocation lay. One cannot doubt, from his own words, that Irving, voiceless, and chafing at his own unwilling silence, had sat through many a monotonous Sabbath, listening, and scarce able to contain himself, while dull and tedious voices drowsed through the hour-long sermon, in a style which no critic could dream of objecting to, and which was as different from Hooker and from Milton as it was alien to all nature; and this, too, helped to mature into its future character his vehement soul. Had he risen into immediate renown in his earlier youth, as he might have done, it is very like that a difference of development would have happened to his genius. As it was, the original independence of his theocracy gained fire and distinctness by his probation. We never see the imperfections of the existing combatant so well as when we wait breathless with eagerness to take his place, more especially should we be convinced that the place is properly, and by nature, ours. It was thus that Irving gradually unshackled himself of those curbs of custom and law which regulated tacitly the tone and thought of the preachers whom he heard, as it does of most preachers at all times; and in spite of his strong national enthusiasm, and fervent love of his mother Church, came by degrees to recognise only God, his Master, and his own mind and conscience, as the rule of what he ought to say: not that he ceased to reverence the law and polity, which was always dear to him, or disowned the authority of the Church which he served; but that his scorn of the limited range and ignoble thought of the common strain of preaching, confined, as he believed it to be, by modern rules and proprieties, not binding upon any man who was truly commissioned of God, thrust him more and more upon that isolated platform of direct responsibility—to his Master, and not to

any one beneath—which by-and-by made the great soul giddy in its solitude, and turned the natural longing for sympathy and for brotherhood into a supernatural and suicidal, yet most pathetic yearning for sympathies and voices mysterious and ecstatic, out of the unseen.

His own opinion of ordinary pulpit ministrations, formed in this time of silence, when he had to listen where in the fervour of his youth he longed to speak, he expresses fervently and boldly as soon as he has the opportunity, and always by way of explanation and apology for his own preaching, which bore a difference, and which proper persons made objections to.

"Some preachers," he writes, "are traders from port to port, following the customary and approved course; others adventure over the whole ocean of human concerns. The former are hailed by the common voice of the multitude, whose course they hold; the latter blamed as idle, often suspected of hiding deep designs, always derided as having lost all guess of the proper course. Yet of the latter class of preachers was Paul the apostle, who took lessons of none of his brethren when he went up to Jerusalem; of the same class was Luther the reformer, who asked counsel of nothing but his Bible, and addressed him single-handed to all the exigents of his time: of the same class was Calvin, the most lion-hearted of churchmen, whose independent thinking hath made him a name to live, and hath given birth to valuable systems, both of doctrine and polity. Such adventurers, under God, this age of the world seems to us especially to want. There are ministers enow to hold the flock in pasture and in safety; but where are they to make inroads upon the alien, to bring in the votaries of fashion, of literature, of sentiment, of policy, and of rank, who are content, in their sensual idolatries, to do without piety to God, and love to Him whom he hath sent! Where are they to lift up their voice against simony, and acts of policy, and servile dependence upon the great ones of this earth, and shameful seeking of ease and pleasure, and anxious amassing of money, and the whole cohort of evil customs which are overspreading the church! Truly it is not stagers who take on the customary form of their office, and go the beaten road of duty, and then lie down content; but it is daring adventurers who shall eye from

the grand eminence of a holy and heavenly mind all the grievances which religion underlies, and all the obstacles which stay her course—and then descend with the self-denial and faith of an apostle, to set the battle in array against them."

These same sentiments, with a still bolder note, he proclaims once more in the preface to his first publication:—

"Until the servants of the living God do pass the limits of pulpit theologies and pulpit exhortations, to take weapons in their hand gathered out of every region in which the life of man or his faculties are interested, they shall never have religion triumph and domineer in a country as becometh her high original, her native majesty, and her eternity of freely-bestowed well-being. To which the ministers of religion should bear their attention to be called, for until they thus acquire the password which is to convey them into every man's encampment, they speak to that man from a distance, and at disadvantage. It is but a parley; it is no conference, nor treaty, nor business-like communication. To this end they must discover new vehicles for conveying the truth as it is in Jesus into the minds of the people—poetical, historical, scientific, political, and sentimental vehicles. For in each of these regions some of the population dwell, with all their affections, who are as dear in God's sight as are others; and why they should not be come at—why means should not be taken to come at them, can any good reason be assigned! They prepare for teaching gipsies, for teaching bargemen, for teaching miners, by apprehending their ways of conceiving and estimating truth; why not prepare for teaching imaginative men, and political men, and legal men, and scientific men, who bear the world in hand! and having got the key to their several chambers of delusion and resistance, why not enter in and debate the matter with their souls, that they may be left without excuse! Meanwhile, I think we ministers are without excuse."

Such were the thoughts which grew and ripened in the mind of Edward Irving as he sat in the church of Kirkcaldy, or in other adjacent churches, listening with all the dissatisfaction and restlessness which are like to befall the classes he described. The one revered voice of the excellent parish minister who received there the full honour of

his office, did not shut the young man's ears to less worthy voices. He heard the usual drowse of routine preaching; he heard the commonplace orator sailing calmly over the uncomprehended depths, and making complacent appeals to the "feelings" of his hearers; and while he kept silence, his heart burned. Noting everything with an instinctive human apprehension which nothing can purchase, he learned to see what apostolic work waited a modern prophet, and how unfit were these common hands to lift the shining reins and guide the heavenly steeds, and urge forth through the very throng of the highway, in triumph and glory, the chariot of the Lord. In that quietness his work grew and shaped itself to his ambition; and his ambition took fire from the thought of that work to which no man put his hand—an ambition well worthy of such a spirit. And, doubtless, before his very eyes came gleaming forth, in charmed imaginations, crowds more brilliant and more intent, if that were possible, than those who afterward realised the prophetic fancy; and an issue more magnificent and lasting than preacher, since the Apostles, has ever made on earth. For it was no accidental and unlooked-for fortune that drew these crowds about him in after-days; it was the big design of his heart growing into fire and eagerness as he kept silence, and looked forth on the world, and saw not, like his Master, that there was no man to help, but that most men were busied in corners, and did not discern the vast necessity which grew dark and terrible—a wall which they could not penetrate—before their very steps. This perception fixed the scope of his desires; and it is impossible to read his own self-explanations without feeling that to be merely pastor of a certain congregation never entered into the intentions of Irving, but that he felt already his vocation seizing on him with the urgency of inspiration not to be denied—the vocation not of a habitual edifier and consoler, the husbandman of a hedged and cultivated bit of garden, but of an apostle and prophet errant to the world—a mailed knight con-

secrate and sworn to war and to conquest—"such an adventurer" as he himself thereafter described, and made apparent to the common sight of men.

This silence and these thoughts could, of course, last only for a time. What might have happened to Edward Irving had he held the learned leisure of a Fellowship, happened to him in the Kirkcaldy school. There came a climax to the vigil, when it was no longer within the possibilities of human nature to be still and wait. The ripening life and unquiet thoughts broke loose from that youthful anchorage, quickened, no doubt, by the stimulation common to men in like position, of a long betrothal, and a natural anxiety to enter upon the full individual existence of maturity. Unprovided for the future, he threw himself upon the world, bent upon exercising his true vocation one way or other, though he saw no opening as to the *how*. He preached—but either his preaching was still chaotic and obscure, the falsetto voice of youth, or else the auditory were too much startled to appreciate its real excellences. From one cause or another, he found no favour with his contemporaries and countrymen—and, failing a mission at home, began to occupy himself with thoughts of a mission among the heathen, the manner of which imagination one may learn from the discourse upon Missions preached years after, to the amazement and dismay of all concerned—which shows plainly enough that this prophet had no mind to offer himself as a stipendiary to any of the Societies, or to be held in the leash of any Exeter Hall. Ruminating his thought, and full of dreams of such journeys and labours as Paul accomplished in his days, he was led somehow—one cannot see how, for the Church bore almost such comparative rank among metropolitan churches, despite of "Presbyterian parity," as a cathedral might hold—to the pulpit of St. George's in Edinburgh, where the unpopular probationer had Dr. Chalmers among his audience. Nothing followed for the moment. Disgusted and disappointed, and sick at heart, he dropped into a chance steamboat, and went to

Ireland, with a caprice not unusual to solitary and discontented men, to solace his vexed spirit with a lonely journey, and blow his disappointment away by the free winds and open air of an unknown scene—a very admirable and wise remedy, as most people have learned nowadays. This journey was interrupted by a call into the battle where he longed to be. Without delay, the eager young man returned to ascertain in downright and plain simplicity whether the Glasgow congregation, among whom Dr. Chalmers desired his assistance, would tolerate his ministrations. "I will preach to them if you think fit," said the sincere giant, "but if they bear with my preaching, they will be the first people who have borne with it." The honest citizens of St. Mungo were, however, wiser than he gave them credit for. They were not "so far left to themselves" as to reject one of the greatest orators of their age, even in the bud—and Irving began his true work, and opened his eager mouth at last.

He was the "assistant minister" of the congregation of which Dr. Chalmers was the head—in other words, he was simply the curate, holding just such a place as a young man in deacon's order holds in the Church of England; the difference is merely a difference of words—words which, like everything else in Presbyterian diction, are held to represent a severe and strict "principle." And here Irving had reached at length to that interval of real discipleship and willing service which his previous experience wanted. He chafed no longer at unworthy voices, burned no longer over his own silence, but combined a quaint acknowledgment of his former unpopularity, "this congregation is almost the first in which our preaching was tolerated," and of the moderate degree of appreciation which he had still attained, "we know that our imperfections have not been hid from your eyes, and that they have alienated some from our ministry"—an acknowledgment which would be humorous and odd, but for its evident most grave and simple sincerity—with the most affectionate enthusiasm, and love for his work and his

leader. He tells the story himself with the ingenuous fulness of his nature, in the dedication of his first published work, which is inscribed to Dr. Chalmers, his "honoured friend," in these words:—

"I thank God, who directed you to hear one of my discourses when I had made up my mind to leave my native land for solitary travel in foreign parts. That dispensation brought me acquainted with your good and tender-hearted nature, whose splendid accomplishments I knew already—and you now live in the memory of my heart more than my admiration. While I laboured as your assistant, my labours were never weary, they were never enough to express my thankfulness to God for having associated me with such a man, and my affection to the man with whom I was associated. . . . The Lord be with you and your household, and render unto you manifold for the blessings which you have rendered unto me. I could say much about these Orations which I dedicate to you; but I will not mingle with any literary or theological discussion this pure tribute of gratitude and affection, which I render to you before the world as I have already done into your private ear."

He lived and worked in Glasgow for three years, in such a noble graceful subordination as genius delights to pay to genius; but still feeling upon his big heart the cramp of local position and limit, kept dreaming in his study by himself over that mission of the Christian knight-errant which Nature, with instinctive wisdom, kept still suggesting in his solitary ear. We are much tempted to show by his own words what manner of mission that was which attracted the mind and imagination of Irving: it was not such a mission as modern preachers use—it was, we fear, a grand impossible imagination, only to be conceived in minds heroic and of an antique-apostolic strain; but the very singularity and impracticable nature of the thought makes it suitable to Irving, and helps to show the entire unity, simplicity, and sincerity of all his projects and ideas. A missionary, in his conception, was not a man either to be paid or commanded by vulgar committees and commonplace combinations of religious men. "Up, up with the stature

of this character!" cried the preacher, gazing abroad over the blank of dismayed yet entranced faces which looked to hear a plea for a society, and seeing, instead of that, only the old enthusiast imagination of his own glorious youth; "it is high as heaven; its head is above the clouds which hide the face of heaven from earth-born men. Though none of those who at present respectably bear the honours of the name come near to it, still let it stand, that, being ever in their eye, they may approach it more and more near. Though none of this generation can bear the palm of it away, some of our children may. And though none of our children should reach it nearer than their fathers, some of our children's children may." And the great optimist hurries on in his own breathless conception of a man who went forth without scrip or purse, without sword or cloak—forth to take what was set before him, as the first disciples did—to pass from one city to another as the first disciples passed, and to have for his pay and reward souls saved and kingdoms won, but nothing less nor more. Such was the missionary office over which he pondered as he sat retired from the busy work of the Glasgow parish; where still he had not found the freedom for which his soul yearned; and once more, amid these thoughts and projects, he was summoned to a work as urgent, and more near. "Well," he writes, "do I remember the morning, when, as I sat in my lonely apartment meditating the uncertainties of a preacher's calling, and revolving in my mind purposes of missionary work, this stranger stepped in upon my musing, and opened to me the commission with which he had been charged." This commission was a request that he would preach to the poor remnant of a congregation which hung together in the Caledonian Chapel in London, in Hatton Garden, wherever that unknown locality may be. There were fifty seatholders, and a little nucleus of that old fashion of Scotch churchmen who are not common in our days—absolute, positive, high-handed Presbyterians, who kept the discouraged little community afloat somehow by sheer persist-

ence and determination. The church had a connection with a Caledonian Asylum which still exists, and on account of that had some stipendiary aid from the Government, and an amount of semi-royal patronage. Whether it was the prescience of a conqueror which flashed upon his mind, what battles and victories were there to be achieved, or whether it was but the necessity for an independent field of action which influenced him, Irving seized at once upon the proposal, which by no means conveyed to a common mind any remarkable promise of fame. He preached, and was found "acceptable" to the handful of people; and so strong was his impulse towards this place and work, that the condition of being able to preach in Gaelic did not discourage him for a moment. He made up his mind to proceed to the Highlands forthwith and "master their ancient tongue," an intention which he himself states as a proof of "the steadiness of purpose with which I desired to preach the Gospel in London." This waste of time, however, was not necessary—the condition yielded to the man; he was ordained in the church of Annan, where he had been baptized; and in 1822, thirty years old, in the prime of his youthful manhood, a bridegroom and a conqueror, came to London to his glory and his fate.

Within three months the fifty were fifteen hundred—a year, and all the mighty world of English modern life swelled round the pulpit of the Scottish preacher, who dared say out his heart. With wonder, with awe, with criticism—some to fall into fashionable worship of a fashionable idol—some to admire with technical and scientific admiration—some to watch with cold philosophic eye how the blood coursed in those living veins, and the heart throbbed under the fullness of its inspiration—the great glittering stream of Society poured into those walls where fifty undistinguished people had called an undistinguished Scotch probationer to preach to them. And then occurred perhaps the most wonderful spectacle that has ever been seen in this wonderful town—a sight that makes it easy to understand how

everybody rushed to the besieged doors, and great and small fell under the universal enchantment. There he stood in his pulpit, this great, ingenuous, candid, open soul, with whom it was not possible to divorce heart from mind, or affections from belief—stood there revealing himself in all the fervour of his mighty gifts, amazing a superficial world by the sight of a true human heart a-throb with all the noblest sentiments of life, breathing, beating, palpitating, before their very eyes. We cannot agree with his great compatriot, that it was but Fashion, who, “by a fatal chance,” “cast her eye upon him,” any more than we can agree wholly to find the root of his aberrations in the fact that Fashion, “going her idle way, forgot this man, who unhappily could not in his turn forget.” The fascination was stronger than a mere caprice of the *beau monde*. It was nothing less than that sight of all others which moves beyond every spectacle of earth the interest of men. This man did not preach as preaching had been hitherto—he lived in his pulpit as in a gleaming lantern fitted round with microscopic lenses, through which the curious eye—in warm love and reverence—in cold science and observation—even in impertinence and vulgar wonder—could see each heart-beat, and discover how the life-breath went and came in that majestic and impassioned soul. To very few men is this self-revelation possible, even were it expedient—it was to Irving a necessity of his office. He could not, and never could, separate himself—the living man—from that manifestation of himself which appeared in the pulpit. Going there as everywhere else, he went complete, attired in all the fulness of his nature; and the world outside, conscious of its own veiled soul, came here to gaze, to peep, to wonder, as at a living miracle. There was nothing marvellous then in his doctrine, and his style was the noblest and most picturesque English. The piquancy of the spectacle lay in this particular, that everybody gazing could see how the thoughts rose, how the fire burned, how the pulses of a giant nature beat. Edward Irving in his pulpit was not a mere

preacher expounding with wonderful eloquence a sacred subject—he was himself, disclosing with a noble unconscious simplicity how himself stood before his God, and how the eager course of life rushed onward still within him, impetuous, enthusiastic, sincere, aiming ever forward, seeking a perpetual progress to better things. That he might be elated by the intoxication of all that world of eyes bent upon his single look, nobody can refuse to believe; but to our own thinking it seems evident, first of all, that a more subtle influence still was at work upon him. He stood for the first time free and unconfined, with a world to teach, and God to answer to. Spurred by that thought, his high imagination, his fervid heart, his straightforward and uncompromising soul rose high with an impulse and *afflatus* next to inspiration. Next to it!—only sundered by that marvellous and melancholy hair's-breadth—that whereas the miraculous inspiration of Heaven is secured from error, the inspiration half-miraculous of genius and love—even when that love is the love of God—has no such safeguard—that even the rapidity and fervour of the wondrous race betray the mere human footstep into stumbling; and that the mortal eye, intent upon God to such an absorbing extent as this, dazzles and grows unsteady by mere effect of nature, and by the very glory of the vision becomes unable to see.

Such is the explanation which seems to us to throw most light upon the future life of Edward Irving. The old theocracy was mighty in his thoughts; he was Christ's servant, commissioned to preach to statesmen and princes the headship of Christ; and thrilling in every vein with the greatness of his prophetic burden, yet moving onward with “the glory and the joy” which belongs to the poetic nature, full of delight and exhilaration in the noble exercise of his own powers, it was not singularity at which he aimed nor original views, nor the applause of crowds. He “followed on to know the Lord,” “searching what and what manner of things the Spirit of Christ which was in him did sig-

nify," and eager to bring something greater and greater still out of the profound depth of the Godhead which he lived to contemplate, and preached to declare. His intoxication was not that of vulgar flattery; it was that of a man standing on the brink of possible revelation, and longing to go farther—uncontent with what he knew of the ineffable and Divine Majesty—burning to anticipate heaven. While this eager "searching after God" was still in healthy progress, the startled world came to gaze at him as at a dramatic spectacle, more marvellous and more touching than any other wonder within its knowledge. The fascination of interest with which a breathing audience watches the Somnambula, passing in her charmed sleep where waking foot would tremble to tread, scarcely deserves to be named as a shadow of that interest with which his audience watched this incomprehensible preacher passing in all his strength of manhood through those visionary regions, intent upon reaching closer to the God whom, like Moses, he longed to see. They crowded to gaze at him in that miraculous journey of his; they watched how his thoughts flowed Godward with a flood and torrent which was not to be described; they stood by spellbound while he crossed upon that trembling bridge of sublimed thought which his royal imagination conceived as the surest highway, and heard him call them on to follow with a thrill of strange emotion. He was to that generation a sign and a wonder, like the old prophets. They had seen outside men before in all circumstances, and were hard to astonish; but they *were* startled out of all their composure when called on to witness this progress and passion of a heart.

For some five years Irving proceeded in the full height and culmination of his genius, throwing forth, with the prodigality and exuberance of a wealth which knew no limit, orations so splendid and addresses so heartstirring that it is hard to understand how they can have fallen into partial oblivion, and gathering audiences of the noblest, highest, and most intelligent in the

land to hear a Gospel which no man could accuse of error or heresy. What one has to observe in these magnificent examples of religious oratory, is, not any relaxation of the bond of doctrine, but an indescribable subliming, a swell and elevation of fervid splendour and forcible reality, which these garments of truth prove in nowise too limited to bear. It is not easy to put in words the effect of this inspiring loftiness; but no one can read the *Orations* of Irving, or his *Last Days*, or indeed any of the productions of his genius during this period, without perceiving the singular *afflatus*, which, like the heaving of the breast and the dilating of the eye, swells in those noble sentences, and animates the brilliant monologue. They are not extravagant nor exaggerated; there is no strain after popular applause, nor grasp at novelty; but they are the utterance of a man who thinks not with his mind only, but with his heart, and puts his whole soul into every word he says. How little he desired in his own consciousness—even at this time, the period of his greatest fame—to wear the fantastic crown of extreme popularity, or to win the public regard by novelties of doctrine, cannot be better shown than by his own words. The following passage, strangely touching and pathetic as it is when one knows the after-progress of his life, occurs in one of his sermons upon *The Last Days* :—

"I know not, dear brethren, what you may feel with respect to this turmoil, into which the classes of society are thrown—this unrest, which, like the evil spirit from the Lord which troubled Saul, will not suffer us to be at peace—but for myself I will say that I would rather, if I could, possess the sober steadfast character which, in the last age and the age before it, pertained to a minister of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland; his grave spirit, his judicious counsel, his plain, honest, straightforward exposition of God's word, with all the other characteristics of a conscientious faithful minister of Christ, and pastor of His people. A year of such a life, of such an unknown and noiseless life, I feel it were more noble to possess than to rule the ascendant of public opinion, and to ride upon the unsettled waves of

this heady and highminded generation. I will labour for it; I will find my way back to it if it be possible; and I would advise any man who hears me, as he values his own peace, to do the same—to seek quietness, to desire peace, to dwell with truth, to ensue it diligently.”

This was written in 1828; yet only some couple of years thereafter the speaker had gone astray among the chaotic voices of a wild supernatural fever; but sincere to the very core as Irving was, a more moving pre-vindication of the purity of mind and intention could not be supposed.

And we are very loth to pass this climax of his life without interposing some witness, from his own words, of that fervour and inspiration of genius which we claim for him. His works are not so commonly read that we should fear to reproduce only that which everybody knows; and to speak the truth, everybody who does know will be the better for reading again the following noble exposition of the ideal sense of humanity; which we choose, not because it is more remarkable than the general matter which surrounds it, but because it can be detached more easily from the *Argument* of which it forms a part. The preacher is treating that objection against Christianity which stumbles at its “sublime and inaccessible reach of virtue.”

“It is the nature of man, especially of youth, which determineth the cast of future manhood, to place before him the highest patterns of that kind of excellence at which he aimeth. Human nature thirsteth for the highest and the best, not the most easily attained. The faculty of hope is ever conjuring into being some bright estate, far surpassing present possession. The faculty of fancy ever wingeth aloft into regions of ethereal beauty and romantic fiction, far beyond the boundaries of truth. There is a refined nature in man which the world satisfieth not; it calls for poetry to mix up happier combinations for its use; it magnifies, it beautifies, it sublimes every form of creation and every condition of existence. Oh heavens! how the soul of man is restless and unbound; how it lusteth after greatness; how it revolveth around the sphere of perfection, but cannot enter in; how it compasseth round the seraph-guarded verge of Eden, but

cannot enter in! Our woe-begone and self-tormented poet hath so fabled it of Cain; but it is not a wicked murderer's part thus upward to soar, and sigh that he can go no higher; but it is the part of every noble faculty of the soul which God hath endowed with purity and strength above its peers. For the world is but an average product of the minds that make it up; its laws are for all those that dwell therein, not for the gifted few; its customs are covenants for the use of the many; and when it pleaseth God to create a master-spirit in any kind—a Bacon in philosophy, a Shakespear in fancy, a Milton in poetry, a Newton in science, a Locke in sincerity and truth—they must either address their wonderful faculties to elevate that average which they find established, and so bless the generations that are to come, or, like that much-to-be-pitied master of present poetry, and many other mighty spirits of this licentious day, they must rage and fret against the world, which world will dash them off, as the prominent rocks do the feeble bark which braves them, leaving to after ages monuments of reckless folly. That same world will dash them off, which, if they had come with honest, kind intentions, would have taken them into its bosom, even as other rocks of the ocean do throw their everlasting arms abroad, and take within their peaceful bays thousands of the tallest ships which sail upon the bosom of the deep. It is, I say, the nature of every faculty of the mind created greater than ordinary, to dress out a feast for that same faculty in other men, to lift up the limits of enjoyment in that direction, and plant them a little onward into the regions of unreclaimed thought. And so it came to pass that God, who possesseth every faculty in perfection, when He put His hand to the work, brought forth this perfect institution of moral conduct, in order to perfect as far as could be the moral condition and consequent enjoyment of man.

“If the mind from its first dawning be fed on matters of fact alone, limited to the desire of the needful, and to the hope of the attainable, never imaginative, never speculative, it will become, as the physical condition of those people who are living upon the very edge of necessity becometh, little elevated above the brutes that perish. It is illimitable knowledge still sought after, though unbounded; it is high ambition still longed after, though never reached, and soaring fancy dwelling with things unseen, that go to produce the noble specimens of the natural man. And the very same

faculties employed upon things revealed, go to produce the foremost specimen of the renewed man. David, and Paul, and Isaiah (such three pillars of the Church of the living God are not to be named), how noble, how heroic, how majestic were they! I am well and painfully aware that the unwise and excessive culture of these faculties, when divorced from nature, instead of resting on nature, when misinterpreting revelation instead of believing revelation, will produce the sentimental enthusiast in nature and the fanatic in religion. But being rested on nature and experience, such discursive ranges beyond things presently practicable, such longings after the ultimate powers and attainments of manhood, are necessary in order that the mind may grow to stature and strength in any department of her being.

"And it is the best prognostic of a youth to be found so occupying himself with thoughts beyond his present power, and above his present place. The young aspirant after military renown reads the campaigns of the greatest conquerors the world hath produced. The infant patriot has Hampden, and Russell, and Sydney ever in his eye. The young poet consumes the silent hours of night over the works of masters in every tongue, though himself hath hardly turned a rhyme: the noble-minded churchman doats on the Hookers, the Gilpins, and the Knoxes of past times; and the stern unyielding Nonconformist talks to you of Luther and Baxter, and the two thousand self-devoted priests (proud days these for England!) and the artist fills his study with casts from the antique, and drains both health and means to the very dregs in pilgrimages to the shrined pictures of the masters.

"And in moral purity alone shall we be compelled to drudge at every day's performance! In the noblest of all the walks of men, generosity, forgiveness, vestal chastity, matrimonial fidelity, incorrupt truthfulness and faith, shall we have no tablets of perfection to hang before the people, out of which they may form their idea of a perfect undefiled man, and after which they may be constantly upon the stretch! . . . But no such state of things could ever exist; for here also the human mind would soon have displayed her plastic powers, and created specimens far above the demands of law or the common measure of life. If God had not interfered, man would himself have asserted his own superiority to drudging daily rules, and struck out examples worthy to be imitated, and glorious to be surpassed. But

God, pitying the small success which human nature has in producing such models of moral excellence . . . gave forth His tablets of practical holiness . . . and because man loveth not only the precept but the example, and kindleth into love and emulation, and other ardent sympathies, when he beholds that thing exemplified which he himself would wish to be, God hath also given Christ as the example in whom these perfections are concentrated, and from whose history we can study these beauties in example and in life. And thus, with the book in our hand, and the model under our eye, we can study the perfection of the mind and life of man, as the artist, with descriptions in his hand, and the models before his eye, studies the exact proportions, and trains his eye to the beauties of external form."

Could Irving have died at this point of his career, he would have died a saint and hero, amid the universal honour, praise, and lamentation alike of the church and the world. And could he have been possessed now by the missionary idea which was with him in his youth, and driven forth out of his glory to rude contact with fact and things, to make primitive proclamation of Christ and Him crucified, and to breathe that unlimited atmosphere of deserts or of mountains, of conquest, of adventure, of apostleship, for which his nature pined, Irving had been saved, a power and strength to the world that needed him—at least so far as mortal mind dare speculate upon that. If which tempts us with its impossible possibilities. But it was otherwise arranged in the order of Providence. By this time already he had begun to find certain gleams of new light thrown upon his ancient and unshaken faith. Some new apprehension of the nature and value of Baptism—which he thanks God for with touching and melancholy earnestness as having been revealed to him, to prepare him for the hardest parting of life, the loss of children—entered into that entire and fervent faith of his which made everything personal and vivid which it touched. It is hard to conclude what this new light was, save just the subliming and exalting touch of that mighty imagination which, once fairly directed to a matter which he had

hitherto held simply as a doctrine, could not help but seize upon it with a sudden spiritual instinct and vehement grasp which made the abstract truth so splendidly alive and present that it looked like a discovery or resuscitation of something previously unknown. Then came a dawn of error, which was scarcely error save in words—one of those subtle matters in which a difference of terms throws real unanimity out of court, and puts a world of war and words between sworn brethren who have no real disagreement at the bottom of their hearts. This, for which he afterwards suffered deposition from his ministry, was an opinion upon the human nature of our Lord; an *opinion*—for it is hard to find anything more in it—and the only instance where he appears to us to have sought at peril of the truth an “original view.” This opinion was that the human nature of our Lord was perfectly like our own, not only in affections and feeling, but also in that natural bias towards evil which is common to our race—that the birth of Jesus was not an Immaculate Conception, but that it was his Godhead and the Holy Ghost which kept in spotless sacrificial purity the Lamb of God. This infringement of Christian doctrine Irving thanked God for revealing to him, with his usual characteristic vehemence, supposing it only an enhancement of the supreme and divine merit of His Master—and so made the first public breach in his own orthodoxy and soundness of faith. It was in the year 1827 that he first began to preach and to profess this new discovery of doctrine. By that time he had already become involved in the meshes of prophetic interpretation, and had begun to lose himself in that eager investigation into the secrets of the Godhead and the unrevealed decrees of Providence which abstracted his gaze from men and present things, and produced those first sins of manner of which so many tales are told: How he began to expound to a private party before their meal, and proceeded for hours with the extraordinary monologue, in which everything but his subject faded from his recollection; how he proposed to assist his friend Dr.

Chalmers by reading the chapter or lesson in the morning service before his sermon, and occupied time enough for two sermons in that exposition. For he was fast falling into an excitation of mind beyond his own control—the time for balance and recovery was almost over. Men whose minds alone were engaged, and whose hearts kept safe out of the mystic circle, beguiled him forward to the edges of the fire; and he who never could separate his heart from all he thought and all he did, went forward, in that solemn unity of his being, like a martyr, bound beyond relief of earth to follow out to the farthest all those germs of revolutions which woke within him; and so proceeded, not without chime and chorons of the noblest music, to his downfall and his fate.

For these circumstances, of course, combined to separate him from his brethren—from the sober-minded Presbyterian preachers, who were innocent of genius and its excitements—and from the general religious community, which had been scandalised and horrified to hear that its missionaries were not missionaries of an apostolic kind. The world had gazed its fill, and became tired of gazing, so that even that dangerous expression of human sympathy withdrew from his course. He became more and more isolated into the sole society of those minds congenial to his own, which Dr. Chambers describes him as attracting by a kind of magnetic influence, and gaining entire mastery over—minds which possessed the vehemence and force of sentiment without the greatness of soul which distinguished himself—the class of hysterical and spasmodic intelligences whom such genius excites into a madness of enthusiasm which never fails to find voice of one kind or another, and which always has its reactionary power upon the nobler influence which brought it forth. This circle of absorbed disciples, who at once worshipped and debased him, kept up the dangerous excitation of his spirit without satisfying his heart. That heart was sick with the sublime disappointment of Elijah and Isaiah—“Who hath believed our report?” He had laboured, he had

preached, he had spent his strength in vain. The world went on in its wickedness, and all this prime of human life and action lavished upon it had left no perceptible result. He began to long, like the former Boanerges, for fire from heaven—to think that if one came from the dead, they would surely believe—and to yearn in his own melancholy and solitary soul for a sympathy which that world of intoxicated spiritualists who surrounded him had not to give. And then came a thought like sudden dew and refreshing to the man, who was wearied in his way: what reason was there to suppose that spiritual gifts and spiritual communications were entirely debarred from modern possibility? Paul never said so when he recorded how tongues and interpretations came in his miraculous times. Was it not the mere want of faith which kept them silent now?

And so he pondered in his heart, with an intense desire growing upon him. Such desire and such excitement has a subtle power of conveyance and communication. While he was thus thinking, some winged seed, perhaps from his own lavish stores, had fallen at a distance, and began to bud into extraordinary life. The church was startled by hearing of the gift of tongues returned, and came upon a sick woman in the west of Scotland. Scarcely had the first inquiries been made about this, when the same miracle appeared in very London, under the eyes of the long-ling preacher, who had hoped and prayed for a communication from heaven. Not upon him came the tongues of fire—not to that candid noble Agonistes, consuming his heart with vehement desires, yet simple and sincere as a child, and incapable in his own person of anything but absolute truthfulness, descended that strange inspiration. Perhaps he wondered, as he stood by in that sad yet rapt humility, receiving, recording, obeying, the message which, he never doubted, came from heaven, why it was bestowed upon these unknown men and women, and not upon him, God's forlorn, devotest servant, who daily, under this unnatural excitement, yielded up a portion of his life.

But he never paused in his faith, or hesitated as to the reception he should give the miracle for that personal incapacity, and so unconsciously and unintentionally preserved himself, as so true a man was sure to do, from any soil of deception or complicity. It is quite impossible to conclude that it could be all deceit, and it is equally impossible to explain what other agency effected these singular exhibitions. They belong to those phenomena of mind which include many inexplicable accidents, if one may call them so, and which exist and reappear in new developments in every age, most frequently accompanying, in one form or other, times of great mental and spiritual excitement. Not only Irving, but many men of perfect sobriety and temperance of mind, gave grave attention to the supposed miracle, and did not hesitate to believe that these supernatural gifts *might* be restored to the possession of the church, and that the church was bound to investigate closely and earnestly before rejecting them. Irving alone received them with the unhesitating readiness of entire belief; but his own mind was too sincere to be caught in this snare of spiritual elevation and ecstasy; and so the weaker minds, who could be rapt by their own mad fervour into impulses and utterances of overwrought excitement, which some of them, no doubt, honestly supposed to be genuine inspirations, took up, by very power of their weakness, a higher place than their leader, and predominated, by the mad sweep of their swollen tide, over the deeper current, which could not be lashed into a like fury. Henceforward the preacher took a secondary place. The inspired rabble rose over him, dictating what he should do; and the great sad heart, to which no inspiration came, stood by in the strangest, most pathetic humility, accepting, through whatever hand it reached him, this, which he supposed to be the message of his God.

When things came visibly into this condition, it was neither to be supposed nor wished that he could retain his place in the Church. It is easy to denounce the commonplace

preachers who sat in solemn synod upon a man infinitely beyond their range and power of judging, and cast him forth from among them as one unworthy to share the office for which even now he was possibly a thousand times better qualified than they; but it would be rather more difficult to say what else these same preachers could have done, or what would have been the use of that ecclesiastical polity, which Irving himself regarded with the fullest admiration and approval, if Irving had been permitted to remain in his place, and introduce into the most severely reasonable of all churches the wildest development of religious enthusiasm. The first steps of all against him were taken by these same persistent churchmen, the leading members of his own congregation, who had brought him to London, who had built his church and held up his hands, and given him, up to the farthest verge and possibility, their strong adherence and support. They did it not in enmity, but in sorrow, feeling it impossible to go farther; and after a trial, pursued with all the forms and authority of Presbyterian law, the Presbytery of London sentenced the preacher to leave his church, having transgressed the tenure on which he held it. A year after, he was summoned to the bar of the Presbytery of Annan, which ordained him, and there, after again a solemn trial, was formally and solemnly deposed. What else was possible? Laws, as he says himself, are made for all, and not for the gifted few. True, the small men sat upon the laws, and possibly found an envious satisfaction in exercising their power, and placing their ecclesiastical stigma upon him. But the sentence was just and inevitable. They took from him the authority they had given as the minister of a recognised and constituted Church, and they were bound by their oath, honour, and duty to do so; but they took nothing away which God had given him; and so the Church, helpless and authoritative, withdrew from him, and left him to the end which was inevitable, and daily drew more near.

From this period, the world, with all its greatness and appliances—the

church, with all its sympathies and censures—all the warm living earth, full of those common dear external things which keep the soul in balance and the life alive, disappear from the course of this wonderful man. The picture becomes confused, gloomy, sad—sad always, sad evermore; the heart breaking, the soul failing—perhaps some consciousness of a great undiscovered blunder somewhere weighing down the troubled spirit, and everything giving way but faith. Then there appears the last scene—the inspired rabble growing presumptuous in their revelations—losing the first innocence of that fervour—falling into a common trick of it, and the vulgar despotism which belongs to the rampant fanatic; and their so-called leader standing by, doubtless still with a great melancholy wonder in his heart why revelation and inspiration never came to him, bending his very soul before the self-constituted prophets who exalted themselves over him. They refused him to share in the authority of their apostleship with an unimaginable arrogance which it is scarcely possible to believe, and made him submit to a re-ordination at their vulgar hands. Never man gave such proof of his sincerity. Others have founded sects, and withdrawn to rule over the organization which they had made; but Edward Irving formed his sect to obey it—to submit his honour to it—to give up his leadership for a servant's office—to bow his heroic soul to the unspeakable presumption of some dozen nameless men. Finally, when he was all but dying, they sent him on a mission to Scotland, by urgent command of the prophets and tongues, which professed to convey the will of God. His friends and his doctors begged him to rest—to seek a softer atmosphere for his worn-out frame—to think of his life; but what were these to God's command? He rose up and went, knowing nothing but obedience, and got to Glasgow, almost perishing by the way, where already that vault in the cathedral crypt was making ready for him, and the clouds gathering in ominous grandeur about the sun which was going down at noon.

His father-in-law, Dr. Martin of Kirkcaldy, thus describes the ending of all:—

“Of his implicit obedience to what he believed to be the voice of Jehovah, one of the most striking instances was that which led to his dying in Glasgow. His medical advisers had recommended him to proceed, before the end of autumn, to Madeira, or some other spot where he might shun the vicissitudes of a British winter. But some of the oracular voices which found utterance in his church had proclaimed it to be the will of God that he should go to Scotland, and do a great work there. Accordingly, after an equestrian tour in Wales, by which his health appeared at first to be improved, but the benefit of which he lost through exposure to the weather and occasional preaching contrary to the injunction of his physician, he arrived at Liverpool on his way to the north. In that town he was taken alarmingly ill, and was unable for several days to quit his bed; but no sooner could he rise and walk through the room, than he went, in defiance of the prohibition of his medical attendant, on board a steamboat for Greenock. From Greenock he proceeded to Glasgow, delighted at having reached the first destination which had been indicated to him. From Glasgow it was his purpose to proceed to Edinburgh; but this, I need not say, he never accomplished. So much, however, was his mind impressed with its being his duty to go there, that even after he was unable to rise from his bed without assistance, he proposed that he should be carried thither in a litter, if the journey could not be accomplished in any other way; and it was only because his friends about him refused to comply with his urgent request, that the thing was not done. Could he have commanded the means himself, the attempt at least would have been made. Nor, though his frame of mind was that of almost continual converse with God, do I think that he ever lost the confidence that, after being brought to the very brink of the grave, he was still to mark the finger of God by receiving strength for his Scottish mission, till the last day of his life was far advanced, when one of the most remarkable and comforting expressions he uttered seemed to intimate that he had been debating the point with himself whether he should yield to the monitions which increasing weakness gave him of approaching dissolution, or retain his assurance that he should yet be reinvigorated for

his undertaking. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘the sum of the matter is—if I live, I live, unto the Lord; and if I die, I die unto the Lord; living or dying, I am the Lord’s;’—a conclusion which seemed to set at rest all his difficulties on the subject of his duty. So strongly had his confidence of restoration communicated itself to Mrs. Irving, that it was not till within an hour or so of his death that she entertained any idea of the approaching event.”

So he died; and, young as he still was, it is impossible to grudge him such a death. He died deluded, but unstained—by an unexampled fortune gone astray, yet unimpeachable—a pure, religious, holy soul, without a speck upon the truth and the devotion of his own nature, and more than making up his errors by the spectacle, never surpassed, and to which we know scarcely a parallel, of these last forsaken and unapplauded years of his martyrdom. Certainly this was truth alone, and yearning for the will of God, that persuaded such a man to undergo such a discipline. In the very depth of his error he vindicates himself. And so he died; and they buried him in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, in the deep religious gloom of that noblest of subterranean chapels. And long ere this last act was accomplished, he had gotten that key of all mysteries which never is let down into the world, and begun the real life which errs and stumbles never more.

It matters little to its hero that so few are aware of this strange and noble epic of modern life; but it matters much to the world, which has not yet learned to know what a great story that is which it passes by and wits not of. Such elements of pity and of terror, the ancient tragic rule, are in no other tale of recent times with which we are acquainted; and few are the records of any time which display, in all his glorious strength and weakness, his wonderful humanness and personality, so complete a man.

For it is not to Irving's genius alone that so singular an interest belongs: it is not even his genius principally which one thinks of in his works; and if any one of our readers

suppose—as many may—that our testimony is partial or exaggerated, we can but refer them to those works of Irving which the fame of Irvingism has covered up and buried from daylight and the world; where they will find ample excuse for all that may seem extravagant in our admiration; and when, in his appeals—in his denunciations—for which last we claim no praise of toleration or charitable judgment—they are fiery, sweeping, and absolute, as the mind which uttered them—in every development and digression of his oratory—they will see, not an intellect, but a man. It is this characteristic which conveys to the whole that singular elevation and subliming force of which it is hard to resist the influence. It is not the mind that speaks, but the heart, the affections, almost, if that is possible, the very person—the whole complete being—a power which baffles criticism, and defies logic, and takes triumphant possession of the imagination and sympathies—the other hearts to which this heart makes its vehement appeal and address.

And perhaps Edward Irving is as entirely a national hero as Wallace-wight. His whole soul and eloquence breathe of his country—a heroic sublimation of the lyrical and choral genius of his native soil. And it is remarkable that the greatest preachers of the last and the present gene-

ration—those most certain to bring together, for example, the dazzling crowds of this metropolis—have been and are the issue of the sedatest nation and least imaginative Church in existence,—Scottish preachers, of a fervid and exuberant eloquence peculiar to the North. So universal is this paradox, that it is with surprise, as well as admiration, that we see the new development of Scottish preaching, which has recently lifted up a calmer, softer, and more equable voice in the country of Chalmers and Irving. Mr. Caird vindicates Scottish pulpit eloquence from one-sidedness, and demonstrates that the lofty quiet of authoritative oratory does not belong alone to the golden mouth of the old Episcopate, or the stately English of those great preachers whose calmer renown belongs to this side of the Tweed. Yet the common affirmation, which says of the author of *Religion in Common Life* that he preaches like a bishop, is not without its truth and insight. Where imagination is permitted, it is less violent and dominant; and we shall still find the calmer voice rare and single, and the vehement voice the more usual expression, whether we take the present generation of the reticent and abstract Church of Scotland as our rule of Scottish preaching, or any former generation of the past.

THE LIGHT ON THE HEARTH.—PART III.

CHAPTER X.

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June."

"Like the swell of some sweet tune," like the rising of rich melody, is the progress of young life, now bursting into full chorus, now sinking into low soft cadences, now running into gushing thrills; sometimes throwing out a discordant note or a mournful one, and then rushing again into mellow flows of music.

As the score of some sweet loved

harmony, the tune of young life—
young life ripening into manhood,
swelling into feeling and passion,
rising into hope, aspiration, ambition,
softening into love—sounding,
flowing onwards, ever onwards, falls
again on my ear.

It was the transition-time of life—the passing stage from boyhood, girlhood, onwards to men and women—

the intermediate period, so graceful, so beautiful in the girl-woman, so full of opening beauty, of nascent poesy, of new thought and new vision, of timid, hesitating sensitiveness, which makes the young form, the young mind, quiver as an aspen, or bend as a willow in the breeze; so ripening, so pleasant, and yet so perplexing to the boy-man; so set with hope, so cast with purpose; so earnest, yet so fitful in resolve; so confident in inward thought and will; so abashed in speech or action; so buoyant, yet so *gauche*—when all that is said is such half-utterance of what is thought; all that is done such feeble expression of what is felt: It was such transition-time when we were all meeting together again at Penhaddoc, after a year or two had passed away—a year or two broken into absences, into experiences of school and college life. Gerald and myself were on the debatable ground, men in dress and manner, youths in sympathies and feeling. Gerald more than myself had adopted and brought away with him the Oxonian mannerism, the little trickeries and fopperies which hang often on the best natures, as wisps of hay or straw caught from passing wagons dangle from the boughs of a tree, incongruous and odd. The impulse of young life catches and carries on stray eccentricities with it, as a stream bears patches of mould or turf, which whirl on for a while in little eddies and little muddy circles, and then sink or disappear altogether.

Any trick, or mode, or affectation of this sort, exasperated and irritated the Squire, and produced little effervescences, which in my Uncle Toby's time were commoner with gentlemen of the army than their prayers, and even now, in these days of morality and decorum, escape from profane natures. But ever and anon, some frank hearty speech, or generous thought—some bold feat or manly impulse, would clear away the clouds. To see him put his horse well and boldly at a fence—to see him give old Jim at the farm a turn of the shoulders and a tip of the toe which sent him on the broad of his back—to hear him dash out some earnest, heartfelt denunciation of

baseness or poltroonery—to see the impetuous spirit with which he would take up some wrong, or relieve some distress—would redeem the puppyism. "Ay, ay," he would say to himself, "there is the making of a man in him, after all. 'Twill be all right; this nonsense will wear off. 'Tis always the way with true blood. I remember that old Royal even, when he was a pup, would yelp and pretend to skirt, until his true nature began to tell, and now he is the best and steadiest dog in the pack." Taking this comfort and this experience to his heart, the Squire threw himself heartily on the companionship of his first-born.

We were sitting in the old dining-room—the old room, with its wainscot panels, hung with the old portraits, which were a corollary on the Grenfell pedigree—a hieroglyphic illustration of the Grenfell character and history. The same face, the same features, with here and there some strange exception, such as every race shows, shaded and varied by the temper of generations and the costume of ages, photographed a lineage of stalwart, manly, honest men, from the Crusader, stiff, grim, and religious as pre-Raphaelite art could desire, down through the stages of the warriors of the Roses, the Cavaliers, bearded and Vandyked, the men of the Georges, smug, smooth-shaven, and voluptuous (and this, perhaps, was the worse phase of the family physiognomy), down to the fox-hunting father. There was one portrait—that of an ancestor who had fought with the Parliament in the civil wars—which the Squire would have fain turned to the wall, and made a Faliero among Grenfells, save that a sort of race-reverence awed him from passing a doom on the men of the past. Gerald, in wilfulness and sportfulness, would often instance this as "the best-looking and most like a man of the lot," and would tempt Rose to say the same; but the girl's eye would not recognise beauty in the Puritan's look or garb. Here and there a favourite hunter or dog, or a group of dead game or fruit, intermitted the ancestral row: but the prettiest and softest relief to the armour and the

wigs and the strong visages, was the picture which stood over the chimney-piece, of two young girls, sisters, whose bloom, beauty, and youth, shone out amid the manly characteristics like gleams in a dark sky, or little oases in rugged scenery, shedding the charm of feminine grace over the family lineaments.

A contrast, too, to the dark oak panelling was the chimney-piece of Carrara marble, sculptured with bunches of grapes and vine-leaves and Bacchante groups, all touched with the skilful hand and the sunny thought of southern clime. This had been imported by a virtuoso of the race—a Grenfell who had gone so much out of the track as to be a traveller and the member of an embassy, and left this as a memorial of his taste and travel. The Squire, though yielding to an admiration of its beauty, hardly looked upon it as a legitimate ornament, and regarded it very much as he would have the introduction of foreign blood into his stable or kennel. The wine was on the table, and dishes of fruit, interspersed with vases of flowers, suited well with the summer time and the summer light and the summer air which was passing in through the open windows. The Squire sat in a large oak chair, and considered that he thereby avoided the effeminacy of ease, and the undignified posture entailed by the small, straight-backed enormities in which our ancestors and ancestresses loved to mould their attitudes. He was quaffing port, upholding it as the manly drink—jeering at Gerald, who affected to prefer claret. Port was then as orthodox as Church and State, and sherry or light wines looked upon with pretty much the same feeling as Radicalism or Dissent. In fact, the age had then a port-wine flavour and tone—full, strong, and well-bodied, but rather heavy at seasons, perhaps, and apt to get very crusted, bee-wingy, and tawny with age. The windows looked out on the lawn, nearly opposite the oak. There, on garden-chairs, or on a pile of cushions, sat the matrons. At their feet lay Rose, half-sitting, half-reclining—the soft face now shown in delicate profile, now turned in fuller contour, with

the sunny ringlets, golden as ever, dancing and falling in rich shades over cheek and shoulders; the figure in all its movements, all its poses, graceful, and true to the curves and lines of beauty. She had not changed—not changed from childhood on to womanhood, but unfolded gently,—opening from one stage into the other, ever with the same loveliness—not brilliant, not dazzling, not coldly classical, but the soft, bright, beaming loveliness which lights on the soul with the warmth of a sun-beam and the breath of a zephyr. The eye had deepened its blue, and the long fringes of the lashes were darker and richer; the forehead had kept its fair roundness, and the same dimples played around the mouth and chin; the lips were ripe and dewy as ever. The face was all expression, ever lighting with passing thought and feeling; and the thoughts and feelings must have been bright and glad some, for such were the smiles and glances which gleamed from eye and lip, and dimpled in every feature. It could not grow fairer, but had still the fresh soft touch and bloom of blossom—the floating downy fairness which is to the marble and enamel whiteness of skin as the colours of nature are to those of art.

“When her life was yet in bud,
It but foretold the perfect rose.”

Her figure had grown to my ideal. Springing up to a fair height—the height of grace and symmetry—and sweeping softly in its outline, never bursting into fulness, or sinking into sudden falls, it had more the elegance of the Greek type than is often associated with Saxon beauty, and when it moved, or bended, or bounded, then there I saw and felt what is the poetry of motion. The voice, the laugh—they were to be felt as well as heard.

Rose, Rose! how the dull pulse and the world-worn heart beat and throb even now, as thy picture rises before me!

All eyes were turned towards her at every pause, and at every sound, laugh, or word, or song, which came from without,—Gerald's with the fervent gaze of early love and wor-

ship—mine with the deep abiding devotion which silent unspoken hearts oftentimes bestow—the Squire's with the hearty, smiling, pleasant look of fondness and admiration—Trevenna's with the rapt, still, full-joyed gaze which recognises the blessing—the all-pervading, all-satisfying blessing—of a life. Thus the wine was passed, and the evening light shone, and the gladness of happy thoughts waved on from heart to heart. "These young fellows, Roger," said the Squire (for confidence and fellowship had now begotten familiarity), "are so learned and so conceited, that 'tis hard to stand up against their scholarship and their puppyism. As for that fellow," pointing to Gerald, "with his frizzed head, his padded coat, and tight pantaloons, I could have cuffed him with all my heart, till I heard that he was the best oar of his college, and saw him stand so well up to old Tom to-day with the gloves. By the by, Gerald, that touch of the left hand was something new. Well, well, as long as they cram learning into the brain without driving manliness out of the heart, I shan't quarrel with those universities. I can even pardon the dandyism of cravats, pomatum, and gewgaws, though I would rather not see a son of mine dressed like one of the chaps in the play-booth, or a monkey dancing before an organ."

Gerald smiled provokingly at this attack, and with an air of affectation gave a twist to his hair, touched up his cravat and frill, and patted a small snuff-box, carried for fashion only, and then laughed outright, as he looked down on his strong muscular limbs, which even his artificial dress could not disguise.

"You ought, John," answered Trevenna, "to have lived in the old primitive days, among the strong men—Paladins, Berserkers, and Vikings—with whom the manliness you admire so much was the prime virtue."

"Well, Roger, they were not so far out. To be a man, seems to me a step towards being a gentleman or nobleman. The best gentlemen-races—the Greeks, the Arabs, the Normans—were all manly. I am not much of a philosopher or political

economist, but I should begin to have my fears for an age or family when gentlehood became too fast and too fine for manhood. They must go together to make a pace that will last."

The Squire was on his hobby now, so we slipped quietly away through the window, to join the group underneath the tree.

"The young ones are off, Roger. Youth to youth; young nature to young nature. 'Tis the law of the world. See how that puppy is parading and grimacing before Rose. By Jove! she is laughing at him. She will soon take the nonsense out of him. Nothing like a pure, pretty, gentle-nurtured girl, for making a fellow show out in his true colours. He will be his own man again before he has been with her a week; and I shouldn't wonder if the cravats and snuff-box mightn't be had a bargain by that time."

"Youth to youth, John, is good poetry; but youth to youth sometimes brings heart to heart; and 'twould be well for us to look at the realities of the companionship ere it go farther. You may have views for your son—hopes and wishes which lead in a different direction; and I—I could not bear that the shades of a crossed fancy or blighted love should dim the light of my hearth."

"Honestly said, Roger; said like a man. But don't fret about that, or have any misgivings. The Dame and I have talked it over often and often. Rose is already a daughter in heart, and we shall gladly receive her as one under the old roof, if so God please. But we must let things take their own way. We often baulk young hearts by trying to help and hurry them. This idea has been with us for years. Gentle blood, gentle nurture, is all we care for or ask. They must live on the old acres, as others have lived before. If Rose can redeem the remnant of the old mortgage on Penhaddoc, so much the better; otherwise the old land must bear the burden."

Could Trevenna's face have been seen then, it would have shown a bright happy light, as though it were catching and reflecting the dawn of a rising future.

"'Tis too pleasant a thought, John

—too pleasant, too perfect, to realise at once. It must be left, as you say, to time, and the course of their own hearts. God grant the issue may be such as we both desire. Meantime, the hope will be a bright star to follow."

A warm grip of the hand, a look such as true men give each other, and they passed forth, to hover round those who were knit to them now by a new hope—a new interest—a new future.

The evening light was waning into that soft dimness in which outlines become confused, colours lost, and only a few bright spots of sward, or water, or upland, shine out from the midst of masses of shadow, or the shapes of waving, flowing shades. There was, too, the hush of eve—the hush of all save sweet sounds—rustlings, murmurings, wavings of air, leaf, and water. The shadow of the old oak fell on us, and the moving of its thick foliage fanned us with a gentle freshness. I had been reading a poem to Rose—a tuneful tender lay of love—and like the lady of the lay, the guileless Genevieve,

"She listened with a flitting flush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;"

and if "the impulses of soul and sense thrilled then, and hopes and fears that kindle hope;" and "if, like the murmur of a dream, she breathed a name," it was not for me the impulses thrilled, nor my name that the spirit of the poem drew from her heart.

What looks she dared—what wishes she breathed—were Gerald's—his, not mine. Even "the music and the doleful tale" were soon forgotten in his sportive sallies and laughing talk. Then the Squire called on her to challenge the nightingale by a song: a simple sweet song it was, trilled forth with the soft voice, without art or effort—natural and gushing as a thrush's note. The melody still swells and swells on my heart. She was a poem—music—a picture—all that spoke of beauty or gladness, to me and my thoughts.

The nature had grown with the form—gentle, loving, sunny, pure, and joyous. The natures around—

the Squire's healthy true-heartedness; the gentle, genial ladyhood of his dame; the earnest, deep feeling of the father; the calm, enduring love of the mother; the joyous, free spirit of Gerald—had all fanned, and fostered, and nurtured hers, as the air and the sunshine, the dews and the rain, nourish and cherish the flower and tree. Even the grotesqueness and comicality of Quamino, ever seen, ever before her, had instilled a love of drollery, which showed itself ever and anon, softened in flashes of fun and wit. And mine? my nature; did it cast no shadow? act no ministering part? Yes, yes. Again and again, in the sense of beauty, in the touches of poesy bright and transient, in the imaginative thought, rare yet beautiful, I saw myself and my mission. For this I had toiled and thought; had studied the face of nature like a book; had culled from poet, from fiction, and history, that I might cast and spread around and about her the loveliest, brightest, truest, purest things which were writ in the pages of creation, which had been uttered by the heart or mind of man; and they were drunk in, and inspired, and reissued in the pure tones and pure breathings of a maiden spirit. I had sown, that another might reap. Ingrate thought! Didst thou reap nought? Did heart ever thus feed heart without enriching itself? Did not the thoughts and truths thus gathered and given, throw back and reflect their purity on the giver? Did they not often after, in the hour of trial and temptations, arise with guardian power? Did they not, in many an hour of sadness and loneliness, shed a brightness on the hearth, and clothe the spirit with strength? Yes; the giver ever receives some guerdon in return. It is the law of being and the will of God.

The evening was deepening into night, and all knew that the parting hour was near. We had retired under the portico, where the light from the drawing-room shone upon us, and little salvers with cake and wine were being handed round, when suddenly Quamino appeared, with a scared air and that ashy look which

fear or fright imprints on the negro skin.

"Ah!" said Gerald, "Quamino has seen the ghost in the Lady's Meadow again."

Our first impulse was to laugh at this; but another look at the man's face checked all merriment. There was a serious message on it. Moving up to his master's side, he whispered in his ear; yet the whisper, low though it was, vibrated and thrilled among us. "Massa, John's son is

come, saar—your nephew, saar; him waiting at home, saar."

To those most nearly concerned, Gerald and Rose, it was but an untoward circumstance, this arrival, which might interrupt and break the pleasant meetings. To those who knew its meaning, it bore a dark boding, a shadow of coming evil, and shot with a lurid light through the bright unclouded sky, in which many a happy heart that night had seen a future.

CHAPTER XI.

The evening, so pleasant and so delightful in Penhaddoc Park, was a hot and dusty one to the inhabitants of the half village, half town of Dunbrook. They sat in their back parlours or courts, trying to catch a little air from the garden or opening beyond, and were not to be attracted even by the sound of the guard's horn announcing the arrival of the mail. Up the street it rattled nevertheless, and there was the usual apparition of Boots, the usual uncoiling of ostler and stable-boys, the usual dismounting of coachman and guard to compare way-bills and stretch their legs—a programme familiar enough in those days, but which will be to the next generation strange and curious as the unrolling of a mummy, or the description of Olympic games. One passenger only descended. The bar-maid of the Queen's Head rather approved of the dark handsome gentleman with the crisp curly hair, and made no exception at the rather thick lips and full fleshy skin, but smiled and curtsied her welcome, and summoned Boots to take the gentleman's portmanteau to No. 2,—about the extent of the Queen's Head accommodation. "No," said the stranger, with a drawl half Yankee, half West Indian; "I don't want a room. I'm going to Mister Trevenna's; he lives hereabout, I believe." The bar-maid backed out, and the Boots scraped in—for sixpence was sixpence to him, wherever he carried the portmanteau.

Very smart and very grand was that stranger. Of the extremest fa-

shion and newest cut were his clothes. Brummel would have sneered at his brooches, and rings, and cane, yet they were only a little, a very little, exaggeration of his own, so narrow is the boundary betwixt fashion and vulgarity, taste and pretension. Onwards strutted the stranger on through the street, and up by the churchyard. Here at the wall Quamino was having an evening gossip with his friend the sexton.

"So, Massa, will you see de ole Caenzou vault open at last: me tink him neber going home—him berry ole."

"Yees; I have put he into his winter quarters: he was the last of his breed; and 'twas pretty near time too, for there wasn't much more room. I've seed every vault now 'cept the Grenfell's, and they tell me that's an uncommon fine roomy place, all paved and floored quite grand. The old Squire was buried afore my time."

"Me hope you neber see him, Massa Will. P'haps you see wedding first. Dat more better than burying. More beer, more beef, more dance, more guinea, den." And he grinned and chuckled at the thought of the feasting and merriment to come. At that moment the stranger turned the corner, and, playfully appealing to the sensitiveness of Quamino's shins with his whip, shouted out, "Hallo, nigger! is this you? you're jist the man I want. Where's your master—where's Mister Trevenna?"

The black fell back against the

wall, his limbs rigid, his eyes staring, and his mouth agape. Another touch of the whip made him start.

"Come, you fellow, is this the way you treat your master's nephew? Show me the house, nigger."

"Yes, saar; yes, young Massa John; dis way, saar—here him is," gasped out Quamino as he led the

way, looking back furtively over his shoulder, ever and anon, as though he hoped the dread apparition might vanish, and turn out a delusion. The gate closed on them, and presently Quamino again issued forth, to carry the unwelcome tidings to the party at Penhaddoc.

CHAPTER XII.

The breakfast at Trevenna's next morning was not a cheerful one. All were embarrassed and uneasy save the nephew, who was quite at home, criticising the place, suggesting his own plans and improvement, talking of his own doings, and bringing deep blushes and frowning shades on Rose's face by coarse praises of her beauty. The father was scanning his features eagerly and anxiously. There was a likeness of the brother of his youth, but it was the likeness of the worst times; there was a trace of the same beauty, but it was coarser, more sensual; the creole blood, too, showed itself in the dark, almost tawny complexion, in the stiff curls of the dark hair, and the fulness of the lips; and there was a lurking expression of cunning and of strong passion which gave little promise of character. Trevenna's spirit sank at the survey—sank at the thought how much of his fate might be in this man's hands; and he shuddered as he looked on Rose, and saw in dread the dark heavy cloud which even then might be lowering over the light on his hearth.

The Squire's advice on a former trial was still potent, and he girded up his heart to meet the evil, to test its reality, and then to encounter it as he best might. The first point was to ascertain whether that fatal foolish compact, made and attested in former days, was in existence; whether it would be enforced, and whether his nephew's coming had any connection with it. It was a point on which his fate turned—a question which tried his strength to the uttermost. That compact—those damning clauses, how should he meet them? Evade them? No.

His honour recognised their validity; binding were they by conscience, if not by law. The full penalty should be paid. Rose sacrificed? No, no, God forbid, God forbid, his soul cried in its wrestlings; that can be averted. The wealth shall go—the wealth, the lands which are toiled for, coveted, let them go. We can be poor again, poor as when life began; but still there may be—there will be—light on the hearth; and then the thought of the last night's talk, of the visions then raised, came across him; how were they to be realised? Might not the blight of a faded heart still fall on his child?

There were moments of agony in which these thoughts and questions came whelming on his mind. It was a sore, stern trial, but his soul rose to meet it, strong and calm.

When the meal was ended, Trevenna proposed that his nephew should walk over the grounds with him, and tell him all about himself, and his belongings, and the old property.

"Time enough for that, uncle," said he in reply. "I think I would rather have a stroll with my pretty cousin Rose here. It is time that we should get a little acquainted. Why, she scarcely knew my name, or that there was such a fellow in the world. Did you, Rose?"

Trevenna, with a sigh of reluctance, assented. The delay of a resolve is ever bitter to strong hearts. Rose and her cousin went forth into the garden together, and made the tour of her flower-beds and small greenhouse. These interested him little, and her pure spirit was ever and again repelled by some coarse thought or familiarity of admiration.

"Hallo," he said, as they came back to the old hawthorn, pointing to a mound of turf underneath its boughs, "you've been making a churchyard of your lawn, cousin. What have you buried here?"

"Ah," answered Rose, "that's poor old Domingo's grave. It was the spot he always loved to lie on latterly, and so we buried him here."

"And who the deuce was Domingo, cousin?"

"Oh, the old dog, the faithful old bloodhound, that papa brought home with him; he was a true old servant, and we all missed him when he died."

"Yes, I recollect now something about him. Wasn't that the dog that saved uncle's life when that chap of his made the stab at his throat?"

Rose shrunk back almost in horror at a grossness of feeling so strange and revolting to her, and then, recovering herself a little, said—

"Old Domingo did us much service; he was always devoted to me; and 'twas he, too, who pointed out where my poor brother lay in the river; he never recovered himself, after being carried away by that terrible flood, and was very much broken from that time, and grew older and feebler very fast, until one day, after licking my face as usual, he lay down at my feet, and I felt his weight grow very heavy, and called Quamino: when he came to lift him up, the poor old fellow was quite dead."

"Why, surely that isn't a tear in your eye, cousin Rose? You can't be crying for a dog? Well, if that ain't about the queerest thing ever I saw."

"Ah—him, bery good ole fellow, Domingo," chimed in Quamino, who had now joined the group; "not bery social p'haps, but berry fond of Missey Rose. Me feel quite lonely when he's gone."

"I wonder, Rose," said her cousin, as they sauntered on down the path toward the gate, "that you allow that nigger to be so familiar; those fellows ought to be kept well under."

"What, Quamino! who has nursed and tended me ever since I was born. Dear old Quamino," said Rose, with

a laugh. "You would not have me treat him like a servant."

"Well, I know that if I had him with me, I'd cowhide the impudence out of him. There's nothing like cowhiding for those scoundrels." And as he spoke there grew a savage scowl on his face that made Rose tremble.

"Well," he rejoined after a pause, "so that chap is gone. A good thing, too—good riddance I should think; the best thing that could happen."

"Let us come on and see his grave," answered Rose, choking her indignation. "Here it is in the sunniest corner of the old churchyard."

There it stood, in the full heat of the sunshine, a plain grave, with a plain slab at the head bearing the few words:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF JAMES,

SON OF ROGER TREVENNA,
"FOUND DROWNED."

PEACE TO HIS SOUL.

Rose looked sad, as she always did when she came there, and the cousin muttered between his teeth, "He's well out of the way, at any rate."

Old Beelzebub stood at the gate as they went out, grinning sardonically, and making an obeisance to Rose, the humility of which perhaps might be attributed to the fact of his having seen a cask of cider just carried into Trevenna's house.

"Thank you, Will; thank you—this is my cousin from the West Indies."

"He may be yer cousin in blood, but he ben't your cousin in beauty," growled the old fellow as he shut the gate; and then went away muttering, "I don't like the looks of that chap."

In the evening the whole family from the Park made a sally on Trevenna's house; I had joined them on the road. There was a look of secret satisfaction on all their faces, which I could not understand. The Squire was evidently big and bursting with some design. Gerald looked radiant with happy thought, and several times slapped me on the back, or smiled in my face with some happy impulse. We found our friends sitting out on the lawn. The introduc-

tion was rather stiff and constrained. The West Indian was abashed at first, and cowered in the presence of gentle breeding. Rose was startled and fluttered, Trevenna grave and anxious. After a while the conversation became a little more easy, and the old tone was resumed with most of us. Rose would give a little shudder now and then when a vulgar thought dropped from her cousin, and Gerald's fist would clench and his eye flash when her name came on his lips; but the visit seemed pleasant enough to all, and was evidently pregnant with some purpose to most.

"Now then," said the Squire, "we must be wending homewards, Roger, but we will first sit a little, and trespass on you for a biscuit and a little wine and water."

In we all went—all save Gerald and Rose, who, as it appeared to me, were left, by some preconcerted arrangement, alone under the old hawthorn.

The Squire looked back on them as we entered, and giving me a poke in the ribs, said—"All right; we shall give that fellow the cross-buttock yet."

And he chuckled loud and loudly at the success of his diplomacy. Pardon me, oh august body of diplomats! Chuckle—did I say chuckle in connection with diplomacy? Pardon again, most grave and reverent seignors—a half-smile, a rise of the eyebrows is, we know, the greatest demonstration that could ever be allowed in that august science. But the Squire's diplomacy was of the rudest kind. What could be expected of a man who felt?

And Gerald and Rose were alone under the hawthorn tree—alone with "the rich and balmy eve," alone with their own hearts.

Happy hour! happy young hearts! Love was breathing around them—hope was before them—youth welling within. There was little need to tell what each had felt and known long long since. Yet it was sweet to hear and sweet to tell—sweet from loving lips to give the utterance of pent-up treasured hope. Sweet to Rose's ear was the full, fervid voice of her be-

loved; sweet to his the half-whispered, half-spoken murmur of virgin love. The moonlight beamed softly, the stars shone brightly out, and the breezes swept sweetly and musically through the trees, as the word was spoken, the troth plighted, which bound heart to heart for evermore.

Sweet income must these vows have waited to the guardian presences which waved and floated around, for if there be a thing sweet to celestial natures, it must be the pure true breathings of young love.

The Squire laughed and rubbed his hands with glee, as he looked on the bright eyes of Gerald and the flushed face of Rose, when they rejoined the party; and there was more than usual heartiness in the grasp he gave Trevenna's hand at parting—more than usual warmth and fondness in the kiss he pressed on Rose's cheek, and in the "God bless thee, my child!" with which he said good-night.

Good-night—all had gone, and Rose was kneeling with her head in her mother's lap, telling with timid joy and sobbing utterance all her heart's happiness; telling with pride the brave manly truthfulness of her lover in seeking her troth; how at once, ere changes came, that in weal or woe she might be his, he hers; and how his father and dear mother had chosen her for their daughter, and had prompted him to this—telling, half in pride and half in bashfulness, of the love that glowed in her own heart, true and tender, strong and enduring; and the mother's arms were gathered softly then around her child, and her kisses fell warm upon her cheek, and her blessings were prayed and prayed upon that loved head.

Good-night—Rose lay down to sleep—sweetly breathed prayers on her lips, soft sweet hopes in her soul; happy, happy peaceful thoughts in her heart.

The light was bright on the hearth that night. Were there to be clouds in the morning?

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CHAPTER XIII.

The morning came, and Trevenna and his nephew were walking alone in his garden. The hour of explanation had arrived. They had talked of the family—of his mother, his brothers—and were discussing the property.

"So your estate answers very well, uncle, does it. Your agent must be a sharp fellow. I know that ours isn't a very paying concern. Fact is, I am preciously driven to make it pay at all, we have had such losses lately. Our niggers seem to be always dying, or falling sick, or getting maimed; and the crops have failed for two or three years from the want of hands; and mother is so extravagant, that we must mortgage or sell soon if things don't mend. 'Twas this property partly that brought me over. I thought you might help us."

Trevenna's face brightened—the request for help seemed to indicate that there was no power of demand.

"Surely I will help," he said quickly, "in all that I can; but how do you propose that my assistance should be applied?"

"Why, we thought," was the answer, "that as your estate is in such order, and the niggers all healthy and in good working state, that if you were to give me the management of that, one plantation might help the other, and so we might contrive to go ahead a little, and get straight again."

The cloven foot was peeping forth now.

"Well, I cannot see, if you don't make one estate pay, how having another on your hands will mend matters. I should rather recommend that yours should be put under management a while. Well governed it must pay, for the land is more productive and better than mine. If ready money be wanted meanwhile, why, I can advance it."

"Why, you see, uncle, we consider that our failures are owing to the bad condition of the niggers. They were always bad—bad, as you know, when you left; and they are getting worse and worse, and the land is falling back every year from want of labour. Now, if we could work your people in with ours, and change 'em about a little, they might come round; and once in fair working order, we should raise value from the land."

"No, no," answered Trevenna, firmly, and almost sternly. "I will never do this. Once in my life, already, is my conscience charged with injustice to these slaves. Once have I sacrificed them to my selfish interests, and forgotten my responsibilities. Never again. My orders for their government are just, I believe, and imperative. Never will I transfer my power over them to another, until I surrender the trust into God's hands."

"That's all very fine, uncle Roger; but you will, I expect, have to turn 'em over to some other hands one day, if there is any law in this little document, here;" and as he spoke he produced from his pocket a small,

yellow, dingy piece of paper, which Trevenna recognised too surely as the compact—the dreaded compact—made and drawn up betwixt his brother and himself in the days of their youthful love and confidence. He was expecting and prepared for this.

"This paper, you see, uncle, I found," continued he, "when searching in father's desk for some documents about the estate and the niggers; and our lawyers tell me it is good in law. You know all about it, I daresay. It is an agreement betwixt John and Roger Trevenna, regularly dated and signed—to the effect, that they will share and share any wealth or property they acquire; and that the survivor shall inherit all—or that the male heir of one shall succeed if the other die childless or leave no son; and that if one have a daughter, and the other a son, that the children should marry; or that, in default of this, that the eldest son of either should be sole and entire heir. This reads plain enough, uncle, and 'twas precious lucky I hit upon it. We should soon be in the market, otherwise. 'Twas quite a godsend, you see, and father never mentioned it to us, or gave us a hint of it. Now, I shouldn't wish to make hard terms; but fact is, it's neck or nothing with me, our case is that desperate, and we must help ourselves. I thought we might have made a sort of compromise; and that if you would have given over the plantation to us at once—niggers and all—we would have shared profits, said nothing more about other little things, and torn up this bit of paper. You ride so rusty, however, about the niggers, that we must stick to our bond. And now, too, that I've seen Cousin Rose is so pretty and likely, I would rather stand by the text. There is some little nonsense about her, but that would wear off in Barbadoes; and she would make me a nice wife. We would send mother tramping off to her place, for nobody, you know, could live with her."

Trevenna's brow had darkened and darkened from sentence to sentence, and at the mention of Rose's name he looked as though he could have struck and crushed the man before

him down to the earth, and his whole frame shook with strong, terrible emotion.

"Rose—Rose—to you. Rose your wife," he gasped out at last. "My child sacrificed to you—tied to your nature—living your life. Never, never. I would sooner see her working, starving—begging even—than that. God defend her from such fate," and he wiped the thick drops of perspiration from his forehead as he spoke. "Hear me," he said, speaking now more calmly. "That bond is binding—binding to me—binding by a stronger hold than law. It was given freely, and with the impulse of love and honour. In honour it shall be kept. To the very letter it shall be fulfilled. The estate must go—so it was willed by us. But my daughter is mine—mine shall she be—mine in life; and if I must leave her to poverty or dependence, I will trust her to the Providence of God, rather than doom her to the miseries of such a life as you would inflict on her. After my death the West Indian property shall pass over to you—so says the deed. How that will profit you, meanwhile, I cannot see."

"I will tell you, uncle," and there flashed on his face at the words a glance of dark, vengeful cunning. "You see, if I show this deed in London or Barbadoes, approved by legal authority as law, there will be plenty ready to buy the reversion of such an estate as yours; and mind you, after that was done, you would not have power to manumit or part with a single nigger. They must all pass over with the land. So you see, the daughter or the niggers must be sacrificed. That's a point for your conscience. Now, then, hear me; this is the end and upshot of it: I shall go to London, and try if this bond is good enough to act upon. I shall come back by a certain day—this day twelvemonths, let it be—and then 'twill be for you to say the word—Rose or the niggers. I shall have the working of those fellows yet. Good-by, uncle—love to cousin," he said mockingly, whilst the savage scowl lowered on his face, threatening and lurid.

Trevenna stood, still and silent, stunned and dumbed, by this new

difficulty—a difficulty he had never seen or anticipated; and he felt in his soul that the doom of retribution was not yet fulfilled, and that there was coming yet a sterner, sterner trial, betwixt his conscience and self. The slaves, who he had resolved should pass from his hands into freedom—whose emancipation he was gradually progressing and working out—they must be again subject to a cruel and unprincipled thrall. 'Twas a hard trial—hard after so many years of atonement; and the thought—the agony of this thought so absorbed him, that he saw not his nephew depart, or said a word of farewell.

"Out of my way, nigger, and take that for your sauce," said the West Indian to Quamino at the gate, striking him at the same time sharply on the shins.

"P'rhaps no more nigger than yerself," yelled Quamino after him, dancing at the same time, and rubbing the afflicted part. "You hab the heart of black Guinea nigger, surely—you hab; and you hab not all white blood, too."

The West Indian turned, with the impulse of taking vengeance for this insult; then stopped, shook his whip menacingly, and strode off into the town.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The grand old name of gentleman."

A grand old name, a grand thing is that gentleman—a name and a rank it has been ever among the hierarchies of men. Throughout the generations and the ages, through the nations and peoples, from the "grand old gardener" downwards, it has been recognised as a name and a power. It has had a different sound in different tongues. Sometimes it has been expressed by certain letters, and sometimes by others. Under every synonyme, however, it has been recognised and acknowledged. Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Normans, Celts, Saxons, the American Indians; all the ramifications of the great tribes of men; all the dispersions of the Shem, Ham, and Japhet divisions, have set it up as a dignity and a principle. Those who would not bow down before king, or uncover to a noble, have done instinctive homage to the gentleman. That homage is an intuition—a recognition of the qualities which man feels to be great, and high, and gentle. The title asserts itself. It depends not on patents, on accolades, on coronets, on principalities and seignories, on muniments and pedigrees. It is a nature. Where are generosity, highmindedness, honour, courage, truth, faith, love, there is given the name, there is the thing, gentleman. The name may be paraded where these are not, but it is then only a sham and a mockery.

Gentlehood, too, has its own fashions and manners, apes not those of the times, and therefore may sometimes have a homeliness in externals to vulgar perception—to those who see not the grandeur of the heart. To the true kin it has its symbols and insignia plain and manifest; for all it has its influences. Our Squire, had he appeared there, would have raised all the glasses in the Brighton pavilion. The most fledgling *attaché* would have ridiculed his bow, and a Mary-le-bone vestryman would have made a better speech; but there was stamped on him the name and nature of gentleman, and his words had weight, and his character had power. Vulgarly and pretension quailed in his presence, and those below him owned him intuitively as a superior.

It is the property of these gentlemen to come to the front, to stand forth, grand and true, when worldliness falls back, and selfishness shows recreant, to attest then the nobility of man, and set it above the paltry accidents of fortune, trouble, and adversity—to do this without effort, and as from involuntary impulse.

Our Squire was about to illustrate this.

We have returned to an old scene—the summer-house by the river. The party is dispersed much as before. The Squire and his friend occupy the mossy seat: the mothers

have the old trunk-tree; Gerald and Rose are sitting on a sloping bank, a little apart. I was lying on the grass, reading apparently, in heart surveying all the persons of our little drama.

"Nonsense! Roger," said the Squire, half-laughingly—"off our engagement! Rose give back his troth to Gerald, because you may chance to be poorer than we thought. If I thought the fellow had such an idea in his heart, I would disinherit him. But I know he hasn't. No, by Jove, he is a true gentleman. Not wish to hold us to our word! What are gentlemen held by, then, if not by their words and honours? Is every little change and shift in the world's circumstances to blow our honour and faith about like thistle-down? The fact is, Roger, we foresaw this. We guessed that the nephew's coming was a sign of bad weather—of coming trouble; so we determined to be beforehand—to secure sweet Rose, so that, once a Grenfell by plighted troth, no afterclap could change or alter that. The Dame planned it, and that puppy there certainly played his part very well. Luckily it jumped with his own desires, otherwise he would have been obstinate enough, I dare say. Rose has been chosen as a daughter of our house, and so it stands. Rich or poor, with lands or without lands, it is the same, unless you wish to draw back, and object to that fellow there as a son-in-law."

"John, John, this is too much, too generous. You must think of all that is before me—of what is impending over us, ere you cast your lot in with ours. Wait at least until this year of ordeal is passed, and the event shows itself. Let the young people be free till then."

"Wait we must, Roger, for they cannot marry yet, and must bide a while. That fellow must go forth, and make his way in the world, and prove himself a man, ere he comes back to make his dove-cote here; but as for being free, that's a matter neither you nor I can arrange. We can't say to their hearts 'forget,' you know, Roger; and you don't intend to act the great Bashaw by locking up Rose; nor shall I do the part of melodramatic father, by sending forth Gerald with a command to forsake

the woman whom he has chosen, because it turns out that she may not have a dower. No, no. Let them alone. Let them love, and be loved. The future will make itself for them. Rather let us talk of what more nearly concerns yourself in this strange business. This compact, and its conditions—you hold yourself bound by it?"

"Yes, John, yes. I have my doubts whether it would be ratified in a law court; but it is my bond, and therefore law to me."

"Right, Roger, right. Lawyers' quibbles are not rules of honour. Stand by your word. Rose will be dearer to us, if thus she comes to us poor and dowerless, than if she brought plantation on plantation with her. In fact, we could not consent to accept a wealth which a mere technical objection would give. But do you know how far, and how much you are bound!"

"Scarcely, indeed; the impression of the nature and provisions of the deed are very vague. It was executed in a generous, mutual impulse; remained with my brother as the elder; and I remember little of it, except that the general meaning or intent was, that as our labours and endeavours were in common, so should be our gains and interests. Whether it applied only to the present possessions, or also to future savings, I know not: this, of course, will appear when the document is produced; but the consequence, which troubles me most for your generous resolve has made the loss of property a lesser evil, is, that the slaves, the poor dependants, whom I believed that I had once wronged, and had determined to recompense by a future well-being, must be wrested from my hands, and thrown back into a worse state than before."

"Well, Roger, it appears to me that this is a point on which you are well justified in getting every opinion and every evidence. It involves the interests of others more than your own. Consider the West Indian estates as a lost inheritance—as beyond your power of willing and bequeathing to others, but let your conscience reserve the right of seeing how your act can affect those concerned by it. There is a year left

you for counsel, for inquiry. Use it well; take opinions; send an agent over to the property to examine and report on everything connected with it. Recognise the letter and the spirit of the bond, but be sure, for the sake of others, that you do not more."

"Yes, John, you counsel well. Without any departure from my word, I may and will gather all the facts and proofs which will enable me most truly to fulfil it."

Thus soberly spake the elders—grave men talking gravely of honour, conscience, duties, interests; hearts, young hearts, were softly hovering over the same subject. The difficulty fell on them, with a difference. The cloud which masses heavily on the banked rock or dark thicket, passes only with a light shade over the open glade, the garden, or the running brook. Rose and Gerald whispered and murmured the doubts and fears raised by the cousin's visit. He laughed at them, tossed them to the winds in sport, blew them forth as bubbles which would expand and burst. It was the inauguration of the man's mission, inspiring trust, inspiring strength, breathing hope. She felt them as mysterious agencies, boding influences, gathering round her young love; but the loving soul still looked through them clear and hopeful.

"'Twas well, Rose, I think, that I took heart and spoke that night, before the cousin, with his dark curls and large eyes, put in his claim," said Gerald, laughingly; "or I might have had to play the part of a love-lorn cavalier, have taken to gambling or melancholy, or gone forth to seek some foreign wars, since our own seem ended now; and you would have been queen of a plantation, with I don't know how many slaves under you. What a destiny you lost!"

Rose gave a little shudder, and drew closer to her lover, looking up in his face half fondly, half reproachfully, even at such a jesting thought.

"Oh, Gerald, what a dreadful day that was! how frightened I was at cousin's talk, his stories, his swearing, his passion, and his compliments; and then such a happy evening. What a comfort and protection your com-

ing seemed to us all! And then the next morning, when everything was so bright and glad, to see the dark spirit come back on poor papa—the dark spirit which the memories and recollections of that old time in the West Indies ever brought back, and the evil news which was spread over us. Oh, Gerald, 'tis a sad trial! I know how papa will brood over it, and how the peace which he has felt of late will be disturbed."

"Yes, my bonny Rose, he will feel it doubtless; but we must lighten his burden; and, after all, 'tis only the loss of so many acres, so many pounds; and my father laughs at that, and says, if Penhaddoc is not enough for us, we must be more extravagant in our desires than our forbears have been."

"No, Gerald, 'tis not the loss of wealth which distresses him so much, though I think he had some little pride in thinking his daughter would not be undowered; but the thought of the poor people, whom he believes that he had formerly wronged, passing into other hands, to be subject to any oppression, or neglect, or ill-treatment, grieves him sadly."

"Yes, I suppose that is the hardest part: but I heard the Squire say that he hoped that might possibly be averted without breach of word or contract; so let us hope, my bonny Rose—hope that the storm may pass over; and meantime, like the summer birds, and the summer things around us, we will joy in the brightness of our present. For a time of parting is nigh—don't look so sad, sweet Rose—it will be short, but it must be. The Squire insists that I should go forth into the world, and approve myself a man, before I settle down here. He says he will have no milksop, no Corydon, no Lumpkin, loitering, and piping, and fattening about the old place. And he is right, Rose. 'Twill be a sore struggle to quit thy dear side, and leave all the dear old haunts; but I feel that, to do the work and play the part before me worthily and well, I must become a man, and learn the ways of men."

"Oh, Gerald, you will leave me for so long—leave me here alone in the old walks and over the old books, and you will come back so world-

made and so world-wise, that you will care no more about the old simple pleasures; and even poor simple Rose will have to become fashionable and modish, and learn to do the fine lady."

"Out upon you, little mocker; you know my love for home and home scenes, that 'tis the strongest thing in my heart, perhaps next to love of thee and the dear old people, and is mixed up with it too; for there's not a glade, or a walk, or a tree that is not knit with some memory; and I shall come back at all the old holiday times, when we used to ramble in the woods, or stroll by the brook, and always at the Christmas-tide, the old hearty, pleasant time. And say not you will be alone, Rose; there will be many loving hearts around, all looking to you for comfort and joy now. The Squire, let him say what he will, will mope when I go, and the mother will pine, and you must cheer them with your smiles, your laugh, and your happiness; and then there is your father—remember what is hanging over him, and how he looks at all times of trial and distress to his 'light on the hearth.'"

There was a tear-drop in her eye; but her bosom swelled at the same time, as woman's ever does at the thought of a duty, and in it she saw a mission and a consolation.

"But, dear Gerald, where are you going, and what to do?"

"Oh, to some terrible distance, and to do some terrible work. I shall go as far—ay, as far, perhaps, as to the cavalry barracks in London or Dublin, and shall see some dreadfully severe work in Hyde Park or the Phoenix."

"You will not be a soldier, Gerald—no, not a soldier?" said Rose, with a little palpitation, though perhaps there was a lurking pride in her heart at the lover's choice of a vocation.

"Not a soldier, Rose! Then, what should I be? I should shine at the bar, I think—be sure to become a lord chancellor, or be very eminent as an M.D.; or what say you to my donning the Geneva gown, reading homilies, taking the family living, and looking forward to a bishopric in the far future? No; all my nur-

turing, all my tutoring, fits me best for soldiery. 'Tis thus I must see and learn life, if at all. Besides, the Squire has set his heart on it. He thinks it the proper sphere for a Grenfell. At one time there was a thought of my being an *attaché* to some embassy; but he has a strange prejudice, some way, against our diplomatist ancestor, who was, I believe, the most noted man among us. So that was given up, and the army fixed on. The cavalry, too, was a point with him. He clings to the old idea of the Eques and the Cavalier, and thinks a gentleman should only fight on horseback, though our foot men have done such noble work of late."

"But there may be war, Gerald, and you will be in those terrible battles, and we shall have to watch and pray for you, and tremble at every post and every despatch, and wait with agony and dread for the list of killed and wounded, like the poor lady in the village, whose husband was away in the late wars. Oh, 'tis horrible to think of!"

"There is no chance of such thing, I fear, Rose; for our old foes, the French, are quiet enough, and their great man is safely locked up in Elba; so I shall have to listen only to tales of hero deeds and wonderful adventures. I must confess, however, though you and your mother would call it naughtiness of heart, that I should like to see a foughten field—to stand in the stern strife between man and man. I think that the manhood and man-knowledge the Squire talks so much of, would come upon me at once, as a nature and an inspiration. But enough of this, sweet one; look up—let me see the bright face."

And she did look up; and he pressed the red lips, the fair forehead, and pressed the soft form closer and closer to him; and then there were those soft gentle murmurings, whisperings, and wooings, as unintelligible and meaningless as the cooings of doves or the sighing of winds to those without; but to those who utter, and those who hear, they have the eloquence and joy of a life.

And so the shades of eve crept softly on, and the brook rippled, and

the breeze sighed, and the night-gale began its song, and young hearts held their commune; and so one stage passed, and another was to be entered on. The boy and girl were man and woman—the playfellows lovers. Around them love threw a bright light; before them—before all—stood trial and suspense.

So we passed on into life,—Gerald to his Hussar regiment, I to the Temple and the law. Rose passed like a sunbeam betwixt her home and Penhaddoc, doing the mission of the loving heart—shedding in turn a light on each hearth.

Time went on, and we all met again, about three months before the period named by the cousin for the final answer to his proposal. Great events (ay, they were both great events to us, though the one loomed larger and vaster than the other) had called us together. The war—the war of the Hundred Days—had broken out, and Gerald was going forth to the battle-field. I, too, had my mission. Trevenna, hopeless of getting the necessary information otherwise, had resolved on sending out an agent to Barbadoes, to make all and every inquiry and investigation into the nature of the tie which bound him; and I volunteered to go also. I had come to say farewell; so had Gerald. How differently was it said and heard! Around him were shed tears and sobs, and blessings and prayers: a few cold wishes, coldly kind farewells, sped me forth; and yet I was going forth for others. The mission of goodwill often passes thus unknown and unhailed, whilst that of self or glory is cheered and hurraed. Yet it bears its compensation. Yes,

yes; after long, long years, I feel that.

As I left, Quamino waylaid me, and, drawing me mysteriously aside, said—

“You go to Barbadoes, massa. You do Quamino a favour. You ask for me old Mammy—old Mammy Quamino. She lib on Massa John’s place. She berry ole now. You gib her dis little money. Me know she buy rum wid him; but neber mind. And you tell her me berry well and berry fat, and dat Domingo dead, and Pepperpot live and frisky; and”—after a pause, as if struggling betwixt the tie of caste and the love of his master, he jerked out—“You ask her ’bout Massa John’s moder’s pedigree. You ask dat; she know all. Him call me damned nigger. Hi!—p’haps more nigger dan dis here. Him trike my shins. Hi!—me find hole in him blanket p’haps. Hi! You ask dat.”

And with this mysterious message he disappeared.

Good-night! ’Twas a sad good-night this time for poor Rose. In the little chamber, by the little white-curtained bed, she sat sobbing, or knelt praying, or rose and looked forth on the old hawthorn tree; and then she knelt, and sobbed, and prayed, and looked again, on through the long dreary watches of the night. And for long days and nights yet to come, she would so watch, and think, and pray. No mother was near her now; but the guardian presences—did they not then fold closely round the fair young head, and breathe a spirit-comfort into that young mourning heart?

CHAPTER XV.

The scene is changed. We are in the West Indies—in Barbadoes. The hot tropic sun is shining; dark faces are grinning at us, and harsh voices clash on our ears; and we pass over hot dust and sand; and through rows of shingle houses, hot and dingy-looking, with old crones at the door-steps, or sable piccaninnies twisting and pivoting in the little scooped holes in which they are planted; on through

avenues of cocoa-palms, stately and sombre, to the planter’s houses, and there, day by day, we make our inquiries and carry on our investigation, never getting nearer the end, though often led by delusions and stories. Much we see and hear of the two plantations. We see in one order—plenty—well-fed slaves, merry and light-hearted; in the other waste, negligence, scowling faces, and dull

brooding hearts. But of the one thing we wanted we could learn nothing; all the papers we had access to, all the transfers and bills of sale up to a certain time—up to the drawing of the contract—were all in the joint name of the brothers, and all seemed to include the slaves as part and parcel of the property. To the lawyer mind of my companion, it seemed beyond a doubt, that if the property were given up, so must the slaves be; but it struck him as quite possible that the compact might not include any wealth which was afterwards accumulated or saved. This, however, would be a small comfort, a partial result of our labours, if the great aim were missed—the great object defeated. So, however, it seemed; and we were preparing to return, depressed and disheartened at our failure—I at having done nought for those I loved; he at being baffled in his professional research. A few days before the ship in which we had taken our passage was to sail, I bethought me of Quamino's message and trust, and set forth one sultry evening in search of his mammy. After much trouble, and many wondering queries what Massa could want of ole Mammy Quamino, I came on a lone shingle-hut in a corner of the plantation: an overhanging bank and a neighbouring palm-tree threw a half shade over it, but it was a bare, dreary, comfortless spot. Some half gourds lay on the ground, and at the door, half lying, half crouching, was an old, very old negro woman; her skinny arms were stretched out, and her head—bald, save for little stray knobs or patches of grey hair—was laid between them. She was muttering to herself, and listening to moans which came at times from within, and then her hands and her voice would be lifted as if in cursing. It was some time ere I ventured to make my presence known. At last I said, "is this Mammy Quamino's house?"

"Ah, who want me?—who talk of Mammy Quamino?" she almost shrieked out, as she started and sat bolt upright, showing a face ghastly with age, want, and passion. "You want to speak me, saar?" she then

said more composedly; "me mammy Quamino."

I then told her of her son, gave his message, and her dull eyes lighted a little; gave her the gold, and they shone.

"So de boy berry well—eh? and him with Massa Roger still. Ah, Massa Roger berry good man—a leetle bad when him hab dat woman, but him good heart—him good heart for nigger. Oh, dat noting, saar," she answered to my glance, as the moans came more frequently from within; "oh, dat noting, only me granchild; Missey hab him flog dis evening. She always flog—look at him." She pushed the door open as she spoke, and there lay a boy, almost a child, with his back bleeding, writhing and turning in a little heap of leaves.

Quamino's hint about the pedigree now flashed across me. "By Missey you mean young Trevenna's mother, Your son told me to ask you about her pedigree."

"What dat you say?" she shrieked out, her eyes glaring, and her whole frame stiffening; "what dat you say? my son want me to tell de pedigree. No, me nebber do dat—me feel de honour of de house—me suckle Missey at dis breast—me no tell—nebber—nebber." At that moment the moans within became almost yells. She trembled and shook, and looked and gabbered at me until I thought her senses had gone; and at last, clutching me close to her, hissed in my ear—"Yes, me tell; p'haps Massa Roger want to know me tell. Missey's moder, she slave; de master marry her, but nebber sign de paper; she nebber free, she slave; Missey slave—her son slave—all slave. Yes, Missey slave—all slave!" and thus she continued, rocking to and fro, moaning and muttering to herself. Nothing more would she say, and, in fact, seemed scarcely sensible of ought; so I left, and on joining my companion, told him my story.. He caught at the clue as a bloodhound catches up the lost scent, and ran on slowly, but perseveringly and untiringly. He ransacked all the records of manumission, searched well into all records and archives, but nowhere could he find evidence or

trace that the mother of the woman whom the elder John Trevenna married, had ever been made free. She had lived with her master, and had been brought up by him, educated, and had been made free, it was thought, yet nowhere could proof of this be found, and there seemed reason to think that the old negro woman spoke the truth. Thus, John Trevenna, born of a slave, would have no rights, no claims, no inheritance.

"We have them now," said Steele the lawyer, rubbing his hands; "we

will meet them with this; and when the contract is shown, ask for the paper of manumission—the proof that he is by law free-born. We must not tell this to Trevenna, or his conscience will boggle at it; we must bide the time and bring in our blow at the right moment."

We sailed homewards; and the good tidings I was bringing buoyed up my heart, and I felt within the joy and satisfaction of achievement. I had not gone forth for nought.

CHAPTER XVI.

We were in England—in the great city of Liverpool. Absorbed with my own projects, my own mission, I had forgotten that other interests were agitating the world—that great events were swaying men to and fro with fears and doubts and hopes. My own triumph, my own success, were all-engrossing, and I was therefore somewhat startled—nettled, perhaps, that all minds, all thoughts seemed preoccupied and engaged. The streets, the quays, were all alive with moving masses—all excited and agitated with some great news. In every face there was exultation—in every voice a tone of triumph and rejoicing. The joy-bells rang the same note—bonfires blazed—bands took up the sound of jubilee. Men seemed mad almost with the frenzy of triumph—the air vibrated with it. The word Victory swelled from mouth to mouth, flashed from eye to eye, and ran like an electric touch from heart to heart. Women caught it up, passed it onwards—though here and there was a pale cheek and tearful eye, and a boding heart, awaiting to hear the death-roll read; children shouted it out, and ran about the vast crowd, dancing, and re-echoing the news they heard. "What news?" "Why, where have you come from? News? Why, Bony has been beaten—well beaten by our Duke!" The news of the great victory at Waterloo had come, and was vibrating throughout the nation, sweeping along all hearts in one full tide of triumph. A people was rejoicing,

and poor single individual hearts could not be heard or felt.

It is the fate of some men to achieve their successes at times, when some great interest, some great event, overshadows and overpowers all private effort or private feeling—when the individual is overlooked or forgotten in the mass. So was it with me now. I was bearing within me a knowledge which would perhaps make a few hearts happy—would gladden one small circle of humanity—and here came tidings which spoke to the souls of millions, which bore joy from town to town, from homestead to homestead, and which here and there tolled knells deep and mournful, and everywhere roused deep utterances of thanksgivings. What was I? what was my mission? what could they be amid all this? Nought, nought, as the bubble by the bank when the full tide flows on, as the straw which is caught and eddied along when an inundation is swelling and sweeping over a land. So we went on and on homewards. Everywhere the highways were thronged, the streets crowded with eager multitudes, all eager, all anxious for tales from the battle-field. Heads were thrust from windows—men came forth in their shirts—coachmen and guards were beset, torn with questions which their meagre information could little satisfy. All they knew was that it was a glorious victory. On we came to Dunbrook; familiar faces were around me, familiar voices in my

ear. Yet none seemed to notice or heed me, or know where I had gone, or why I came. Even those most interested, did little more than welcome me. Not a voice said, How have you spent? So was it in the old room at Penhaddoc. There was Rose, pale, pensive, trembling; the Squire trying to bear a brave part, but showing the nervous touch of lip and eye; the mothers fluttered and tearful; the fearful list had not yet come, and none knew whether Gerald was among the living or the dead. I was of no use, then—no use there; so forth again I started to get the much longed-for intelligence, and I brought it; and then how my coming was heralded and welcomed, how steps came forth to meet me, and eager

voices anticipated my news; and how smiles, and prayers, and thanksgivings followed my utterance when I read Gerald's name among the slightly wounded! The colour came back into Rose's cheeks, and the brightness into her eye; but there was ever a tremulous motion of her lips, which told that she was praying out her thanks; and the mothers were sunk in silent thanksgiving; and the squire stood up firm and strong again, affecting to treat the danger as a pleasantry, though there was a moisture in the eye which belied him.

And the life of this one man was more, more to all, than the many whose interest my mission concerned.

CHAPTER XVII.

The day was come—the day appointed for the final decision, and we were all at Trevenna's house awaiting the cousin. Gerald had come, had come with despatches, and was sitting by Rose's side. As he had said, the one great fight had stamped the impress of manhood firmly and indelibly on him, and he observed to me, too, "Why, old fellow, you look so much older and wiser;" and perhaps it was so. Events ripen men more than time, and the strength of an acted resolve was reflecting itself in form and face. Rose was all radiant, all beaming, and could do nought save look into her lover's face, or stroke the scar which the Squire swore the jackanapes had given himself to look interesting, though he acknowledged in an under-tone that he believed the Grenfell blood had never produced a finer fellow, and that he had certainly grown a man, of whom the old ancestry need not be ashamed. There was a swing of the gate, and the cousin came up the garden path, swaggering and flaunting, and looking defiant. He was rather dazzled at seeing the assemblage and the number of calm, unmoved faces; but conscious of the power he held, his native assurance soon returned, and he had scarcely exchanged the ordinary courtesies

with his uncle and cousins ere he began.

"Now, then, uncle, by seeing all your friends here, and the lawyer there, I suppose you are made up for a fight, so the sooner we begin the better. Now, then, you know my terms,—the management of the estate now, or I secure it and the niggers for ever, by selling the reversion; and I have already put in my protest against the manumission of a single nigger till this thing is decided. There's the bond, lawyer; you can make the most of that."

The keen eye fell over it with apparent calmness, but with earnest attent. Quickly, yet surely, it scanned every word, and digested every term.

"We acknowledge this," he said, slowly and coolly. "My friend and client will not dispute it; it bears his name, and he will abide by it. 'Twould seem, too, that the slaves are included in the property and the agreement. We may perhaps defend your claim to a right in the after-profits; but, first of all, as a form, you know, we must demand proof of your being the rightful legal heir of John Trevenna, and request to see the ticket of manumission granted to your mother's mother, as she, we know from evidence, was a

born slave: of course, you can show it; but we must proceed by forms."

None seemed to heed this demand much, or as of any importance; none, save the cousin. On him it struck like a thunderclap. His face grew yellow with pallor; his eyes glared fiercely round and round, but met nothing save strong confident glances; he gasped for breath, and sank almost helplessly into a chair. Starting up with a fierce effort, he rushed at Steele, and said,—"This is a quibble, lawyer—a cursed quibble. You know I'm free born, so does uncle. Wasn't my mother old Veaner's heiress, and isn't that enough?"

"I am afraid we must require more," was the steady answer. "We must see the paper of manumission, or have evidence of its existence. None is to be found in Barbadoes, at least."

"You have been there, then, spying, have you? Ah! there's your informer, is it," he said, as Quamino appeared and disappeared at the door. "You've been tampering with these infernal niggers, who'll swear black is white, or white black, to serve a turn. That old hag has been tattling, I s'pose; but we'll try the law yet. And now I'm got up, I'll have the bond to the letter. You can't make us show the ticket. Everybody knows 'twas made out; and I'll fight this cheat, this quibbler, whilst I've a drop of blood or an acre to spare."

His eyes were quite bloodshot now—his forehead covered with clammy sweat, and his face blood red—his limbs quivering and shaking with passion.

"This temper is of no use, my good sir," said the lawyer. "We are not pretending to quibble or dispute; but we must ask if you are prepared to prove yourself the free-born son of John Trevenna. Otherwise this bond is nought—is neither binding in law nor honour."

He had risen and tried to speak, but his voice would not come—words would not flow—and with a heavy muttered curse, and a withering look, he was about to dash out through the open door when Trevenna's voice stopped him.

"John, John—Nephew, stop and hear me." What was the change in

the man as he spoke? There were the same features—the same look—yet it seemed as though a bright light, some mysterious influence had fallen on him; such as tales say magic power can shed over men and things. It was the clear soul and the free heart shining out through the man, and manifesting themselves.

"Listen, John. I never heard this before; never guessed—never dreamed of it. It came to me now for the first time—a revelation and a surprise. But think not I will take advantage of the power thus gained, for ought save to benefit the poor slaves on my estate. If what I hear be true, you would be one of them. As soon as forms can be drawn out, that shall be cancelled; you and yours shall be free beyond doubt, beyond cavil. The bond was between brothers who loved one another. He believed you a free-born son—so did I. It shall still be binding. This is my proposal: I will give you now the value of my slaves to free you from your difficulty, and reserve to myself the power of dealing with them as I will. The estate shall pass to you at my death. What I have saved since shall be Rose's portion—and a fair one, too. So let there be peace between us. So let old memories pass away; and the last atonement for the past be offered," he added, in a low voice.

For an instant the West Indian seemed about to hurl defiance on all, and to dare consequences, when his look softened, and his heart changed, and he stepped towards his uncle—kissed his hand, and went forth with his hat over his brows, and a tottering step. That kiss was a sign of peace. All felt it to be so, and that the end of the trial was come; and that henceforth there would only be light on the hearth—brightness in the future.

"Oh, don't look at me," said Steele. "Here is the fellow who did it all. He found it out. You must thank him." And I looked around to meet these thanks as my rightful meed; but Rose's eyes were bent on Gerald's—the Squire had grasped Trevenna by the hand. The mothers were looking on their children. I was nothing—I, who had brought all this peace, all this happiness. So another stage was passed, another act ended.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The last scene of that dear memory is rising now. Summer had heralded all the changes—all the eventful periods of our little history. Again it was summer, and the gate of Trevenna's house opened once more for a procession. The bells were ringing merrily. There were schoolboys, too, in the lane, and the light shades were chasing one another across the blue sky, and the rooks were cawing and whirling round. Quamino was present, too, more gorgeous than ever, having taken advantage of a license to order his own livery, by making every strip of lace broader, and deepening every colour; and strutted out with a dignity quite above and beyond noticing any remarks about cockatoos or peacocks, or pickle herring, which might come from Beelzebub and other friends.

All was as before, save that the

young life which was then borne forth in hope and fear, now moved out in the fulness of joy, a fair young bride, beside him who was to be her husband. And the elders, the fathers and mothers, were around them, no longer anxious or doubtful of a future, but assured and happy.

Thus the light passed from the hearth, but left its brightness behind—a brightness which shone there on and on o'er long happy years, and set only when life set; and then, even then, leaving, as the sun does, a lingering glory.

And has it shed no brightness on me—me, the lone man? Yes; Rose's children have climbed on my knee; the light of her happiness has floated around me; and her memory, her spirit, have gleamed again and again in dark hours, as now, a light on this lonesome, lonely hearth.

CHERBOURG—THE PORT AND FORTRESS.

A SEABOARD is a great power; it is also a great responsibility. It opens to a people a second empire, a great thoroughfare of expansion and possession; it involves, also, a necessity of defence and protection. Before, however, it becomes a power or a necessity of defence, it has been an outlet for the wants and the supplies of a population. Fishermen have drawn their food and found their livelihood along the shores, and merchants have built their barks and laden them in the ports and harbours, long ere the policies of national interests or international balances have recognised them as necessary and useful agents in their systems. The fisher-boats and the merchant-barks are the regular antecedents of vessels of war and naval armaments; they first show the value of a seaboard, and suggest its conversation; in them are nurtured and prepared the elements of maritime offence and defence. To some people it is a possession eagerly adopted as a point

of egress, a means of extending and developing their resources and strength; by some it is accepted merely as a boundary and frontier incurring exposure and demanding security. In either case it is a possession which imposes on a nation aspiring to take a high place among the principalities and polities of the world the destiny of becoming sooner or later a naval power, and, as a natural consequence, its ports and harbours become docks, arsenals, and fortresses.

To France, at first, her extensive seaboard was rather a difficulty, and a responsibility, than a power. Her ambitions and tendencies were all rather territorial than maritime. Her inland frontier and her army were the great objects of her attention and concern. To push forward the one, to maintain and develop the other, was the great aim of national aggrandisement, the great effort of national resources. The pressure of competition with a rival powerful on the seas, the

enlargement of political systems, the opening of communications with new worlds, forced her beyond the sphere of Continental economies, and compelled her, in assertion of the position of a great power, to create and possess a navy. The genius of her great princes and statesmen long foresaw this necessity, and had fixed on the strategic points where the great *ports militaires* should be constructed. Their plans were many years in abeyance; circumstances delayed their fulfilment, but the judgment of posterity and the course of events confirmed their choice of positions. The fact that they were ever strategic, ever selected with military aim and purpose, with a view to the balance of power rather than the development of a marine, and were ever parts of certain bases of attack or defence, insured the recognition of their importance by those who inherited or adopted the politics which they represented. It also made the locality a greater object than the natural fitness. The position was chosen, and the port must be made.

The creation of a marine must be ever a great work—a work which, aided by natural facilities and national influences, must necessarily be slow in its progress; but when undertaken as a measure of statecraft, and in defiance of obstacles, must be a conquest of difficulties to be achieved only at great cost of time and energy. Such was it with France. The maritime population of an extended coast offered a fair supply of the man-power, though not equal, perhaps, to that which the demand of more commercial nations afforded; but the popular favour and the national tastes helped not to foster the formation of a marine, and every stage in its advance was a decree of state. The seaboard, too, presented few natural advantages; and it was only a succession of great and continuous efforts which established on it the grand cordon of the *ports militaires*. The last of these efforts would seem to have burst on the world as a surprise; and yet the history of the nation for the last two centuries shows it to be only the part of a fixed and persistent purpose. In some nations the government decrees, and

in others the people wills—and the result is, that in one case the action will be more constant and consistent: in the other, that the power to sustain it will be more elastic and enduring. The decretal system has produced the navy of France; it has clothed it with abundant material—has harboured it in magnificent ports; yet the life-blood which should feed it—should give it full vitality and vigour—must flow from the impulses, and receive a movement from the pursuits of a people. Spite, however, of obstacles natural and national, spite of reverses and defeats, it has raised a naval power, formidable in appearance, formidable in reality, more formidable, perhaps, in its structure than in its resources, yet formidable ever as the assertion of the resolve of a great nation.

The seaboard had three faces—one, opening to the Mediterranean, touched on the coast-lines of the continental kingdoms of the south, and abutted on the African shores; another broadly fronted the Atlantic, and a third looked forth on the coast of England. Politics gave the earliest and most prominent importance to the first. The Mediterranean was then the great outlet of commerce, the great arena of navies; Spain was a naval power holding and commanding its entrance; Carthage and Gibraltar were to be balanced, the corsairs of Algiers and Barbary checked, the commercial influences of the Italian cities controlled, in order that France might maintain among its maritime neighbours the position which its military force gave it on land. To effect this, the statesmanship of Henri Quatre designed the construction of a great war-port. Toulon was fixed upon as offering the greatest natural and strategic advantages. Marseilles, which had been the harbourage of the old galleys, was given over to the requirements of commerce. Louis XIV. recognised the design as suited to his system, and resolutely advanced it. Vauban planned its defence; the events of the time furthered its progress. Thus, following the fluctuations of the French marine, and the changes of politics, sometimes neglected and overlooked,

sometimes rising into temporary prominence—at last, under the vigorous administration of the Empire, Toulon became the chief, as it had been the first, of the five grand *ports militaires*. Here have since been organized and hence have started, great expeditions of conquest and colonisation, proving its import, and justifying the forecast of the rulers who had selected it as a nursery and a *point d'appui* for the naval force of France. The Atlantic, however, had become about the same period a great field of naval enterprise, a great roadway of discovery and commerce; and the genius of Richelieu decided that on this face of the seaboard, also, the maritime power of his nation must have its development in a port and arsenals. As a salient point which offered an egress both to the Atlantic and the English Channel, the extremity of Brittany seemed most eligible for the purpose. Here was found a splendid, spacious, natural harbour, opening into a large and well-sheltered roadstead, so little known and used, that the town which stood on it was a little insignificant place without commerce and without trade. The iron-mines and forests in the neighbourhood afforded all the material for construction; and, shortly, the little village of Brest rose to be a chief naval station, the site of docks and storehouses, forts and barracks. The project of Richelieu was for a while almost forgotten and abandoned, until Louis XIV., whose policy gave ever vitality and impulse to the creation of a marine, revived it. Under the direction of his minister Colbert, the admiral Duquesne was intrusted with the organisation of an arsenal; and to him, and a local engineer, 'Lindu,' belong the honour of planning and originating the great works, which have since been brought to such completion. The great movements and operations of which the Atlantic was for years the scene, prevented Brest from ever again falling into obscurity, and it became in import and efficiency, on that seaboard, what Toulon was on the Mediterranean.

Rochefort was another point on the same base. It was a part of the same policy, an emanation of the

same will. From the inspirations of Colbert, and the resolve of his master, sprang most of the conceptions which, in their maturity and perfection, have made the naval greatness of France. Ever with their designs were associated the name and talent of Vauban. Strategy was the idea of their conception, and the master mind of the great strategist was a fitting agent for their achievement.

Rochefort was unhealthy. What matter!—it was strategic. The malaria of the marshes spread death. Long to breathe the air was to die. Men disappeared there by hundreds. What were men to the glory and greatness of France. So the work went on. In time the swamps were drained; the average mortality prevailed in its barracks and hospitals; and, in virtue of its "position géographique," it took its place among the great ports. Betwixt this place and Brest, on the coast of Brittany, and at the confluence of the rivers Scorff and Blavet, was a harbour which the enterprise of the merchants trading to the East had seized upon for the *entrepôt* of their merchandise, and the great port of their commerce. There they constructed their docks and quays, built their workshops and magazines. As long as they flourished, it flourished, grew wealthy, great, and populous. The reverses of trade fell on the company, and the government stepped in, purchased and took possession of the ready made locality and properties, and L'Orient became another link in the cordon of the ports.

Still there would be a great break. Along the whole northern face, from the Isle of Ushant to Dunkirk, there was no war-port, no harbour of refuge even capable of receiving vessels of the line. Opposite were the coasts of a great rival power, gradually rising to maritime supremacy, and her chief ports commanding the Channel, and offering ever, to squadrons of observation or attack, points of ready egress and easy access. Brest was scarcely a counterbalance to these. Its position was not favourable for a *point d'appui* on the Channel, and the prevalence of westerly winds would render it uncertain and

difficult to fetch, as a place of refuge or retreat. Thus one base, and that the one most open to operations, would remain a defect in the strategic principle, a weakness to the "politique extérieure" on which the maritime system of France was to be founded and constructed. Its great projectors perceived this, and the coast-line was searched and examined along its whole extent for a place which should have at once the advantages of a harbour and position. The shores offered nought save bays filled with sand, or bristling with rocks, and roadsteads open to the winds and the surf. The position therefore became the chief consideration; the port was to be created. Vauban selected the bay of La Hogue; the seamen of the period favoured Cherbourg, in consequence of its having such an even depth of water, and affording such good holding-ground. Both were equally strategic; both were situated on salient points of the coast of Normandy; both were commanding stations from which ships could depart, or to which they could return, at almost any season, and with any wind. The question was long debated—bureaux and councils divided on it—conflicting interests and opinions were agitated on either side—circumstances and changes of policies delayed the decision. At last Cherbourg was chosen as the site of another *port militaire*, which, surpassing the original design, was afterwards, by its magnitude and capacity, as well as by the energy and resolve evinced in its construction, to excite the suspicion of nations, and be interpreted as a menace of war. Thus completed, the strategic system showed a seaboard surrounded by a cordon of *ports militaires*—every front was an armed base—and possessed its point of defence or attack. The policy, too, which had resolved the institution of France as a great naval power, was fulfilled. Within these ports had grown a navy, strong in material and means, strong in equipment and organisation, strong in the supply of men—a navy which, from a state of confessed inferiority, had risen in a few years to challenge comparison, and compete for supre-

macy, with that of the great maritime people of the world.

The means by which such ends have been accomplished, the motives for which they were undertaken, the real nature of the results achieved, are well worthy of consideration. Let us study them as represented in the port of Cherbourg. To do this we must view it in its different aspects—as a port, as a fortress of defence, as a point of aggression. First as a port. Cherbourg Road, as it presented itself to the explorers for a situation, was an open space formed between Querqueville Point and Pelée Island; distant about four miles, and lying E.S.E. and W.S.W. of each other. Hills, which form a high and precipitous coast, terminating in cliffs of grey rock and ledges near Querqueville, run to the south-eastward. Between their spurs and the sea lies a low narrow plain, bordered by a shore broken by rocky banks and sandy indents, which, after sweeping along for some distance in a curve, makes a sudden turn, and hollows into the bay of Cherbourg. The Point d'Hommet, the western extremity, was a mass of rock which was continued along the western side. At the head of the bay the small river Divette ran into the sea, but made no harbour. Here, too, stood the town. In front of this south side was a low sandy beach, which extended until the shore trends towards the east and north, where the rocks Des Flamands lie, uncovered at low-water, and running off in shoals to the northward. Beyond this again was the Pelée Island, a flat of bare rocks which had evidently been separated from the coast by the action of the waves, leaving a channel nearly half-a-mile wide, so shallow and broken as to be impassable by vessels. This Ile Pelée and the Querqueville Point are the extremities which defined the Road of Cherbourg, though they did not shelter it. Betwixt them was an area equal to about a square league, affording more than a thousand acres of good holding-ground, at a depth of four fathoms and upwards, and capable of containing fully twenty sail of the line, besides frigates and smaller craft.

But it was quite swept by all the northerly and north-westerly winds, and heavy swells rendered the anchorage unsafe, and at times impossible. This was then the position which art and policy determined on. There was ample space, an anchorage with good firm bottom, but no protection, and offering no natural facilities for a port or arsenal, in which ships of war could be constructed or fitted. The advantages, however, were too great to be abandoned without an effort, and a great one too, at overcoming the difficulties and obstacles. The first step was evidently to shelter the Rade, to give it an artificial protection from the winds, especially those of the north and north-west—the most dangerous and most frequent on those coasts. The idea of a breakwater was accordingly projected. As this structure, to effect the required purpose, would be extended across the base of the roadstead from Querqueville to Pelée, leaving intervals sufficient only for entrances and passages, and must be sunk in a depth of from six to seven fathoms, in the midst of a sea ever turbulent and tempestuous, the undertaking appeared stupendous from its vastness and novelty, and the government hesitated long before they entered on it. The energy and the convictions of men of talent at last inspired confidence in the enterprise. The names of the workers should live ever with their work—it is unjust to separate them. M. de la Bretonnière, Capitaine de Vaisseau, was the first who gave real form and purpose to the idea of a breakwater. It was the project of M. de Cessart, engineer, which originated its creation. His design was to lay down a line of caissons of the shape of cones filled with stones, at certain distances from each other, under the supposition that these would so break and divide the action and force of the sea as to produce within a harbourage sufficiently calm and smooth for vessels to lie there in safety. This was begun in 1784. Eighteen cones had been laid, each having a diameter of one hundred and twenty feet at the base and sixty feet at the top, when it was found that even these

masses were unequal to resist the violence of the winter storms, and that the waves, washing and surging betwixt them, had such powerful effect as to overthrow and overwhelm them utterly, so that after a while they lay heaped at the bottom in a sloping mound. The defeat of one design only suggested another. It was now decided to erect a solid mass, by depositing stone "à pierre perdu," on the foundation furnished by the wreck and rubble of the cones, and it was thought that the immense deposits beneath might be consolidated by raising on them large blocks of masonry. A fort, too, capable of holding a garrison, and being mounted with twenty guns, was also to be constructed in the centre. This was effected, and the success seemed approved, when, in 1808, the great storm of the 12th February tried its strength and solidity, and once more the sea was conqueror. The waves, driven by the fury of the north-west wind, broke and swept with irresistible violence against the parapet. Every shock became fiercer and heavier; the waters at every surge grew mightier and more terrible, until the yielding masonry gave them an entrance, and then they burst furiously through the breach, destroying and overwhelming everything in their course. Huge blocks of stone were hurled from one side of the Digue to the other; buildings and ramparts were borne away like trees in a whirlwind, and the destruction of the whole work seemed impending. During this storm the Digue was the scene of a little romance of peril and heroic daring. At its commencement there were more than two hundred workmen and soldiers there, who were surprised and overtaken by the suddenness and violence of the tempest. Hour by hour they saw the danger growing greater; the waves swept nearer and nearer; every moment a roar, louder and deeper, told of a breach in their rampart, or a shock to the foundation of their houses. Then a comrade was swept away; then others fell crushed by falling ruins; then little bands, driven from point to point, seeking one refuge after another, sunk worn out by the cold and the struggle. No help

could reach them—no aid was at hand—no vessel could approach—as the strongest were driven from their anchors. In the direfulness of this distress, three bold fellows, three heroic hearts, taking advantage of a slight lull, contrived to reach, by swimming, a craft which was used to convey the workmen to and from the Digue, and was moored at a short distance. This, by incredible exertion, they brought near enough to the battery to embark many of their companions. Some found safety by clinging to the higher blocks, the greater part perished. Such disaster seemed fatal to the attempt; but the will of Napoleon urged on the work—the contest with the ocean went on. Every experiment had given knowledge, every failure experience; every engineer improved on the attempt of his predecessors, and it remained for M. Fonques Duparc to complete the design by proposing that a vertical wall of masonry should be built on the rubble foundation, rising high above the level, which should present a long solid barrier, massive in its structure and firm at its base.

This plan was adopted in 1832, and reached completion in 1853. Thus the idea which had been conceived in 1668, had then floated about for years amid bureaux, counsels, and commissions, assuming different shapes and destinies, then took a definite form and purpose in 1775, and in 1784 was embodied in actual material work, after sixty-nine years of labour and expense, after long contest with difficulties and delays, changes of construction, and vicissitudes of disaster and failure, appeared perfected and fulfilled in the Digue—an achievement which must rank high among the monuments which the art and science of the age have raised. It was long in doing, and the great time occupied in its construction may detract from its value as an effort of national will, and contrast with the more rapid and continuous progress of our own breakwater; but it must be remembered that it was undertaken as an experiment; that the principles of shutting out the sea most effectually were as yet undetermined; that it

was begun when mechanical appliances were less powerful, and continued through revolutions and changes of dynasties; and then the perseverance with which it was carried on, and the resolution with which it was accomplished, will have their due appreciation, their due significance of persistent motive and intent. The Digue made the Rade of Cherbourg. Extending to a distance of 4060 yards betwixt Pelée and Querqueville, it entirely shelters the roadstead "from N.W. round northerly to N.E." and insures all the requisites of a secure anchorage, a sure refuge, and a good starting-point. It lies about W.N.W., and does not run in a straight line, but stands on the harbour side at an angle of 45°. It was thought more expedient that it should be formed of two arms. "These are of unequal lengths, the western being nearly one-third longer than the other, each diverging 5° towards the harbour." The broad line of polished masonry rising above the waters gives little idea of its vastness. Lying on a base of upwards of one hundred yards, "with a long fore-shore to seawards," the solid wall rises from a breadth of thirty-three feet, gradually diminishing to twenty-seven at the top, to the height of twenty-three feet, with the parapet, above the high-water mark. The effect which it creates after that of vastness is completeness. The musoirs at either end, the central forts, the parapet bordering and ramparting the broad causeway, all give it an exterior of finish which corresponds fully with the minuteness and perfectness of the details. From the terre-plein the eye sees nought save finish—in the fineness and smoothness of the masonry, in the slope of the parapet by which it is adapted as a breast-work for guns, and in the snug sheltered canbres at the forts, where boats can enter and keep up the communication at any tide and in any weather. We were certainly witness to a landing under difficulties at low water, when the struggles and poses of cocked-hats and swords, epaulettes and spurs, in the ascent of a steep iron ladder, would have given Charivari or Leech many an attitude.

This was, however, an eccentricity of debarkation. Under all circumstances, except those perhaps of actual tempests or very heavy gales, the access is easy and well provided for. These great works of utility, these great mechanical triumphs, have seldom much of the picturesque. There were, however, here points of view often striking and peculiar. The fore-shore of the base, with its broken, rugged masses, encrusted with shells, and here and there tangled with sea-weed, over which the blue waters ripple, taking from them a darker hue, the figures of the towers ending or breaking a vista, the frowning battlements of the fort on the Ile Pelée beyond, the jagged steps and points of the rocky shore on which it stands, the breaking of the surf on its shoals, all made pictures out of the vast materialism around.

The forts we shall speak of in their order as parts of the defence.

The Digue leaves two channels of entrance. The chief is that to the westward. The space here betwixt the musoir at the extremity and the Querqueville Point is divided by the Chavagnac Rock, which just shows darkly above the water in the midst. The entire distance across is about 2500 yards; but this rock straitens the main channel to a width of rather more than half a mile. This is accessible and safe both to sailing-ships and steamers. The inner one between Chavagnac Rock and Querqueville is also practicable for large vessels at certain states of the tide. The other entrance is by the eastward, betwixt the eastern musoir and the edge of Pelée Island Flat, and is much narrower and more difficult, in consequence of being "crossed obliquely by the tide-streams." The haven thus enclosed is divided into the Rade and La Petite Rade. The Rade is the outward space beyond the bay, and has two anchorages—one near the eastern, and one under the western arm of the breakwater—both safe, and affording good holding: the western having a depth of from six to eight fathoms everywhere. La Petite Rade is to the southward, within Fort Hommet.

The roadstead was achieved. It alone, however, could not fulfil the

design. The *port militaire* would be still incomplete—still without arsenals and docks for the construction and armament of vessels of war. The genius of Napoleon comprehended what was needed to perfect the creation, and his will resolved it. Then was issued the decree in April 1808: "Qu'un port serait creusé pour les grands vaisseaux de guerre dans le roc de Cherbourg à cinquante pieds de profondeur au-dessous des hautes marées." A bassin-de-flot and an arrière-bassin were to follow, and constitute Cherbourg as a first-class port of war. This sounds almost like the mandate of an eastern despot, which, in the plenitude of power, thousands of slaves would execute, or which, in the absence of it, would be proclaimed as the outward expression of empire, the vaunt and assumption of sovereignty.

"Ce magnifique programme" was, however, no idle vaunt; it was a mandate which was obeyed, not, indeed, with the rapidity of slaves fulfilling a master's will, but was responded to firmly and surely by the energies of a great people.

The spot chosen was the mass of rock on the western side of the bay. This had been called Le Pré du-Roi, in consequence of its having been fixed upon in former times by Vauban, under the direction of his master Louis, as the site best adapted for the construction of an artificial port. The name through many intervening years had marked the purpose. No other site was available. All others offered the objections of exposure and openness, of insecure foundations and uncertain entrance. This presented only the difficulty of labour—the toil of a long and stern struggle with the rock. It was accepted as the lesser difficulty. The work of excavation was begun, and the basin of Napoleon commenced the series which now lie complete and perfected within the *enceinte* of the *port militaire*. The space thus occupied and enclosed has an area of about 220 acres; and from its situation on the level ground at the foot of the hills, and from its forming a sort of irregular promontory jutting on the Rade, was especially capable of being isolated and kept distinct from the

town and neighbouring country. Its north side looks forth on the breakwater and western entrance, and is fronted by rocks which render it unapproachable by boats, and unfit for landing. The more extended front is the western, which faces the Petite Rade, and offers the best and easiest access to the port; an irregular semi-circular line, running from the southern point along the foot of the hills to the northern, connects the *enceinte*. The avant-port, the first of the series, was cut out of the granite-bed at the southern and of the western side, and is a large floating basin with a superficies of sixteen acres, having a length of about nine hundred feet, and a breadth of seven hundred and fifty. Its depth is about thirty-two feet below the level of low-water, and upwards of sixty "en contre-bas des terre-pleins" of the arsenal. Its entrance from the roadstead is a short channel opening to the eastward, in which there are from thirteen to sixteen feet at low-water. This is the only access to the system of basins, and is not available for large-class ships, except at certain times of tide. Before the completion of the eastern end of the breakwater, this channel and basin were much exposed to winds from the eastward, and though more sheltered now, are still affected by the heavy surf during strong gales from that quarter. To the southward of this is another entrance which opens into a port or *cambre* for boats and lumps, and then into a smaller *bassin-de-flot* for the smaller steamers, and for the loading of lighters with provisions, &c. Around stand buildings for the salting and storing of provisions. This supplementary little port is called the *Bassin-de-Flot de Chantereyne*, from its being constructed on the supposed site of the chapel built by Maudé in commemoration of her deliverance, and where thanksgivings might be chanted continually for the escape of the queen.

The avant-port was six years in progress, and (as has been before said) was inaugurated on the 27th August 1813, with great pomp and circumstance, with great triumph and exultation, by Marie-Louise, as

the representative of her great lord, who was absent at the head of his armies. This basin is faced all round with granite. At its southern end are four building-slips, and one "forme de radoub." The slips are enclosed by sheds with high massive walls, and bomb-proof roofs. Behind these are the different workshops—dull, grim buildings, dark, and almost silent, not enlivened even (at least when we saw them) by the bustle and din of labour. On the right are long ranges of forges and smithies. It is capable of receiving seven or eight first-class vessels. This was the initiation. The extension of the design, a *bassin-de-flot*, or wet dock, was to be dug in a direct line to the northward of the avant-port. The difficulties of excavation, and the diversion of the nation's energies by changes of masters and councillors, made this work slow and protracted. The year 1829 had come, the Bourbon dynasty was re-established, the decrees were gone, when the immersing of the basin was inaugurated in the presence of royalty, and another part of the "programme magnifique" was achieved. The *bassin-de-flot* has the same depth as the avant-port, with which it communicates by a lock, or gates, fifty-nine feet wide, for the passage of vessels from one to the other. It has no "cales or formes," and being quite clear, is well adapted for holding vessels of war, though its capacity in this respect has been much overrated both in the French and English accounts. On the right, towards the sea, stands a range of building, constituting the "Arsenal de l'Artillerie de Marine." In front of it is a large space, where guns of every kind and calibre for service afloat are laid, and shot of every size piled, ready for transport. These two, the avant-port and the *bassin-de-flot*, occupy the western side of the environ of the dockyard.

Still there was more to be done. As yet there was neither water-space, nor means of construction enough for a first-class port, and after many years of discussion and survey, the third part of the decree was enacted. In 1836, the *arrière-bassin* was commenced. This was to exceed each of

the former in magnitude, and to be the crowning effort of the design, the grand development of the *port militaire*. The natural impediments to the undertaking were greater than heretofore, and new means were applied. A system of grand mines, with lateral galleries, charged with a great quantity of powder, was adopted to assist the excavation. These, when fired by means of an electric battery, shattered and broke the mass and solidity of the rock, so that it was afterwards easily raised and removed. Notwithstanding all the engineering skill, the progress was not rapid, and it is only now, in this year 1858, that the last of the *merveilles* has been solemnly and publicly proclaimed as a finished work. In dimensions it exceeds, perhaps, any basin constructed for war purposes now existing in the ports or dockyards of the great naval powers. It covers twenty acres of space, extends on its longer side to four hundred and twenty metres, and measures two hundred metres across. Its depth is eighteen metres from the *terre-plein*. Two locks connect it with the Rade, one opening into the *avant-port*, and the other into the *bassin-de-flot*, and both being wide enough to admit any vessel of war. On the west side are seven building-slips, of various sizes, exquisite in workmanship and finish. On the north side are four "*formes*," or docks, for the repair of vessels, also most complete in details, and in the fineness of the material and handicraft. On the south two other "*formes*" are being dug. It is said to contain 1,600,000 cubic metres of water, and to be capable of receiving fourteen large vessels of war. Around it are grouped all the various workshops for machinery, &c.; and betwixt it and the other basins are the offices and bureaux for the direction of the movements of the port. The whole of the *port militaire* is enclosed by a high wall, excluding it entirely from the habitations of officials, workmen, or soldiery, so that when the hours of work are ended it may be closed entirely, subject to no egress or ingress, and left solely to its guards. On the west of the wall are the barracks, hospitals, and arsenals, de-

pending on the establishments. Beyond, again, the *enceinte militaire*, with its nine bastions, and its ditch in front, insulating it completely from the world, makes the port a fortress of defence.

Such, in its plans and details, is the dockyard of Cherbourg. The details have perhaps been dwelt on too minutely, and are facts already well known, and often repeated; but without the facts in presence, it is difficult to draw conclusions, or reason on results.

The first aspect in which we regard this *port militaire* is as a national effort—a manifestation of power and will by a great people. The extent, the greatness, the difficulty of the work, lead us at once to repeat the crow of our neighbours, and regard it as one of the marvels of the age. A little consideration, however, will very much modify the wonder. The obstacles were doubtless great, but they were not new; they were such as men have been contending with since the world began; they have ever been in contest with rock, and stone, and clay; they have ever been toiling and digging—ever mixing mortar and building walls. It was not as with the Atlantic cable, where science had to struggle with new elements and new machinery, and test its stages by experiment. Here the work was with the same materials, and with better means, than those with which the ancients achieved their grand monuments. It was the old process—to dig, to delve, to heave out, to build, and that too with the superior advantages of blasting and mining. Thus regarded, the result does not seem so astonishing. The design was pursued throughout fifty-five years, and during this time the resolve of a mighty State was bent on its accomplishment. As an achievement requiring only means, labour, and supplies, subject to no doubtful experiments, and dependent on no theories of science, and compared with the time it occupied, it can scarcely be accepted as any extraordinary development of the energies of a great nation, directed by a strong government. Its expression is rather that of will than of power.

In all efforts of labour, time must be calculated as well as results, and especially by those who would thereby estimate the resources and capacity of an empire. To us such an undertaking, vast and complete as it is, would, as an operation of so many years, be scarcely a marvel or a vaunt.

As a port it has been even more extolled than as an effort of national power. The magnitude of the basins, and the extent of the system of docks and works—seen, too, under peculiar circumstances—have produced an exaggeration of effect which has led many to overrate its real capacity, and to overlook many important deficiencies. The alarmist theory has invested the actuality with a mirage of magnifying opinions and dazzling ideas.

The real requirements of a military port and arsenal are building-space, facility and power of equipment, and harbourage, either as shelter for a fleet, as a station for its preparation, a starting-point for its operations, or a depot for its reserve. In building-space Cherbourg exceeds any one of our great dockyards. It has altogether eleven building-slips, all available, and within a certain concentric distance. Building-space does not, however, imply building-power. The great disproportion betwixt the space, the construction, and the edifices, and the activity, the work, the artisan power, evident therein, is one of the most striking and noteworthy features of Cherbourg. In the workshops and the docks, along the quays and arsenals, in the stores and the bureaux, there is nowhere evident that movement and action which characterize our own yards. This may be said to be caused by a greater concentration of means and a better organization of labour. The great flux of man-power, and the great masses of material, so associated with our notions of a naval arsenal, are wants which cannot, however, be reconciled with a great resource of means or a great command of artisans. This building-power is a point, however, which need concern us little. We have outbuilt ourselves—could, with the aid of our mercantile yards, outbuild all the navies of the world.

For equipment and repairs there

are seven docks, and the bassin-de-flot might be made entirely available for fitting or laying up vessels. We come next to the harbourage. According to some English authorities, sixty ships of the line might lie in the three basins. This, however, is an over-estimate, at least, if they are supposed to be rigged, equipped, and ready for service. The French say thirty-eight; but even this number, if all attainable, would be very crowded and difficult to move. And here appears the great deficiency of the port. There is no intermediate space, as in our harbours, betwixt the basins and the roadstead, where vessels, when dispatched from the docks, might have a spacious and sheltered rendezvous, and where those in reserve might float secure, and ready for future need. Our fleets at Spithead or in the Sound might, if necessary, run into the harbours of Portsmouth or Hamoaze, and find sufficient anchorage, without disturbing one of the hundred hulks lying there, or in any way interfering with the fair egress and ingress of the docks. This could not be done at Cherbourg. If the basins were made a depot for a reserve, they would no longer be available as a harbour of refuge for a fleet, if the Rade should from any circumstance become untenable; and if kept for that purpose, Cherbourg could only be used as a station for an active fleet, and as a building-port, and could never possess a relay of ships which, when one squadron had started forth, might be fitted and despatched in reinforcement. It could not answer the double purpose of refuge and reserve, and is, therefore, deficient in one of the requirements of a great port. It fulfils the first idea of the design more fully than the second. It is more pre-eminently a strategic point of attack or defence than a harbour or port. It possesses all the capabilities for this—shelter and protection for a fleet of considerable size—a roadstead where it might lie ready for a start or run from a danger—a system of basins fully equal to its repairs and equipments, and capable, if necessary, of affording it further shelter and defence—an arsenal apparently complete, very compact in its arrange-

ments, and with the directing power well centralized, and the departments well organized. Such it is; but it is the port of one fleet. Should that be dispersed or destroyed, it has no power, no means at once to create and send forth another to replace it. There is no room for a nucleus—no waters, where “the mighty masses” —the bodies of war-ships—“may repose on their shadows in perfect stillness,” until necessity demands them, and then be made “instinct at once with life and motion,” so that a second fleet may succeed a first, and yet another be prepared to issue forth to guard the safety or assert the honour of its country.

As a dockyard establishment it presented certainly less activity, less workman force, perhaps less available material, than our own; but there seemed to be a careful organization of means, and a concentration of strength, which prevented and guarded against any such waste of power, waste of material, waste of time, in doing, undoing, and overdoing, as we sometimes display in the prodigality of our resources.

If Cherbourg has been exaggerated as a port, it has perhaps been rather underrated as a fortress. Its defences have grown with its growth, have sprung up step by step with its creations, and when complete will attest the perfection with which art can strengthen and fortify a position of nature. Impregnability is perhaps an impossibility. Nothing can assure defence; but its excellence would appear to be attained when every point of approach and assault has been fortified and guarded so that the chances of attack become an improbability, and amount to a desperate venture.

Thus is it with Cherbourg. The difficulties of defence were almost as great at first as those of shelter and construction. The one work, however, aided as well as suggested the other. The place to be fortified at first was an open bay of a semi-circular shape, terminating in two points at each extremity. These points were the positions to be fortified whilst the roadstead and the town were the only objects of de-

fence. Hence arose Fort Querqueville on the western extremity, and the Fort Imperial on the Ile Pelée, which is a continuation of the eastern. On and from these was formed and developed the present system of defence. It may be said to consist of three lines. The first extends along the base of the Rade, and is formed by the Ile Pelée, the Digue, with its musoirs and its central forts, and Querqueville. The battery of Chavagnac, which is being constructed betwixt this and the western musoir, will in time strengthen and complete it. These all defend and command the approaches and entrances to the roadstead. The second commences again with Querqueville, continues along the shore in the battery of St. Anne, the northern bastions of the dockyard and Fort Hommet, and ends in the Fort des Flamands, built on rocks beyond the town and the commercial harbour, and facing the eastern entrance and anchorage. The guns from these sweep and range over every part of the Rade in its whole extent. The third has the Montagne de Roule as a centre, which towers above and overtops the whole as a grand natural citadel, and is the land front of the defence. A system of redoubts and field-works extends from hence eastward to the Fort des Flamands, commanding all the roads and approaches in that quarter, and, starting from the same centre, circles again westward over a range of hillocks to Querqueville. There is also an outer line of redoubts, which take a greater sweep in the same direction. The redoubts and works, however, composing the land defence, are very imperfect, and many which appear on the plans are only projected. Roule has also its seaward front, and may be taken as the third point in the sea defences.

Formidable as this system of defence looks as a whole, it is still more so when studied in detail. The space to be defended was comparatively limited after the enclosure of the Rade by the breakwater, and the distance betwixt the lines was not great enough to prevent one covering the other. The forts, too, and batteries are all designed with consum-

mate skill, and constructed with most elaborate nicety and regularity of workmanship.

Querqueville may be taken as the chief point in the first line. It is one of the oldest of the forts. Its creation was a necessity suggested by a past danger. In 1758, a raid was made on Cherbourg by Lord Howe. The troops were landed to the westward of Querqueville, ravaged the country, occupied the town, and held it to ransom. To avert similar disasters, the erection of forts on the salient points of Querqueville, Ile Pelée, and Hommet, was decreed by royal ordonnance. Querqueville is built on a rocky point at the very extremity of the bay. It is a large half-moon fort with a casemated battery, having embrasures for forty-six guns, flanked by two batteries *en barbette*. To those who had seen the casemate principle in the Russian fortifications, and there and then judged it from the evident and palpable disadvantages which it demonstrated, the adaptation of it by French engineers was a surprise and a lesson. Nowhere could it be seen more perfectly illustrated than in these Cherbourg forts. The chambers are all spacious and high, and open in the rear. In addition to this, there is a passage leading continuously around the battery in rear of the guns, so that there is a clear and ready communication throughout, and a free ventilation for the escape of the smoke. Under these circumstances the objections to the casemate disappear, or are considerably modified. At Querqueville there is a large open space in rear of the battery, so that the inconvenience of the smoke would be little felt. Above the casemate is a bomb-proof platform on which guns might be mounted, though there is now no appearance of such intent. The guns from Querqueville command entirely the approach and entrance to the western end of the Rade. The width of the passage is about 2500 yards, so that ships passing mid-channel would be within range of its guns at all the different points. Altogether, including the flanks, about sixty-four guns could be brought to bear upon it. Those in the half-moon

are of a calibre corresponding nearly with our 82's, those on one of the flanks are Paixhan's. In the fort is a large barrack, bomb-proof and well ventilated, with the rooms opening out of galleries and wide corridors. Towards the land it has a regularly bastioned front with a ditch and outworks; just beyond is a larger space called the Polygone, which is being cleared for the practice of great guns and musketry. The next point in the outer line is, or will be, Fort de Chavagnac; at present, the rock on which it is to be based is just raised above the waters. It divides the passage into two channels, and will, when the projected work is carried out, materially strengthen the defence. We have next to consider the Digue as a fortification. Napoleon conceived the idea of a central fort. To him it was at once evident that such a mass of masonry might be adapted to military purposes. The idea has been extended, and there are now four forts, the two musoirs at either extremity, the central fort, and another in the middle of the western arm. The western musoir is a round tower, intended to be raised to three tiers, each having twenty guns. There is, however, great doubt of the stability of the foundation at this part; and as it has already experienced a considerable shock by which the walls have been much shaken and shattered, the first tier only has been completed, and above it there is placed rubble and loose stones, to the height of the intended walls, so that it may be ascertained in time whether the base has settled sufficiently to admit of the building being continued according to the original design. The guns, when mounted, would sweep the channel, and also the western anchorage of the Rade. The next fort, in the centre of the arm, is of an oblong form, and would command the sea in front of the Digue, and also the Rade. So also would the chief and central fort, which stands at the angle formed by the two arms. It also is circular, is constructed for three tiers, with a "réduit elliptique casemate" in front of the sea face. The arrangements of the casemates are here equally perfect, though on a smaller scale. The musoir at the

eastern end corresponds with its fellow, and is in the same state of construction. The foundation here, however, is supposed to be more firm and stable.

All these forts are surrounded by ditches, into which the sea can be admitted, and they be at once isolated from the main work of the Digue by the raising of bridges. The Digue would bear in its forts alone, according to the plan, upwards of two hundred guns bearing in every direction, and on all points of the defence; but at present it would not be possible to mount more than half that number. The forts, however, do not at all represent its military or defensive capabilities. Along its whole extent it has been so constructed as to offer a ready platform, with a parapet of the proper height and slope, on which guns of great calibre even might be readily placed. In the space intervening betwixt the forts there would be room for at least eight hundred. It would not be desirable to try the base of the structure, by having such a weight as these guns would impose permanently fixed upon it; but they could easily be transported thither and placed in position in an emergency, or during a war. The unfinished state, and the doubtful stability of some of its forts, would suggest the Digue as the weak point in this line of defence, until we consider the possibility of its being converted into such a tremendous battery. The Ile Pelée terminates the line on the eastern side. With its fort rising tier above tier on a rocky basement, a dark shadow falling ever across it, and the waves washing around and isolating it, it has a castellated character, which gives it a picturesqueness, and somewhat even of grandeur—an effect which the eye seizes on gladly, after dwelling so long on lines, and circles, and heights, and measurements. It has a casemated battery in front, and above and within rise two other tiers, the last *en barbette*, capable altogether of showing about seventy guns bearing on the eastern passage and anchorage. Again we start from Querqueville, along the second line, until we light on a small open battery on a jutting point of

rock called St. Anne's, with thirteen guns concentrating on the western channel; then again to the northern bastions of the *enceinte militaire*, armed and facing the same point; then on to Fort Hommet, the citadel and apex of the *port militaire* and its fortifications. It is an irregular work, solidly and scientifically constructed, with a front bearing on the western anchorage of the Rade, and others on the approaches to the fort. Not much above the water's edge, it has a casemated *enveloppe* separated from the *enceinte* by a ditch, which is crossed by movable drawbridges. The embrasures of this battery are closed and blinded, so that from the sea it is difficult at first to distinguish it from a blank wall; but when seen from within, there is a gun lying in every chamber ready for mounting. Above this is another row of casemates; and on the platform at the top, pieces of heavy calibre show their dark frowning muzzles above the wall. The interior of this fort is quite open, and the effect of the smoke in the casemates, when the guns were fired, was scarcely perceptible. Fort Hommet could contain about seventy-five guns.

From hence we pass across the bay, leaving the town and the commercial harbour, and the sandbank beyond it, on to the eastern side, where on its bed of rocks Fort des Flamands, the last, the most complete of all the works, stands as a base of the second line. During the inrush of visitors at the fêtes there was much official ceremony in obtaining permission to visit the forts, and no one dared show himself at an entrance without being armed with a document from the Commandant. Des Flamands was at a distance and rather out of our way, and we had omitted to see it when vested with official ukase, and therefore considered it henceforth as forbidden ground, sacred precincts which we could not hope to enter. In our wanderings, however, we had ventured on an outside view from the drawbridge, and seeing something encouraging in the deportment of the sentry, advanced, were introduced at once to an ancient, weird-like dame with dishevelled locks, who, shoulder-

ing a broomstick, immediately escorted us around the place, courteously explaining and pointing out all the peculiarities, and as we said adieu, rather apologised for not being able to offer us an *entrée* to the *Poudrière*. This fort deserves its reputation of being one of the best constructed in France. It has at first the appearance of a half-moon, but a closer inspection shows the angles of its faces and flanks. In the casemated battery were mounted 80-pounders (French weight), the heaviest guns we had yet seen; the guns above, placed *en barbette*, were of lesser metal. All, however, were of the newest make, and the carriages of the newest pattern. There were only thirty-one guns in one tier, and thirteen in the other, but the number might on occasion be made up to a total of seventy. It covers or flanks the Fort Imperial, and has guns which could be brought to bear on the waters of the Petite Rade and the approaches of the port. In the interior are immense powder-magazines, well walled in and protected. All the details and arrangements here were most perfect, and the order most complete; so was it in all the forts, and it was impossible not to be struck with the extreme excellence and finish of the masonry, and the general particulars and materials of the construction. They were more remarkable here, perhaps, as all the new inventions and improvements had been adopted; but everywhere was it evident that skilful and careful supervision had been employed in assuring good and adequate results. The Fort des Flamands is separated, too, from the mainland by the sea. Close and to the eastward of it is a small shallow harbour, "un port d'échouage," used as a mast-pond. At a short distance, and connected with it by a canal, is a space called La Mare de Tourlaville, for the conservation of timber.

The Fort du Roule remains of the sea defences—already has its position been described: a square bastioned work, built on a steep scarped rock, overlooking and overtopping all the surrounding country, it entirely commands the town, the beach, and, at long range, the waters in front.

It is also a central point of the land defence—a base on which converge the redoubts, which form a kind of circle from Flamands to Querqueville, occupying all the prominent points and turns of the roads. Those in the line from Roule to Querqueville form outworks to the *enceinte* of the dockyard, but they are almost all in a neglected state, and scarcely available as fortifications without considerable renovation. The maps and plans show another line beyond these, more imposing and much larger. These we sought for diligently and toilsomely on a hot day, but after losing ourself in the labyrinth of lanes, knocking at Norman farmhouses to make inquiries, and puzzling Norman peasants and maidens by names they had never heard, leaving on their minds the impression that we were distraught or using an unknown tongue, after passing over and standing on the spots where they ought to have been, and were not, we came to the conclusion that they existed only on paper, and were merely projects of the bureau.

Such are the defences. Seaward there are five principal and four minor forts or batteries, besides the bastions of the *enceinte*, of the *port militaire*, and Roule. At present there are not mounted in these more, perhaps, than three hundred guns, but this number could speedily be increased to five hundred or more, without calculating the immense force which could be placed on the Digue itself. To judge of the power of a nation like France, possessing infinite military resources and materiel, by the strength actually shown, must result in false conclusions; and to calculate the defensive character of a place like Oherbourg merely by the number of guns mounted, without considering how many more could be added, and that the chambers and positions are all ready for their reception when they shall be moved thither from the arsenal, would be a grave error in estimating either its individual or comparative importance.

What would be the chances of attack on a system of defence such as has been described? There are

not, as at Cronstadt, the difficulties of long narrow channels and shallow water. Here ships would have room to work; the passages are short, and the depth of water is everywhere sufficient. The fortifications are the sole defences—yet these seem obstacles enough. The western entrance is perhaps the most feasible. It is wider and easier than the eastern; yet here a fleet would have to encounter the guns of the mnsair and Querveville on approaching; and should the ships succeed even in passing and opening the Rade, they would be exposed instantly to a heavy and direct fire from St. Anne's Battery and the northern bastions. The distance from St. Anne's to the channel is about 1200 yards; from the bastions, about 1700. And even supposing that the outer forts might be either silenced or passed, and the anchorage of the Rade gained, it would only be to meet a more formidable danger from the concentration of all the guns of the inner forts, and the rear faces of those on the Digue. The eastern channel is still less practicable; it is narrower, the navigation more difficult, and the cross-fire would be very heavy. A favourite theory of attack is that of bombarding the central fort of the Digue with floating batteries or heavy line-of-battle ships; and after having thus overcome or subdued its fire, to assail the dockyard, which would then be about a mile and a quarter distant, with shot and shell from mortars and guns of long range. This, however, would only be feasible on the supposition that the Digue was not armed, or that no ships were lying within to cover it. Fairly balancing the relative chances of attack and defence, it would seem to be the conclusion that an attempt on the place by ships would be hazardous, futile, and, even if partially successful, without adequate result. It is, however, very doubtful—more than doubtful—whether, with a hostile fleet commanding the seas, ships could lie safely in the Rade. Should it be attended by a light and flying squadron, armed with heavy, long-ranged guns, not only would the anchorage be rendered untenable, but the dockyard itself would not be secure from an-

noyance and danger. Thus, though, as a fortress of defence, Cherbourg might defy attack, still as a fort it would possess neither the protection nor the shelter in time of war aimed at in the design. If the Rade could not be held in presence of an enemy sufficiently superior in force and numbers to blockade the place, and the basins be then necessarily converted into a harbour of refuge, all the other great purposes and objects of a port would be nullified, and even the great strategic principle very much contracted.

As a fortress which could not be attacked with the probability of success, or taken according to the ordinary laws and experiences of assault, it is perhaps almost perfect; but as a fortress, covering and defending a roadstead and port, so that both may be occupied with impunity, it would scarcely be found free from certain weaknesses and defects consequent on the natural peculiarities of the position, and which science could neither remedy nor provide for.

Cherbourg as a fortress is of less consideration to us as a people than in the character so lately assumed for it, that of a menace and a point of aggression. The old combative raid and razzia, burn, sink, and destroy spirit, has died out of late with us, and been succeeded by the belief that it is our destiny to advance our greatness and prosperity under the auspices of peace, and to look on war and warlike resources as necessities by which this greatness is to be preserved and this prosperity protected. This protection, however, where there is so much to protect, involves the maintenance of a warlike strength which shall be superior or equal to that of any power which might assail it—which shall be sufficient for security, sufficient for national honour. With the assurance of such strength, we might settle down calmly and resolutely to the development of our career—without it, every demonstration of warlike preparations, every increase of warlike means by another nation, assumes a hostile aspect, and becomes an alarm and an apprehension. Thus is it that the inaugura-

tion of Cherbourg has been interpreted as a menace, and its existence regarded as a danger—a power of aggression and invasion. Thus is it that a consciousness of unreadiness, of neglected preparation and defence, has exaggerated into a threat what might otherwise have been considered as a legitimate effort of defence and maritime development, and been looked upon with indifference by a great naval power, reposing in the confidence of its own security and of its innate capacity to assert and maintain supremacy on the seas.

Is Cherbourg in reality a menace? That is a question dependent on the policies of nations and the combination of events. Has it the capacity of aggression ascribed to it? That is a question which men, viewing the means and appliances in a practical light, can answer by statements, deductions, and conclusions derived from experiences and facts, and based on the rules of probabilities and calculations.

It has been broadly announced in letter and pamphlet, vehemently declaimed on hustings and at banquets, that an army of a hundred thousand men could be transported in twelve hours from Paris to Cherbourg. Those who know the facilities of French railways might have some doubts as to the conveyance of such a body in such time, with the means at their disposal. But supposing these hundred thousand, with all the materiel of war, guns, horses, &c., fairly deposited in the Camp de Gare, or at the gates of the dockyard, the question arises, How are they to reach the shores of England? The Zouaves and Chasseurs de Vincennes are depicted by French writers as leaping and charging on board ships, and carrying them by a grand charge of bayonets; but we are not called upon to believe that, like the saints of old, they can make a marvellous passage of the Channel on their greatcoats. They must be transported; and how? A hundred thousand men would require a hundred ships of first-class power for themselves alone, besides those for the guns and horses. Calculating the difference of burden, and the impossibility of collecting so many large

vessels, it may be assumed that two hundred of one class and the other would be required; and this we believe to be a supply which the naval and maritime resources of France would not be equal to at one effort. Even if they could be furnished, where could they be disposed of at Cherbourg? The Rade and the basins could not hold them—so that the space alone would compel the embarkation of such a body to be a piecemeal affair, even supposing the necessary means to be available.

This, however, is the question reduced *ad absurdum*. It is the exaggerated talk of popular orators, and after-dinner declaimers, the wild theory of men who dash at conclusions and denounce results, without knowledge or calculation of the causes which lead to them. They fancy that, at the fiat of a chief, men can be transported hither and thither—can be shifted at once from place to place; that it is enough to say, Let there be a hundred thousand men at Cherbourg, and *presto* they are there—railway carriages, engines, lines, are as nought in these visions. Soldiers, too, in these dreams, are to be packed as herrings in casks—ships to be placed like bales of cotton, so many feet of wood to so many feet of water.

Let us, however, consider the probability of invasion from Cherbourg as a point of embarkation in a rational and common-sense view. It cannot be supposed that such an attempt could be made with a less force than forty thousand men, and that only as an advanced *corps d'armée*. These are to be conveyed from Paris or the neighbouring garrisons, with all their materiel. Less than five hundred carriages of some sort could not suffice for this, and we doubt whether even the will of absolutism could place these on the line from Paris to Cherbourg; consequently, the troops would be carried by relays, and as it is only a single line, there would be considerable delay, and more than double or treble the time occupied than that which theorists calculate upon. These are now to be embarked. In 1830 it required three hundred ships of the government, and six hundred mer-

chant vessels, to convey thirty-seven thousand men and four thousand horses from Toulon to Algeria; and this was an occasion when there was no naval force to be encountered, and nothing to be estimated but the mere extent of transport. For an invasion of England, it is to be assumed that the navy of France would be the covering fleet—would be scarcely more than sufficient for that purpose, and would be enabled to spare very few vessels for the conveyance of troops. For it is not reasonable to suppose that line-of-battle ships expecting and intended to encounter the navies of England, could be encumbered with troops or stores. The transport of the army must be left mainly to the mercantile marine of France. We have seen the number of ships employed for the army of Algeria. Allowing for the increased size, and the advantage of steam power, we cannot estimate that less than a hundred of different classes or size would be required to carry a force of forty thousand men with guns, horses, and materiel, to the English coast. The basins would not contain more than thirty first-class ships at one time, giving them space and room to move, and leaving the entrances clear and available. Five more might be along the dockyard walls outside, but only at certain times of tide. Neither could the ships in the basins be moved in and out, except about the time of high-water. Flat-bottomed boats might be used to embark guns and horses from the small harbour at Fort des Flamands, and take them to ships in the Rade. Such an embarkation, conducted under the most advantageous circumstances, would fully test the capabilities of Cherbourg, and could not be effected simultaneously. The basins could not contain more than a third of the ships necessary for the purpose; the rest must lie in the Rade, and there must be a clearing out of one division before another could come in, and the tides must be studied, and the approaches from the Rade. The transporting force, too, would occupy the whole disposable water space, and the covering fleet, consequently, be obliged to cruise outside. The

embarkation could, doubtlessly, be accomplished; but it would be an affair of time and difficulty, and could not be effected with the rapidity or facility which alarmists suppose. The great cause of alarm for an invasion from Cherbourg is, that it would be a surprise. The army is to be transported from Paris in twelve hours, embarked in a night, and thrown on the shores of England in another period of eight hours. There are some little sturdy facts rather opposed to this. We have shown the delays which would necessarily obstruct the transport and embarkation; next, as to the surprise. The collection of the vessels for the troops would not be an easy matter—would tax heavily the mercantile resources of France—and could not be accomplished without observation or display. The covering fleet could not consist of less than twenty sail of the line; and this would necessitate the combination of all the squadrons from the different great *ports militaires*, and must attract notice. Seamen might be sent overland from the different stations, but ships must move by the ocean routes, and be open to reconnaissance. The strength of this fleet, too, could not be increased considerably in secret. The work of preparation would declare itself. There could, therefore, be no such sudden surprise. The intent would be manifest before, long before the blow could be struck, and it would then become a contest betwixt the two nations of their comparative power and preparation of attack and defence.

Still, though Cherbourg may not possess the facility of aggression which exaggeration has assigned to it, it offers greater than France ever could boast of before, and if not a menace of invasion to us, it is at least a warning of defence. The meaning of Cherbourg is our next problem. It is a gage of war, say the alarmists—a gauntlet thrown down in front of our unprotected shores. It cannot mean war, say certain statesmen, for the feeling of the Emperor, and the spirit of his policy towards this country, is peace and alliance. Perhaps neither meaning is exactly applicable. It is not

a gage of war; for we believe that as yet Cherbourg is not ready either for defence or aggression: there is much to be done, much to be completed, ere it possess its full capacity for either, ere it could be made a formidable *point d'appui* of attack, or could dare the vengeance of retribution; and it is not according to the practice of a nation, noted for the astuteness of its policy, to throw out a challenge ere it was ready for battle, to unveil an attempt ere it was ripe for fulfilment. Had Cherbourg been intended as a present menace, it would not have been so publicly announced until the forts were finished, the defence complete—until the preparations for a transport power and a naval force equal to such an enterprise, had been more fully developed. Cherbourg would then not have been shown whilst it had a sign of weakness or unreadiness.

Neither can we accept it as such a symbol of peace. The policies of empires may change—rulers may pass away—dynasties may be overturned—yet Cherbourg would still remain a power of war to be used according to the will, or directed according to the passions, of the men and the times. It is eminently an expression of war, defensive or offensive, and its only interpretation of peace is, that it means a defence, strong and assured, which shall enable the government within to pursue its systems and its policies free from the dread of interference or interruption from without.

Its true meaning is to be found in the past of France—its true significance in the resolve of which it is the result and expression; the resolve conceived centuries since, transmitted from council to council, from government to government, from dynasty to dynasty—accepted and executed by all as a national purpose and a national destiny. And this resolve was and is, that France should be first of naval powers—that it should possess the greatest navy as well as the most powerful army in the world. This resolve has progressed step by step, stage by stage, has gone on from one port to another, from inferiority to equality, and now aims at supremacy. It is

thus that Cherbourg has for us its significance as a part of a system of great maritime development, as the result of the resolve of a great nation to contest the empire of the waters.

Supremacy on the seas is to England a necessity of defence. She must maintain it or decline. It is to her existence and safety. There is no choice, no alternative. It is an imperative fate. Her position, her polity, her institutions, her commerce, her possessions, all demand that she should have the command and dominance on the waters. To lose it would be to lose all. It is therefore as a challenge to contest this empire that Cherbourg has its import and its warning for us. The alarm of an invasion may or may not be reasonable; but it is one that it behoves not a great people to be proclaiming whenever a dock is opened, or a few ships built—it is one neither dignified nor politic for a nation possessing resources and elements, and power of defence, which might render it insensible to such fears, and assure it immunity from such dangers.

There is now a port, eight hours' sail from our shores, where an army could be embarked, and whence it could be moved upon us, not perhaps in the time or in the force assumed and asserted by so many, but still, perhaps, in time and in force enough to inflict a terrible disaster on unreadiness or defencelessness. A descent on a country, the debarkation of troops, even when unopposed, is, we know, the most difficult and hazardous operation of war. In the presence of an enemy, of an opposing force or defensive means, it ought to be an impossibility. To us it should be such an impossibility. There should everywhere along our coasts be a certainty of such opposing force as would render an attempt at debarkation hopeless and desperate. To effect this, we would not advocate that the coast should be surrounded with fortifications, or be rendered impregnable by a costly and perhaps inefficient *encombre*. The real means of defence are easier and more certain. The great requirements are concentration and man-power. The ability

at any moment of sending men into our ships, and moving soldiers from our camps, and massing both ships and troops on a threatened point, would be a consummation of defence on which the nation might rely with confidence and security. Forts and batteries along the different points of the coast would doubtless assist and aid the defence. Such are being designed, but they must be works of time. Meanwhile a good and most efficient plan has been adopted, that of placing batteries of 18-pounders equipped and ready for service, at different positions, which should be horsed on emergency from the neighbouring farms, and moved in any direction where they would be required. This might be further extended by establishing our floating-batteries at certain stations, and manning them with old pensioners, who might be quartered in cottages or barracks on shore. But to resist an invasion it is never safe to trust the resistance to any stationary force. A place of landing, as our own experiences have shown, might be chosen where no such force could be. A movable defence is the only reliance. A camp such as that at Aldershot should be formed near another part of the coast line, somewhere, perhaps, near Dartmoor, with an outpost corresponding to Shornecliffe at Portland. A communication should be established by rail with the coast, and along its whole extent should exist a direct and continuous line of railways, by means of which bodies of men might be hurled and concentrated on any one position or posted at several, with a rapidity and an ease which strategists never dreamed of. Confronted by an army in array, supported too by heavy guns, and conscious that, move where he would, turn where he would, that army would move more rapidly and more surely than he, and be ever ready to oppose him, an invader would pause and deliberate well ere he launched forth his legions on such an enterprise. There is another part of this movable force, however, to be considered—our fleets. They would be equally ready with steam-power to concentrate and oppose, and an in-

vasion which had to be covered by a naval action, or conducted under a fire from ships, would be a feature approximating too much to impossibility to be attempted. But to possess this part of the movable force, there is necessity for man-power. We have our ships, our guns, all of first class and excellence; but these must be manned—we must have the command of men which shall assure us of sending them forth in the time of need. And this is a necessity, created not only by the exigencies of defence, but by the still greater urgency to assert our supremacy intact and unquestioned. We have ships and resources without limit—we need only men, or the command of men, sufficient to render these an ever-existing and permanent power. Many schemes have been advanced for this—a Channel fleet, with the block-ships, guard-ships, and the coast guard as a reserve, is the favourite theory. But a Channel fleet is a thing which one Admiralty may create, and another destroy—which exists to-day, and may be doomed to-morrow by any financial exigency. The force on which England relies to maintain its maritime ascendancy, must be a permanent one—not subject to the will of a minister, or the pressure of a popular outcry. It must be a standing navy, a body of seamen enrolled and organised, quartered either in ships or barracks, but still endowed and invested with the character of stability, and affording those belonging to it the assurance of continuous pay and service; and giving to the men who wield the destinies of the nation the certain power of sending forth one powerful fleet after another to meet the exigencies of defence, and still retain the appointed reserve as a last resource. It was our intent to have discussed the possibilities of forming such an institution, and the details of its arrangement; but space fails us, and, moreover, the subject is too large and important to be drawn in at the end of an article. It is one, however, which must be forced on our attention and consideration.

It is the lesson which Cherbourg conveys to us—the warning which it utters—that we must stand forth and

reassert our supremacy as a naval power; that we must answer such challenges as it and the system of which it is part may be supposed to signify, not by loud-voiced alarm—not by spasmodic efforts of preparation or defence, but by a methodised and systematic resolve equal to their own in strength, more than equal to theirs in powers of resources; to have ever alive and ready for action a naval force, a power of ships and men, which should defy the efficiency

and the capabilities of the five *ports militaires*—the grand demonstration of the maritime aims of France.

Thus strengthened, thus defended, England might repose on her wealth, or develop her prosperity peacefully and securely—might hear of docks being opened without alarm, and of forts being built, without giving them a passing thought. Thus assured, England might assume the dignity of a great nation—too strong to fear aggression, too strong to provoke it.

LORD CANNING'S REPLY TO THE ELLENBOROUGH DESPATCH.

THE grand case which absorbed the attention of Parliament last summer has at length been closed in point of form, as five months ago it was closed in point of fact. Lord Canning has made his reply to Lord Ellenborough's despatch, and the Government have published it. When tried in full Parliament last May, Lord Canning's case broke down so completely that his Whig friends, who had been so eager to bring it on, shrank from taking the verdict of the House, and, amidst a scene of the most grotesque humiliation, begged to be allowed to withdraw their charges against the Ministry. Lord Canning has now made appearance on his own behalf. We do not think his reply would have been such as it is, if he had not been prompted thereto by the course taken by his Whig friends at home. They had chosen to make his cause a party question, with a view to reinstate themselves in office; and accordingly, throwing statesmanlike wisdom to the winds, they had gone all lengths in eulogising the Oude Proclamation, and in denouncing Lord Ellenborough's censure of it. They staked their credit as a party in justifying Lord Canning and in criminating the Ministry. They failed,—and now Lord Canning is invoked as a forlorn hope to cover their defeat. They did so much for him (although it was only in order to do much more

for themselves) that he could not forego doing his best for them. And so we have the "Reply." A very lengthy and elaborate document it is. But is it in any other sense satisfactory? During the debates in May, when the Whigs were making such a mere stalking-horse of him, Lord Canning might well have prayed to be saved from his friends. But his reply now makes it doubtful whether he do not need to be equally saved from himself. He has allowed himself to be caught in the outer edges of the maelstrom of Whig faction; and, having a bad cause, the very elaborateness of his reply only serves to bring out more clearly the errors of himself and his angry eulogists at home.

We do not underrate Lord Canning. He is a man of ability, an elegant scholar, and possessed of good moral firmness; but not even Lord Granville will assert that he is a man of original genius, a brilliant statesman, capable of saving or reconstructing an empire. He is an ordinary Governor-General placed in extraordinary circumstances. Without comparing him with the more illustrious of his predecessors in the Viceroyalty of India, it is enough to say, that in the history of the present Revolt he will be eclipsed by some of his own subordinates. The name of Lawrence will overshadow that of Canning. It is one of the most

marvellous facts of the war, that it was the Punjab—the most recently conquered of our provinces, and the one which had fought most powerfully against us—that supplied the means of re-conquering Hindostan. This was the untoward realm which Lawrence had to deal with; yet he turned the very elements of danger into most potent allies,—re-created an army of 80,000 men in a few months' time—raised loans to equip them—and sent them fully armed, with long trains of siege-guns, ammunition, and supplies of transport, to retake Delhi, and aid in carrying the British standards in triumph back to Lucknow. In the Punjab we saw men of genius acting in every quarter. It was not the muffled action of a system, but the rapid energetic *coups* of individuals. Everywhere individuality is present. The telegraph from Calcutta is interrupted—Lawrence becomes practically independent—and he and his coadjutors are seen working like paladins in upholding the tottering empire. If we turn to the other side of India—to Calcutta—we see nothing of this sort. Mountains of care indeed Lord Canning had on his shoulders, and he bore the burden bravely and with undaunted moral courage. But he had more of the nobility which, in the face of most terrible odds, stands and dies, than of the genius which can strike and save. As the head of an administrative machine, in which his own personality was half-lost, he did his work honourably and well; but if we look for a ruler dominating over the governmental machine, as an Ellenborough or Wellesley would have done, and making his personality felt through every part of the service—we look in vain.

Only in two matters has the personal action of Lord Canning stood out clearly—and neither of them can be made the subject of eulogy. The first of these is his overruling the military plans of the Commander-in-Chief. In the beginning of the present year, Sir Colin Campbell's plans were, to clear the Doab entirely of the enemy, and fully re-establish communications between Calcutta and the Punjab,—to leave Central India

to be cleared by the Bombay and Madras field-forces, which, under Roberts, Rose, and Whitelock, were advancing to the line of the Jumna from the south and west,—and to march himself into Rohilkund, the reconquest of which province could be effected with the force then at his disposal, and which reconquest was indispensable to free the important line of communication through the Doab from serious and ceaseless flank attacks. All the rebels over this wide extent of country, north-east of the Jumna, would thus have been either destroyed or driven into Oude, the conquest of which province Sir Colin designed to reserve for another campaign,—in the interim, spending the hot season and the rainy months in thoroughly strengthening and reorganising all the surrounding regions; so that, when the campaign reopened, whatever portion of the Oude rebels should escape from the attack of his converging columns (by that time strong in cavalry), would find no resting-place elsewhere, and be utterly crushed, without being able to betake themselves to (our greatest peril) a guerilla warfare. On the other hand, the Governor-General insisted that an attack should be made at once upon the centre of the enemy's power in Oude—maintaining that the capture of Lucknow would so discourage the rebels, that they would give up the contest, and send in their submission. The Commander-in-Chief had to yield to the orders of the Governor-General; and the consequence has been a widespread and harassing guerilla warfare, a campaign in the hot season, most disastrous to our soldiers—and results so unsatisfactory, that not a single revolted province has as yet been thoroughly reduced to order and tranquillity. Sir Colin Campbell did his part of the work—he took Lucknow—and not only Lucknow, but Bareilly, and every other place of importance. But the rebels did not surrender. Lord Canning had entirely miscalculated. The object for which he had overruled the plans of the campaign proved quite illusory. And thus, in this momentous matter, his policy was a failure.

The only other instance of marked

personal action on the part of Lord Canning was the issuing of the Oude Proclamation. When demurring to the alteration of his own military plans, Sir Colin Campbell doubtless expressed his scepticism as to the speedy surrender of the Oude rebels upon which the Governor-General calculated; and it was to make sure of this hoped-for submission that his Lordship resolved to issue a proclamation. The overruling of the General's strategy, and the issuing of the proclamation, stand together as parts of one plan; and both parts of the plan miscarried. Oude must be attacked, resolved Lord Canning; and though the generals demur, I will issue a proclamation which will make all things go right. Hence the origin of the proclamation which excited so much discussion and animadversion, and to a brief and final consideration of which we are constrained by the tenor of Lord Canning's reply. Very willingly should we have let the question sleep. But Lord Canning is blessed with so many friends in this country, who are resolved to make of him a stalking-horse of party, that his unhappy proclamation has again been exhumed amidst a flourish of Whig trumpets. The Whig chiefs in Parliament were too thoroughly beaten in summer to have any thought of resuming the fight themselves; but it seemed to them a good way of covering their defeat to set their organs in the press a-sounding on the subject. And Lord Canning helped them to do so. It is a curious fact that his Lordship's "private" communications to his friends appear to be as frequent and full as his despatches to the Government are scanty and rare. In spring he had fully apprised his friends "privately" of his intention to issue a proclamation in Oude, and of its tenor, before the Government knew anything of the matter. And it was these private letters which enabled his Whig friends to arrange beforehand an attack upon the Ministry on the subject of this proclamation, and to boast that the Government would be out "in three weeks," while as yet nothing was publicly known of any proclamation at all.

Something of the same kind, on a small scale, has happened again. When sending home his elaborate Reply, Lord Canning duly apprised his friends of his having done so, and of the contents of the document,—doubtless informing them that he had not only exculpated himself and them, but that he had "walked into" Lord Ellenborough, and likewise shown that the whole Ministry were partakers in the crime of the noble Earl! The Palmerstonians thereupon instructed their organs in the press to clamour for the production of this precious document. A request which was very quickly answered by Lord Stanley's forwarding copies of the lengthy letter to each of the metropolitan journals. With his usual manly straightforwardness, Lord Stanley would have acted thus in any circumstances; but both he and his colleagues must have felt that in this instance their generosity was put to little proof. Whoever might be damaged by the publication of the despatch, they knew it would not injure *them*.

For what is the true inference to be drawn from Lord Canning's reply but this—That, according to his own showing, *no proclamation should have been issued at all!* A strange conclusion, certainly, but the only one that can be deduced from his Lordship's elaborate exposition of the case. Indeed, the whole document reads more like the production of an elegant scholar than of a masterly mind versed in the practical work of statesmanship. And there can hardly be a greater contrast than exists between the clearness of his style, and the temperate calmness of tone, marking the scholar and the gentleman,—and, on the other hand, his manifest incapacity to understand the broad nature of the opposition which his proclamation encountered, his confusion of ideas as to his own policy, and the self-contradictory and wholly untenable character of the elaborate justification with which he seeks to defend it.

We may pass over the exordium of the reply, in which his Lordship makes excuses for not resigning his high office; for not only had the

Ministry assured him of their continued confidence and support, but the best justification of his continuance in office is to be found in the body of the reply itself,—the gist of which most unmistakably is, that he approved of Lord Ellenborough's policy, and *meant* to act upon it. Holding the views he does, the only consistent defence which he can put in is—not that he dissents from Lord Ellenborough's maxims of policy, but that he thought that proclamations to Hindoos, like dreams to an Irishman, should always “go by contraries,” and be understood in the opposite sense to that which they naturally bear! In this exordium, however, we regret to say, there are one or two manifestations of pet and party-misrepresentations, which we did not expect from his Lordship's antecedents, and which it is to be hoped by this time he himself regrets. Such, for instance, is the following, in which he seeks to show the whole Ministry responsible for the publication of Lord Ellenborough's despatch:—“Before the despatch was published in England, it had been announced to Parliament by a Minister of the Crown as conveying disapproval in every sense of the policy indicated by the Governor-General's proclamation.” Here, for a most paltry purpose—one which could do his Lordship no good, but very obliging to his Whig friends—the truth is kept in the letter, but is broken in the sense; for the fact is, that before Mr. Disraeli announced the purport of the despatch, the pledge had already been given by Lord Ellenborough's under-secretary to lay it in full on the table of the House. Mr. Disraeli, and the whole Ministry, adopted the principle of Lord Ellenborough's proclamation, but they dissented from his act of consenting to publish it. Lord Canning's object, therefore, in the sentence above quoted, is one of misrepresentation, very unworthy of himself. Another instance of mingled pet and wilful misconstruction appears in another place, where he says: “It does not belong to me to say what line of conduct the British Government ought to follow, if it be

now determined that the course in taking possession of Oude was not lawful or justifiable.” Lord Ellenborough never said that the annexation of Oude was not lawful or justifiable, but that there was a flaw in the proceedings of sufficient importance to make us chary of putting in force the utmost rigour of the law against Oudian malcontents to our rule. Still less did he ask Lord Canning for the advice which his Lordship so preposterously makes a show of withholding. We may also observe, before leaving this lengthy exordium, in which Lord Canning sets himself to carp at his censurers before entering upon his own defence, that, however undeclared the result at the time he wrote, his viregal vaticinations of dire evil from Lord Ellenborough's despatch have been proved groundless; whereas, the bad effects of his own proclamation—and we may add, also, of his incompetent interference with the plans of the war, with which the issuing of the proclamation is intimately connected—are bearing their evil fruits to the present hour.

Coming to the body of the despatch, we find that it contains little that is new,—but much that is important, as confirming statements and opinions which were questioned or wholly denied by the Opposition last summer. While writing his own defence, Lord Canning is compelled to justify Lord Ellenborough. On all the premises of the case, Lord Canning admits that the noble President of the Board of Control judged correctly. He admits that the facts in regard to Oude are entirely as Lord Ellenborough and Sir James Ontram represented them. The case of the people of Oude, he allows, was altogether exceptional, and that they ought not to be regarded as rebels, but rather as ordinary enemies in war. Their allegiance was but of a single year; and the British rule, though proclaimed, had scarcely been acted upon in many of the districts. Moreover, he admits, the talookdars and other landowners had serious grievances, as many of them had been harshly and unjustly deprived of

curtailed of their rights in the soil. When Oude was annexed by us, says Lord Canning, the land settlement "was carried into execution in some districts with undue haste, harshly, and upon insufficient evidence; and when this took place injustice was done to the talookdars,—some of whom were deprived of villages which had long been attached to their *talookas*, and their titles to which were not satisfactorily disproved. The injustice might, and probably would, have been corrected in making the revised settlement; but this does not excuse or palliate the wrong." Here, then, quite independently of the outbreak of the revolt, or of the annexation of their country, Lord Canning admits that the landowners of Oude had a cause of feud against our rule. Again he says, in farther excuse of the talookdars and other landholders,—"The allegiance of these men, when they broke into rebellion, was little more than a year old, and they had become British subjects by no act of their own: our rule had brought loss of property to them, and upon some an unjust loss; and it had diminished the importance and arbitrary power of all." Very naturally, then, does he add,—*"I considered these facts to be a palliation of rebellion, even when hostility to us had been most inveterate."* No statement could be more conclusive as to the correctness of Lord Ellenborough's view of the case, and of the soundness of the premises upon which the noble Earl based his policy. But, proceeding upon the same premises, to what opposite conclusions did these two statesmen come! In the whole circumstances of the people of Oude, Lord Ellenborough saw imperative reasons for dealing gently with them, or at least for dealing out to them no sterner usage than is adopted in ordinary warfare. Taking the very same view of their circumstances, Lord Canning overwhelmed them by a confiscation of such magnitude as to make it quite unparalleled in history! He could not have known what he was doing. He must have been utterly ignorant of what is usual in war, or he never

would have issued an edict surpassing in severity any ever issued even in the barbaric times of the Norman Conquest. And how are we to reconcile this act with his own statements? How are we to reconcile this most harsh conclusion with his mild premises? In the face of such facts and admissions as we have quoted above, it appears inconceivable that his Lordship should have proceeded to confiscate the whole property of the talookdars—nay, the entire rights in the soil of Oude—to the British Government. Mercy and moderation, he says, were called for,—but surely his was strange mercy!

During the debates in Parliament last May, Lord Canning's "friends"—or at least the Ministry's opponents—contended over and over again that the proclamation did not decree confiscation, but only threatened it. The clear head of Sir G. C. Lewis, among others, took this view of the case; and Colonel Sykes, amidst the laughter of the House, displayed his Oriental philology by informing the honourable members that he was quite sure he knew what must be the word used in rendering the proclamation in the Indian vernacular, and that it did not by any means signify "confiscation," but something very different! It must be mortifying to such ingenious speculators and debaters to find that Lord Canning entirely ignores their view of the matter, while he confirms to the letter the opinions of the Ministry. "I came to the conclusion," he says deliberately, "that the proclamation should be one *not threatening confiscation as a possible contingency, but DECLARING IT.*" So that there is no longer any doubt as to the actual severity of the proclamation, and of his intention to make it severe.

But now comes the extraordinary part of the affair. Having so fully acknowledged the great allowance which ought to be made for the rebels of Oude, we naturally ask, how came it then that his Lordship should have perpetrated so cruel an edict against them? Because, replies his Lordship, though I expressly declared all their estates and land-rights to be confiscated, I had no

intention of actually confiscating them! This explanation of his purposes only adds to the incomprehensibility of his acts. If he did not mean confiscation, why did he expressly proclaim it? What could be more illogical and self-destructive than this portion of his defence? He first acknowledges the specialties which required that the Oude people should be leniently dealt with; then he states that he deliberately issued a proclamation the very reverse of lenient; and next, defends himself for so doing by affirming that he had no intention of acting upon that proclamation. While publishing this edict of wholesale confiscation as a deliberate resolve of the supreme Government, he says that he at the same time purposed to neutralise its effect, "by explaining to the talookdars and landowners with whom our officers came in contact, that the confiscation did not necessarily operate as a permanent deprivation of their rights." In other words, while the Governor-General proclaimed the confiscation of the whole soil of Oude, his subordinates were to go about giving his proclamation the lie! How Lord Canning could reconcile such a procedure with his own personal respect or official dignity, we do not comprehend. It is certainly a matter much less easily understood than his Lordship's non-resignation; and the public at home would have been more obliged to him if he had given an explanation on the former point instead of on the latter. As an act of State, too, such procedure was most impolitic and pernicious; for what reliance can the natives repose in the supreme Government, when it is thus acknowledged that imperial proclamations may say one thing and be *meant to mean* another? As if to complete the incomprehensible amount of error into which Lord Canning fell, it must be evident that not only was the severity of the proclamation entirely at issue with his premises of mercy and moderation, but the manner in which he proposed to deal with this proclamation was preposterously impracticable. He admits that wholesale confiscation was indefensible; yet instead

of acting in accordance with that conviction, he unaccountably does the very reverse—a proceeding which in any circumstances ought to have called down upon him a severe censure. But such a censure was all the more called for when we consider how impracticable were the means upon which he relied for neutralising the injurious effect of his tyrannical edict. While proclaiming confiscation, he relied upon our officers assuring the population of Oude that no such confiscation was intended. But how was this possible? For, while copies of the proclamation, printed as they were in the vernacular, might and did circulate through the revolted districts—and all Oude was then in open revolt—how could our officers follow into those districts to tell the people that there was no intention to carry the proclaimed punishment into effect? Altogether it was a most clumsy and inoperative, as well as an unjust and unstatesmanlike conception.

Rather than adopt a course at once so erroneous, so undignified, and so impracticable, it would certainly have been far better if Lord Canning had issued no proclamation at all. Indeed, as we have said, so far from his reply sufficing to justify the tenor of his proclamation, it seems conclusively to establish that, by his own showing, no proclamation at all should have been issued. For what do we find recorded in his own explanations? "I believe," he says, "that the issue of proclamations is not the surest or safest mode of influencing the natives of India. The experience of the past year has furnished examples of the ingenuity with which the meaning of such documents can be perverted, or their language misrepresented, by the enemies of the State; and it is a fact, several instances of which have come to my knowledge of late, that the word of an English officer of the Government, even though a stranger, is more trusted than a printed paper. I should therefore have preferred to take in Oude the course which was afterwards taken in Rohilcund, and to place instructions in the hands of the

officers attached to the columns which marched through the country, leaving it to them to carry out those instructions, and to explain in each district the spirit in which the Government desired to deal with the people." If this proves anything, it certainly proves that his Lordship should not have issued any proclamation in Oude. "But," he adds—and here comes another extraordinary part of his explanations—"I knew it to be very probable that no columns would be available for this purpose in Oude, and that much time might elapse before English officers would be able to penetrate the province. I therefore had recourse to a proclamation which might be disseminated by native agency." What a jumble of self-contradictions his Lordship indulges in! How quickly he forgets what he has just told us as to the peculiar character of the edict, and as to how he proposed to take the sting out of it, "by explaining to the talookdars and landowners with whom our officers came in contact that the 'confiscation' did not necessarily operate as a permanent deprivation of their rights!" Had the proclamation (as unquestionably it ought) been intended to be understood literally and without qualification, then there might be reason for issuing it; but he himself tells us that it was not meant to be so understood, but to be explained away by perambulating agents of the Government. Accordingly, his only explanation for issuing *any* proclamation amounts to this: Oude, he says, was in such a state, that a proclamation might be disseminated in it by native agency; but no British columns or officers could permeate it to explain the intentions. "Therefore" (1) he threw into the province a proclamation which, he says, he never meant to be understood literally, but to be explained away by our officers—such explanation, by his own showing, being at the same time impossible, as our officers could not enter the country!

Thus the statements and explanations in Lord Canning's reply, instead of justifying his proclamation, show conclusively, first, that accord-

ing to his views, no proclamation should have been issued at all; and, secondly, that the proclamation which he did issue, was in direct opposition to justice and the requirements of the case. Confiscation was not justice—it was not policy: it was the reverse of both. What, then, could have tempted his Lordship to commit such an error? A sentence in his reply, very explicit in itself, and amply corroborated by the speeches of those with whom he was in full correspondence last May, explains the mystery. In that sentence his Lordship says: "The confiscation to the State of the proprietary rights in the soil, would tend to the final settlement of many of those disputes respecting landed rights, which have been the source of so much strife and animosity in Oude." Grievous injustice had been committed against the proprietors of Oude by our land-settlement, at which the proprietors naturally showed much resentment; and to proclaim the confiscation of the entire rights in the soil, his Lordship thought would be an adroit way of settling the matter, without having to make any admission of past injustice on the part of the Government, or of past injuries on the part of the landowners! It was not justice, therefore—it was not the merits of the case that his Lordship had in view—but an unscrupulous stroke of policy, to rid the Government from the effects of its own previous acts of injustice. The utter indefensibility of the proclamation on such a ground as this, we need not stay to argue. No defence is possible,—unless his Lordship have no higher moral standard for our Indian Government than that of an organised band of buccaneers. It would indeed have been grateful to the red-tapists at Calcutta, to have got rid of a difficulty of their own making—to have covered an injustice of their own perpetrating. But such a plea will not be tolerated by the British public. But since the plea is advanced, let us descend from moral grounds—let us become for a moment no better than Lord Canning thinks the public should be, and consider the plea by the mere

light of worldly expediency. Let us see if the object to be attained was worth the cost. Lord Canning's object, he tells us, in issuing the decree of confiscation, was, that it "would tend to the final settlement of many disputes respecting landed rights in Oude." Amidst a war and revolt that covered all Hindostan, and which shook our Indian Empire to its base, his Lordship's prime object was to obtain this comparatively petty end—the settlement of some disputed land-rights!—disputes, too, which had been occasioned by the high-handed injustice of probably the very red-tapists who incited him to this gross error—say rather, crime! Such an error shows, as do not a few other incidents of his Lordship's rule, that he was very incapable of appreciating the nature of the crisis produced by the revolt. While Lord Clyde, with veteran experience and, circumspect eye, was scanning the prospects of the war, and the perils certain to arise from the approaching hot season and guerilla tactics on the part of the enemy, and had forecast a plan of the campaign which would meet both of these perils,—Lord Canning, presumptuous in ignorance, and probably urged thereto by his red-tape friends in council, peremptorily insisted upon the abandonment of those plans, and the adoption of a hasty and premature attack upon Lucknow—foolishly fancying that the very sound of our cannon at Lucknow would awe all Oude into submission, and make its whole population, talookdars, zemindars, and all, ready obsequiously to place their necks under his heel!

That which is firmness in the wise becomes obstinacy in the ignorant. He who is wise in ordinary circumstances, may become unwise in extraordinary ones. Lord Canning was in extraordinary circumstances. Suddenly and unexpectedly, either by himself or by those who had made him Governor-General, he found himself enveloped in war and perils of a most unusual kind; and he had not the genius to appreciate the crisis. Hence his quality of firmness degenerated at times into obstinacy. Once he got an idea, he stuck to it. We are

not surprised, therefore, that he should have persisted in issuing his proclamation despite the vigorous remonstrances of Lord Clyde, Sir James Outram, and all the best judges on the spot. It was a very obstinate proceeding, but it was in keeping with his general conduct—of which his passion for re-arming the Sepoys, in spite of advice and the strongest warnings of facts to the contrary, is another glaring instance. But Sir James Outram, says Lord Canning, if he objected to the proclamation when sent to him, had previously taken a different view. He had written to me, says his Lordship to the effect that "the lands of men who have taken an active part against us should be largely confiscated, in order, among other reasons, to enable us to reward others in the manner most acceptable to a native." Well, what does this advice amount to? As will be observed, it refers solely to the men who had taken an active or leading part against us; and it is suggested that the lands of the men should be "largely" confiscated. In what sense is "largely" to be here understood? An elephant is "large,"—a hen's egg, three inches long, is "very large!" All epithets are comparative, and must be understood from the context. There is no difficulty in thus understanding Sir James's language. The confiscation, he suggests, is to be "large," in order to allow of others being rewarded by the confiscated estates; in other words, he recommends that enough of land should be confiscated to enable us suitably to reward those who had proved our friends. Well, then, what was the number of our friends? By Lord Canning's own showing (*vide* his proclamation)—only six! This, then, is the standard by which Sir James's "largely" is to be understood. Instead of so acting, Lord Canning confiscated the entire soil of Oude to the British Government—he disinherited the whole five millions of the population of Oude, with the exception of six persons!—and nevertheless asserts that Sir James Outram at one time advised him to do so! We give his Lordship full credit for believing

what he says he does, but it is at the sad discredit of his common sense. Nevertheless even supposing (for there is no end to the hypotheses we must make for his Lordship's sake) that Sir James Outram had actually at one time recommended confiscation as largely as the magnifying mind of the Governor-General understood,—in fact not “largely” at all, but “*entirely*”—should it not have occurred to his Lordship that Sir James's subsequent retraction of that opinion was a very important matter? If a man, when brought face to face with the actual circumstances, earnestly counsels the opposite of what he had counselled before, is it not the greatest possible proof of the strength and earnestness of his latter convictions? Every man is averse to retract a formerly-expressed opinion, and never does so without strong reasons therefor: yet Lord Canning acted on the opposite principle, and held that Sir James's first opinion, given on abstract grounds, was better worth minding than his later one, formed on the spot after personal observation of the circumstances. As we have shown above, Sir James Outram never did concur in Lord Canning's policy of wholesale confiscation, and it says little for his Lordship's sense to fancy so; but even if it had been so, the revised opinion of Sir James was certainly the one to which alone weight should have been given.

The only amusing feature in this serious and uncomfortable document, occurs towards the close,—where his Lordship, after all the confusion and confutation he has heaped upon himself, shows a perfectly unique power of consoling himself. The facts are so strong against him, that he virtually acknowledges that hitherto the proclamation has proved a failure. “But,” he says, in a desperate attempt at self-consolation—“when the season shall arrive at which the troops can again move more rapidly over the country,—when the large police force now being raised by the chief Commissioner at Lucknow shall have reached its complement, and received further organisation,—and when it

shall be manifest that we have the means of protecting or supporting those who return to their allegiance, I cannot doubt that the spirit in which the proclamation has been accepted will declare itself generally throughout the provinces.” Most marvellous consolation! When Oude is conquered, it will be conquered! That is all that his comfort comes to: for by the time our troops, now largely augmented, are “again moving more rapidly over Oude, &c. &c.” that province will be conquered, quite independently of whether his Lordship had ever issued a proclamation or no. If “the spirit in which the proclamation has been accepted” does not show itself *till then* (and it has not), we may certainly conclude that a spirit of submission was never produced at all. Indeed, how could it? As the massacre of five millions of people was plainly out of the question—and as their deportation abroad would be not less a dead loss to ourselves—what temptation had the people of Oude to submit? Lord Canning had confiscated their whole country—what worse could they be if they gave vent to their natural wrath, and took the chance of recovering all, by fighting it out? So the people of Oude doubtless reasoned, and so unquestionably have they acted. But we must knock even the last crutch of comfort from the Governor-General. In the self-consolatory sentence which we have quoted above, he speaks as if his proclamation were still in force, and hopes that when the conquest of Oude comes, the proclamation will get credit for the triumph! Lack-a-day! as his Lordship in his heart knows, the proclamation has long since been treated as a dead letter. From the first it was modified by the Commissioners, but of late it has been wholly discarded,—having been found as impracticable in working as it is unrighteous and tyrannical in spirit. So far from confiscating the whole rights in the soil of Oude, the agents of the Government are now giving the very fullest effect to Lord Ellenborough's principles of moderation. Indeed, yielding to the force of circumstances, they now find they must carry out those principles per-

haps to the extreme. "It may be here remarked," says Mr. Russell of the *Times*, writing on the 18th August, "that no civil officer now regulates his conduct by Governor Canning's proclamation, even as it was modified by the Commissioners; and," so much is the case otherwise, "settlement-engagements for revenue have been made with chiefs who, as late as June last, attacked our police, and plundered their posts and villages!" So expired Lord Canning's proclamation. We wish the moral discredit of it could be as easily erased from the memory of the natives of India, and wiped from the fair escutcheon of British honour.

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Vol. LXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

A CRUISE IN JAPANESE WATERS,	635
WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—	
By PISISTRATUS CAXTON.—PART XIX.,	647
A PLEASANT FRENCH BOOK,	675
THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONGRESS: A LETTER FROM A	
MEMBER TO A LITERARY FRIEND,	687
THE INDIAN MUTINY AND THE LAND-SETTLEMENT,	701
COUSIN JOHN'S PROPERTY,	709
SERMONS,	728
BRIGHT ABSURDITIES,	743
INDEX,	762

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A CRUISE IN JAPANESE WATERS.

CHAPTER I.

WE left the north of China, and sailed from the important city of Tientsin, bearing the cheering intelligence to Shanghai of a treaty of peace having been concluded between the Empires of Great Britain and China, and of the advent of a great era in the history of the latter nation. Henceforth, thanks to allied arms and allied diplomacy, China was open to the enterprise of the missionary, traveller, or merchant, and the ships of England might not only visit her seaboard, and enter her harbours, but were at liberty also to penetrate to her farthest borders, by means of that noble stream, the Yang-tsi-Keang, which flows by and through her richest, and hitherto most secluded, provinces. Many other valuable concessions were made; but those above mentioned were those most fraught with change to the "Central Land," and with high promise to British interests, commerce, and policy.

A thorough appreciation of the present unhealthy condition of the European mercantile intellect located at the "Five Ports" in China, carried us through the anticipated ordeal, of being told by the majority of our belligerent merchants that we had not slaughtered half enough

Chinamen, and enabled us to smile at captiousness, that seemed to think nothing was gained so long as they had to pay taxes or dues to contemptible mandarins! Happily, people at home would think more wisely and more disinterestedly upon the subject, and England would rejoice that so much good had been wrought with so little violence, and that our arms, though they had punished severely, were free from the charge of injustice and robbery. All in Europe, who had ever known or read of China, would appreciate the humiliation that the proud and exclusive Court of Peking must have endured, when it yielded the points which have already been made public through the medium of the press. Therefore, Anglo-Chinese opinions did not press heavily upon our spirits—but the heat did! What a constant exercise of ingenuity it is to procure a draught of fresh air—or, more correctly speaking, a draught of air only—during the July heat of a Shanghai summer! There is nothing fresh or pure at that unhappy period; all Nature stinks aloud; and any one gifted with acute olfactory nerves in Shanghai, must necessarily suffer from nose-ache, until all sense of smell is lost, or thoroughly

blunted. Unsavouriness and close steaming heat apart, Shanghai is replete with interest. Situated in a rich and highly cultivated plain, near the mouth of the "Son of the Ocean," as the Chinese figuratively style the Yang-tsi-Keang, and on the eastern seaboard of the great valley which stretches north to Peking, and west to the mountains of Szechuen, closely connected with most of the important cities of this empire by means of a wonderful ramification of canals, Shanghai is, in fact, the Liverpool of China, and likely still more to rise in commercial importance as the results of the Treaty of Tientsin develop themselves.

It was on Saturday the 18th June 1842 that the boats of the British fleet opened the port of Shanghai to the ken of the world; and to-day, sixteen short years afterwards, the value of the European and American exports and imports amounts to no less than *twenty-six millions of dollars* per annum, or, at the present rate of exchange, *six millions sterling*, of which the lion's share goes to or comes from Great Britain and her colonies. These figures give some idea of the progress of commerce in a city even in this slow-moving country; but the scene of vitality and bustle Shanghai affords to the visitor is still more striking. At this moment eighty odd sail of splendid clippers, fleet-footed racers of the deep sea, from London, Liverpool, Aberdeen, and New York, are riding at anchor off the quays; flags and pennons, as varied in colour as their owners and consignees are numerous, flaunt gaily in the fervid zephyrs that waft anything but ambrosial smells from the fields and gardens of a people who are far too practical to care for the filthy means whereby their vegetables are brought to market in such marvellous perfection. We know that directly the monetary crisis in Europe has ceased to react upon the firms established here, and that the new crop of teas shall have arrived from the tea-growing districts, every wharf which projects into the river will be inaccessible for the throng of lighters pressing around them, and that crowds of sweltering coolies or porters will wait over their

burdens, ever repeating their melancholy cry of "Ah-ho! ah-ho-ho!" Allah be praised that that busy scene has not yet commenced; for then our only hours of rest, from 4 o'clock until 7 o'clock in the morning, would be broken, and heat, stench, mosquitoes, combined with coolies, might drive us to desperation, and to take a passage home in the first Peninsular and Oriental mail-boat, and thus mar our anticipated visit to Japan. The lull in European commerce does not appear to have checked Chinese activity wherever money-making is to be done; and although, in their jargon, Messrs. Smith, Brown, and Robinson "have makee broke!" or "that new chop tee no catches yet, by bye can do," yet that in no way affected the Chinaman's line of business. In the city, about the river-side, and in narrow pestiferous streets, there is a clang and din of commerce. Oily, strong-smelling men rush past you carrying loads of sugar or fusty bags of rice; here piles of rattans impede the way, or bundles of dye-woods rattle about your shins; and then all the conglomeration of foul smells is suddenly mastered by tubs of some abomination brought from the Eastern Isles to tickle the palates of the sons of the Flowery Land! Put on a pith hat, spread a thick cotton umbrella, take advantage of every streak of shade thrown by tree or wall, and let us watch the entrance of the Soo-chow-foo Canal. Numbers of boats are passing and repassing; some carry native merchants or brokers, who have been doing, or are going to do, business in Shanghai. In spite of the unpretending appearance of their comfortable boats, tens of thousands, in dollars, are about the figures in which their inmates carry on their mercantile transactions. Smooth, silver-tongued Asatics as they are—adepts at lying, chicanery, and duplicity—they are *commercially* honest nevertheless. Good faith in mercantile transactions they have found to be advantageous; and, being an eminently practical race, they adopt the advantageous virtue, and as a rule (not without exception) they practise it. But the same man who will, to the uttermost farthing, account to his

brother-merchant for thousands, or assist him in a commercial crisis, will unblushingly defraud his government by the grossest perjury, and subscribe remorselessly to a fund for procuring the heads of foreigners, or destroying a European community with arsenic—Howqua and Canton to wit. Besides these boats full of passengers, there are barges carrying the greatest amount of goods, and drawing the smallest conceivable amount of water; some months hence they will reach the remotest points of the empire with their precious freight of tropical or European produce. Such the scene on the Soochow Canal. Now look up the river above the fleet of clippers, steamboats, and men-of-war, at that forest of masts, like a mass of pine-trees stripped of branch and leaf; they are the native vessels of Shanghai. Only the pool below London Bridge can offer a similar sight. This season, certainly, these vessels are unusually numerous here. Fear of the allies, and the exaggerated reports of the "fierceness of the uncontrollable barbarians" commanding her Britannic Majesty's gunboats, have induced their owners to remain in port until peace was declared. Our news has evidently reached them, and the clang of gongs, much discordant music, and the noise of crackers, during the early watches of the past night, are demonstrations of John Chinaman's delight. He has the prospect of again being able to push into the outer waters, under the slender protection of the smooth-faced Queen of Heaven, who, in her smoky little shrine under the junk's poop, smiles approvingly on the poor junk-seaman's offering of a cup of weak tea, and a candle of pork fat painted bright vermilion. All day, and all night long, according as the tide serves, these industrious fellows are moving up or down the stream, ever heaving in cables, or hoisting and lowering their quaint-cut sails. Hardy must they be, as well as industrious; they seem to have but one suit of clothes, and only a mat to sleep upon; their food is simply rice, and salt-fish enough to swear by, and their pay is very small; yet they face the tempests of a sea which

is full of danger to our well-formed barks and expert seamen. And then, after a long and toilsome voyage, the junk-sailor often endures sad cruelties from pirates, whose ships are ever prowling about in the neighbourhood of the centres of commerce. Still, in spite of typhoons and pirates, and the competition of European vessels that already have entered the field against them in the coasting trade, the native craft have apparently in no wise diminished in number; and it is probable, indeed, that more junks sail to and from Shanghai at the present day than prior to the opening of the port to European commerce. Apart from the scenes of activity which the waters around the city of Shanghai afford, I may add that the "bund" or quay which forms the river-face of the European quarter, together with the magnificent abodes of the merchants, and no less imposing consulates, convey an idea of the wealth and prosperity of the community, which is fully supported by their establishments, yachts, horses, and mode of living. Even the ministers of the Protestant churches, judging by their dwellings, partake of the general wellbeing of Shanghai. Rectors at home on £600 per annum live not in such houses; and poor curates in England, desirous of enjoying conjugal life, and bearing light to the benighted heathen, may, by enduring a considerable amount of heat and many smells, do far better in China (in a temporal point of view at least) than by slaving in the fever-haunted homes of the poor of an English city. The missionary in China may not expect, like the merchant, to make a rapid fortune and retire, but nevertheless it is a fine field for active sons of the Church. There is for them the prospect of promotion to vacant Eastern bishoprics; or, if gifted with more questionable zeal for the interests of their country and their religion, they may become political agents or Government interpreters.

He who at the latter part of July, at Shanghai, found anything to admire or write of, might boast of some energy and good health. Personal comfort was then entirely hopeless.

The temperature for a week ranged from 86° to 98° Fahrenheit, and on deck, in the shade of our awnings, often stood at 104°. Sunstroke was frequent. Even the Chinese labourers, employed in coaling the ship, were more than once struck down; the men-of-war lost one or more men by this awful and sudden death; and even as late in the afternoon as 4 p.m., a European policeman was killed by *coup-de-soleil*, through incautiously exposing himself on the bund. Every one on shore or on board found a perfect state of mental and bodily quietude actually necessary for the preservation of health; and we thought with a sigh of our brethren and kindred who, in as high a temperature, and almost as insupportable a climate—that of Oude or Rohilcund—were obliged to labour for their country's honour in spite of sunstroke and disease.

At this season all the residents of Shanghai look painfully unhealthy, sallow, and listless. Those afloat, and not acclimatised, suffer much from boils, rush, whitlows, and similar ailments, by which strong constitutions seek relief when tried by great heats and pestiferous exhalations.

It is true that the mercantile community, feeding and living in an artificial state, cooled by punkahs, and supported by the consolation that in three or four years time they would return to Europe or America with fortunes, may be able, with Spartan fortitude, to smile at their sufferings; we were otherwise situated, and can safely aver, after more than twenty years' wandering through one portion of the tropics or another, varying their heat occasionally with extremes of cold equally objectionable, that a hot calm off the Bonny River in Africa, or the most sultry day Port-Royal or Sangor Island can produce, is Eden itself when compared with the foul stew called a hot day in Shanghai.

We acknowledge that, for seven months—ay, and if you please, eight months—the climate of Shanghai is delicious; the ice, the mutton, and the game, all are unexceptionable; but heaven preserve us from a third time visiting it in the dog-days of a Chinese summer!

Even the arrival of the English mail hardly served to rouse us from our lethargic discontent. Canton had become a horrid nightmare, and we were supremely indifferent as to the squabbles of Governor Bowring of Hong-Kong, and Mr. Commissioner Hwang, Governor-General of the Quang-tung and Quang-si Provinces. We could only listlessly glance over the terrible edicts they had each fulminated against the other. It was too much for us that hot day to attempt to read the tremendous despatches of an Indian General, who, with five hundred sailors, soldiers, sepoy, and irregulars, had fought some twenty pitched battles with a numerous and desperate foe, whose flanks he enveloped, whose rear he threatened, whose columns he crushed, whose centre he pierced, whose line he enfiladed, rolled up, and came down upon perpendicularly! But we could read and re-read Sir Colin Campbell's clear and soldier-like reports, and hoped that, after all, the real fight was where the gallant Highlanders led.

Shortly after the mail arrived, certain intelligence reached Shanghai from the north of China, that the Court of Peking, acting in perfect good faith, and in fulfilment of its contract, had already despatched two high officers to Shanghai to arrange the terms of the future transit duties, and to revise the present tariff of taxes on foreign imports and exports. These functionaries could not arrive for some weeks; and, in the mean time, a good opportunity offered for the British ambassador to proceed to Japan, and there secure to Great Britain the same privileges the Americans and Russians had of late been so active in compelling the Japanese government to grant them.

Then, amid clouds of coal-dust and a tumult of baggage and livestock, we prepare to bid Shanghai good-by—not with a sigh, for who ever sighed or said they were sorry to quit any port in China? We can sympathise with the poor High-flyer's officers and men, who will, like those of the frigate *Pique*, swing daily round over one spot, until beef-bones, old boots, and broken bottles,

form a dangerous shoal under their keel. The great to-morrow, on which we sail for Japan, will next dawn upon us. We go to bed, and dream, not "o' green fields," but of blue water and rattling sea-breezes, bearing us fresh health and strength.

The sun's rays were making a gallant fight with the malaria-laden yellow mists of the Yang-tsi-Keang Valley as we weighed for the once fabled shores of Cipango. A sleepy display of ensigns from the men-of-war of different nations showed that their officers of the watch recognised the departure of the British ambassador, the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, with an escort of two steam-frigates, a corvette, and a gunboat.* Down a winding reach, through miles of turbid water, and past fleets of junks and boats, we sped, until the flat shore dropped abruptly out of sight astern. Then a solitary rock or storm-swept islet appeared in sight, and as quickly disappeared, as we rattled on to the east at a pace which made the fisherman, in his rickety craft, drop his line, and watch us with face indicative of wild astonishment.

The reader knows assuredly what it is to suddenly come on sweet grass, and under cool trees, after a weary walk over a dusty highway. That same sensation of relief and pleasure was generally felt and expressed as we gradually left the muddy waters of a great river, which carries suspended in its stream, they say, earth enough, were it suddenly deposited, to form another England. The emerald green of the deeper portions of the China sea steadily darkened in tint, until we again, on the morrow of our leaving Shanghai, saw dear mother ocean clad in her glorious robes of blue!

*Once more upon the waters! yet once more!

And the waves bound beneath us, as a steed

That knows his rider."

After months—nay, more than a

year—pothoring about in the narrow rivers, creeks, bays, and dirty water of China, it was pleasant again to see blue, bright blue water, sparkling, laughing, and showing its white teeth under a rattling breeze; and oh! how cheering to look again upon a clear sky, and loose, fleecy, trade-wind clouds sailing athwart it! The charm of novelty, too, enhanced the feelings we experienced. Our cruise to Japan was not avowedly one of discovery, but, after all, it was very like one. We were going upon a coast imperfectly surveyed. The only chart of it was by a German, Dr. Siebold, who, whilst forming part of the Dutch commercial establishment closely imprisoned at Nangasaki, had compiled, from Japanese authorities, a very fair map and chart of the empire, though but poorly adapted for purposes of navigation. We were going to Jeddo, the capital of Japan; though it was said we never should approach it nearer than ten miles; and one clause of Admiral Stirling's treaty of 1854 stipulated that British ships should only go to Nangasaki, at the one extreme of the empire, and Hakodadi at the other. Our ambassador was going to Jeddo to present a yacht from our Queen to an Emperor, who we heard was, by the rules of his empire, never allowed to go beyond the walls of his palace; and then he was, by moral force, to induce him to make a fresh treaty, in the face of a clause in that same Stirling Treaty which runs as follows: "7th Art.—When this convention shall have been ratified, *no high officer coming to Japan shall alter it.*" So that we might say there were quite as many unknown rocks and quicksands ahead of the diplomatic portion of the expedition as there were in the track of the executive.

Information of the geography of Japan was most scant. Kämpfer and Siebold, though most trustworthy in all respects, were ignorant upon the point on which we as seamen most anxiously sought for in-

* The squadron of his Excellency consisted of the steam-frigate *Retribution*, 28 guns, Captain C. Barker; the steam-frigate *Furious*, 16 guns, Captain Sherard Osborn, C.B., on board of which ship his Excellency and suite were embarked; the gunboat *Lee*, Lieutenant Graham; and the yacht *Emperor*, Lieutenant Ward.

formation. The ponderous volumes of the American expedition to Japan had little new in them beyond information about Jeddo gulf. Had Marco Polo, in August 1295, sprung from his grave, it is true that he might have been pleased to find that we did not, like his foolish countrymen, smile with incredulity at his wondrous tale of Zipangu or Cipango, but he would have been much astonished to find that, after a lapse of five centuries and a half, Europe knew very little more about Japan than he did when, in the year 1295, he pointed to the eastern margin of the Yellow Sea, and said, "there was a great island there named Zipangu," peopled by a highly civilised and wealthy race, who had bravely rolled back the tide of Tartar conquest in the days of Kublai Khan.

An eminent American, who goes off occasionally on the wings of that dreadful eagle with its claws armed with the lightning, and which is ever soaring over the Rocky Mountains, or sweeping across the western waters, &c. &c., seems to insist that it is the high mission of the United States to do chaperon to Japan, and introduce her to the ken of the western world, all because Christopher Columbus—

who, we maintain, was *not* the first American citizen, and cared no more for the Declaration of Independence than he does for General Washington—discovered the American continent in endeavouring to reach that Cathay and Zipangu, of which Marco Polo had written, but in which Columbus had alone the wit, in after years, to believe. However that may be, it is sincerely to be desired that, if she believes in her mission, the United States may go earnestly about it, and send her commodores, flag-officers, consuls, missionaries, and envoys to do the work steadily and well, forbidding them to fly to and from China—of which we believe we have for a while heard enough; and when Congress, revelling in surplus revenue, liberally pays the expense of publishing their servants' journals, they had best be tied down to write of Japan only, and not wander loosely to Singapore, Hong-Kong, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena, for the sole purpose of abusing a colonial system which still keeps Great Britain a neck and shoulders ahead of the whole world, and enables us to care but little what the opinion of the United States may be as to how we treated Napoleon Buonaparte.

CHAPTER II.

The valley of deep water, four hundred and fifty miles in a direct line from the shores of China to those of Japan, delightful though it was to us river-sick seamen, is at present a very lonely sea. The interdiction of foreign trade by the Emperors of Japan acted upon China as well as Europe, and during the centuries in which the flag of Holland alone crossed the sea we were traversing, China was also obliged to confine herself to sending thirteen junks annually to and from Nangasaki. We therefore saw no vessel in our track. Then (excepting great numbers of flying fish) there was a dearth of animal life, whether fish or bird, where, from our proximity to land, it would have been natural to have found the reverse.

On the afternoon of the 2d August, 1858, we reached a group of rocky

but picturesque islets, the outposts in this direction of the Japanese empire. Miaco-Sima, or the "Asses' Ears," they are named, because their peaks run up in a manner not unlike the ears of that famous animal. Their coasts are bold and craggy, washed by the rollers of a wild though narrow sea, whose spray has left a mark far up the polished wave-worn sides; yet there was green grass and stout pine-tree immediately above the wash of the sea, and vegetation made a bold fight to reach the summits of the craggy peaks. How different from Chinese scenery! we naturally exclaimed, as our good ship sped past Miaco-Sima, and all declared themselves perfectly satisfied with this first instalment of Japan: it was evident we were determined to be pleased. The mountains of Kiu-Siu Island, on which

the city of Nangasaki is situated, were next to rise upon the eastern horizon. The night proved dark and gloomy, and as in the middle watch the bold coasts of Gotto Island were seen to the northward, warning us that we were approaching Japan faster than was prudent, we had, in spite of our anxiety to be quickly into port, to order the speed to be very much reduced. Day-dawn showed us to have been right in thus acting, for the land about Cape Nomo, the southern entrance of the bay leading to Nangasaki, was on our star-board bow; and thence, stretching far away to our left, rose peak, mountain, and table-land, until lost in the distance. Away to the north, a channel, dotted with islets, was seen between Gotto and Kiu-Siu. It, we knew, led to Hirando, or Firando, that port so well known to European mariners of centuries now long gone by, when Spaniards and Portuguese, Dutchmen and the English, were struggling for a footing in Japan, and each doing his best to have his brother Christian exterminated—how they eventually succeeded, and the Dutchman turned up the trump-card, we will hereafter relate. For the present, we must go at full speed for a mark in the land ahead, which the charts tell us, leads us to our haven.

For a while heavy mists swept over land and sea. We could only see a mile or so ahead. It was very tantalising. Those who had not witnessed day-dawn would not believe we had seen Japan, and growled out complaints of the nuisance, to use a seaman's phrase, of "being jammed in a fog off our port." All the consolation we could offer was, that possibly the sun would master the fog; and it was so, for presently there was a play of light along the surface of the sea; the hulls of our vessels came out sharp and clear. Then Japanese junks were seen; presently their sails and masts showed;—the fog was lifting, breaking, and dispersing. Down the mountains of Kiu-Siu rolled masses of cloud; out of every vale and valley came dense mists sweeping down, wrathful at the enemy that was expelling them. Poor cloud-land fought at a disadvantage with

the lusty youth of a morning sun;—his fierce glance pierced her densest array, and, in sullen showers and flying squalls of wind, night and darkness passed away; whilst day, bright and beaming, burst fairly upon us with a shout of welcome. It was a glorious sight—mountain and plain, valley and islet, clothed with vegetation, or waving with trees, and studded with villages—blue sea for a foreground, crisped with the breeze, and calm spots with sandy bays; in amongst islands dotted with fishing-boats and native junks. We must not attempt it, for pen or pencil could never reproduce such a picture.

Early in the forenoon, H.M.S. *Furious* was entering the charming series of channels leading through islands to Nangasaki. Cape Nomo was now hidden from view, whilst on either hand lay the lovely spots known by the native names of Fwo-sima and Kamino-sima, "Sima" being Japanese for island. They looked like pieces of land detached from the best parts of the south coast of England. It is impossible, we believe, to pay them a greater compliment! Their outline was marked and picturesque, clothed, wherever a tree could hang or find holding-ground, with the handsome pine peculiar to the country. Villages and richly cultivated gardens nestled in every nook, and flowers, as well as fruit-trees, were plentiful. To our eyes, the multitude of guns and extraordinary number of batteries which covered every landing-place, or surmounted every height, on these islands, did not enhance their beauty; and we regretted to see all the male population, and many more men besides, entering the batteries as we approached. We suspected then, what afterwards proved to be the case, that our Transatlantic friends had taken great care to work upon the fears of the Japanese, by spreading some marvellous tales of what we Britishers had done in China, and intended to do to them. The garrisons of the batteries appeared desirous only of showing us how prepared they were; and having gone to their guns, quietly sat down to smoke their pipes, while the officers, seated on the parapets, gracefully fanned themselves. Yet it will

be well for all the world that the Japanese are jealous of their liberty; and now that we have seen Japan, we can only hope its people will, if need should arise, gallantly defend the beautiful land God has given them.

It would be hazardous to say how many guns are mounted on the islands and points commanding the approach to Nangasaki; some of them may be of wood—merely *quakers*; but we saw hundreds that decidedly were not. The majority were of brass, some of iron, all mounted on wheeled carriages, and looked, from the gun-gear about them, well found in stores, and efficient. The batteries were evidently very solid, and there was a queer mixture of European and Japanese ideas in their construction—the result being, that although the lower portions would have stood a great deal of hammering from an enemy, the unfortunate gunners would have been too much exposed to have stood long to their guns.

Our attention was now called from the land to a number of government boats, which were dotted about the water ahead of us: they were always in pairs, one, doubtless, *selon les règles*, watching the other. It was desirable to have no communication with these guard-boats—for such we easily recognised them to be—lest they should hand us the copy of some British Treaty, or Convention, by which some one had pledged Her Most Gracious Majesty's subjects not to do this, or not to do that. We happened to have found in an old book—the only old thing, except sound port, that we ever liked—a Treaty of Peace and Amity between the Emperor of Japan and James the First, of Great Britain, dated as far back as the year of grace 1613. By it, right of intercourse, commerce, and suchlike, was secured to us for ever; and as only two centuries and a half had elapsed—a mere flea-bite in the records of such countries as Japan and China—it seemed natural we should still adhere to the privileges secured by bold Captain Saris, of the good ship *Olive* of London, belonging unto the Honourable and Worshipful Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies—and ignore the

folly of those who, in later years, had lost the birthright their ancestors had won for them. In happy ignorance of any treaties made by Admiral Stirling and others, H.M. ships steamed on, pretending perfect unconsciousness of the existence of guard-boats and officials. However, it was soon very evident that if they could not stop us, it was quite as much as their lives were worth not to be able to report correctly upon, who, and what we were; for just as we had put the helm hard down to escape one pair of boats, two others skilfully tumbled into the wash of our paddle-wheels, and the most expeditious short-hand writers at home could not have made their quills fly faster than did these Japanese in noting down facts that one of their party, who stood on tiptoe to peer into the ports, shouted out for their information. Next day we learnt that the spies had given a very excellent account of H.M.S. *Furious*, and had only missed one gun in the list of her armament.

Past these impediments, and avoiding some sunken rocks which lie in the channel, we had time to observe that the ship appeared as if running up against the shores of Kiu-siu, which rose boldly ahead of us until they terminated in the now cloud-capped Peaks of Hi-kosan and Tarutagama. Was it that the *Furious* was tired of buffeting the wide sea, and had determined, like the *Bounty* of Otaheitian fame, to place herself in one of the lovely nooks ahead? No; the channel will show out presently; the beautiful, but sadly notorious, island of Takaboko bars the view of the entrance to the inner harbour.

Lonely, yet wicked Takaboko—better known as the “Papenberg”—how calm and smiling it looked down upon our wooden home as we swept past, almost touching it! It so peaceful, so full of repose—we all throb and noise, routine and formality! There, in that pretty nook, we should, we felt assuredly, find that rest, that peace which all men crave for, but so seldom find! “A battery in amongst those trees! sir,” said the shrill voice of the signal midshipman, and “four brass guns

in it." Brass guns and batteries in such an Eden! what barbarism! We thought with a sigh of an equally barbarous act perpetrated by those gallant Frenchmen who had planted Vauban batteries among the bread-fruit and palm-trees of sweet Otaheite—the only spot we ever saw that excelled the scene of beauty which now surrounded us.

Beautiful Papenberg! Yet, if history spoke true, deeds horrid enough for it to have been for ever blighted by God's wrath had been perpetrated there during the persecutions of the Christians in the seventeenth century. It was the Golgotha of the many martyrs to the Roman Catholic faith. There by day and by night its steep cliffs had rung with the agonised shriek of strong men, or the wail of women and children, launched to rest, after torture, in the deep waters around the island. If Jesuit records are to be believed, the fortitude and virtue exhibited by their Japanese converts in those sad hours of affliction, have not been excelled in any part of the world since religion gave another plea to man to destroy his fellow-creature; and may it not be that the beauty with which nature now adorns that rock of sorrows, is her halo of glory around a spot rendered holy by the sufferings, doubtless, of many that were brave and good? Yes! let us think so, and forget the envy, hatred, and malice which once raged rampant upon that spot. Let us forget it, and try to be as unconscious of its past history as is that Japanese Hebe who stands on the pathway up the face of the Papenberg, and stares at the frigate sweeping past under her feet, unconscious of all the admiration and all the telescopes which are directed at her. Gentle heathen! of course she is perfectly ignorant of all the compliments her grace and neatness are calling forth; but she puts up her hand and rearranges the brilliant red flowers hidden in her mass of jetty hair. Yes! she laughs, and, throwing her head aside archly, displays such a glittering set of white teeth! That angel of the Papenberg redeems all the blemishes we might have seen in it; and, like the lovely

daughter in the legend of an Ogre's castle, shall she not perfectly reconcile all true knights to the crimes of the remorseless giants who of old held their sway there?

"Hard a-starboard, air!" exclaims our Palinurus; and, as the spokes of the wheel fly round, the ship turns sharply into the fine channel of water leading up to Nangasaki. That city faced us, spread round the base of a hill at the farther end of the harbour, and having immediately in front of it a rude collection of hybrid European houses with a flagstaff. This we at once recognised as Decima, an artificial island adjoining the city of Nangasaki, whereon the Japanese had held the Dutchmen voluntary prisoners ever since the expulsion of the Portuguese in 1613. The poor Dutchmen endured insult, restraint, and contumely, rather than forego certain advantages in carrying out Japanese copper and retailing it to Europeans at an enormous profit. Long-suffering and enduring vendors of strong Dutch cheese, Zealand butter, and pleasant schnapps! relief came at last; the Dame Partingtons at home trundled their mops in the face of Holy Mother "Russia," when she felt her mission called her to trounce the Turk and take Constantinople. The Japanese Emperor was astonished to find the belligerents playing a game of hide-and-seek in his many bays and harbours, and wisely concluded that the orthodox old lady of Moscow, whose dominions approached suspiciously close to Japan, might one day think it as Christian-like to rob a Buddhist as a Mohammedan neighbour. He has very wisely departed from the ancient laws of his realm, and has sought for aid and protection where, strangely enough, he can find them, in the friendship of four or five nations who cordially dislike and are jealous of each other. But a truce to politics for a time—the ambition of men or nations, the crimes of the Christian and heathen, may be studied elsewhere. Let us satisfy ourselves with simply inhaling healthful pleasure from the contemplation of the loveliness nature has spread over every inch of the harbour of Nangasaki.

A long fiord of blue water stretches

two miles inland between sloping hills which spring from the sea with a bold, rocky escarpment, and then roll gently back, rising to an altitude of a thousand feet or so; and these are overlooked by still more lofty giants,—every mountain-side covered with all that can gladden a landscape, and down every ravine gladsome streams rushing on to the sea. Here a village, there a quaint bark anchored in sandy cove; now an official abode with square-cut terrace and upright fence, so properly stiff, starched, and queer, you felt sure you had only to knock and that one of the Barnacles of society would appear; then nestling in the midst of green trees and flowery gardens, were the prettiest chalets seen out of Switzerland; children, with no clothes at all, rolling on the grass, or tumbling in and out of the water; whilst their respected parents, with but few habiliments to incommode them, gravely waved their fans, or sat gazing upon the newly arrived vessels. Oh! it was a goodly sight; but we were all in the mood to be pleased; and had the sky been less clear, the air less bracing, and the climate as bad as that of China, we should assuredly still have admired it.

In former days, a chain of guard-boats used to extend across the gate of this Japanese paradise. One of our men-of-war, during the Russian war, nearly paddled over them; and we, too, it had been determined, were not to be stopped by them. The Japanese officers of the present day are far wiser in their generation than those who, when the frigate of Captain Sir Israel Pellew forced her way into the harbour during the French war, disembowelled themselves rather than survive the disgrace of such an act. We found all the boats carefully removed and made fast in by the shore. One officer, more anxious than the rest to do his duty, or, Asiatic like, desirous of ascertaining to what length he might go, stood up in his boat as we came abreast of him, and mildly gesticulated with his fan (the everlasting emblem of office in Japan) for us to go back again! We would fain not have seen it; but of course the officious signalman immediately reported that

there was a Japanese officer waving. A spy-glass was brought steadily to bear on him; the wretch was about fifty yards off; the action of the fan became at once less violent, then irregular, as if the waver of the fan was in a dilemma; then a spasmodic jerk; the glass was kept steadily on the wretch (we fearing lest the ambassador should see him and cry halt!)—there was a pause, another flutter—hurrah! he shut up his fan, and retired under his awning, beaten. He had only to perform Haki-kari or disembowelment, and we might proceed, giving the officious signalman orders not to make nonsensical reports of every Japanese who chose to fan himself!

We soon anchored off Nangasaki, close to a gallant bark from Holland—just such a ship as should always sail from stout Amsterdam; none of your fly-away newfangled vessels, lean as a greyhound, and quite as fast—but full, round, and frau-like—exactly the craft, in short, that a vessel rejoicing in the name of the Zeevaart ought to be. Beside her rode *gaily*, at her anchors—which, with every disposition to be gallant to ships and ladies, we cannot say the Zeevaart did—a Japanese screw schooner, under the simple imperial flag, a red ball on a white ground. She had been purchased from the Dutch, for some fabulous sum in copper bars, unless rumour belied the honest burghers of Decima; and all her officers and men were natives, from the engineer to the captain; and, from what we saw of their exercises aloft, and what we heard from their Dutch naval instructors, our impression was very favourable to the prospect of the Japanese shortly being again the able and skilful seamen they were three centuries ago, when they used to navigate their frail native craft as far as the ports of Indostan.

An hour passed—no officials came near us. The native boats, before alluded to, had followed the ship, and now hung listlessly about her. The officers in them were evidently very inquisitive; but as we did not invite their approach, they still kept aloof. The Dutchmen on shore seemed equally shy. Some half-dozen

sailors, in red shirts, lolled about the landing-place of Decima; but Decima made no other sign of vitality, and smoke rose as steadily from the Dutch skipper's pipe as he leant over the rail of his argosy and peered at us, as it would have done in the sleepest landscape in watery Holland. It suddenly struck us that Decima had gone to bed, and that here, as in Batavia, the community dine about noon, and after dinner all the Mynheers, Fraus, and Frauleins retire to rest, rising from their second sleep about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. We were, we soon ascertained, right in our suspicions; but an officer was remorselessly sent on shore, to stir up the sleeping burghers of Decima with the information of the arrival of his Excellency the British Ambassador.

There was soon a general flurry, for the Japanese appeared to have been waiting for their Dutch friends to awake, to inquire if we might be visited. Japanese officials, with pockets full of paper, pens, and ink, hurried off—jolly good-natured-looking fellows, always ready to laugh, and in appearance resembling more the Kanaka races of the South-Sea Islands than the Chinese we had left behind us. Their dress, in some respects, was Chinese, and their language sounding very like a composition of the discordancy of that most discordant of languages, and the soft liquid sounds of the Kanaka tongue. But how they interrogated us!—what was the ship's name, our name, the Ambassador's titles—everybody's name and age—everybody's rank and business—what did we want—whither were we going—whence did we come—how many ships were coming—where was our Admiral? Indeed, a Russian customhouse agent, or a British census paper, could not have put more astounding questions, whither in number or nature, than did these Nangasaki reporters. We were as patient as naval officers, or angels, may usually be supposed to be under such circumstances;—answered all their questions—allowed them to see, touch, smell, and hear everything, except the British Ambassador, who was in his cabin;—and then dismissed them with a glass of sherry and a

biscuit. The captain and first-lieutenant had hardly congratulated themselves that at any rate, that portion of the pleasure of visiting Japan was over, when another boatful of reporters arrived, tumbled up the ladder, were very well-behaved, but asked exactly the same questions, and went exactly through the same farce as the first party had done. They were, we learnt, duplicate reporters, whose statements served to check and correct those of the first set of inquirers. Directly they left us, a two-sworded official arrived—two swords in Japan, like two epaulettes in Europe, indicate an officer of some standing. He introduced himself through a Japanese interpreter, who spoke English remarkably well, as “a chief officer,” who had an official communication to make. Would he sit down—would he be pleased to unbosom himself—could he not see the ambassador? Impossible! What! “a chief officer” communicate with an ambassador! We were truly horrified. The chief officer must be simply insane; did he couple the representative of her majesty of Great Britain with some superintendent of trade? The chief officer apologised; he was very properly shocked at the proposition that he had made; he saw his error, and, what was more to our purpose, the Ambassador assumed a size and importance in his eyes which it would have been difficult to have realised. The “chief officer” then put his questions—Did Lord Elgin intend to call upon the Governor of Nankasaki? No; he had not time to do so. Did he expect the Governor to wait upon him? The Governor could please himself—the Ambassador would receive him if he came. If the Lieutenant-Governor called on Lord Elgin, would his Excellency receive him? Yes.—This was all the chief officer had to say; his mission was a special one; he begged to wish us good-morning, merely adding that the Governor of Nangasaki hoped the Ambassador would kindly accept a small present which would shortly be sent. The present arrived shortly afterwards—a stout cob-built pig of three hundred weight; and such a quantity of pumpkins!

It looked at first very like a joke; indeed, the infernal music of an animal never seen alive on board a man-of-war, added to the comicality of the affair; but the fact is, that the Japanese are a sober-minded, thrifty people, and nothing evinces it better than the following interesting custom, followed in this as in all other cases:—Whenever a Japanese makes a present, whatever the rank of the parties or the value of the gift may be, the donor encloses in an envelope, bearing his name and compliments, a small piece of dried salt fish, emblematical of the poverty of their ancestors, and of the thrift whereby their present affluence has been attained; and this is often wrapped in a piece of paper, on which is written the following favourite sentence, "Happy those who never depart from the wisdom of their ancestors,"—a Confucian as well as protectionist doctrine, the widespread faith in which, in this remote part of the world, may be possibly confirmatory and consolatory to some at home who will not believe that free trade and repeal of corn-laws can be beneficial to their country. After this little episode of pig, pumpkin, and salt-fish, the Dutch gentlemen belonging to the factory turned up. The secretary of the Dutch superintendent of trade came, accompanied by two naval officers, instructors lent by the government of Holland, to teach the Japanese the arts of navigation, gunnery, and nautical science generally. The former had to explain that the superintendent, Mr. Donker Curtius, was absent on public business, and the latter told us that their senior officer or commandant was sick; but they had a good deal of interesting information to give, which was to the following effect:—The superintendent of the factory, Mr. Donker Curtius, had been in Jeddo during the past six months, as well as Mr. Harris, the American consul-general from Simoda, a port on the opposite coast of Japan. Alarmed by the rumours of the allied operations against China, the Japanese government was at first very fair spoken upon the subjects of granting a treaty to Holland and America, opening her

commerce and ports to them, admitting free intercourse with the people, and practising religious toleration. At one time the 14th April had been agreed upon as the day for the final signature of a treaty; then it was postponed; then rumours were spread of the priesthood, the spiritual emperor, and certain independent nobles, having opposed insurmountable obstacles, to any concession. The Tai-koon, or Temporal Emperor, as well as the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Prince of Bitau, appeared well aware of the necessity for some arrangement being made to pacify the Europeans; but they doubtless delayed as long as they could, to see the issue of our efforts to open up China before they yielded themselves; and at last, although always most kindly treated and generously lodged, Mr. Curtius and Mr. Harris found it necessary to return to their respective posts, as empty-handed as they went. Mr. Harris, having but a short distance to go, was doubtless by this time in Simoda, but Mr. Donker Curtius, when last heard of, was still on the road, and could not arrive for a week or so. This news, at the first glance, looked unpromising; but there was this one point very certain, that if the Japanese intended to be guided as to their future policy by the concessions England and France should wring from China, we could show that the Court of Peking had yielded all, and more than was expected from them; and they, at any rate, were saved the humiliation of being the first to concede the point of the exclusion of strangers, &c. It seemed likely that the Americans would turn our operations to account, by working on the fears of the Japanese; for the United States Steamer Powhattan, bearing the flag of Flag-officer Tattnal, had gone direct from the Gulf of Pecheli to Nangasacki, bearing the news of our success, and spreading tales of our numbers and intentions, which caused no small alarm amongst a people who for twelve months had been kept in a state of excitement by rumours of our doings in their neighbourhood.

(To be continued.)

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART XIX.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

CHAPTER IV.

Guy Darrell's views in the invitation to Waife.

LIONEL had but inadequately represented, for he could but imperfectly comprehend, the profound impression made upon Guy Darrell by George Morley's disclosures. Himself so capable of self-sacrifice, Darrell was the man above all others to regard with an admiring reverence, which partook of awe, a self-immolation that seemed almost above humanity—to him who set so lofty an estimate on good name and fair repute. He had not only willingly permitted, but even urged Lionel to repair to Waife, and persuade the old man to come to Fawley. With Waife he was prepared to enter into the full discussion of Sophy's alleged parentage. But apart even from considerations that touched a cause of perplexity which disquieted himself, Darrell was eager to see and to show homage to the sufferer, in whom he recognised a hero's dignity. And if he had sent by Lionel no letter from himself to Waife, it was only because, in the exquisite delicacy of feeling that belonged to him when his best emotions were aroused, he felt it just that the whole merit, and the whole delight of reparation to the wrongs of William Losely, should, without direct interposition of his own, be left exclusively to Charles Haughton's son. Thus far it will be acknowledged that Guy Darrell was not one of those men who, once warmed to magnanimous impulse, are cooled by a thrifty prudence when action grows out of the impulse. Guy Darrell could not be generous by drachm and scruple. Not apt to say, "I apologise,"—slow to say, "I repent;" very—very—very slow indeed to say, "I forgive;" yet let him once say, "I repent,"

"I apologise," or "I forgive," and it was said with his whole heart and soul.

But it must not be supposed that, in authorising Lionel to undertake the embassy to Waife, or in the anticipation of what might pass between Waife and himself should the former consent to revisit the old house from which he had been so scornfully driven, Darrell had altered, or dreamed of altering, one iota of his resolves against an union between Lionel and Sophy. True, Lionel had induced him to say, "Could it be indisputably proved that no drop of Jasper Losely's blood were in this girl's veins—that she were the lawful child of honest parents, however humble—my right to stand between her and yourself would cease." But a lawyer's experience is less credulous than a lover's hope. And to Darrell's judgment it was wholly improbable that any honest parents, however humble, should have yielded their child to a knave like Jasper, while it was so probable that his own persuasion was well founded, and that she was Jasper's daughter, though not Matilda's.

The winter evening had closed. George and Darrell were conversing in the library; the theme, of course, was Waife; and Darrell listened with vivid interest to George's graphic accounts of the old man's gentle playful humour—with its vague desultory under-currents of poetic fancy or subtle wisdom. But when George turned to speak of Sophy's endearing, lovely nature, and, though cautiously, to intimate an appeal on her behalf to Darrell's sense of duty, or susceptibility to kindly emotions, the proud man's brow became knit, and

his stately air evinced displeasure. Fortunately, just at a moment when the farther words might have led to a permanent coldness between men so disposed to esteem each other, they heard the sound of wheels on the frosty ground—the shrill bell at the porch-door.

CHAPTER V.

The vagabond received in the manor-house at Fawley.

Very lamely, very feebly, declining Lionel's arm, but leaning heavily on his crutch-stick, Waife crossed the threshold of the manor-house. George sprang forward to welcome him. The old man looked on the preacher's face with a kind of wandering uncertainty in his eye, and George saw that his cheek was very much flushed. He limped on through the hall, still leaning on his staff, George and Lionel at either side. A pace or two, and there stood Darrell! Did he, the host, not spring forward to offer an arm, to extend an hand? No, such greeting in Darrell would have been but vulgar courtesy. As the old man's eye rested on him, the superb gentleman bowed low—bowed as we bow to kings!

They entered the library. Darrell made a sign to George and Lionel. They understood the sign, and left visitor and host alone.

Lionel drew George into the quaint old dining-hall. "I am very uneasy about our dear friend," he said, in agitated accents. "I fear that I have had too little consideration for his years and his sensitive nature, and that, what with the excitement of the conversation that passed between us, and the fatigue of the journey, his nerves have broken down. We were not half-way on the road, and as we had the railway carriage to ourselves, I was talking to him with imprudent earnestness, when he began to tremble all over, and went into an hysterical paroxysm of mingled tears and laughter. I wished to stop at the next station, but he was not long recovering, and insisted on coming on. Still, as we approached Fawley, after muttering to himself, as far as I could catch his words, incoherently, he sank into a heavy state of lethargy or stupor, resting his head on

my shoulder. It was with difficulty I roused him when he entered the park."

"Poor old man," said George feelingly; "no doubt the quick succession of emotions through which he has lately passed has overcome him for the time. But the worst is now past. His interview with Darrell must cheer his heart and soothe his spirits; and that interview over, we must give him all repose and nursing. But tell me what passed between you—if he was very indignant that I could not suffer men like you and my uncle Alban, and Guy Darrell, to believe him a picklock and a thief."

Lionel began his narrative, but had not proceeded far in it before Darrell's voice was heard shouting loud and the library bell rang violently.

They hurried into the library, and Lionel's fears were verified. Waife was in strong convulsions; and as these gradually ceased, and he rested without struggle, half on the floor, half in Darrell's arms, he was evidently unconscious of all around him. His eye was open, but fixed in a glassy stare. The servants thronged into the room; one was despatched instantly to summon the nearest medical practitioner. "Help me—George—Lionel," said Darrell, "to bear him up-stairs. Mills, light us." When they reached the landing-place, Mills asked, "Which room, sir?"

Darrell hesitated an instant, then his grey eye lit into its dark fire. "My father's room—he shall rest on my father's bed."

When the surgeon arrived, he declared Waife to be in imminent danger—pressure on the brain. He prescribed prompt and vigorous remedies, which had indeed before the surgeon's arrival suggested them-

selves to, and been partly commenced by, Darrell, who had gone through too many varieties of experience to be unversed in the rudiments of leechcraft. "If I were in my guest's state," asked Darrell of the practitioner, "what would you do?"

"Telegraph instantly for Dr. F—."

"Lionel—you hear? Take my own horse—he will carry you like the wind. Off to * * * *; it is the nearest telegraph station."

Darrell did not stir from Waife's bedside all that anxious night. Dr. F— did not arrive till morning. He approved of all that had been done, but nevertheless altered the treatment; and after staying some hours, said to Darrell, "I am compelled to leave you for the present, nor could I be of use in staying. I have given all the aid in my power to Nature—we must leave the rest to Nature herself. That fever—those fierce throes and spasms—are but Nature's efforts to cast off the grasp of the enemy we do not see. It now depends on what degree of rallying power be left to the patient. Fortunately his frame is robust, yet not plethoric. Do you know his habits?"

"I know," answered George,—
"most temperate, most innocent."

"Then, with constant care, minute attention to my directions, he may recover."

"If care and attention can save my guest's life, he shall not die," said Darrell.

The physician looked at the speaker's pale face and compressed lips. "But, Mr. Darrell, I must not have you on my hands too. You must not be out of your bed again to-night."

"Certainly not," said George. "I shall watch alone."

"No," cried Lionel, "that is my post too."

"Pooh!" said Darrell; "young men so far from Death are not such watchful sentinels against his stroke as men of my years, who have seen him in all aspects; and, moreover, base indeed is the host who deserts his own guest's sick-chamber. Fear not for me, doctor; no man needs sleep less than I do."

Dr. F— slid his hand on Darrell's

pulse. "Irregular—quick; but what vitality! what power!—a young man's pulse. Mr. Darrell, many years for your country's service are yet in these lusty beats."

Darrell breathed his chronic sigh, and turning back to Waife's bedside, said, "When will you come again?"

"The day after to-morrow."

When the doctor returned, Waife was out of immediate danger. Nature, fortified by the "temperate, innocent habits" which husband up her powers, had dislodged, at least for a time, her enemy; but the attack was followed by extreme debility. It was clear that for days, perhaps even weeks to come, the vagrant must remain a prisoner under Darrell's roof-tree.

Lionel had been too mindful of Sophy's anxiety to neglect writing to Lady Montfort the day after Waife's seizure. But he could not find the heart to state the old man's danger; and with the sanguine tendencies of his young nature, even when at the worst he clung to belief in the best. He refrained from any separate and private communication of Waife's state to Lady Montfort, lest the sadness it would not fail to occasion her should be perceptible to Sophy, and lead her to divine the cause. So he contented himself with saying that Waife had accompanied him to Mr. Darrell's, and would be detained there, treated with all kindness and honour, for some days.

Sophy's mind was relieved by this intelligence, but it filled her with wonder and conjecture. That Waife, who had so pertinaciously refused to break bread as a guest under any man's roof-tree, should be for days receiving the hospitality of Lionel Haughton's wealthy and powerful kinsman, was indeed mysterious. But whatever brought Waife and Lionel thus in confidential intercourse, could not but renew yet more vividly the hopes she had been endeavouring of late to stifle. And combining together many desultory remembrances of words escaped unawares from Lionel, from Lady Montfort, from Waife himself, the truth (of which her native acuteness had before admitted glimpses) grew almost clear to her. Was not Mr. Darrell that re-

lation to her lost mother upon whom she had claims not hitherto conceded? Lionel and Waife both with that relation now! Surely the clouds that had rested on her future were admitting the sun through their opening rents—and she blushed as she caught its ray.

CHAPTER VI.

Individual concessions are like political; when you once begin, there is no saying where you will stop.

Waife's first words on recovering consciousness were given to thoughts of Sophy. He had promised her to return, at farthest, the next day; she would be so uneasy—he must get up—he must go at once. When he found his strength would not suffer him to rise, he shed tears. It was only very gradually, and at intervals, that he became acquainted with the length and severity of his attack, or fully sensible that he was in Darrell's house; that that form, of which he had retained vague, dreamy reminiscences, hanging over his pillow, wiping his brow, and soothing him with the sweetest tones of the sweet human voice—that that form, so genial, so brotherlike, was the man who had once commanded him not to sully with his presence a stainless home.

All that had passed within the last few days was finally made clear to him in a short, unwitnessed, touching conversation with his host; after which, however, he became gradually worse; his mind remaining clear, but extremely dejected; his bodily strength evidently sinking. Dr. F—— was again summoned in haste. That great physician was, as every great physician should be, a profound philosopher, though with a familiar ease of manner, and a light off-hand vein of talk, which made the philosophy less sensible to the taste than any other ingredient in his pharmacopœia. Turning everybody else out of the room, he examined his patient alone—sounded the old man's vital organs, with ear and with stethoscope—talked to him now on his feelings, now on the news of the day, and then stepped out to Darrell.

"Something on the heart, my dear sir; I can't get at it; perhaps you can. Take off that something, and the springs will react, and my patient will soon recover. All about him sound as a rock—but the heart; that has been horribly worried; something worries it now. His heart may be seen in his eye. Watch his eye; it is missing some face it is accustomed to see."

Darrell changed colour. He stole back into Waife's room, and took the old man's hand. Waife returned the pressure, and said, "I was just praying for you—and—and—I am sinking fast. Do not let me die, sir, without wishing poor Sophy a last good-by!"

Darrell passed back to the landing-place, where George and Lionel were standing, while Dr. F—— was snatching a hasty refreshment in the library before his return to town. Darrell laid his hand on Lionel's shoulder. "Lionel, you must go back to London with Dr. F——. I cannot keep you here longer. I want your room."

"Sir," said Lionel, aghast, "while Waife is still so ill! You cannot be thus unkind."

"Inconsiderate egotist! would you deprive the old man of a presence dearer to him than yours? George, you will go too; but *you* will return. You told me yesterday that your wife was in London for a few days; entreat her to accompany you hither; entreat her to bring with her the poor young lady whom my guest pines to see at his bedside—the face that his eye misses."

CHAPTER VII.

Sophy, Darrell, and the Flute-player. Darrell prepares a surprise for Walfe.

Sophy is come. She has crossed that inexorable threshold. She is a guest in the house which rejects her as a daughter. She has been there some days. Waife revived at the first sight of her tender face. He has left his bed; can move for some hours a-day into an adjoining chamber, which has been hastily arranged for his private sitting-room; and can walk its floor with a step that grows daily firmer in the delight of leaning on Sophy's arm.

Since the girl's arrival, Darrell has relaxed his watch over the patient. He never now enters his guest's apartment without previous notice; and, by that incommunicable instinct which passes in households between one silent breast and another, as by a law equally strong to attract or repel—here drawing together, there keeping apart—though no rule in either case has been laid down;—by virtue, I say of that strange intelligence, Sophy is not in the old man's room when Darrell enters. Barely in the twenty-four hours do the host and the fair young guest encounter. But Darrell is a quick and keen observer. He has seen enough of Sophy to be sensible of her charm—to penetrate into her simple, natural loveliness of character—to feel a deep interest in her, and a still deeper pity for Lionel. Secluding himself as much as possible in his private room, or in his leafless woods, his reveries increase in gloom. Nothing unbends his moody brow like Fairthorn's flute or Fairthorn's familiar converse.

It has been said before that Fairthorn knew his secrets. Fairthorn had idolised Caroline Lyndsay. Fairthorn was the only being in the world to whom Guy Darrell could speak of Caroline Lyndsay—to whom he could own the unconquerable but unforgiving love which had twice driven him from the social world. Even to Fairthorn, of course, all could not be told. Darrell could not speak of the letter he had received at Malta,

nor of Caroline's visit to him at Fawley; for to do so, even to Fairthorn, was like a treason to the *dignity* of the Beloved. And Guy Darrell might rail at her inconstancy—her heartlessness; but to boast that she had lowered herself by the proffers that were dictated by repentance, Guy Darrell could not do *that*;—he was a gentleman. Still there was much left to say. He could own that he thought she would now accept his hand; and when Fairthorn looked happy at that thought, and hinted at excuses for her former fickleness, it was a great relief to Darrell to fly into a rage; but if the flute-player meanly turned round and became himself Caroline's accuser, then poor Fairthorn was indeed frightened, for Darrell's trembling lip or melancholy manner overwhelmed the assailant with self-reproach, and sent him sidelong into one of his hidden coverts.

But at this moment Fairthorn was a support to him under other trials—Fairthorn, who respects as he does, as no one else ever can, the sanctity of the Darrell line—who would shrink like himself from the thought that the daughter of Jasper Loesely, and in all probability not a daughter of Matilda Darrell, should ever be mistress of that ancestral hall, lowly and obscure and mouldering though it be—and that the child of a sharper, a thief, a midnight assassin, should carry on the lineage of knights and warriors in whose stainless scutcheons, on many a Gothic tomb or over the portals of ruined castles, was impaled the heraldry of Brides sprung from the loins of Lion Kings! Darrell, then, doing full justice to all Sophy's beauty and grace, purity and goodness, was more and more tortured by the conviction that she could never be wife to the man on whom, for want of all nearer kindred, would devolve the heritage of the Darrell name.

On the other hand, Sophy's feelings towards her host were almost equally

painful and embittered. The tenderness and reverence that he had showed to her beloved grandfather, the affecting gratitude with which Waife spoke of him, necessarily deepened her prepossessions in his favour as Lionel's kinsman; and though she saw him so sparingly, still, when they did meet, she had no right to complain of his manner. It might be distant, taciturn; but it was gentle, courteous—the manner which might be expected, in a host of secluded habits, to a young guest from whose sympathies he was removed by years, but to whose comforts he was unobtrusively considerate—whose wishes were delicately forestalled. Yet was this all that her imagination had dared to picture on entering those grey walls? Where was the evidence of the relationship of which she had dreamed?—where a single sign that she was more in that house than a mere guest?—where, alas! a token that even Lionel had named her to his kinsman, and that for Lionel's sake that kinsman bade her welcome? And Lionel too—gone the very day before she arrived! That she learned incidentally from the servant who showed her into her room. Gone, and not addressed a line to herself, though but to condole with her on her grandfather's illness, or congratulate her that the illness had spared the life! She felt wounded to the very core. As Waife's progressive restoration allowed her thoughts more to revert to so many causes for pain and perplexity, the mystery of all connected with her own and Waife's sojourn under that roof baffled her attempts at conjecture. The old man did not volunteer explanations. Timidly she questioned him; but his nerves yet were so unstrung, and her questions so evidently harassed him, that she only once made that attempt to satisfy her own bewilderment, and smiled as if contented when he said, after a long pause, "Patience yet, my child; let me get a little stronger. You see Mr. Darrell will not suffer me to talk with him on matters that must be discussed with him before I go; and then—and then—Patience till then, Sophy."

Neither George nor his wife gave

her any clue to the inquiries that preyed upon her mind. The latter a kind, excellent woman, meekly devoted to her husband, either was, or affected to be, in ignorance of the causes that had led Waife to Fawley, save very generally that Darrell had once wronged him by an erring judgment, and had hastened to efface that wrong. And then she kissed Sophy fondly, and told her that brighter days were in store for the old man and herself. George said with more authority—the authority of the priest—"Ask no questions. Time that solves all riddles, is hurrying on, and Heaven directs its movements."

Her very heart was shut up, except where it could gush forth—nor even then with full tide—in letters to Lady Montfort. Caroline had heard from George's wife, with intense emotion, that Sophy was summoned to Darrell's house, the gravity of Waife's illness being considerably suppressed. Lady Montfort could but suppose that Darrell's convictions had been shaken—his resolutions softened; that he sought an excuse to see Sophy, and judge of her himself. Under this impression, in parting with her young charge, Caroline besought Sophy to write to her constantly, and frankly. Sophy felt an inexpressible relief in this correspondence. But Lady Montfort in her replies was not more communicative than Waife or the Morleys, only she seemed more thoughtfully anxious that Sophy should devote herself to the task of propitiating her host's affections. She urged her to try and break through his reserve—see more of him; as if that were possible! And her letters were more filled with questions about Darrell, than even with admonitions and soothing to Sophy. The letters that arrived at Fawley were brought in a bag, which Darrell opened; but Sophy noticed that it was with a peculiar compression of lip, and a marked change of colour, that he had noticed the handwriting on Lady Montfort's first letter to her, and that after the first time her letters were not enclosed in the bag, but came apart and were never again given to her by her host.

Thus passed days in which Sophy's time was spent chiefly in Waife's

sick-room. But now he is regaining strength hourly. To his sitting-room comes George frequently to relieve Sophy's watch. There, once a-day, comes Guy Darrell, and what then passed between the two men none witnessed. In these hours Waife insisted upon Sophy's going forth for air and exercise. She is glad to steal out alone—steal down by the banks of the calm lake, or into the gloom of the mournful woods. Here she not unfrequently encounters Fairthorn, who, having taken more than ever to the flute, is driven more than ever to out-door rambles, for he has been cautioned not to indulge in his melodious resource within doors lest he disturb the patient.

Fairthorn and Sophy thus made acquaintance, distant and shy at first on both sides; but it gradually became more frank and cordial. Fairthorn had an object not altogether friendly in encouraging this intimacy. He thought, poor man, that he should be enabled to extract from Sophy some revelations of her early life, which would elucidate, not in favour of her asserted claims, the mystery that hung upon her parentage. But had Dick Fairthorn been the astutest of diplomatists, in this hope he would have been equally disappointed. Sophy had nothing to communicate. Her ingenuousness utterly baffled the poor flute-player. Out of an innocent, unconscious kind of spite, on ceasing to pry into Sophy's descent, he began to enlarge upon the dignity of Darrell's. He inflicted on her the long-winded genealogical memoir, the recital of which had, on a previous occasion, so nearly driven Lionel Haughton from Fawley. He took her to see the antiquary's grave; he spoke to her, as they stood there, of Darrell's ambitious boyhood—his arid, laborious manhood—his determination to restore the fallen line—the very vow he had made to the father he had so pitily revered. He sought to impress on her the consciousness that she was the guest of one who belonged to a race with whom spotless honour was the all in all; and who had gone through life with bitter sorrows, but reverencing that race, and vindicating that honour: Fairthorn's eye would tremble

—his eyes flash on her while he talked. She, poor child, could not divine why; but she felt that he was angry with her—*speaking at her*. In fact, Fairthorn's prickly tongue was on the barbed point of exclaiming, "And how dare you foist yourself into this unsullied lineage!—how dare you think that the dead would not turn in their graves, ere they would make room in the vault of the Darrells for the daughter of a Jasper Loosely!" But though she could not conceive the musician's covert meaning in these heraldic discourses, Sophy, with a justness of discrimination that must have been intuitive, separated from the more fantastic declamations of the grotesque genealogist that which was genuine and pathetic in the single image of the last descendant in a long and gradually falling race, lifting it up once more into power and note on toiling shoulders, and standing on the verge of age, with the melancholy consciousness that the effort was successful only for his fleeting life; that, with all his gold, with all his fame, the hope which had achieved alike the gold and the fame was a lying mockery, and that name and race would perish with himself, when the earth yawned for him beside the antiquary's grave. And these recitals made her conceive a more soft and tender interest in Guy Darrell than she had before admitted; they accounted for the mournfulness on his brow; they lessened her involuntary awe of that stateliness of bearing, which before had only chilled her as the evidence of pride.

While Fairthorn and Sophy thus matured acquaintance, Darrell and Waife were drawing closer and closer to each other. Certainly no one would be predisposed to suspect any congeniality of taste, intellect, experience, or emotion, between two men whose lives had been so widely different—in whose faults or merits the ordinary observer would have seen nothing but antagonism and contrast. Unquestionably their characters were strikingly dissimilar, yet there was that in each which the other recognised as familiar to his own nature. Each had been the victim of his heart; each had passed over the

ploughshare of self-sacrifice. Darrell had offered up his youth—Waife his age;—Darrell to a Father and the unrequiting Dead—Waife to a Son whose life had become his terror. To one man, NAME had been an idol; to the other, NAME had been a weed cast away into the mire. To the one man, unjoyous, evanescent glory—to the other, a shame that had been borne with a sportive cheerfulness, dashed into sorrow only when the world's contumely threatened to despoil Affection of its food. But there was something akin in their joint experience of earthly vanities;—so little solace in worldly honours to the triumphant Orator—so little of misery to the vagrant Mime while his conscience mutely appealed to Heaven from the verdict of his kind. And as beneath all the levity and whim of the man reared and nurtured, and fitted by his characteristic tendencies, to view life through its humours, not through its passions, there still ran a deep undercurrent of grave and earnest intellect and feeling,—so too, amidst the severer and statelier texture of the once ambitious, laborious mind which had conducted Darrell to renown—amidst all that gathered-up intensity of passion, which admitted no comedy into Sorrow, and saw in Love but the aspect of Fate—amidst all this lofty seriousness of soul, there was yet a vivid capacity of enjoyment—those fine sensibilities to the pleasurable sun-rays of life, which are constitutional to all GENIUS, no matter how grave its vocations. True, affliction at last may dull them, as it dulls all else that we took from Nature when she equipped us for life. Yet, in the mind of Darrell, affliction had shattered the things most gravely coveted, even more than it had marred its perceptive acknowledgment of the sympathies between fancies that move to smiles, and thoughts that bequeath solemn lessons, or melt to no idle tears. Had Darrell been placed amidst the circumstances that make happy the homes of earnest men, Darrell would have been mirthful; had Waife been placed amongst the circumstances that concentrate talent, and hedge round life with trained thicksets and belting laurels, Waife would have been grave.

It was not in the earlier conferences that took place in Waife's apartment that the subject which had led the old man to Fawley was brought into discussion. When Waife had sought to introduce it—when, after Sophy's arrival, he had looked wistfully into Darrell's face, striving to read there the impression she had created, and unable to discover, had begun, with tremulous accents, to reopen the cause that weighed on him—Darrell stopped him at once. "Hush—not yet; remember that it was in the very moment you first broached this sorrowful topic, on arriving here, and perceived how different the point of view from which we two must regard it, that your nerves gave way—your illness rushed on you. Wait, not only till you are stronger, but till we know each other better. This subject is one that it becomes us to treat with all the strength of our reason—with all the calm which either can impose upon the feelings that ruffle judgment. At present, talk we of all matters except that which I promise you shall be fairly discussed at last."

Darrell found, however, that his most effective diversion from the subject connected with Sophy was through another channel in the old man's affections, hopes, and fears. George Morley, in repeating the conversation he had overheard between Waife and Jasper, had naturally, while clearing the father, somewhat softened the bravado and cynicism of the son's language, and more than somewhat brightened the touches of natural feeling by which the bravado and cynicism had been alternated. And Darrell had sufficient magnanimity to conquer the repugnance with which he approached a name associated with so many dark and hateful memories, and, avoiding as much as possible distinct reference to Jasper's past life, to court a consultation on the chances of saving from the worst the life that yet remained. With whom else, indeed, than Jasper's father could Darrell so properly and so unreservedly discuss a matter in which their interest and their fear were in common?—As though he were rendering some

compensation to Waife for the disappointment he would experience when Sophy's claims came to be discussed—if he could assist in relieving the old man's mind as to the ultimate fate of the son for whom he had made so grand a sacrifice, Darrell spoke to Waife somewhat in detail of the views with which he had instructed Colonel Morley to find out and to treat with Jasper. He heard from the Colonel almost daily. Alban had not yet discovered Jasper, nor even succeeded in tracing Mrs. Crane! But an account of Jasper's wild farewell visit to that den of thieves, from which he had issued safe and triumphant, had reached the ears of a detective employed by the Colonel, and on tolerably good terms with Cutts; and it was no small comfort to know that Jasper had finally broken with those miscreant comrades, and had never again been seen in their haunts. As Arabella had introduced herself to Alban by her former name, and neither he nor Darrell was acquainted with that she now bore, and as no questions on the subject could be put to Waife during the earlier stages of his illness, so it was several days before the Colonel had succeeded in tracing her out as Mrs. Crane of Podden Place—a discovery effected by a distant relation to whom he had been referred at the famous school of which Arabella had been the pride, and who was no doubt the owner of those sheepskin account-books by which the poor grim woman had once vainly sought to bribe Jasper into honest work. But the house in Podden Place was shut up—not a soul in charge of it. The houses immediately adjoining it were tenantless. The Colonel learned, however, from a female servant in an opposite house, that several days ago she had seen a tall, powerful-looking man enter Mrs. Crane's street-door; that she had not seen him quit it; that some evenings afterwards, as this servant was closing up the house in which she served, she had remarked a large private carriage driving away from Mrs. Crane's door; that it was too dark to see who were in the carriage, but she had noticed a woman whom

she felt fully sure was Mrs. Crane's servant, Bridget Gregg, on the box beside the coachman.

Alban had been to the agent employed by Mrs. Crane in the letting of her houses, but had not there gained any information. The Colonel believed that Mrs. Crane had succeeded in removing Jasper from London—had, perhaps, accompanied him abroad. If with her, at all events for the present he was safe from the stings of want, and with one who had sworn to save him from his own guilty self. If, however, still in England, Alban had no doubt, sooner or later, to hunt him up.

Upon the whole, this conjectural information, though unsatisfactory, allayed much anxiety. Darrell made the most of it in his representations to Waife. And the old man, as we know, was not one hard to comfort, never quarrelling irrevocably with Hope.

And now Waife is rapidly recovering. Darrell, after spending the greater part of several days, intent upon a kind of study from which he had been estranged for many years, takes to frequent absences for the whole day; goes up to London by the earliest train, comes back, by the latest. George Morley also goes to London for a few hours. Darrell, on returning, does not allude to the business which took him to the metropolis; neither does George, but the latter seems unusually animated and excited. At length, after one of these excursions, so foreign to his habits, he and George enter together the old man's apartment not long before the early hour at which the convalescent retires to rest. Sophy was seated on the footstool at Waife's knee, reading the Bible to him, his hand resting lightly on her bended head. The sight touched both George and Darrell; but Darrell of the two was the more affected. What young, pure voice shall read to *him* the Book of Hope in the evening of lonely age? Sophy started in some confusion, and as, in quitting the room, she passed by Darrell, he took her hand gently, and scanned her features more deliberately, more earnestly than he had ever yet seemed

to do; then he sighed, and dropped the hand, murmuring, "Pardon me." Was he seeking to read in that fair face some likeness to the Darrell lineaments? If he had found it, what then? But when Sophy was gone, Darrell came straight to Waife with a cheerful brow—with a kindling eye.

"William Loseley," said he.

"Waife, if you please, sir," interrupted the old man.

"William Loseley," repeated Darrell, "justice seeks to repair, so far as, alas! it now can, the wrongs inflicted on the name of William Loseley. Your old friend Alban Morley supplying me with the notes he had made in the matter of your trial, I arranged the evidence they furnished. The Secretary for the Home Department is one of my most intimate political friends—a man of humanity—of sense. I placed that evidence before him. I, George, and Mr. Harropp, saw him after he had perused it—"

"My—son—Lizzy's son!"

"His secret will be kept. The question was not who committed the act for which you suffered, but whether you were clearly, incontestably, innocent of the act, and in pleading guilty, did but sublimely bear the penalty of another. There will be no new trial—there are none who would prosecute. I bring back to you the Queen's free pardon under the Great Seal. I should explain to you that this form of the royal grace is so rarely given that it needed all the strength and affecting circumstances of your peculiar case to justify the Home Secretary in listening, not only to the interest I could bring to bear in your favour, but to his own humane inclinations. The pardon under the Great Seal differs from

an ordinary pardon. It purges the blood from the taint of felony—it remits all the civil disabilities which the mere expiry of a penal sentence does not remove. In short, as applicable to your case, it becomes virtually a complete and formal attestation of your innocence. Alban Morley will take care to apprise those of your old friends who may yet survive, of that revocation of unjust obloquy, which this royal deed implies—Alban Morley, who would turn his back on a prince of the blood if but guilty of some jockey trick on the turf! Live henceforth openly, and in broad daylight if you please; and trust to us three—the Soldier, the Lawyer, the Churchman—to give to this paper that value which your Sovereign's advisers intend it to receive."

"Your hand now, dear old friend," cried George. "You remember I commanded you once to take mine as man and gentleman—as man and gentleman, now honour me with yours."

"Is it possible?" faltered Waife, one hand in George's, the other extended in imploring appeal to Darrell—"is it possible? I vindicated—I cleared—and yet no felon's dock for Jasper!—the son not criminated by the father's acquittal! Tell me that! again!—again!"

"It is so, believe me. All that rests is to force on that son, if he have a human heart, the conviction that he will be worse than a parricide if he will not save himself."

"And he will—he shall. Oh, that I could but get at him," exclaimed the preacher.

"And now," said Darrell—"now, George, leave us; for now, upon equal terms, we two fathers can discuss family differences."

CHAPTER VIII.

Sophy's claim examined and canvassed.

"I take this moment," said Darrell, when left alone with Waife—(ah, reader, let us keep to that familiar name to the last!)"—"I take this moment," said Darrell, "the first moment in which you can feel thoroughly assured that no prejudice against your-

self clouds my judgment in reference to her whom you believe to be your grandchild, to commence, and I trust to conclude for ever, the subject which twice brought you within these walls. On the night of your recent arrival here, you gave me this copy of a

Frenchwoman's declaration, to the effect that two infants had been placed out with her to nurse; that one of them was my poor daughter's infant, who was about to be taken away from her; that the other was confided to her by its parent, a French lady, whom she speaks of as a very liberal and distinguished person; but whose name is not stated in the paper."

WIFE.—"The confession describes that lady as an *artiste*; distinguished *artiste* is the expression—viz. a professional person—a painter—an actress—a singer—or—"

DARRELL (dryly).—"An opera-dancer! I understand the French word perfectly. And I presume the name is not mentioned in the document, from motives of delicacy; the child of a distinguished French *artiste* is not necessarily born in wedlock. But this lady was very grateful to the nurse for the care shown to her infant, who was very sickly; and promised to take the nurse, and the nurse's husband also, into her service. The nurse states that she herself was very poor; that the lady's offer appeared to her like a permanent provision; that the life of this *artiste's* infant was of the utmost value to her—the life of my poor daughter's child of comparative insignificance. But the infant of the *artiste* died, and the nurse's husband put it into his wife's head to tell your son (then a widower, and who had seen so little of his child as to be easily deceived), that it was his infant who died. The nurse shortly afterwards removed to Paris, taking with her to the *artiste's* house the child who in reality was my daughter's."

"It seems very probable, does it not—does it not?" said the ex-comedian eagerly.

"It seems to me," replied the lawyer, "very probable that a witness, entering into court with the confession of one villanous falsehood, would have little scruple to tell another. But I proceed. This rich and liberal *artiste* dies; the nurse's conscience then suddenly awakens—she sees Mr. Hammond—she informs him of the fraud she has practised. A lady of rank, who had known Matilda, and had seen both the infants when both were living under the nurse's charge, and

observed them more attentively than your son had done—corroborates the woman's story, stating that the *artiste's* child had dark eyes instead of blue; that the *artiste* herself was never deceived—but, having taken a great fancy to the spurious infant, was willing to receive and cherish it as her own; and that she knows several persons who will depose that they heard the *artiste* say that the child was not her own. On this evidence your son takes to himself this child—and this child is your Sophy—and you wish me to acknowledge her as my daughter's offspring. Do not look me so earnestly in the face, my dear and respected guest. It was when you read in my face, what my lips shrank from uttering, that your emotions overcame your strength, and your very mind deserted you. Now, be firmer. Your Sophy has no need of me—she is under your charge, and your name is cleared. She has found a friend—a protectress—in her own sex. Lady Montfort's rank gives to her a position in the world as high as I could offer; and as to mere pecuniary provision for her, make your mind easy—it shall be secured. But bear with me when I add, resolutely and calmly, that this nurse's attestation is to me a grosser and poorer attempt at imposture than I had anticipated; and I am amazed that a man of your abilities should have been contented to accept it."

"Oh, Mr. Darrell, don't say so! It was such a blessing to think, when my son was lost to me, that I might fill up the void in my heart with an innocent, loving child. Don't talk of my abilities. If you, whose abilities none can question—if you had longed and yearned for such a comforter—if you had wished—if you wished now this tale to be true, you would have believed it too; you would believe it now—you would, indeed. Two men look so differently at the same story—one deeply interested that it should be true—one determined, if possible, to find it false. Is it not so?"

Darrell smiled slightly, but could not be induced to assent even to so general a proposition. He felt as if he were pitted against a counsel who would take advantage of every concession.

Waife continued. "And whatever seems most improbable in this confession, is rendered probable at once—if—if—we may assume that my unhappy son, tempted by the desire to—to—"

"Spare yourself—I understand—if your son wished to obtain his wife's fortune, and therefore connived at the exchange of the infants, and was therefore, too, enabled always to corroborate the story of the exchange, whenever it suited him to reclaim the infant. I grant this—and I grant that the conjecture is sufficiently plausible to justify you in attaching to it much weight. We will allow that it was his interest at one time to represent his child, though living, as no more; but you must allow also that he would have deemed it his interest, later, to fasten upon me, as my daughter's, a child to whom she never gave birth. Here we entangle ourselves in a controversy without data, without facts. Let us close it. Believe what you please. Why should I shake convictions that render you happy? Be equally forbearing with me. I do full justice to your Sophy's charming qualities. In herself, the proudest parent might rejoice to own her; but I cannot acknowledge her to be the daughter of Matilda Darrell. And the story that assured you she was your grandchild, still more convinces me that she is not mine!"

"But be not thus inflexible, I implore you;—you can be so kind, so gentle;—she would be such a blessing to you! later—perhaps—when I am dead. I am pleading for your sake—I owe you so much! I should repay you, if I could but induce you to inquire—and if inquiry should prove that I am right."

"I have inquired sufficiently."

"Then I'll go and find out the Nurse. I'll question her. I'll—"

"Hold. Be persuaded! Hug your belief! Inquire no farther!"

"Why—why?"

Darrell was mute.

Waife passed and repassed his hand over his brow, and then cried suddenly,—"But if I could prove her not to be my grandchild, then she might be happy!—then—then—ah, sir, young Haughton tells me that if she were but the daughter of

honest parents—no child of Jasper's, no grandchild of mine—then you might not be too proud to bless her at least as his bride! And, sir, the poor child loves the young man. How could she help it? And, at her age, life without hope is either very short, or very, very long! Let me inquire! I should be happy even to know that she was not my grandchild. I should not love her less; and then she would have others to love her when I am gone to Lizzy!"

Darrell was deeply moved. To him there was something in this old man—ever forgetting himself, ever so hurried on by his heart—something, I say, in this old man, before which Darrell felt his intellect subdued, and his pride silenced and abashed.

"Yes sir," said Waife, musingly, "so let it be. I am well now. I will go to France to-morrow."

Darrell nerved his courage. He had wished to spare Waife the pain which his own persuasions caused to himself. Better now to be frank. He laid his hand on Waife's shoulder, and, looking him in the face, said solemnly,—"I entreat you not! Do you suppose that I would not resume inquiry in person, nor pause till the truth were made amply clear, if I had not strong reason to prefer doubt to certainty?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"There is a woman whose career is, I believe, at this moment revived into fresh notoriety as the heroine of some drama on the stage of Paris—a woman who, when years paled her fame and rest her spoils, as a courtesan renowned for the fools she had beggared, for the young hearts she had corrupted, sought plunder still by crimes, to which law is less lenient: Charged with swindling, with fraud, with forgery, and at last more than suspected as a practised poisoner, she escaped by suicide the judgment of human tribunals."

"I know of whom you speak—that dreadful Gabrielle Desmarets, but for whom my sacrifice to Jasper's future might not have been in vain! It was to save Sophy from the chance of Jasper's ever placing her within reach of that woman's example that I took her away."

"Is it not, then, better to forbear

asking who were your Sophy's parents, than to learn from inquiry that she is indeed your grandchild, and that her mother was Gabrielle Desmarets?"

Waife uttered a cry like a shriek, and then sat voiceless and aghast. At last he exclaimed, "I am certain it is not so! Did you ever see that woman?"

"Never that I know of; but George tells me that he heard your son state to you that she had made acquaintance with me under another name, and if there was a design to employ her in confirmation of his tale—if he was then speaking truth to you, doubtless this was the lady of rank referred to in the Nurse's confession—doubtless this was the woman once palmed upon me as Matilda's *confidante*. In that case I have seen her. What, then?"

"Mother was not written on her face! She could never have been a mother. Oh, you may smile, sir; but all my life I have been a reader of the human face; and there is in the aspect of some women the barrenness as of stone—no mother's throb in their bosom—no mother's kiss on their lips."

"I am a poor reader of women's faces," said Darrell; "but she must be very unlike women in general, who allows you to know her a bit better if you stood reading her face till doomsday. Besides, at the time you saw Gabrielle Desmarets, her mode of life had perhaps given to her an aspect not originally in her countenance. And I can only answer your poetic conceit by a poetic illustration—Niobe turned to stone; but she had a great many daughters before she petrified. Pardon me, if I would turn off by a jest a thought that I see would shock you, as myself, if gravely encouraged. Encourage it not. Let us suppose it only a chance that inquiry might confirm this conjecture; but let us shun that chance. Meanwhile, if inquiry is to be made, one more likely than either of us to get at the truth has promised to make it, and sooner or later we may learn from her the results—I mean that ill-fated Arabella Fosset, whom you knew as Crane."

Waife was silent; but he kept

turning in his hand, almost disconsolately, the document which assailed him from the felon's taint, and said at length, as Darrell was about to leave, "And this thing is of no use to *her*, then?"

Darrell came back to the old man's chair, and said softly, "Friend, do not fancy that the young have only one path to happiness. You grieve that I cannot consent to Lionel's marriage with your Sophy. Dismiss from your mind the desire for the Impossible. Gently wean from hers what is but a girl's first fancy."

"It is a girl's first love."

"And if it be," said Darrell calmly, "no complaint more sure to yield to change of air. I have known a girl as affectionate, as pure, as full of all womanly virtues, as your Sophy (and I can give her no higher praise)—loved more deeply than Lionel *can* love; professing, doubtless at the time believing, that she also loved for life; betrothed too; faith solemnised by promise; yet in less than a year she was another's wife. Change of air, change of heart! I do not underrate the effect which a young man, so winning as Lionel, would naturally produce on the fancy or the feelings of a girl who as yet, too, has seen no others; but impressions in youth are characters in the sand. Grave them ever so deeply, the tide rolls over them; and when the ebb shows the surface again, the characters are gone, for the sands are shifted. Courage! Lady Montfort will present to her others with forms as fair as Lionel's and as elegantly dressed. With so much in her own favour, there are young patricians enough who will care not a rush what her birth;—young Lords—Lady Montfort knows well how fascinating young lords can be! Courage—before a year is out, you will find new characters written on the sand."

"You don't know Sophy, sir," said Waife, simply; "and I see you're resolved not to know her. But you say Arabella Crane is to inquire; and should the inquiry prove that she is no child of Gabrielle Desmarets—that she is either your own grandchild or not mine—that—"

"Let me interrupt you. If there be a thing in the world that is cruel

and treacherous, it is a false hope! Crush out of every longing thought the belief that this poor girl can prove to be one whom, with my consent, my kinsman can woo to be his wife. Lionel Haughton is, the sole kinsman left to, whom I can bequeath this roof-tree—these acres, hallowed to me because associated with my earliest lessons in honour, and with the dreams which directed my life. He must take with the heritage the name it represents. In his children, that name of Darrell can alone live still in the land. I say to you, that even were my daughter now in existence, she would not succeed me—she would not inherit nor transmit that name. Why?—not because I am incapable of a Christian's forgiveness, but because I am not capable of a gentleman's treason to his ancestors and himself;—because Matilda Darrell was false and perfidious;—because she was

dead to honour, and therefore her birthright to a heritage of honour was irrevocably forfeited. And since you compel me to speak rudely, while in you I revere a man above the power of law to degrade—while, could we pass a generation, and Sophy were your child by your Lizzy, I should proudly welcome an alliance that made you and me as brothers—yet I cannot contemplate—it is beyond my power—I cannot contemplate the picture of Jasper Lowly's daughter, even by my own child, the Mistress of my father's home—the bearer of my father's name. 'Tis in vain to argue. Grant me the slave of a prejudice—grant these ideas to be antiquated bigotry—I am too old to change. I ask from others no sacrifice which I have not borne. And whatever be Lionel's grief at my resolve, grief will be my companion long after he has forgotten that he mourned."

CHAPTER IX.

Poor Sophy!

The next morning Mills, in giving Sophy a letter from Lady Montfort, gave her also one for Waife, and she recognised Lionel Haughton's handwriting on the address. She went straight to Waife's sitting-room, for the old man had now resumed his early habits, and was up and dressed. She placed the letter in his hands without a word, and stood by his side while he opened it, with a certain still firmness in the expression of her face, as if she were making up her mind to some great effort. The letter was ostensibly one of congratulation. Lionel had seen Darrell the day before, after the latter had left the Home Secretary's office, and had learned that all which Justice could do to repair the wrong inflicted had been done. Here Lionel's words, though brief, were cordial, and almost joyous; but then came a few sentences steeped in gloom. There was an allusion, vague and delicate in itself, to the eventful conversation with Waife in reference to Sophy—a sombre, solemn farewell conveyed to her and to hope—a passionate prayer

for her happiness—and then an abrupt wrench, as it were, away from a subject too intolerably painful to prolong—an intimation that he had succeeded in exchanging into a regiment very shortly to be sent into active service; that he should set out the next day to join that regiment in a distant part of the country; and that he trusted, should his life be spared by war, that it would be many years before he should revisit England. The sense of the letter was the more affecting in what was concealed than in what was expressed. Evidently Lionel desired to convey to Waife, and leave it to him to inform Sophy, that she was henceforth to regard the writer as vanished out of her existence—departed, as irrevocably as depart the Dead.

While Waife was reading, he had turned himself aside from Sophy; he had risen—he had gone to the deep recess of the old mullioned window, half screening himself beside the curtain. Noiselessly, Sophy followed; and when he had closed the letter, she laid her hand on his arm, and said

very quietly, "Grandfather, may I read that letter?"

Waife was startled, and replied on the instant, "No, my dear."

"It is better that I should," said she, with the same quiet firmness; and then seeing the distress in his face, she added, with her more accustomed sweet docility, yet with a forlorn droop of the head—"But as you please, grandfather."

Waife hesitated an instant. Was she not right?—would it not be better to show the letter? After all, she must confront the fact that Lionel could be nothing to her henceforth; and would not Lionel's own words wound her less than all Waife could say? So he put the letter into her hands, and sat down, watching her countenance.

At the opening sentences of congratulation, she looked up inquiringly. Poor man, he had not spoken to her of what at another time it would have been such joy to speak; and he now, in answer to her look, said almost sadly, "Only about *me*, Sophy; what does that matter?" But before the girl read a line farther, she smiled on him, and tenderly kissed his furrowed brow.

"Don't read on, Sophy," said he quickly. She shook her head, and resumed. His eye still upon her face, he marked it changing as the sense of the letter grew upon her, till, as, without a word, with scarce a visible heave of the bosom, she laid the letter on his knees, the change had become so complete, that it seemed as if ANOTHER stood in her place. In very young and sensitive persons, especially female (though I have seen it even in our hard sex), a great and sudden shock or revulsion of feeling reveals itself thus in the almost preternatural alteration of the countenance. It is not a mere paleness—a skin-deep loss of colour; it is as if the whole bloom of youth had rushed away; hollows, never discernible before, appear in the cheek that was so round and smooth; the muscles fall as in mortal illness; a havoc as of years, seems to have been

wrought in a moment; Flame itself does not so suddenly ravage—so suddenly alter—leave behind it so ineffable an air of desolation and ruin. Waife sprang forward and clasped her to his breast.

"You will bear it, Sophy! The worst is over now. Fortitude, my child!—fortitude! The human heart is wonderfully sustained when it is not the conscience that weighs it down—griefs, that we think at the moment must kill us, wear themselves away. I speak the truth, for I too have suffered!"

"Poor grandfather!" said Sophy gently; and she said no more. But when he would have continued to speak comfort, or exhort to patience, she pressed his hand tightly, and laid her finger on her lip. He was hushed in an instant.

Presently she began to move about the room, buying herself, as usual, in those slight, scarce perceptible arrangements by which she loved to think that she ministered to the old man's simple comforts. She placed the arm-chair in his favourite nook by the window, and before it the footstool for the poor lame foot; and drew the table near the chair, and looked over the books that George had selected for his perusal from Darrell's library; and chose the volume in which she saw his mark, to place nearest to his hand, and tenderly cleared the mist from his reading-glass; and removed one or two withered or ailing snowdrops from the little winter nosegay she had gathered for him the day before—he watching her all the time, silent as herself, not daring, indeed, to speak, lest his heart should overflow.

These little tasks of love over, she came towards him a few paces, and said—"Please, dear grandfather, tell me all about what has happened to yourself, which should make us glad—that is, by-and-by; but nothing as to the rest of that letter. I will just think over it by myself; but never let us talk of it, grandy, dear, never more—never more."

CHAPTER X.

Trees that, like the poplar, lift upward all their boughs, give no shade and no shelter, whatever their height. Trees the most lovingly shelter and shade us, when, like the willow, the higher soar their summits, the lowlier droop their boughs.

Usually, when Sophy left Waife in the morning she would wander out into the grounds, and he could see her pass before his window; or she would look into the library, which was almost exclusively given up to the Morleys, and he could hear her tread on the old creaking stairs. But now she had stolen into her own room, which communicated with his sitting-room—a small lobby alone intervening—and there she remained so long, that he grew uneasy. He crept softly to her door and listened. He had a fineness of hearing almost equal to his son's; but he could not hear a sob—not a breath. At length he softly opened the door, and looked in with caution.

The girl was seated at the foot of the bed, quite still—her eyes fixed on the ground, and her finger to her lip, just as she had placed it there when imploring silence; so still, it might be even slumber. All who have grieved respect grief. Waife did not like to approach her; but he said, from his stand at the threshold—"The sun is quite bright now, Sophy; go out for a little while, darling."

She did not look round—she did not stir; but she answered with readiness—"Yes, presently."

So he closed the door, and left her. An hour passed away; he looked in again; there she was still—in the same place, in the same attitude.

"Sophy, dear, it is time to take your walk; go—Mrs. Morley is in front, before my window. I have called to her to wait for you."

"Yes—presently," answered Sophy, and she did not move.

Waife was seriously alarmed. He paused a moment—then went back to his room—took his hat and his staff—came back.

"Sophy, I should like to hobble out and breathe the air; it will do

me good. Will you give me your arm? I am still very weak."

Sophy now started—shook back her fair curls—rose—put on her bonnet, and in less than a minute was by the old man's side. Drawing his arm fondly into hers, they descended the stairs; they are in the garden; Mrs. Morley comes to meet them—then George. Waife exerts himself to talk—to be gay—to protect Sophy's abstracted silence, by his own active, desultory, erratic humour. Twice or thrice, as he leans on Sophy's arm, she draws it still nearer to her, and presses it tenderly. She understands—she thanks him. Hark! from some undiscovered hiding-place near the water—Fairthorn's flute! The Music fills the landscape as with a living presence; the swans pause upon the still lake—the tame doe steals through yonder leafless trees; and now, musing and slow, from the same desolate coverts, come the doe's master. The music spells them all. Guy Darrell sees his guests where they have halted by the stone sundial. He advances—joins them—congratulates Waife on his first walk as a convalescent. He quotes Gray's well-known verses applicable to that event,* and when, in that voice sweet as the flute itself, he comes to the lines—

"The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise"—

Sophy, as if suddenly struck with remorse at the thought that she, and she alone, was marring that opening paradise to the old man in his escape from the sick-room to "the sun, the air, the skies," abruptly raised her looks from the ground, and turned them full upon her guardian's face, with an attempt at gladness in her quivering smile, which, whatever its effect on Waife, went straight to the

* "See the wretch who long has tost," &c.—GRAY.

innermost heart of Guy Darrell. On the instant, he recognised, as by intuitive sympathy, the anguish from which that smile struggled forth—knew that Sophy had now learned that grief which lay deep within himself—that grief which makes a sick-chamber of the whole external world, and which greets no more, in the common boons of Nature, the opening Paradise of recovered Hope! His eyes lingered on her face as its smile waned, and perceived that *CHANGE* which had so startled Waife. Involuntarily he moved to her side—involuntarily drew her arm within his own—she thus supporting the one who cherished—supported by the one who disowned her. Guy Darrell might be stern in resolves which afflicted others, as he was stern in afflicting himself; but for *others* he had at least compassion.

Poor Waife, with nature so different, marked Darrell's movement, and, ever ready to seize on comfort, said inly—"He relents. I will not go to-morrow, as I had intended. Sophy must win her way; who can resist her?"

Talk languished—the wintry sun began to slope—the air grew keen—Waife was led in—the Morleys went up into his room to keep him company—Sophy escaped back to her own. Darrell continued his walk, plunging deep into his maze of beech-woods, followed by the doe. The swans dip their necks amongst the water-weeds; the flute has ceased, and drearily still is the grey horizon, seen through the skeleton boughs—seen behind the ragged sky-line of shaft and parapet in the skeleton palace.

Darrell does not visit Waife's room that day; he concludes that Waife and Sophy would wish to be much alone; he dreads renewal of the only subject on which he has no cheering word to say. Sophy's smile, Sophy's face haunted him. In vain he repeated to himself—"Tut, it will soon pass—only a girl's first fancy."

But Sophy does not come back to Waife's room when the Morleys have left it; Waife creeps into her room as before, and, as before, there she sits—still as if in slumber. She comes in, however, of her accord, to

assist, as usual, in the meal which he takes apart in his room: helps him—helps herself, but eats nothing. She talks, however, almost gaily; hopes he will be well enough to leave the next day; wonders whether Sir Isaac has missed them very much; reads to him Lady Montfort's affectionate letter to herself; and when dinner is over, and Waife's chair drawn to the fireside, she takes her old habitual place on the stool beside him, and says—"Now, dear grandfather—all about yourself—what happy thing has chanced to you?"

Alas, poor Waife has but little heart to speak; but he forces himself; what he has to say may do good to her.

"You know that, on my own account, I had reasons for secrecy—change of name. I shunned all those whom I had ever known in former days; could take no calling in life by which I might be recognised; deemed it a blessed mercy of Providence that when, not able to resist offers that would have enabled me to provide for you as I never otherwise could, I assented to hazard an engagement at a London theatre—trusting for my incognito to an actor's arts of disguise—came the accident which, of itself, annihilated the temptation into which I had suffered myself to be led. For, ah child! had it been known who and what was the William Waife whose stage-mime tricks moved harmless mirth, or tears as pleasant, the audience would have risen, not to applaud, but hoot—'Off, off,' from both worlds—the Mimic as the Real! Well, had I been dishonest, you—you alone felt that I could not have dared to take you, guiltless infant, by the hand. You remember that, on my return to Ruge's wandering theatre, bringing you with me, I exaggerated the effects of my accident—affected to have lost voice—stipulated to be spared appearing on his stage. That was not the mere pride of manhood shrinking from the display of physical afflictions. No. In the first village that we arrived at, I recognised an old friend, and I saw that, in spite of time, and the accident that had disfigured me, he recognised me, and turned away his face, as if in

loathing. An old friend, Sophy—an old friend! Oh, it pierced me to the heart; and I resolved, from that day, to escape from Ruggie's stage; and I consented, till the means of escape, and some less dependent mode of livelihood were found, to live on thy earnings, child; for if I were discovered by other old friends, and they spoke out, my disgrace would reflect on you; and better to accept support from you, than that! Alas! appearances were so strong against me, I never deemed they could be cleared away, even from the sight of my nearest friends. But Providence, you know, has been so kind to us hitherto; and so Providence will be kind to us again, Sophy. And now, the very man I thought most hard to me—this very Guy Darrell, under whose roof we are—has been the man to make those whose opinion I most value, know that I am not dishonest; and Providence has raised a witness on my behalf in that very Mr. Hartopp, who judged me (and any one else might have done the same) too bad to be fit company for you! And that is why I am congratulated; and O, Sophy, though I have borne it as Heaven does enable us to bear what of ourselves we could not, and though one learns to shrug a patient shoulder under the obloquy which may be heaped on us by that crowd of mere strangers to us and to each other, which is called 'the world,' yet to slink out of sight from a friend, as one more to be shunned than a foe—to take like a

coward the lashings of scorn—to wince, one raw sore, from the kindness of Pity—to feel that in life, the sole end of each shift and contrivance is to slip the view-hallo, into a grave without epitaph, by paths as stealthy and sly as the poor hunted fox, when his last chance—and sole one—is, by winding and doubling, to run under the earth; to know that it would be an ungrateful imposture to take chair at the board—at the hearth, of the man who, unknowing your secret, says—'Friend, be social;' accepting not a crust that one does not pay for, lest one feel a swindler to the kind fellow-creature whose equal we must not be!—all this—all this, Sophy, did at times chafe and gall more than I ought to have let it do, considering that there was one who saw it all, and would—Don't cry, Sophy; it is all over now."

"Not cry! Oh, it does me so much good."

"All over now! I am under this roof—without shame or scruple; and if Guy Darrell, knowing all my past, has proved my innocence in the eyes of those whom alone I cared for, I feel as if I had the right to stand before any crowd of men erect and shameless—a Man once more with Men! Oh darling! let me but see thy old happy smile again! The happy smiles of the young are the sunshine of the old. Be patient—be firm; Providence is so very kind, Sophy."

CHAPTER XL.

Waife exacts from George Morley the fulfilment of one of those promises which mean nothing or everything.

The next day George Morley visited Waife's room earlier than usual. Waife had sent for him. Sophy was seated by her grandfather—his hand in hers. She had been exerting herself to the utmost to talk cheerfully—to shake from her aspect every cloud of sorrow. But still THAT CHANGE was there—more marked than even on the previous day. A few hours of intense struggle, a single

night wholly without sleep, will tell on the face of early youth. Not till we, hard veterans, have gone through such struggles as life permits not to the slight responsibilities of new recruits—not till sleepless nights have grown to us familiar—will Thought seem to take, as it were, strength, not exhaustion, from unrelaxing exercise—nourish the brain, sustain the form by its own untiring, fleshless,

spiritual immortality; not till many a winter has stripped the leaves; not till deep, and far out of sight, spread the roots that support the stem—will the beat of the east wind leave no sign on the rind.

George had not, indeed, so noticed the day before the kind of withering blight that had passed over the girl's countenance; but he did now—when she met his eye more steadfastly, and had resumed something of the open genial infantine grace of manner which constituted her peculiar charm, and which it was difficult to associate with deeper griefs than those of childhood.

"You must scold my grandfather," she said. "He chooses to fancy that he is not well enough yet to leave; and I am sure that he is, and will recover more quickly at home than here."

"Pooh!" said Waife; "you young things suppose we old folks can be as brisk as yourselves; but if I am to be scolded, leave Mr. George unawed by your presence, and go out, my dear, while the sun lasts: I know by the ways of that blackbird that the day will be overcast by noon."

As soon as they were alone, George said abruptly, "Your Sophy is looking very ill, and if you are well enough to leave, it might be better for her to move from this gloomy house. Movement itself is a great restorative," added George, with emphasis.

"You see, then, that she looks ill—very ill," said Waife deliberately; "and there is that in your manner which tells me you guess the cause."

"I do guess it, from the glimpse which I caught of Lionel's face after he had been closeted a short time with Mr. Darrell at my uncle's house two days ago. I guess it also from a letter I have received from my uncle."

"You guess right—very right," said Waife, still with the same serious, tranquil manner. "I showed her this letter from young Houghton. Read it." George hurried his eye over the letter, and returned it silently. Waife proceeded,—

"I was frightened yesterday by the strange composure she showed. In her face alone could be read what she suffered. We talked last night. I

spoke of myself—of my old sorrows—in order to give her strength to support hers; and the girl has a heroic nature, Mr. George—and she is resolved to conquer or to die. But she will not conquer."

George began the usual strain of a consoler in such trials. Waife stopped him. "All that you can say, Mr. George, I know beforehand; and she will need no exhortation to prayer and to fortitude. I stole from my room when it was almost dawn. I saw light under the door of her chamber. I just looked in—softly—unperceived. She had not gone to bed. She was by the open window—stars dying out of the sky—kneeling on the floor, her face buried in her hands. She has prayed. In her soul, at this moment, be sure that she is praying now. She will devote herself to me—she will be cheerful—you will hear her laugh, Mr. George; but she will not conquer in this world; long before the new year is out, she will be looking down upon our grief with her bright smile; but we shall not see her, Mr. George. Do not think this is an old man's foolish terror; I know sorrow as physicians know disease; it has its mortal symptoms. Hush! hear me out. I have one hope—it is in you."

"In me?"

"Yes. Do you remember that you said, if I could succeed in opening to your intellect its fair career, you would be the best friend to me man ever had; and I said, 'Agreed, but change the party in the contract; befriend my Sophy instead of me, and if ever I ask you, help me in aught for her welfare and happiness;' and you said, 'With heart and soul.' That was the bargain, Mr. George. Now, you have all that you then despaired of; you have the dignity of your sacred calling—you have the eloquence of the preacher. I cannot cope with Mr. Darrell—you can. He has a heart—it can be softened; he has a soul—it can be freed from the withes that tether it down; he has the virtues you can appeal to; and he has the pride which you, as a Christian minister, have the right to prove to be a sin. I cannot argue with him; I cannot reprove the man to whom I owe so much. All ran-

of men and of mind should be equal to you, the pastor, the divine. You ministers of the gospel address yourselves unabashed to the poor, the humble, the uninstructed. Did Heaven give you power and commandment over these alone? Go, Preacher! go! Speak with the same authority to the great, to the haughty, to the wise!"

The old man's look and gesture were sublime.

The Preacher felt a thrill vibrate from his ear to his heart; but his reason was less affected than his heart. He shook his head mournfully. The task thus assigned to him was beyond the limits which custom prescribes to the priest of the English Church—dictation to a man not even of his own flock, upon the closest affairs of that man's own private hearth and home! Our society allows no such privilege; and our society is right.

Waife, watching his countenance, saw at once what was passing in his mind, and resumed, as if answering George's own thought,—

"Ay, if you were but the commonplace priest! But you are something more; you are the priest specially

endowed for all special purposes of good. You have the mind to reason—the tongue to persuade—the majestic earnestness of impassioned zeal. Nor are you here the priest alone; you are here the friend, the confidant, of all for whom you may exert your powers. Oh, George Morley, I am a poor ignorant blunderer, when presuming to exhort you as Christian minister; but in your own words—I address you as man and gentleman—you declared that 'thought and zeal should not stammer whenever I said—Keep your promise.' I say it now—Keep faith to the child you swore to me to befriend!"

"I will go—and at once," said George, rising. "But be not sanguine. I see not a chance of success. A man so superior to myself in years, station, abilities, repute!"

"Where, would be Christianity," said Waife, "if the earliest preachers had raised such questions? There is a soldier's courage—is there not a priest's?"

George made no answer, but, with abstracted eye, gathered brow, and slow meditative step, quitted the room, and sought Guy Darrell.

BOOK XII.—CHAPTER I.

The Man of the World shows more indifference to the things and doctrines of the World than might be supposed.—But he vindicates his character, which might otherwise be jeopardised, by the adroitness with which, having resolved to roast chestnuts in the ashes of another man's hearth, he handles them when hottest, by the proxy of a—Cat's paw.

In the letter which George told Waife he had received from his uncle, George had an excuse for the delicate and arduous mission he undertook, which he did not confide to the old man, lest it should convey more hopes than its nature justified. In this letter, Alban related, with a degree of feeling that he rarely manifested, his farewell conversation with Lionel, who had just departed to join his new regiment. The poor young man had buoyed himself up with delighted expectations of the result of Sophy's prolonged residence under Darrell's roof; he had persuaded his reason that when Darrell had been thus enabled to see and judge of her for

himself, he would be irresistibly attracted towards her; that Innocence, like Truth, would be mighty, and prevail;—Darrell was engaged in the attempt to clear William Losely's name and blood from the taint of felony;—Alban was commissioned to negotiate with Jasper Losely on any terms that would remove all chance of future disgrace from that quarter. Oh yes! to poor Lionel's eyes, obstacles vanished—the future became clear. And thus, when, after telling him of his final interview with the minister, Darrell said, "I trust that, in bringing to William Losely this intelligence, I shall at least soften his disappointment, when I make it

thoroughly clear to him how impossible it is that his Sophy can ever be more to me—to us—than a stranger whose virtues create an interest in her welfare"—Lionel was stunned as by a blow. Scarcely could he murmur—

"You have seen her—and your resolve remains the same."

"Can you doubt it?" answered Darrell, as if in surprise. "The resolve may now give me pain on my account, as before it gave me pain on yours. But if not moved by your pain, can I be moved by mine? *That* would be a baseness."

The Colonel, in depicting Lionel's state of mind after the young soldier had written his farewell to Waife, and previous to quitting London, expressed very gloomy forebodings. "I do not say," wrote he, "that Lionel will guiltily seek death in the field, nor does death there come more to those who seek than to those who shun it; but he will go upon a service exposed to more than ordinary suffering, privation, and disease—without that rallying power of hope—that Will, and Desire To Live, which constitute the true stamina of Youth. And I have always set a black mark upon those who go into war joyless and despondent. Send a young fellow to the camp with his spirits broken, his heart heavy as a lump of lead, and the first of those epidemics which thin ranks more than the cannon, says to itself, 'There is a man for me!' Any doctor will tell you that, even at home, the gay and light-hearted walk safe through the pestilence, that settles on the moping as malaria settles on a marsh. Confound Guy Darrell's ancestors, they have spoilt Queen Victoria as good a young soldier as ever wore sword by his side. Six months ago, and how blithely Lionel Haughton looked forth to the future!—all laurel!—no cypress! And now, I feel as if I had shaken hands with a victim sacrificed by Superstition to the tombs of the dead. I cannot blame Darrell: I daresay in the same position I might do the same. But no; on second thoughts I should not! If Darrell does not choose to marry and have sons of his own, he has no right to

load a poor boy with benefits, and say, 'There is but one way to prove your gratitude; remember my ancestors, and be miserable for the rest of your days!' Darrell, forsooth, intends to leave to Lionel the transmission of the old Darrell name; and the old Darrell name must not be tarnished by the marriage on which Lionel has unluckily set his heart! I respect the old name; but it is not like the House of Vipont—a British Institution. And if some democratic cholera, which does not care a rush for old names, carries off Lionel, what becomes of the old name then? Lionel is not Darrell's son; Lionel need not, perforce, take the old name. Let the young man live as Lionel Haughton, and the old name die with Guy Darrell!

"As to the poor girl's birth and parentage, I believe we shall never know them. I quite agree with Darrell that it will be wisest never to inquire. But I dismiss, as far-fetched and improbable, his supposition that she is Gabrielle Desmarests' daughter. To me it is infinitely more likely, either that the deposition of the Nurse, which poor Willy gave to Darrell, and which Darrell showed to me, is true (only, that Jasper was conniving at the temporary suspension of his child's existence while it suited his purpose)—or that, at the worst, this mysterious young lady is the daughter of the *artiste*. In the former supposition, as I have said over and over again, a marriage between Lionel and Sophy is precisely that which Darrell should desire; in the latter case, of course, if Lionel were the head of the House of Vipont, the idea of such an union would be inadmissible. But Lionel, *entre nous*, is the son of a ruined spendthrift by a linen-draper's daughter. And Darrell has but to give the handsome young couple five or six thousand a-year, and I know the world well enough to know that the world will trouble itself very little about their pedigree. And really Lionel should be left wholly free to choose whether he prefer a girl whom he loves with his whole heart, five or six thousand a-year, happiness, and the chance of honours in a glorious profession to which he will then look with glad

spirits—or a life-long misery, with the right, after Darrell's death—that I hope will not be these thirty years—to bear the name of Darrell instead of Haughton; which, if I were the last of the Haughtons, and had any family pride—as, thank Heaven, I have not—would be a painful exchange to me; and dearly-bought by the addition of some additional thousands a-year, when I had grown perhaps as little disposed to spend them as Guy Darrell himself is. But, after all, there is one I compassionate even more than young Haughton. My morning rides of late have been much in the direction of Twickenham, visiting our fair cousin Lady Montfort. I went first to lecture her for letting these young people see so much of each other. But my anger melted into admiration and sympathy, when I found with what tender, exquisite, matchless friendship she had been all the while scheming for Darrell's happiness; and with what remorse she now contemplated the sorrow which a friendship so grateful, and a belief so natural, had innocently occasioned. That remorse is wearing her to death. Dr. F——, who attended poor dear Willy, is also attending her; and he told me privately, that his skill was in vain—that her case baffled him; and he had very serious apprehensions. Darrell owes some consideration to such a friend. And to think that here are lives permanently embittered, if not risked, by the ruthless obstinacy of the best-hearted man I ever met! Now, though I have already intimated my opinions to Darrell with a candour due to the oldest and dearest of my friends, yet I have never, of course, in the letters I have written to him, or the talk we have had together, spoken out as plainly as I do in writing to you. And having thus written, without awe of his grey eye and dark brow, I have half a mind to add—'seize him in a happy moment and show him this letter.' Yes, I give you full leave; show it to him

if you think it would avail. If not, throw it into the fire, and pray Heaven for those whom we poor mortals cannot serve."

On the envelope, Alban had added these words—"But of course, before showing the enclosed, you will prepare Darrell's mind to weigh its contents." And probably it was in that curt and simple injunction that the subtle man of the world evinced the astuteness of which not a trace was apparent in the body of his letter.

Though Alban's communication had much excited his nephew, yet George had not judged it discreet to avail himself of the permission to show it to Darrell. It seemed to him that the pride of his host would take much more offence at its transmission through the hands of a third person, than at the frank tone of its reasonings and suggestions. And George had determined to re-enclose it to the Colonel, urging him to forward it himself to Darrell just as it was, with but a brief line to say, "that, on reflection, Alban submitted, direct to his old schoolfellow, the reasonings and apprehensions which he had so unreservedly poured forth in a letter commenced without the intention at which the writer arrived at the close." But now that the preacher had undertaken the duty of an advocate, the letter became his brief.

George passed through the library, through the study, up the narrow stair that finally conducted to the same lofty cell in which Darrell had confronted the midnight robber who claimed a child in Sophy. With a nervous hand George knocked at the door.

Unaccustomed to any intrusion on the part of guest or household in that solitary retreat, somewhat sharply, as if in anger, Darrell's voice answered the knock.

"Who's there?"

"George Morley."

Darrell opened the door.

CHAPTER II.

"A good archer is not known by his arrows, but his aim." "A good man is no more to be feared than a sheep." "A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand." "A good tongue is a good weapon." And despite those suggestive or encouraging proverbs, George Morley has undertaken something so opposed to all proverbial philosophy, that it becomes a grave question what he will do with it.

"I come," said George, "to ask you one of the greatest favours a man can confer upon another; it will take some little time to explain. Are you at leisure?"

Darrell's brow relaxed.

"Seat yourself in comfort, my dear George. If it be in my power to serve or to gratify Alban Morley's nephew, it is I who receive a favour." Darrell thought to himself, "the young man is ambitious.—I may aid in his path towards a See!"

GEORGE MORLEY.—"First let me say that I would consult your intellect on a matter which habitually attracts and engages mine—that old vexed question of the origin and uses of Evil, not only in the physical, but the moral world; it involves problems over which I would ponder for hours as a boy—on which I wrote essays as a schoolman—on which I perpetually collect illustrations to fortify my views as a theologian."

"He is writing a Book," thought Darrell, enviously; "and a book on such a subject will last him all his life. Happy man!"

GEORGE MORLEY.—"The Pastor, you know, is frequently consulted by the suffering and oppressed; frequently called upon to answer that question in which the scepticism of the humble and the ignorant ordinarily begins—'Why am I suffering? Why am I oppressed? Is this the justice of Providence? Has the Great Father that benign pity, that watchful care for his children which you preachers tell us?' Ever intent on deducing examples from the lives to which the clue has become apparent, must be the Priest who has to reason with Affliction caused by no apparent fault; and where, judged by the canons of Human justice, cloud and darkness obscure the Divine—still to 'vindicate the ways of God to man.'"

DARRELL.—"A philosophy that preceded, and will outlive, all other schools. It is twin-born with the world itself. Go on; though the theme be inexhaustible, its interest never flags."

GEORGE MORLEY.—"Has it struck you, Mr. Darrell, that few lives have ever passed under your survey, in which the inexpressible tenderness of the Omniscient has been more visibly clear than in that of your guest, William Losely?"

DARRELL (surprised).—"Clear? To me, I confess that if ever there were an instance in which the Divine tenderness, the Divine justice, which I can never presume to doubt, was yet undiscernible to my bounded vision, it is in the instance of the very life you refer to. I see a man of admirable virtues—of a childlike simplicity of character, which makes him almost unconscious of the grandeur of his own soul—involved by a sublime self-sacrifice—by a virtue, not by a fault—in the most dreadful of human calamities—ignominious degradation;—hurled in the mid-day of life from the sphere of honest men—a felon's brand on his name—a vagrant in his age; justice at last, but tardy and niggard, and giving him but little joy when it arrives; because, ever thinking only of others, his heart is wrapped in a child whom he cannot make happy in the way in which his hopes have been set!—George—no, your illustration might be turned by a sceptic into an argument against you."

GEORGE MORLEY.—"Not unless the sceptic refused the elementary starting-ground from which you and I may reason; not if it be granted that Man has a soul, which it is the object of this life to enrich and develop for another. We know from my uncle what William Losely was before this calamity befell him—a

genial boon-companion—a careless, frank, ‘good fellow’—all the virtues you now praise in him, dormant, unguessed even by himself. Suddenly came CALAMITY!—suddenly arose the SOUL! Degradation of name, and with it dignity of nature! How poor, how slight, how insignificant William Losely the hanger-on of rural Thanes compared with that William Waife whose entrance into this house, you—despite that felon’s brand when you knew it was the martyr’s glory,—greeted with noble reverence: whom, when the mind itself was stricken down—only the soul left to the wreck of the body—you tended with such pious care as he lay on your father’s bed! And do you, who hold Nobleness in such honour—do you, of all men, tell me that you cannot recognise that Celestial tenderness which ennobled a Spirit for all Eternity?”

“George, you are right,” cried Darrell; “and I was a blockhead and blunderer, as man always is when he mistakes a speck in his telescope for a blotch in the sun of a system.”

GEORGE MORLEY.—“But more difficult it is to recognise the mysterious agencies of Heavenly Love when no great worldly adversity forces us to pause and question. Let Fortune strike down a victim, and even the heathen cries, ‘This is the hand of God!’ But where Fortune brings no vicissitude; where her wheel runs smooth, dropping wealth or honours as it rolls—where Affliction centres its work within the secret, unrevealing heart—there, even the wisest man may not readily perceive by what means Heaven is admonishing, forcing, or wooing him nearer to itself. I take the case of a man in whom Heaven acknowledges a favoured son. I assume his outward life crowned with successes, his mind stored with opulent gifts, his nature endowed with lofty virtues; what an heir to train through the brief school of earth for due place in the ages that roll on for ever. But this man has a parasite weed in each bed of a soul rich in flowers;—weed and flowers intertwined, stem with stem—their fibres uniting even deep down to the root. Can you not conceive with what untiring vigilant care Heaven

will seek to disentangle the flower from the weed?—how (dropping inadequate metaphor) Heaven will select for its warning chastisements that very error which the man has so blent with his virtues that he holds it a virtue itself?—how, gradually, slowly, pertinaciously, it will gather this beautiful nature all to itself—insist on a sacrifice it would ask from no other? To complete the true nature of poor William Losely, Heaven ordained the sacrifice of worldly repute; to complete the true nature of Guy Darrell, God ordains him the sacrifice of PRIDE!”

Darrell started—half rose; his eye flashed—his cheek paled; but he remained silent.

“I have approached the favour I supplicate,” resumed George, drawing a deep breath, as of relief. “Greater favour man can scarcely bestow upon his fellow. I entreat you to believe that I respect, and love, and honor you sufficiently to be for a while so lifted up into your friendship, that I may claim the privilege, without which friendship is but a form—just as no freedom is more obnoxious than intrusion on confidence withheld, so no favour, I repeat, more precious than the confidence which a man of worth vouchsafes to him who invites it with no claim but the loyalty of his motives.”

Said Darrell, softened, but with stateliness—“All human lives are separate circles; they may touch at one point in friendly approach, but even where they touch, each rounds itself from off the other. With this hint I am contented to ask at what point in my circle you would touch?”

GEORGE MORLEY.—“I thank you gratefully; I accept your illustration. The point is touched; I need no other.” He paused a moment, as if concentrating all his thoughts, and then said, with musing accents—“Yes, I accept your illustration; I will even strengthen the force of the truth implied in it by a more homely illustration of my own. There are small skeleton abridgments of history which we give to children. In such a year a king was crowned—a battle was fought; there was some great disaster, or some great triumph. Of the true progress and development of

the nation whose record is thus epitomised—of the complicated causes which lead to these salient events—of the animated, varied, multitudinous life which has been hurrying on from epoch to epoch, the abridgment tells nothing. It is so with the life of each individual man: the life as it stands before us is but a sterile epitome—hid from our sight the emotions which are the People of the Heart. In such a year occurred a visible something—a gain—a loss—a success—a disappointment; the People of the Heart crowned or deposed a king. This is all we know; and the most voluminous biography ever written must still be a meagre abridgment of all that really individualised and formed a man. I ask not your confidence in a single detail or fact in your existence which lies beyond my sight. Far from me so curious an insolence; but I do ask you this—Reflecting on your past life as a whole, have not your chief sorrows had a common idiosyncrasy? Have they not been strangely directed towards the frustration of some one single object—cherished by your earliest hopes, and, as if in defiance of fate, resolutely clung to even now?"

"It is true," muttered Darrell.
"You do not offend me; go on!"

"And have not these Sorrows, in frustrating your object, often assumed, too, a certain uniformity in the weapons they use, in the quarter they harass or invade, almost as if it were a strategic policy that guided them where they could most pain, or humble, or eject a Fox that they were ordered to storm? Degrade you they could not; such was not their mission. Heaven left you intact a kingliness of nature—a loftiness of spirit, unabased by assaults levelled not against yourself, but your pride; your personal dignity, though singularly sensitive, though bitterly galled, stood proof. What might lower lesser men, lowered not you; Heaven left you that dignity, for it belongs alike to your intellect and your virtues—but suffered it to be a source of your anguish. Why? Because, not content with adorning your virtues, it was covering the fault against which were directed the sorrows. You frown—forgive me."

"You do not transgress unless it be as a flatterer! If I frowned, it was unconsciously—the sign of thought, not anger. Pause!—my mind has left you for a moment; it is looking into the past."

The past!—Was it not true! That home to whose porch came in time the Black Horses, in time just to save from the last worst dishonour, but not save from years racked by each pang that can harrow man's dignity in each daily assault on the fort of man's pride; the sly treacherous daughter—her terrible marriage—the man whose disgrace she had linked to her blood, and whose life still was insult and threat to his own. True, what a war upon Pride! And even in that secret and fatal love which had been of all his griefs the most influential and enduring, had his pride been less bitterly wounded, and that pride less enthroned in his being, would his grief have been so relentless, his attempts at its conquest so vain? And then, even now—what was it said "I can bless"—holy Love! What was it said "but not pardon"—stern Pride! And so on to these last revolutions of sterile life. Was he not miserable in Lionel's and Sophy's misery? Forlorn in that Citadel of Pride—closed round and invested with Sorrows—and the last Hopes that had fled to the fortress, slain in defence of its outworks. With hand shading his face, Darrell remained some minutes silent. At last he raised his head, and his eye was steadfast, his lip firm.

"George Morley," said he, "I acknowledge much justice in the censure you have conveyed, with so artful a delicacy, that if it fail to reform, it cannot displease, and leaves much to be seriously revolved in solitary self-commune. But though I may own that pride is not made for man, and that in the blindness of human judgment I may often have confounded pride with duty, and suffered for the mistake, yet that one prevailing object of my life, which with so startling a truth you say it has pleased Heaven to frustrate, I cannot hold an error in itself. You have learned enough from your uncle, seen enough of me yourself, to know what that object has been. You are scholar

enough to concede to me that it is no ignoble homage which either nations or persons render to the ancestral Dead—that homage is an instinct in all but vulgar and sordid natures. Has a man no ancestry of his own, rightly and justly, if himself of worth, he appropriates to his lineage all the heroes, and bards, and patriots of his fatherland. A free citizen has ancestors in all the glorious chiefs that have adorned the State, on the sole condition that he shall revere their tombs, and guard their memory as a son! And thus, whenever they who speak trumpet-tongued to grand democracies, would rouse some quailing generation to heroic deed or sacrifice, they appeal in the Name of Ancestors, and call upon the living to be worthy of the dead! That which is so laudable—nay, so necessary a sentiment in the mass, cannot be a fault that angers Heaven in the man. Like all high sentiments, it may compel harsh and rugged duties; it may need the stern suppression of many a gentle impulse—of many a pleasing wish. But we must regard it in its merit and consistency as a whole. And if, my eloquent and subtle friend, all you have hitherto said be designed but to wind into pleas for the same cause that I have already decided against the advocate in my own heart which sides with Lionel's generous love and yon fair girl's ingenuous and touching grace, let us break up the court: the judge has no choice but the law which imperiously governs his judgment."

GEORGE MORLEY.—"I have not hitherto presumed to apply to particular cases the general argument you so indulgently allow me to urge in favour of my theory, that in the world of the human heart, when closely examined, 'there is the same harmony of design as in the external universe; that in Fault and in Sorrow are the axioms, and problems, and postulates of a SCIENCE. Bear with me a little longer if I still pursue the same course of reasoning. I shall not have the arrogance to argue a special instance—to say, 'This you should do, this you should not do.' All I would ask is, leave to proffer a few more suggestions to your own large and candid experience."

Said Darrell, irresistibly allured on, but with a tinge of his grave irony, "You have the true genius of the pulpit, and I concede to you its rights. I will listen with the wish to profit—the more susceptible of conviction, because freed from the necessity to reply."

GEORGE MORLEY.—"You vindicate the object which has been the main ambition of your life. You say 'not an ignoble object.' Truly! ignoble objects are not for you. The question is, are there not objects nobler, which should have attained higher value, and led to larger results in the soul which Providence assigned to you; was not the proper place of the object you vindicate that of an auxiliary—a subordinate, rather than that of the all-directing, self-sufficing leader and autocrat of such various powers of mind? I picture you to myself—a lone, bold-hearted boy—in this ancient hall, amidst these primitive landscapes, in which old associations are so little disturbed by the modern—in which the wild turf of waste lands, vanishing deep into mazes of solemn wood, lend the scene to dreams of gone days—bring Adventure and Knighthood, and all the poetical colours of Eld, to unite the homage due to the ancestral dead with the future ambition of life:—Image full of interest and of pathos—a friendless child of a race more beloved for its decay, looking dauntless on to poverty and toil, with that conviction of power which is born of collected purpose and earnest will; and recording his secret vow, that single-handed he will undo the work of destroying ages, and restore his line to its place of honour in the land!"

George paused, and tears stood in Darrell's eyes.

"Yes," resumed the scholar—"yes, for the child, for the youth, for the man in his first daring stride into the Action of Life, that object commands our respectful sympathies. But wait a few years. Has that object expanded? Has it led on into objects embracing humanity? Remains it alone and sterile in the bosom of successful genius? Or is it prolific and fruitful of grander de-

signs—of more wide-spreading uses? Make genius successful, and all men have the right to say, 'Brother, help us!' What! no other object still but to build up a house!—to recover a line! What was grand at one stage of an onward career, is narrow and small at another! Ambition limited to the rise of a family! Can our sympathies still hallow *that*? No! In Guy Darrell successful—that ambition was treason to earth! Mankind was his family now! THEREFORE Heaven thwarted the object which opposed its own ends in creating you! THEREFORE childless you stand on your desolate hearth!—THEREFORE, lo! side by side—yon uncompleted pile—your own uncompleted life!"

Darrell sate dumb. He was appalled!

GEORGE MORLEY.—"Has not that object stunted your very intellect? Has it not, while baffled in its own centred aim—has it not robbed you of the glory which youth craved, and which manhood might have won? Idolater to the creed of an Ancestor's NAME, has your own name that hold on the grateful respect of the Future, which men ever give to that genius whose objects are knit with mankind? Suddenly, in the zenith of life, amidst cheers, not of genuine renown,—cheers loud and brief as a mob's hurrah—calamities, all of which I know not, nor conjecture, interrupt your career;—and when your own life-long object is arrested, or rather when it is snatched from your eye, your genius renounces all uses. Fame, ever-during, was before you still, had your objects been those for which genius is given. You muse. Heaven permits these rude words to strike home! Guy Darrell, it is not too late! Heaven's warnings are always in time! Reflect, with the one narrow object was fostered and fed the one master failing of Pride. To us as Christians, or as reasoners, it is not in this world that every duty is to find its special meed; yet by that same mystical LAW which makes Science of Sorrow, rewards are but often the normal effect of duties sublimely fulfilled. Out of your pride and your one-cherished object, has there grown happiness? Has the

success which was not denied you achieved the link with posterity that your hand, if not fettered, would long since have forged? Grant that Heaven says, 'Stubborn child, yield at last to the warnings that came from my love! From a son so favoured and strong, I exact the most difficult offering! Thou hast sacrificed much, but for ends not prescribed in my law; sacrifice now to me the thing thou most clingest to—Pride. I make the pang I demand purposely bitter. I twine round the offering I ask the fibres that bleed in relaxing. What to other men would be no duty, is duty to thee, because it entails a triumphant self-conquest, and pays to Humanity the arrears of just dues long neglected.' Grant the hard sacrifice made; I must think Heaven has ends for your joy even here, when it asks you to part with the cause of your sorrows;—I must think that your evening of life may have sunshine denied to its noon. But with God are no bargains. A virtue, the more arduous because it must trample down what your life has exalted as virtue, is before you; distasteful, austere, repellant. The most inviting arguments in its favour are, that it proffers no bribes; men would acquit you in rejecting it; judged by our world's ordinary rule, men would be right in acquitting you. But if on reflection you say in your heart of hearts, 'This is a virtue,' you will follow its noiseless path up to the smile of God!"

The Preacher ceased.

Darrell breathed a long sigh, rose slowly, took George's hand, pressed it warmly in both his own, and turned quickly and silently away. He paused in the deep recess where the gleam of the wintry sun shot through the small casement, aslant and pale on the massive wall; opening the lattice, he looked forth on the old hereditary trees—on the Gothic church-tower—on the dark evergreens that belted his father's tomb. Again he sighed, but this time the sigh had a haughty sound in its abrupt impatience; and George felt that words written must remain to strengthen and confirm the effect of words spoken. He had at least obeyed his uncle's wise injunction

—he had prepared Darrell's mind to weigh the contents of a letter, which, given in the first instance, would perhaps have rendered Darrell's resolution not less stubborn, by increasing the pain to himself which the resolution already inflicted.

Darrell turned, and looked towards George, as if in surprise to see him still lingering there.

"I have now but to place before you this letter from my uncle to myself; it enters into those details which it would have misbecome me specially to discuss. Remember, I entreat you, in reading it, that it is written by your oldest friend—by a man who has no dull discrimination in the perplexities of life, or the niceties of honour."

Darrell bowed his head in assent, and took the letter. George was about to leave the room.

"Stay," said Darrell, "'tis best to have but one interview—one conversation on the subject which has been just enforced on me; and the letter may need a comment, or a message to your uncle." He stood hesitating, with the letter open in his hand; and fixing his keen eye on George's pale and powerful countenance, said, "How is it that, with an experience of mankind, which you will pardon me for assuming to be limited, you yet read so wondrously the complicated human heart?"

"If I really have that gift," said George, "I will answer your question by another: Is it through experience that we learn to read the human heart—or is it through sympathy? If it be experience, what becomes

of the Poet? If the Poet be born, not made, is it not because he is born to sympathise with what he has never experienced?"

"I see! There are born Preachers!"

Darrell repeated himself, and began Alban's letter. He was evidently moved by the Colonel's account of Lionel's grief—muttering to himself, "Poor boy!—but he is brave—he is young." When he came to Alban's forebodings, on the effects of dejection upon the stamina of life, he pressed his hand quickly against his breast as if he had received a shock! He mused awhile before he resumed his task; then he read rapidly and silently till his face flushed, and he repeated in a hollow tone, inexpressibly mournful, "Let the young man live, and the old name die with Guy Darrell." Ay, ay! see how the world sides with Youth. What matters all else so that Youth have its toy! Again his eye hurried on impatiently till he came to the passage devoted to Lady Montfort; then George saw that the paper trembled violently in his hand, and that his very lips grew white. "Serious apprehensions," he muttered. "I owe consideration to such a friend." This man is without a heart!

He clenched the paper in his hand without reading farther. "Leave me this letter, George; I will give an answer to that and to you before night." He caught up his hat as he spoke, passed into the lifeless picture-gallery, and so out into the open air.

George, dubious and anxious, gained the solitude of his own room, and locked the door.

CHAPTER III.

At last, the great Question by Torture is fairly applied to Guy Darrell.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? What will Guy Darrell do with the thought that weighs on his brain, rankles in his heart, perplexes his dubious conscience? What will he do with the Law which has governed his past life? What will he do with that shadow of a NAME, which, alike in swarming crowds or in lonely burial-places, has spelled his eye and

lured his step as a beckoning ghost? What will he do with the PRIME from which the mask has been so rudely torn? What will he do with idols so long revered? Are they idols, or are they but symbols and images of holy truths? What will he do with the torturing problem, on the solution of which depend the honour due to consecrated ashes, and

the rights due to beating hearts? There, restless he goes, the arrow of that question in his side—now through the broad waste lands—now through the dim woods, pausing oft with short quick sigh, with hand swept across his brow as if to clear away a cloud;—now snatched from our sight by the evergreens round

the tomb in that still churchyard—now emerging slow, with melancholy eyes fixed on the old roof-tree! What will he do with it? The Question of Questions in which all Futurity is opened, has him on its rack. WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? Let us see.

A PLEASANT FRENCH BOOK.

SCIENCE is deeply indebted to France and Germany. In laborious integrity and patient persistence the German is pre-eminent, but there is one quality in which the French *savant* is remarkably distinguished from his rival, and that is the valuable quality of excellent literature. He knows how to compose a book, and how to write it. The German who can write with clearness and elegance is a rare phenomenon. In general he seems to make it a matter of conscience to punish his reader. He is as terrified at clearness as at a ghost, dreading lest clearness should be mistaken for shallowness—which in England and in Germany is generally the case. We dread the imputation of shallowness; but the idea of not being *gründlich* would whiten the German's hair with instantaneous horror; and thus, as Tieck wittily complains, "he never rises to the surface for very profundity—*aus lauter Gründlichkeit*."

The Frenchman is, in merit and demerit, the very reverse of this. He always seems to be addressing an audience of *savants*, brilliant women, and witty men of letters. He too desires to be profound, exact; but he almost equally aims at elegance and finesse. He knows that if his style be not clear, his impatient countrymen will pass on, for *tout ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas Français*. Unless his syntax be correct, he will be unmercifully quizzed; unless his style be agreeable, he will be voted a pedant.

The reason of this contrast, apart from the organic differences which

make the German mind so unlike the French, is perhaps mainly to be sought in the fact that Frenchmen, for more than a century, have been in the habit of appealing to women and the general public—writing for the *salon* in some measure—knowing that, even at the sittings of the Academy, men and women from the outer world will be present. One of the most serious men, and one of the most eminent thinkers, of modern France, assured us once, with some triumph, that *plusieurs beaux mouchoirs brodés* waved applause at his lecture. A German would probably have felt the presence of those embroidered handkerchiefs a slight on his gravity. He certainly would have thrown no graces into his discourse to set that embroidery in a flutter. He speaks to students; he writes for professors; he despises the laity. Elegance! What has he to do with such foppery? Style! he is not an artist. If his periods are a page long, at least they contain every qualification and restriction which his propositions demand: *mehr kann man nicht verlangen*.

M. Biot is every inch a Frenchman. Among the most eminent of European physicists, a brilliant cultivator of exact science, he expresses himself with the clearness, finesse, and epigrammatic felicity of an admirable writer. To profound research he adds a charming talent. His touch is as light as if it were not also firm. The movement of his mind is aided, not impeded, by knowledge. And in these three volumes of republished essays, reviews, and

biographies, our readers will find philosophy without headache, solid instruction in the lightest, pleasantest manner. They are the gatherings of half a century, 1807-1858. He was a young man when some of them were written, and the readers to whom they were addressed, are readers no more; another and a different generation now listens to the "old man eloquent;" but no one will detect the least want of freshness in these pages.

The first of these various *Mélanges* is an interesting reminiscence of Laplace. M. Biot, when a young and totally unknown professor of mathematics, ventured to write to Laplace, who was then printing the immortal *Mécanique Céleste* (made accessible to English readers by Mrs. Somerville in her *Mechanism of the Heavens*); the object of his letter was to gain sight of the proof-sheets as soon as they were printed, in order that he might go over the calculations for his own benefit, and rectify any errors of the press that might easily pass unnoticed by the author. Laplace consented with great kindness; and from time to time young Biot brought his corrections, and with them a list of doubts and difficulties, which in general were explained by the great astronomer, but sometimes not a little perplexed him. The piquant part of the anecdote is, that these obscure passages were generally those in which Laplace passed over the details with the convenient formula, "It is easy to see." . . . But so far from being easy to see, it often required considerable research to see it. At the time he wrote the formula, the idea was doubtless clear enough to his mind; but now, when called upon to explain—when placed in the position of the reader who did not see—Laplace was himself at fault. "Then he patiently sought to recover it by various ways, both for my benefit and his own; and this was the most instructive of commentaries. Once I saw him pass nearly an hour in the endeavour to recall the chain of reasoning which he had concealed under the mysterious phrase, *il est aisé de voir*." What a benefit to authors if they could always have their proof-sheets thus

read! How many of us would find ourselves totally unable to explain the grounds upon which propositions rest. But readers who *think out* what they read are rare, and thus we escape detection.

On another occasion, M. Biot having made an important discovery in one of the abstrusest branches of mathematics, which had baffled every one, mentioned it to Laplace, who listened with great attention, questioned him respecting his method, and the details of his solutions, and finally desired him to bring his memoir on the following day. Joyfully, yet tremulously, the young mathematician presented his memoir to the illustrious master. Having carefully read it, Laplace said, "This is an excellent piece of work; you have taken the right path. But the notions you present at the close are somewhat too remote. Don't go beyond the actual results you have reached. The present state of analysis does not permit of your going further." After a struggle, which every author will understand, Biot yielded, and struck out the conclusion. "Now," said Laplace, "all is very good. Present your memoir to-morrow to the Academy, and dine with me afterwards." To-morrow came, and at the Academy the young man found the great Monge, who had been informed by Laplace of the discovery, and spoke about it; Lagrange and Lacroix were also there; and no less a person than General Buonaparte, recently arrived from Syria; but the General was a less terrible personage to the young mathematician than was Lagrange; and when Buonaparte, glancing at the diagram, exclaimed, "I know that by the figures," Biot silently thought to himself, "you must be very clever to recognise those figures, inasmuch as nobody except Laplace has ever seen them before;" and his respect for the General's opinion on such questions must have oscillated about zero. And now comes the beauty of the anecdote. The memoir was read, an immense success obtained,—Biot was a "made man." He accompanied Laplace home, receiving his congratulations on the way. Arrived there, Laplace said, "Come into my study for a minute, I have something

to show you." Biot followed, sat down, and prepared to listen. Laplace unlocked a little drawer, took out a bundle of papers, yellow with age, and "there he showed me *all my problems solved by that very method which I had discovered*." He had made the discovery years before, but had been arrested by the very difficulty which he pointed out to me; and had paused where he had advised me to pause—hoping at some future time to surmount the obstacle. He had never mentioned this to any one—not even to me when I brought my memoir to him." A more noble anecdote is not to be found in the annals of science. Instead of the irritable jealousy so usual among men, instead of the clamorous assertion of priority, and the ignoble insinuations of plagiarism, we here see a man not only capable of abnegation in favour of a younger rival, but capable of a delicacy as rare as the abnegation, never alluding to his own discovery until his rival had obtained complete success, and obtained it partly by the judicious advice to remove what was hazardous in the memoir. "Had he shown me his paper before the meeting, I could not have presented mine, knowing his priority; and even had he required me to keep it secret, with what embarrassment should I have been seized, knowing myself to be an echo only." Laplace carried his delicacy to the point of insisting on the secret being kept, even after this success; and he forbade Biot from even making an allusion to it. Not until 1850 was the secret revealed, and then, said his grateful friend and pupil, "*en rendant cet hommage à sa mémoire, je lui disobéis.*"

Of a very different character is the second paper in these volumes. It is the report of M. Biot to the Academy, of an inquiry he was commissioned to make into the truth of a fall of meteoric stones in the Department de l'Orne. The scientific world nowadays is perfectly convinced of the fact that meteoric stones do fall; scepticism is no longer permissible; but even if it were, M. Biot's report would carry conviction, and may now be read as a model of scientific investigation. "Of what value," he

pertinently asks, "is the opinion of those who have none of the means of rightly forming an opinion? In doubtful questions the ignorant believe, the half-learned decide, the man of science examines." And he rightly says that the impatient desire to explain everything caused the truth of meteoric phenomena to be so long rejected; because men could not explain the phenomena, they refused to believe it. He first discusses the nature of the testimony respecting meteoric stones, and in the very uniformity of this testimony he sees an evidence of truth. The ignorance of the witnesses gives greater force to their unanimity, for if the fact stated were false, the testimony would indicate various substances and various circumstances; and in such a question, where personal interest is in no degree involved, the chance of concurrence in testimony is excessively slight, whereas that of divergence in testimony is almost infinitely multiplied. M. Biot's recital of his course of investigation is very interesting. He first ascertains the mineralogical structure of the spot where the stones have been found, and finds that in no respect is there any faint approach to substances such as physical and chemical investigation proves these stones to be. He then examines the testimony of those who saw the meteor, and those who heard its explosion. Instead of going at once to the spot where the meteor is said to have fallen, he begins by drawing a circle of some miles around it, and compares the testimony of those living at a distance with those living on the spot; by this means he finds a remarkable uniformity as to time and circumstance—points on which the testimony of men who were inventing, or were deluded, would necessarily differ. But, inasmuch as peasants, women, children, priests, and soldiers, in a circle of ten miles, all concur as to the main facts of time and circumstance,—and as this testimony is supported by the presence of the stones said to have fallen, and by the nature of these stones, which are totally unlike anything to be found in the district, and are like other meteoric stones said to have fallen

elsewhere,—the conclusion is inevitable.

The peculiar interest of this paper can, of course, only be appreciated after a careful examination of all the details, and this would occupy too much space for us to attempt the reproduction here. We must, therefore, refer the curious reader to the original, as also for the astronomical papers which succeed. Newton occupies the rest of the volume, from page 128 to page 459, and all Englishmen and men of science will read these studies of the great philosopher with deep interest, except, perhaps, Sir David Brewster, whose two biographical attempts on the Life of Newton are criticised with searching sagacity, abundant knowledge, and caustic wit. It is in these pages, and not in those of Sir David Brewster, that we must look for a faithful portrait of the man, and a philosophical estimate of his works. The memoir M. Biot originally contributed to the *Biographie Universelle* (here reprinted) remains by far the best memoir of Newton; and completed, as it is in this volume, by the materials since disclosed in Flamsteed's "Life," the correspondence with Cotes, and Sir David Brewster's second "Life," little is left for the student to desire.

M. Biot thus sums up his review of Sir David's recent biography: "I must confess with regret that it seems to me at once superficial and diffuse. The materials are distributed without order; so that we are often obliged to seek far and wide for those details which belong to the same class to form a whole. The inflated tone (*le ton d'emphase*) which reigns from beginning to end, becomes at last fatiguing: from all which it might unhappily be found a wearisome work. I hope rather, than believe, that Dr. Brewster will not tax me with infidelity for this opinion."

The theological differences between Sir David and his rival cannot, of course, be reconciled. The Frenchman, as a Catholic, must necessarily be indisposed to accept Newton's interpretation of the "eleventh horn" in Daniel indicating the Church of Rome, even although Sir David has

for twenty years assured him that it can be perfectly "demonstrated." But their differences on other points—such, for instance, as the quarrel with Leibnitz, or Newton's temporary insanity—admit of settlement. At any rate, the studious reader will find ample material in these pages on which to form a judgment for himself. We cannot touch upon them here, but will rather select a more insignificant point, which is not without its interest.

The story of the fall of an apple having suggested the theory of gravitation, is one of those popular stories which modern criticism ruthlessly avers to be mythical. In his first "Life of Newton," Sir David Brewster rejected it as a myth, perhaps because M. Biot had repeated it. Except as a biographical anecdote, it is utterly indifferent whether the story be true or mythical; for it is quite clear that the fall of ten thousand apples could have led to no discovery of gravitation, unless observed by a mind already so prepared to make the discovery, that any falling body would have served as a starting-point. But is it true? Dr. Brewster declared that the circumstance was not mentioned by Dr. Stukeley nor by Conduit, and that "no authority could be found for it." In his review of this work, M. Biot replied that Pemberton positively said it was in this very garden, where the apple-tree stood, that the idea occurred to Newton, and that Conduit expressly says the idea of gravitation "was hit upon by observing an apple falling from a tree." One would imagine this was authenticity enough, especially as Dr. Brewster claimed Conduit's silence among his chief reasons for denying the story; yet, after Conduit had been cited by M. Biot expressly in favour of this story, Sir David in his recent biography, sticks to his incredulity, and furnishes this very equivocal evidence: "Neither Pemberton nor Whiston, who received from Newton himself the history of his first ideas of gravity, records the story of the falling apple."* Perhaps not; he might have thought it beneath his gravity

* *Life of Newton*, 1855, vol. i. p. 27.

to mention such a detail. But his niece told the story, and Conduit told it. We think, on such testimony, it may be accepted, and rhetoricians may still refer without misgiving, if also without much eloquent effect, to "Newton and the falling apple."

The second volume of these *Mélanges* opens with an essay on the influence of exact ideas on literature, in which the author defends, but not very powerfully, the proposition, that the progress of science, so far from destroying, or in any way impeding, the free march of poetical and literary genius, does in truth furnish it with more lasting material to work on. It is an old quarrel this of the poets and men of science. The feeble poets have ever been prone to insinuate that the cause of their feebleness lies in the loss of the early faiths and early superstitions. If Imagination no longer exercises her empire over mankind, the cause is to be sought in the usurpation of that empire by Reason, who is vituperated as "cold." Our poets doubtless think it was easier to write successful poems when the early credulities of men furnished abundant subjects, and when numerous poets had not already treated those subjects—as, to the investigator of to-day, it seems easier for a man to make a figure in philosophy before the public became critical in regard to proofs, and before other philosophers had exhausted the primary facts and mooted the primary questions. Yet, in truth, it was as difficult to get a Homer as, centuries later, to get a Shakespeare or a Goethe. Aristotle and Archimedes were products as rare as Newton and Lavoisier. The progress of science can in no way cripple genius, nor did it, except by rendering its works more worthy of immortal honour, by giving it more of immortal truth to work upon. The exact sciences cannot themselves be poems, yet the progress of scientific knowledge will free poetry from absurd mistakes.

The subject is not well handled by our author; but he pertinently remarks, that if the common accusation against science is true, it will prove that literary beauties cannot withstand the test of examination:

"Ainsi elles n'ont aucun fonds réel, et elles ne peuvent être goûtées que par des gens qui ont renoncé à l'usage de leur raison et de leur jugement." Happily, he says, the accusation is not true; and he then endeavours to prove that great writers are more highly appreciated the more closely examined, because their works are not mere jingle and glitter, but "the faithful and enlightened imitation of nature. Observe what truth in the descriptions and the sentiments of Homer! Can you there find an inexact image, an untruthful epithet?" Alas! yes, M. Biot, hundreds of inexact images and untruthful epithets are to be found in Homer; and it is to be feared that "exact science" would no more justify some of his descriptions, that criticism can justify much of his imagery and diction. The very errors of Homer are interesting to us. We note, as characteristic of his age, the frequent repetitions, the incessant tautology, the indiscriminating use of epithets, and the accumulation of mere expletives, and we receive from them a sort of archaic charm; but we never, when we are wise, look on these things as excellencies. It is not on the ground of scientific exactness that Homer claims the worship of the world. When M. Biot passes from his preface, and begins the real purpose of his essay, which is to show how Bernardin St. Pierre and Chateaubriand have written grandiloquent nonsense in what they say of natural phenomena, he is on safer ground. His ridicule and exposure of these writers are deserved; but he omits to mark the distinction between these writers and the classics with whom he compares them—namely, that St. Pierre and Chateaubriand commit gross scientific errors in passages expressly devoted to scientific topics: they go out of their way to display their ignorance; whereas Racine, Bossuet, and Lafontaine, although even more ignorant of science than St. Pierre or Chateaubriand, are not amenable to its criticism, because they do not directly venture on its domain. When Homer says—

Ἐι περ γὰρ τε χόλον γε καὶ αὐτῆμαρ
καταπέφρ.

which Sakespeare reproduces in—

"You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you,"

no physiologist thinks of making merry with the science of the two great poets; but when Chateaubriand writes harmonious rubbish on astronomy, and reproaches the chemists because "*ils ne savent que détruire, ne peuvent enfanter que la mort*," astronomers and chemists are forced to remark that he is talking nonsense. Again, when he speaks with lofty superciliousness of the anatomical amphitheatre and the museums of natural history as "*écoles où la mort, la faux à la main, est le démonstrateur, cimetières au milieu desquels on a placé des horloges pour compter des minutes à des squelettes, pour marquer des heures à l'éternité*," all the idle lovers of sounding phrases will burst into a chorus of approbation; but one cannot help agreeing with M. Biot, that if Chateaubriand had the misfortune to break his arm, it is very doubtful whether he would send for a sentimental wanderer in the forests, who, to use his own expression, "*n'aurait apporté que son cœur à l'étude de la nature*." In spite of the eulogium on the heart as the true investigator into nature's secrets, it is more than probable that the broken arm would be confided to the care of a surgeon whose studies had been made in these "*schools of death*," who had with patient labour studied there the intricacies of the organism, and acquired the dexterity and coolness requisite, even although he might be stigmatised by rhetoricians to the effect that "*à force de se promener dans l'atmosphère des sépulcres, son âme a gagné la mort*."

The "*Eloge de Montaigne*" follows this essay: a good and careful study, but not admitting of more particular notice here. The essay on Charlatanism, dated 1808, treats of the "*divining-rod*" folly, which was the parent of our modern "*table-turning*." We pass over other scientific notices, to arrive at a review of Huber's work on *Ants*, merely pausing by the way to detach a witty *mot*, characteristic of the author's style. He is speaking of a school of philosophers whose views of immortality

are scientific, but peculiar. "*You do not die, you only change your state of aggregation. It is true your nitrogen, your hydrogen, and your carbon separate; they are distributed through the atmosphere, penetrate plants and animals, or are absorbed by the earth; but as no atom perishes, you continue to exist; the only difference is, that you find yourself reduced to a more simple expression — Vous vous trouvez seulement réduit à une plus simple expression*." Many thanks!

The review of Huber's celebrated work contains a discussion of the oft-mooted question, whether insects have intelligence as well as instinct; or, in other words, whether what we usually call instinct is, or is not, of the nature of intelligence. M. Biot decides in the affirmative, and the examples he adduces leave but little chance for an alternative. Let us borrow one or two of these. When an ant discovers a store of food, it at once sets about communicating the good news to its tribe. But how? That it can communicate ideas by means of its antennæ, mysteriously rubbed against the antennæ of its companions, every one knows; but "*rubbing noses*" is, after all, a limited form of publication, and cannot easily convey many details. How, then, is the insect Columbus to inform his friends of the geographical position of this America? He knows the route himself, and he can carry another ant to the spot. Seizing with his mandibles the companion to whom he has just announced his discovery, and who twines himself around his body, Columbus carries his friend to the spot. The two then return, and carry two more. The four return, and carry four. And thus, in a geometrical progression, the emigration swells, till, at the end of the twentieth journey, a million of ants will be ready to devour the food. It is noticeable that they always employ this method of transport when they have to do each other a service. Thus Huber, one winter, being desirous of watching their habits, thought him of attracting them to a particular part of the apparatus in which he kept them, and which was made of glass. For this purpose, he

warmed that part with a candle-flame, knowing how fond they were of warmth. A few ants were on the spot at the time, and no sooner did they feel the pleasant warmth than they became very animated, brushing their heads and antennæ with their fore-feet, and rapidly running about the warm spot. Whenever they approached other ants, they "rubbed noses" with eager volubility, and immediately separated. They seemed desirous of mounting to the second story, but no sooner did they get beyond the region of warmth than they returned again. At last they seemed to have made up their minds. Away they started for the second story. Huber guessed that they had departed with the intention of communicating to their companions above, the pleasant news that warmth was to be had cheap below. In a few minutes his guess was verified. Two descended carrying two others. These were deposited on the warm spot, and the carriers again ascended to bring down others. The newly arrived, having warmed themselves, also ascended, and brought down others. This transport continued, till at last the whole hive was congregated in this place. After the spot had become cool, the ants remounted to the second story; but at any time Huber was able to repeat this interesting experiment, and always with the like success.

In the construction of their galleries, wonderful as that is, most persons see nothing but instinct. Huber observed, however, that if ever an engineering mistake was committed — when one wall was raised higher than another — one of the ants would destroy the whole, and rebuild it again correctly. It is their conduct towards the Aphides, however, that most amusingly illustrates their intelligence. The little green insects, mostly wingless, found on the leaves and in the calyx of the rose, in great numbers throughout the summer, secrete on the surface of their bodies a sugary fluid, of which the ants are as fond as gourmands are of turtle. Not only do the ants find out where the aphides "most do congregate," and there wheedle them out of their

sugar by the most flattering attentions (a stupid animal would kill such a food-bearing stranger, and thus kill the goose that laid the golden eggs), but, although these attentions are successful, the ants, thoughtful creatures! do not trust alone to the chance of finding aphides; they rear them, as a slaveholder rears niggers! The ants take the eggs of these aphides into their own nests, rear them with maternal solicitude, and transport them in all their migrations. Not only do they rear them, but they have frequent battles with rival tribes on their account; the possession of these eggs is the trophy of conquest.

"Lors vainqueur d'un combat dont *Aphis* est le prix!"

shouts the old warrior to his brother in arms

In an admirable account of the celebrated investigations by Regnault and Reiset on the "Respiration of Animals," M. Biot incidentally touches on a point of some importance in literature—that, namely, of the claim to priority in discovery which is often made by writers, or made for them by successors, after the real discoverer has established his view. There is no single invention which is not thus claimed by or for some one whose sole title is a random phrase, or a vague *aperçu*. If an engineer were to-morrow to publish a practicable scheme of throwing a bridge across the Channel, he would be ridiculed and refuted, the idea proved plainly absurd, and impossible of execution; and after its *successful* execution, when railway carriages were rushing from Dover to Calais, there would start up a dozen claimants for the invention; or, in some long-forgotten author, a passage would be found which "clearly expressed the idea." Now, as all inventors and discoverers have to be harassed by this attempt to rob them of their honour, it is of some importance that the rule should be laid down. In science one rule has got recognised, which is, that nothing but *published* evidence shall be accepted. Nothing that a man may have thought, or said, or implied, is held to be valid evidence

in favour of his priority; unless he can prove prior *publication*, he cannot come into court. Nor is this enough. We should go farther, and insist on the publication being more than a general statement; there must be a *specification* in every patent, and the like demand should be made of every discovery. M. Biot has laid down the rule in this matter. He rightly observes that "a difference should be made between assertions and proofs, between *aperçus* and established truths. There would be neither utility or equity in admitting, as demonstrated in an ancient author, that which would be rejected as hypothetical in a contemporary." He applies this rule to the case of Rey, who is said by all historians to have anticipated Lavoisier's great discovery of oxidation; even Lavoisier himself being led to admit this priority! M. Biot irrefragably shows that Rey did nothing of the kind. The pretended anticipation is a mere phrase which, now we know the truth, can be read as an anticipation of the truth. By an admirable image, M. Biot characterises the value of all such "anticipations." In those old books truth is just as vague and hypothetical as falsehood: "*ce sont des billets de loterie dont on ne sait la valeur qu'après le tirage.*"

The History of Science receives a valuable contribution in the articles devoted by M. Biot to Galileo—namely, a life of that remarkable thinker, a conversation M. Biot held with a Grand Inquisitor on the subject at the Vatican, and a complete account of the trial of Galileo, drawn up from the official documents. If lovers of rhetoric have had their commonplace about Newton and the apple restored to them by M. Biot, they lose for ever the still more famous *e pur si muove*—"and yet the earth *does* move," of the silenced but not persuaded heretic; and they lose all pretext for considering Galileo among the martyrs of science. The epigram, *e pur si muove*, is one of those *mots de circonstance*, invented after the occasion, which tradition eagerly adopts, because it so admirably expresses the general sentiment; but as M. Biot remarks,

not only is this epigram mentioned by none of the best-informed contemporaries, it is also in flagrant contradiction to the whole demeanour of Galileo on his trial. Never was a martyr less disposed for martyrdom. He denied everything with impatient alacrity. He abjured whatever he was called upon to abjure. He offered to *prove* that he had never held the doctrine of the mobility of the earth, and declared himself ready to show, by fresh arguments, the error of that doctrine. In the final examination, when asked if he now held, or if he ever held, the doctrine, he replied, "Formerly, before the decision of the Church, I remained indifferent between the two doctrines of Copernicus and Ptolemy, both seeming disputable, because both might be true; but since the Church has decided, all ambiguity has disappeared from my mind, and I have maintained, as I now maintain, the doctrine of Ptolemy respecting the immobility of the earth and the mobility of the sun to be true and indisputable." We may pity Galileo, and find ample excuses for him. When a man aged seventy is in the presence of the Inquisition, knowing that a *formal* retraction is all that is demanded of him, and that his refusal will be punished by torture, he may be excused for descending even to such transparent falsehood to escape so odious and terrible an enemy, but he cannot be made a hero: a martyr showing *such* reluctance to martyrdom is surely a strange spectacle. It was not thus that Socrates met his accusers; it was not thus he spoke to them. "It is for the sake of but a short span, O Athenians! that you have incurred the imputation, from those who wish to speak evil of the city, of having put to death Socrates. Had you waited a short time, the thing would have happened without your agency; for you see my years. I am advanced in life and near to death. Perhaps you think that I have been condemned for want of skill in such modes of working upon your minds as I might have employed with success, if I had thought it right to employ all means to escape from condemnation. Far from it: I have

been condemned, not from want of things to say, but from want of daring and shamelessness; because I did not choose to say the things which would have been pleasantest for you to hear, weeping and lamenting, and saying and doing other things which I affirm to be unworthy of me. But neither did I then think fit to do or say anything unworthy of a freeman; nor do I now repent of having thus defended myself. I would rather have made the one defence and die, than have made the other and live.* Those are the accents which find eternal reverberations. It is thus the martyr speaks and acts. Galileo showed a servile cowardice, as remarkable as the imprudence with which he incurred the peril. Let us pity the old man, let us sympathise with his weakness, but do not let us fling more odium on the Church which persecuted him, and which really, in *his* case, behaved very leniently, by representing him as a martyr. A brief narrative of the whole case may set this matter in a light which will be new to most readers.

However the calm impartial reader must deplore the frequent obstruction to the cause of truth which churches have thrown in the way of new doctrines, owing to the erroneous, but very natural, confusion of religious with scientific teaching, and to the consequent alarm lest novelty in scientific doctrine should lead to heresy in religion, we must all see that, in the early days of science, such collision was inevitable. Geology had a severe struggle, even in Protestant England, in the nineteenth century, before it could shake off the odium of heterodoxy, and in many circles that odium is still flung at it. We cannot, therefore, wonder if in Rome, early in the seventeenth century, astronomy, just beginning to disclose its truths, alarmed the jealous ignorance of a Church which claimed infallibility on all points. M. Biot very properly reminds us that we must calumniate no one, not even the Inquisition. That body has surely sinned enough to answer for, without our

making the burden greater by gratuitous imputations. As a question of doctrine, that Church conceived the opinion of Copernicus to be heretical, and as such condemned it. We may discuss the wisdom of such interference with the development of scientific truth—we may make Galileo an illustration of the inherent unwisdom of this interference, since the very Church which condemned the opinion found herself forced to *revoke* that condemnation two centuries afterwards (in 1818)—but we cannot in justice accuse that Church of crime in condemning what it felt to be a heresy. If, therefore, the Church was justified by its own principles in the course it took with respect to the doctrines promulgated by Galileo (and if any one thinks it was *not* justified, let him imagine the Church of England in presence of an eminent professor who should promulgate dangerous heresies), our indignation can be fairly directed only against its treatment of the heretic; and what *was* that?

After the invention of the telescope, and after its first revelations, which entirely confirmed the theoretical views of Copernicus, the majority of scientific men being then extremely ignorant (as ill-natured persons insinuate is still the case), and energetically opposed to every novelty not originated by themselves, began by attacking and “refuting” the new doctrine. Failing in that, they adopted the other course (also not unknown in these days) of asserting the doctrine to be contrary to Scripture. Some of them averred that the pretended discoveries were fictions, as gross as the voyage of Astolfo; others declared that they had spent whole nights in looking through the telescope, but could see nothing like what Galileo affirmed to be visible; finally, it was clear that Scripture pronounced against the new doctrine. Galileo might have laughed at his refuters, but his accusers were more formidable. In 1616 he published an epistle to the Grand-Duchess of Tuscany, in which he undertook to prove theologically, and by passages from the Fathers,

* PLATO: *Apologia*, cited in LEWES: *Biographical Hist. of Philosophy*, 1857, p. 120.

that the terms of Scripture admitted of being reconciled with the new views. By this he lost his cause. He was denounced as holding heretical opinions, was summoned to Rome, and there, in spite of all his arguments, he heard the following decree: "To maintain that the sun is placed immovably in the centre of the world, is an absurd opinion, false in philosophy, and formally heretical, because expressly contrary to Scripture. To maintain that the earth is not placed in the centre of the world, that it is not immovable, but that it has a daily rotation, is also an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, and, to say the least, an error in faith." In vain did he exert his eloquence and argument; as he showed some degree of stubbornness, he was personally forbidden to defend the opinion which had been condemned.

For sixteen years Galileo pursued his studies, and meditated the work which was to carry conviction into all minds. This work was the celebrated *Dialogues*. In it a distinguished Venetian and a distinguished Florentine, free from prejudices, having no system of their own, discuss, examine, propose doubts, and yield only to reason. There is a third speaker, Simplicius, who represents the ignorant conservatism of the age. He swears by Aristotle: all opinions are by him judged as true or false in proportion as they agree with or depart from what Aristotle said. If it required great ingenuity to write such a book, it required little less to get it published. Galileo went to Rome, called on the ecclesiastic who exercised the censorship, and boldly presented the work as a "collection of scientific fancies," which he desired the censor to read carefully, to strike out anything that might seem in any way improper, and, in short, to exercise a severe censorship with regard to it. The worthy prelate, more orthodox than clear-sighted, read this work, re-read it without detecting any evil, and gave it to one of his colleagues, who confirmed his opinion. He therefore gave full permission for its publication. The *ruse* had succeeded thus far. Yet, to avail himself of this permission,

Galileo would have been forced to print the work in Rome; and he had too many clear-sighted enemies there, to hope that they would not detect the real nature of his work in time to suppress its publication. He made some excuse respecting the difficulties of printing at Rome, and wrote from Florence to the censor to obtain permission to print the work there, under the condition of gaining the approbation of a Florentine censor. The prelate seems to have had his suspicions roused. He made some difficulties; indicated a Florentine censor; but asked Galileo to send back the permission he had given, that he might once more see the terms in which it was expressed. Galileo was outwitted, returned the permission, and never got it again, nor any other answer; so that, forced to content himself with the Florentine permission, he published his work in Tuscany, 1632, and endeavoured to shield himself by declaring in his preface that these dialogues were a defence of the judgment delivered by Rome against the doctrines of Copernicus. Voltaire might as well have declared his *Philosophical Dictionary* to have been written in defence of Christianity. No one was deceived by this preface. Certainly no one in Rome could have any doubt as to the purpose of the book: least of all the Pope, who knew that he was personally ridiculed in this book, his own arguments being reproduced by the stupid Simplicius.

We come here to the real and personal cause of Galileo's troubles. In 1825, M. Biot had a long and interesting conversation at the Vatican with an enlightened ecclesiastic, who, he subsequently learned, was no less a person than the Grand Inquisitor. From this person, thoroughly informed, as it turned out, on the whole details of the story, M. Biot heard of Galileo's inconceivable imprudence. "He committed the great mistake of getting into disgrace with the Pope, who had formerly shown him great kindness. He represented the Pope in the *Dialogues* under the name of Simplicius; and in alluding to the whim he was said to have for writing verses, Galileo did not hesitate to say that the Pope was given to

amorous sonnetteering. Be sure that these personal mistakes powerfully contributed to his ruin." When M. Biot discovered that he had been speaking to the Grand Inquisitor, he very naturally expressed his surprise at the change which had come over the spirit of the world, when a descendant of the judges of Galileo could, in the very Vatican itself, discuss with a descendant of Galileo's disciples the world-famous process, and separate the scientific question from those personal accessories which embittered it. The subsequent republication of the official papers thoroughly confirmed what the Inquisitor had stated; and the opening of M. Biot's third volume is devoted to a lucid reproduction of all the particulars of this famous trial.

Had Galileo taken the advice of the Cardinals Barberino and Bellarmino, to publish his views as mathematical speculations only, it is very probable that he would not have been molested. Copernicus had done so, and the Church was not alarmed. But Galileo's convictions were too strong, or his imprudence too great; and the consequence was, that not only was he denounced by bigoted theologians, but even the science of mathematics itself became denounced as "a diabolical art, and all mathematicians being the authors of heresies ought to be banished from every Christian country." To such lengths will bigotry lead men! The doctrine of Copernicus was condemned as heretical, as we have seen; but in 1623 Galileo's friend, the Cardinal Barberino, became Pope Urban VIII., from whom Galileo had the highest hopes of getting the sentence against the Copernican doctrine removed, because the Pope had shown him great attention, and written verses, astronomical and moral, in admiration of his genius; nay, no sooner was Urban VIII. seated in the pontifical chair, than he addressed a letter to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, in whose service Galileo lived, which mentioned the astronomical discoveries of Galileo among the Tuscan glories. On the strength of this the philosopher hastened to Rome, to endeavour to get a revocation of the sentence. He

soon found that in Rome, as elsewhere, authority is indispensed to unsay what it has once said. He found the Pope himself inclined to take the Aristotelian view; and all were strongly convinced that the interdict was a measure of ecclesiastical prudence. The most moderate suggested to him that no scientific speculations ought to be placed in opposition to the Scriptures. "As to Padre Mostro (the Dominican Ricardi)" writes Galileo, "he adheres neither to the system of Copernicus, nor to that of Ptolemy, but tranquillises his mind by a method of his own, which is vastly convenient: he imagines the presence of angels, who, without any difficulty, move the planets in their paths, so that we have nothing to trouble ourselves about." Finding the case hopeless in this direction, Galileo adopted the plan we have already narrated, and published his *Dialogues* under a transparent disguise. Rome was in an uproar. The Pope was in a fury (*incandescenza*) at finding his own arguments made ridiculous, and himself clearly alluded to. Galileo had doubly offended him—as a Pope and as a man: as a Pope, by deceiving the vigilance of the censorship; and as a man, by rendering his opinions ridiculous. At the close of the Fourth Dialogue, Simplicius says, "Here is one argument which I learned from a very learned and a very eminent person, and which settles the whole question; it is that God, being omnipotent and omniscient, may have endowed water with this property of flux and reflux, as well as with an infinity of properties incomprehensible to us. That being so, I conclude that it would be highest audacity in any man to think of limiting that omnipotence and omniscience by any fancy of our invention." This learned and eminent person was the Pope.

Galileo was summoned to appear before the Inquisition. In vain he appealed to his protectors, in vain he alleged his age and infirmities. He was told that he might travel slowly, *pian, piano*, in a litter, but that come he must. The letters of Galileo's friend Niccolini to the Grand-Duke are still extant, and give a

sort of journal of the whole story, full of interesting detail. We there learn that the Pope was greatly incensed, and pursued the matter "as if it were his own cause." Indeed, to all Niccolini's urgent prayers the Pope continued to reply: "Galileo will be examined in due time. But there is one argument which neither he nor any of his disciples have ever been able to answer, nor ever will: it is, that God is omnipotent; and if so, why should we pretend to impose necessities upon Him?" This is precisely the argument cited by Simplicius in the Dialogue just quoted.

But although Galileo was forced to appear before the Inquisition, and was greatly alarmed at the peril of his position, it is abundantly evident that he was treated with great respect and consideration. He was never imprisoned. He was allowed a servant, and the visits of friends. He had free egress and ingress, and a garden of the Villa Medici was offered him for daily promenades. Care was taken that he did not escape, but no other rigour was used. Instead of being "tortured," as Tiraboschi, Libri, and almost all historians assert, nothing is more positive than that he was subject to no other tortures than those of alarm at what might possibly be the upshot of the whole, and of irritation at being forced to retract what he knew to be the truth.

His punishment was very slight. Condemned to imprisonment during the pleasure of the Pope, that sentence was immediately (*subito*) commuted into detention at the Villa Medici. Even there he only remained a few days, having gained permission to reside with the Archbishop Piccolomini, at Sienna. There he remained five months, and then was permitted to return to his house near Florence, under the express condition of not seeing much company, and of holding no academic meetings. To the close of his life he remained under the suspicious surveillance of the Church; and on his death, fanatics contested the validity of his will, and wanted to refuse him the rites of sepulture, under the pretext of his having expired before the condem-

nation of the Church had been removed. But these hateful tentatives were judicially frustrated, and Florence has nothing to answer for as respects the memory of her great philosopher.

If M. Biot's volumes contained nothing but the articles on Newton and Galileo, they would deserve a place in every scientific library; but they deserve a place also for the many agreeable pages of literature they contain, and for the memoirs of Lagrange, Coulomb, Cavendish, Franklin, Gay Lussac, Cauchy, Clouet, Malus, and La Condamine. *Appropos* of the last named there is an amusing anecdote, which may be detached here. La Condamine's curiosity was invincible; he was the very Paul Pry of science; and this curiosity was coupled with a gaiety and recklessness truly French. In his last illness, being prevented from attending as usual the meetings of the Academy, he had notes brought to him of all the papers which were read there. In one of them he learned that a young surgeon had proposed a bold but dangerous operation for one of the diseases under which he suffered. He sent for this young surgeon, and proposed that the experiment should at once be tried upon himself. "But," hesitated the young man, "if I should unhappily fail?" "Well, what then? I am old and dangerously ill: it will be said that nature did not properly assist you. If, on the contrary, you succeed, I will *myself* draw up an exact account of your method for the Academy, and you will be a made man." The matter was arranged. The operation began, but La Condamine was not satisfied with suffering; he was curious to learn the whole process. "Gently," he exclaimed; "please be slower, and let me *see* how you operate. . . . My dear sir, if I don't see how you do it, I shall never be able to draw up a proper account for the Academy."

Unhappily he died shortly after the operation, but his gaiety and courage never forsook him. He made witticisms about his sufferings, and even wrote songs about them. A true specimen of the Gauls, and very pleasantly painted in these pages.

In the short notice of Lagrange there are two witticisms reported by M. Biot as having been uttered in his presence, which, for flavour of expression, and finesse of observation, deserve a place in every collection of *mots*. M. Biot one day remarked on the fact that an opinion, after being alternately adopted and rejected, admitted and modified by philosophers, often becomes at last a popular prejudice. "Eh quoi?" replied Lagrange, "cela vous étonne? Cependant il en arrive toujours ainsi;

les préjugés ne sont que la défroque des gens d'esprits qui habille la canaille." The second is so uncomplimentary to the fair sex, that there is some temerity in citing it; but wit is no respecter of sex or person: "La tête d'une femme est une éponge à préjugés."

With this we close our notice of three eminently agreeable and instructive volumes, convinced that we must have sharpened the reader's appetite for a more deliberate investigation of them.

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONGRESS.

A LETTER FROM A MEMBER TO A LITERARY FRIEND.

WE shall neither of us, my dear E., very easily forget a certain September evening, somewhere about the 21st, when I in vain endeavoured to persuade you to accompany me to the Polyglot Congress of authors and artists then about to assemble at Brussels. Circumstances occurred upon that occasion to which I will not now further allude than to say, that they left a deep impression on my memory; but that, notwithstanding your reference to them as a sufficient ground for resisting my importunities, I suspect there was another reason which still more strongly influenced your decision. Shall I tell you what it was? Well, then, my conviction is, that you had no faith in the results. You did not think—and I suppose you do not even now think—that anything practical can come of the debates and resolutions of this voluntary Congress, and you resolved, like nearly the whole literary body of England, to withhold your support till a definite scheme, sanctioned by competent authority, should be submitted to your consideration.

I differ wholly from you as to the wisdom or expediency of this determination; but I am not surprised it should have been adopted by a man of your temperament, habitually reserved, never sanguine, and generally inclined to look with distrust upon all movements directed to theo-

retical objects. The fact is, that the English literary circles, including both authors and publishers, are weary of the struggle they have long been engaged in for the recognition of the very principles which the Congress has asserted. To suppose that they are indifferent to the establishment of international rights, would betray gross ignorance of the real state of the case. English authors and publishers are infinitely more interested in the question than the authors and publishers of any other country. The piracies committed upon them cover a much more extensive surface than the piracies committed upon the French; for not only do the railroads of Europe swarm with the Leipzig reprints of English works, out of which the "enterprising" *éditeur* is amassing a rapid and enormous fortune, but almost every English book that appears—certainly every one that is worth the risk of bad paper and worse print—is caught up by the race of American Harpers (an obvious corruption of harpies), and circulated for a few cents throughout the length and breadth of the United States. It is clearly therefore, not indifference that has prevented you and others from taking an active part in the proceedings at Brussels. The true solution of your absence is to be found in the failure of the efforts which have been

hitherto made in England for the attainment of similar ends. You are of opinion that enough has been done to testify your zeal, and to discourage your hopes, and that you may be fairly excused for waiting to see what can now be done by others. This is natural, under all the circumstances; but I venture to anticipate that, seeing what has been actually achieved by the Congress, you will not remain a mere spectator of the machinery it has put in motion.

I hardly know where to begin the account I promised to give you of the proceedings of our many-sided gathering; but to spare you the roadside incidents and other travelling details, with which you are already familiar, I will pass over the journey, and take you into Brussels at once. There is only one remark I am anxious to make by the way. Should you ever, *en route* for Brussels, enter Belgium by the frontier at Mouscron, keep a sharp look-out for your train. At Mouscron they examine your passport and explore your luggage. You pass through a building where these formalities are performed, and pass out at the opposite side, where several trains are in waiting. You inquire for the Brussels train, and are civilly shown into a carriage. But put no trust in this civility, which, if you haven't your eyes about you, may cost you some inconvenience. There are two trains for Brussels, starting at the same moment, or thereabouts, taking different routes, and arriving at different termini, at different times. Why these two trains are started together, it is idle to conjecture; but the inscrutable circumstance exposes you to this risk, that if you are not careful to re-enter the train by which you arrived, you will be transmitted to Brussels by one conveyance, and your luggage by another, with the further satisfaction of being obliged to wait till the next morning before you can recover your property. I ought to apprise you also that the chances are considerably in favour of your taking, or being conducted to, the wrong train, as, in strict accordance with the rule of contraries, it is close at hand, while the

right train can be approached only by a circuitous expedition over an unknown district of rails and platforms.

We will now suppose the perils of the journey over, and the members of the Congress collected in Brussels from all points of the compass. The Belgian frontiers have been crossed on every side by land and water. Literary and artistic pilgrims pour in from Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Every civilised region is more or less represented. Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, and Holland, send delegates to express their sympathy and contribute their exertions; and England, slow to act, and chary of professions, inscribes upon the list of adhesions the names of a few of her most distinguished men, including those of Bulwer Lytton, Gladstone, and Mill. The place of meeting where all these people are to be brought together for a common object, and all these strange tongues are to be unloosed in a common language—for the debates are to be held in French—is the great chamber in the Museum, where the seances and reunions of the various literary and scientific bodies of the Belgian capital are held. At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 27th September, the Congress is to be formally opened. As the hour approaches, an unusual stir may be observed in the spacious *cul-de-sac* that conducts you from the Place Royale to the Museum. Men come dropping down in ones, and twos, and threes; gradually the numbers and the bustle increase; small knots form in earnest conversation; others hurry forward, full of eagerness and curiosity. Many solitary individuals, who are evidently strangers, mix inquiringly with the crowd, to collect a little preliminary information, or, engrossed by their own thoughts, press onward towards the rendezvous. Striking diversities of physiognomy may be noted—harsh lineaments, and finely-chiselled outlines; the olive complexion, and the clear red and white; the dagger-beard, and the beard of billowy flow; the naked chin, and the dainty tuft; the pale hair, and the raven-black, which often more emphatically mark the

ances to which they belong than even the form or expression of the features. There are some varieties of costume also to be taken into the picture—an odd tunic here and there; a cloak, not of the last Parisian fashion; and a rather fanciful collection of worked and coloured waistcoats and neckties. But the varieties were by no means so remarkable as might have been expected. Railroads have helped materially to produce a dead level in dress, as in some more important things. The unsightly round hat was universal; and looking at the assembly as a whole, there was nothing to distinguish it in externals from a public meeting of the best class of people in London. You soon perceived, as you had closer opportunities of examination, that it was not an ordinary gathering. It was pervaded by an unmistakable tone of intelligence. The faces that met you on all sides were thoughtful, and for the most part intellectual. Here were, at least, the elements of power, whatever was to become of the project upon which this parliament of authors and artists was about to deliberate.

We ascend the stairs—the same that conduct you to the picture-galleries. Crossing the vestibule, from which the bureaux of the Museum branch off, we find ourselves in a little ante-chamber at the opposite side, where the members are to receive their tickets and sign their names. Glancing round, we see large cards on different doors, announcing "Section I," "Section II," &c. These are the rooms where the five sections, into which the Committee of Organisation have divided the assembly, assigning special duties to each, are to meet by-and-by, for the purpose of considering the questions that exclusively affect them, the result of which they are finally to report to the general body. Having executed the necessary preliminaries, the members are shown into the salle. At the upper end is a dais, covered with rows of chairs, and a table for the President and Committee in the centre. The large room rapidly fills. There are between three and four hundred persons present. Eleven o'clock strikes. A general buzz of

expectation runs through the assembly. Presently a door opens, and several gentlemen, freighted with bundles of papers, which indicate the labours in which they have been engaged, appear, and quickly ascend the dais. One amongst them, distinguished from the rest by his height, advances to the President's chair. Tall, dignified, and courteous, with a character of physiognomy in which great kindness, patience, and firmness are blended, M. Charles Faider, formerly Minister of Justice, is admirably adapted by his legal habits, and his experience of public assemblies, no less than by his calm temperament, to rule the stormy multitude, for stormy even already they threaten to be, over which his eye ranges as he takes the chair. After reading an elaborate address, he announces, amidst deafening cheers and bravos! that the Congress is opened. But before I proceed any farther in the narrative, I must tell you of what materials this Congress is composed.

In addition to a large number of literary men and artists who have attended the meeting voluntarily, there are few scientific, literary, or artistic bodies in Europe that have not sent delegates. In some instances, Continental governments have considered the occasion so important that they have appointed ministers to represent them. Thus the Government of Saxony is represented by M. de Witzleben, Councillor of State; the Government of Denmark, by M. Schiern, Member of the Danish Diet; the Government of Holland, by M. Bakhuizen-Vanden Brinck, Archivist General to the Kingdom; the Government of Sardinia, by Baron de Jacquemond, Senator and Councillor of State; the Government of Parma, by M. Martini; and the Government of Portugal by M. Silva-Farreo, Secretary of State—the King being himself also a member of the Congress. The public institutions, societies, and associations represented by actual delegation, independently of a long list which have signified their adhesion, are sufficiently numerous and responsible to give weight and authority to the action of the assembly. For example: the Royal Academy

of London sends its excellent Secretary, Mr. J. P. Knight; M. Pacheco, formerly Minister, is delegated by the Royal Academy of Madrid; M. Altmeyer by the Royal Academy of Belles-lettres of Seville; M. Delavigne by the Academy of Toulouse; M. Scribe, by the Commission of French Dramatic Authors; Count Reinhard, by the Historical Institute of France; M. Labrousse, by the Central Society of Architects of Paris; M. Ménessier-Delange, by the Society of Musical Composers and Publishers of Paris; M. Paul Féval, by the Society des Gens de Lettres of Paris; M. Fournier, by the Society of the Fine Arts, the Athenæum of the Arts, and the Society for Elementary Instruction in France; M. Knytenbrouwer, by the Society *Arti et Amicitia* of Amsterdam; M. Gaullieur, by the Institute of Geneva; and other delegates from the Academies of Florence, Padua, and Belgium. Here at least is tangible evidence of the interest felt in the subject, and practical proof of the strong desire that exists among the classes most concerned, and best qualified to judge of the means for the establishment of international copyright upon a sound and permanent basis. We are too apt in this country to treat such volunteer efforts to accomplish general benefits as mere moonshine; and to sneer at these Continental assemblies, with their floral embellishments, serenades and banquets, as pure exhibitions of sentiment, very declamatory and theatrical and captivating while they last, but leading to nothing in the end. The fact, too, that this Congress has been held in Brussels, the miniature metropolis of a miniature kingdom, having little power to influence the legislation of other countries, suggests to our supercilious critics a ridiculous comparison between the means and the end, which seems to them conclusive of the whole matter. The first consideration in every attempt to estimate the worth of these demonstrations, ought to be the nature, substance, and utility of the object proposed. Does it supply an admitted want? Does it confer a substantial benefit? If these questions are answered in the affirmative, the scenery, dresses

and decorations may be dismissed as of little account. They are the accidents, and not the essentials. We do not judge of a picture by its frame; and whether the arena of a great popular discussion be Exeter Hall, sombre and naked, or a Continental museum, hung with boughs, and ribbons, and fantastical devices, the final effect on the general mind must be governed by the practical value of the design, whatever it may be. It is astonishing how quickly the public strip the nut of its husk, and get at the kernel.

The objection—if it be entitled to so formal a description—against Belgium, as the locality for a movement of this kind, is curious enough. There is certainly not a spot on the face of Europe, with the single exception of Leipsic, where the movement could have originated with so much propriety as Brussels, the headquarters of the piratical trade which it is the aim of the Congress to abolish. The agitation of a law of universal copyright in Brussels is like an effort of the country to shake off a discreditable traffic, and to make compensation for the past by setting an example of justice in the future. Assuredly the moral effect is greater when a reform is urged by those upon whom it must entail a loss, than if the demand came solely from those who would be gainers by its adoption.

Having now shown you, my dear E., what the constitution of this Chamber of Literary and Artistic Deputies really is,—that it contains many celebrities, and represents more; and that it possesses all the requisites necessary to enable it to arrive at business-like conclusions on the rights of authors and artists, of every kind and degree,—I will return to our President, who has just read an address unfolding the views by which he and his colleagues have been actuated in appealing from existing laws and regulations, or the want of them, to the working intellect of Europe. This address is important in many particulars. It bears testimony to the great pains the Committee of Organisation have bestowed upon the details of the complicated subject they have undertaken to reduce to order and system;

it shows also that they have collected the opinions of most of the leading minds of Europe, in art and literature, as to the principles which ought to regulate the rights of intellectual property, and that there is, in the main, a common agreement amongst them; and it presents briefly the views at which they have finally arrived. These views, which contain the essence of the questions submitted to the Congress for solution, may be succinctly resolved into three general propositions:—1. The necessity of asserting, as a fundamental principle, the uniform, universal, and international recognition of intellectual property; 2. The enjoyment of that property to be secured by large and liberal guarantees, but the term of its enjoyment to be limited, with the ultimate view of diffusing abroad the works of genius, for the benefit of mankind at large; 3. The suppression of all obstacles extraneous to the necessary regulations of governments, by which the free interchange and circulation of works of art and literature are at present impeded. These propositions embrace the whole matter for discussion; but it will be obvious, upon a little consideration, that before we can enter upon the discussion of them, we must clear away certain preliminary questions which arise from the very threshold of the inquiry. In order to obtain a uniform and universal assent to any given principle, the hindrances that stand in the way of it must be first ascertained and removed. It seems a very just and rational proposal to ask all civilised governments to recognise the ordinary rights of ownership in their own labours of the agents and ministers of civilisation. But when we come to investigate the paths through which this recognition can alone be secured, we find difficulties before us of a grave, and, in some cases, of an unexpected nature. Every government that has any laws of literary property, has laws peculiar to itself; no two governments agree upon the actual proprietary relation of an author to his works, and some have never legislated upon the subject at all. If the differences which exist between different legislatures were mere

differences of local circumstances, or of the notions which prevail in communities concerning the claims of genius—if they sprang out of fiscal necessities, or social traditions, or political arrangements, there might be a reasonable expectation of being able to construct a system that should rest on a basis common to all, and be sufficiently elastic in its details to accommodate the peculiarities of each. One country, for example, which had not advanced with the age on this question of copyright, might consider a lease of twenty years sufficient to acquit the obligations which the world owes to art and literature; and another country, more enlightened, might extend this lease over a longer period, embracing not only the lifetime of the author, but a posthumous term which should continue his rights to his immediate successors. Between these views there is a wide difference, but it is a difference only in degree; and there could be no difficulty in establishing a perfect reciprocity between the two countries, without interfering with the internal regulations of either. Unfortunately, however, the result of a complete survey of the state of legislation in the various countries of Europe, discloses the fact that the differences are not simply differences of degree, but of principle. M. Faider placed very clearly before the Congress a summary of their exact nature and extent. "The Committee of Organisation," he observed, "found itself in the presence of three systems: one which denied fundamentally all right of property in intellectual productions; another which assimilated intellectual and real, or material, property, and proclaimed both in perpetuity; and a third which recognised the rights of intellectual property, but, from considerations of the special elements of which that property is composed, limited their duration. The Committee," continued M. Faider, "without attempting to interfere with the freedom of your discussions, has unhesitatingly adopted this last system."

It will abbreviate much that I have to tell you about these discussions, my dear E., when we meet at Christmas, *Deo volente*, in the old

country-house we wot of, standing up like a red brick fortress amongst bare larches, backed by a bleak, stony, and solemn cliff, if I anticipate the result of the four days' debate by saying that after much fierce contention, the Congress confirmed the principle laid down in this passage by M. Faider as the organ of the Committee. The principle is, to my thinking, invulnerable. If the works of genius, whatever form they take—poetry, history, sculpture—be the great pioneers and ministers of civilisation and human enlightenment, society has a direct interest in liberating them from restraints; and a time ought to come when all possible facilities should be given to their circulation. In estimating the interest of the author, the higher and wider and more enduring interests of society should not be overlooked. The absolute necessity of keeping these large interests in view becomes more and more apparent the farther we examine the subject, and the more closely we follow out the trains of investigation to which it invites us. But I do not intend to trouble you with these inquiries now. I reserve them for our winter debates by the hospitable fire, with bright faces round the table for audience, and Linda and Nestor stretched on the great rug to keep the peace between us. In the meanwhile, consider what would become of the means of education and improvement, if an eternal copyright prohibited us from making casts of the antique, from copying heads and statues in our schools of art; or if the heirs legal of Milton or Spenser were, in some incomprehensible freak of insanity, to withdraw *Paradise Lost* and the *Fairy Queen* from the press, or if the right to publish them, or any other work which it would be desirable for generation after generation to be assured the possession of, were to be suspended by an interminable suit in Chancery to determine the title—contingencies all the more likely to arise in the case of works of the greatest value and importance.

Leaving you to reflect on the hazards we should thus incur of losing by lapse, neglect, indifference, or caprice, what it behoves us

for the sake of our civilisation to preserve, I will resume where I left off. I will not detain you with an account of the enthusiasm which greeted the nomination of M. Rogie, Minister of the Interior, to the office of Honorary President, nor of the vote by acclamation which conferred upon the delegates and others the honour of Vice-Presidentships; but while there is a great clatter of feet on the dais as these select personages are taking their places, I will avail myself of the opportunity of saying a word or two about the Committee.

It is understood that the idea of this Congress originated with M. Romberg, the General Secretary. It was suggested as far back as February last; and from that time up to the day of meeting, the committee were engaged incessantly in the duties they had voluntarily imposed upon themselves. The arduousness of these duties cannot be very readily estimated. They comprised not only the correspondence indispensable to the organisation of an assembly of persons convoked from nearly all points of the compass, but a still more laborious correspondence, bearing reference exclusively to the questions proposed to be examined and decided upon. Not content with collecting adherents, the committee undertook to collect facts and opinions. The mass of evidence and commentaries brought together by this means is of a remarkable character. So large a body of information, relating exclusively to copyright, and drawn direct from authoritative sources, has certainly never been obtained before; and whatever may come of the recommendations and decisions of the Congress, the documents upon which its proceedings were raised must always be regarded as a monument of well-directed labour. These documents are not confined to individual speculations, or to statements of illustrative facts; they embrace the laws of every country bearing upon the rights or the denial or restriction of the rights, of literary and artistic property, with luminous analyses of all the historical details necessary to their elucidation. In short, whatever is capable of throwing a broad light into the remotest

recesses of the inquiry, will be found in this collection, which it is the intention of the committee to publish. It is not from any doubt of the judgment which will preside over their publication, that I express a fervent hope it may be edited with a scrupulous consideration of the time and patience of the reader. There is nothing so dreary to the world at large as tables, and official returns, and statistical statements, and legal circumlocutions. Let there be ample appendices, if you please; but help us to some shorter way of penetrating to the pith of them, than by exploring their dismal mysteries for ourselves. Extract the vital spirit of these solid battalions of facts and figures, and spare us the drudgery of a task from which we are not unlikely to turn back in disgust, before we have gone half-way to its conclusion. There are in every subject two or three leading ideas, which form the clue to all the rest, and render easy the acquisition of the whole. Let us have these leading ideas expressed plainly, concisely, and logically, in the promised publication, and the common sense of the public of every country interested in the subject of copyright will trace them to their issues.

M. Romberg was the soul of the committee. His administrative capacity is conspicuous. Rapid, but never confused, he organises details with celerity and clearness. It was owing mainly to his tact and foresight that not a single hitch occurred throughout the whole of the arrangements for the meetings of the Congress. Everything was orderly, and fell regularly into its place, and the performance may be said to have gone off as smoothly as if the parts—and they were numerous and varied—had been cast before-hand, and the play carefully rehearsed. He had, no doubt, some able and zealous colleagues. Of these, special acknowledgments are due to M. Baron, Professor of History in the University of Liege, and M. Grefs, Director of the class of the Fine Arts of the Royal Academy, and the most distinguished of Belgian sculptors. I have no means of knowing what help these gentlemen afforded in the pre-

liminary work, but I know that their earnestness and courtesy were extremely serviceable during the progress of the discussion.

You must not suppose that I have the slightest intention of tracking the Congress through its daily sittings. One day must suffice to enable you to see how the final results were effected. Having finished the formal business of the opening, the assembly was broken up into the five sections previously arranged, each section taking possession of the room set apart for its deliberations. These sections met again every morning at nine, till they completed their labours, the general body meeting at one o'clock to receive their reports, and shape into resolutions the final judgment of the whole. The entire work was concluded in four days, not, however, without encountering occasional risks of shipwreck from the clamour of the disputants. I have never seen questions, even of a personal or a political character, so hotly contested. A stranger might have supposed that, instead of being a meeting possessing neither authority nor responsibility, and having no other end than that of collecting opinions, its decisions were conclusive acts of legislation, so strenuously was every inch of ground fought for.

The programme of the questions to be submitted to the sections had been well considered, with a view to secure distinctness and speciality, by keeping each division of the inquiry, so to speak, apart, and independent of the others. The points to which the attention of the sections was directed, embraced all the practicable aspects of the subject at large, and might be described as comprising a sort of catechism, in which every particular connected with the rights, real or imaginary, of authors and artists, was examined and exhausted. Whoever desires to have his thinking faculties awakened on the ethics and policy of copyright, cannot do better than study these interrogatories. Keeping clear of all the subsidiary features, I will endeavour, within the narrowest possible limits, to put you in possession of the principles which the sections were required to resolve. You will remember that these prin-

To the First Section was assigned the consideration of these elementary propositions—Whether the principle of an international recognition of a right of property in works of literature and art ought to be embodied in the legislation of all civilised people? and, Whether such a principle should be adopted, even in the absence of reciprocity? The propriety of adopting in all countries accepting this principle a uniform basis of legislation, was also submitted for consideration,—an apparent corollary from the principle itself, but much easier to solve upon paper than in practice.

The duration of the right of property that ought to be assigned to works of literature and art, formed the grand topic of discussion in the Second Section. It branched into a variety of channels: Whether the term should extend beyond the life of the author, and, if so, what conditions should enter into the additional term; what duration of the right should be granted to posthumous works, anonymous works, and works published pseudonymously; whether lectures and public speeches, taken down in short-hand, ought to be considered as copyright; whether authors should possess a right of property in the translation of their works, and, if so, to what extent, and under what conditions; and whether it would be desirable that, in order to establish their rights of property, authors should be required to execute certain forms, the omission of which should invalidate their rights. You will observe that these problems are of a thoroughly practical nature; that they are presented in a strictly practical shape; and that, assuming the right of property in intellectual works to be granted in the first instance, they supply complete materials for practical legislation.

The Third Section was restricted to the consideration of questions relating to dramatic and musical compositions; and, although the matters it discussed were necessarily of limited importance, it was one of the most interesting of the entire series. Here Scribe presided, elected by acclama-

tion who had formed his ideal of Scribe from the character of his works, full of skilful dialogue, in which the finesse and the humour are not more remarkable than the emotional power, traversing almost every variety of subject, gay and grave, equally at ease in every variety of costume, and displaying in all an extraordinary mastery of stage art, might be surprised to find in the real Scribe a man of modest and simple demeanour, with a tranquil air of perfect good-breeding, and looking very much like a private gentleman of a certain age, who had passed quietly and unobserved through the best society. You watch in vain in his motions, his gestures, or his words, for what you might suppose to be characteristic traits of the famous dramatic writer who has, probably, more intimate experiences of the life of the coulisses than any man living, and who has achieved more triumphs in the theatre than all his contemporaries added together. The thin grey hair, the expression of kindness and gentleness in the eyes, and the delicate cast of the pale features, constitute a portrait which might hardly have been looked for in one who has had to contend in his time against more caprice, vanity, and false pretension, jealousy, conspiracy, and ignorance, than any respectable individual who has been born in the lap of fortune, and brought up in the calm sunshine of domestic intercourse can, by any process of description, be made very clearly to comprehend. Let such an individual write for the stage, and he will then be in a condition to wonder at and admire this perfect specimen of a sweet and gentle nature, that has come out of a long ordeal of theatrical experiences unspoiled, in the person of Eugène Scribe. But this is a digression, and I must recall you to the propositions which the dramatic section were called upon to examine. They may be thus shortly stated: Whether the right of representation of dramatic and musical works should be independent of the right of reproduction, and whether any distinction

ought to be made between the duration of the two rights; whether, and to what extent, the public execution of musical works should be prohibited without the permission of the author; and whether the right of property in musical works should also include the exclusive right of making arrangements upon them. You will probably agree with me, that these propositions indicate rather than open the questions which the Legislature would find it necessary to examine, in order to devise a complete scheme of protection for dramatic and musical works.

To the Fourth Section was referred the whole province of art; painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving. The main question to be resolved here was, whether the author of a picture, statue, or any other work of art, should possess the sole right of reproducing it, or of authorising its reproduction, by the same, or by another art, upon a scale analogous or different? This question produced a vivacious discussion, which ploughed up topics wholly foreign to the business of the section, not the least curious of which was the application of the word "author" to the painter or the sculptor. It was alleged that literary people had taken possession of the word, had narrowed its meaning to a maker of books, and established a monopoly in it, and that it ought to be restored to its catholic signification, so as to include creators of all species; a dangerous expansion, which would let in a mob of workmen with whom the artists would be very unwilling to march through Coventry. Dismissing these episodes, which occupied more time than they are worth, the matters investigated by the Fourth Section were identical with the details that have again and again occupied the attention of artists in England, without leading to any practical result. The grievances of art have long being familiar, but the remedies are yet to be found. How are artists to be protected against fraudulent copies and forged signatures? It is very much like the Irish joke of putting the cart before the horse, to discuss what the duration of a

given property shall be, and have secured its possession owner.

The Fifth Section was with fiscal considerations, of importance, as following essentially from the preceding ones. Assuming the rights to be accorded, it was the business of this section to consider whether it would be desirable to abolish, or, at least, to redress, the customs' duties on works of art, and to impose postal duties, with a view to the transmission of printed matter, gravings, prints, &c.

The most superficial glance at the questions submitted to the sections will enable you to see the weight of the inquiry upon the Second Section. The rest were subordinate to the main proposition that was the term of the right, the being assumed as the ground for general legislative result showed the importance was attached to it. The day the Second Section occupied long and tempestuous sitting out being able to accomplish anything more than the affirming a general principle, while the business of the other sections was completed, and their reports were upon in two short meetings the members of those sections soon as they were released from their own duties, crowded every into the bureau of the Second to listen to a debate, distinguished no less by its intelligence and variety of views and illustrations developed, than by the deep and earnest convictions manifested by the speakers. It is greatly regretted that these able and animated discussions were not for they fairly ventilated the argument which, I imagine, brought to bear upon the proposition. The proposition submitted to the section was to determine the duration of the right of property ought to be assigned to an artist in his works. This proposition clearly implied a limit. If the duration of organisation had not come to a limit, in view of an ultimate

in society, they would, of course, have put the proposition in a wholly different form. The section, however, assumed the initiative upon a broader ground, and before they entered into the consideration of what the limit ought to be, they held it to be their preliminary duty to determine whether there should be any. Instead of putting the proposition in its original shape—What should be the duration of the right of property in literary and artistic works?—they ascended to first principles, and asked, Whether the right of property in literary and artistic works should be perpetual or temporary? Upon this question a debate was raised that lasted through three days, and that called up, according to the report, no less than sixteen orators, some of whom spoke at considerable length, and all with extraordinary fervour. How much longer it might have lasted, had not the regulations of the Congress brought it to a close, it is difficult to say, for at the eleventh hour the members exhibited the utmost reluctance in coming to the vote. But the vote was decisive—a majority of 56 against 36 rejecting the doctrine of perpetuity. You will probably be surprised that there should have been so large a minority on such a question. Your surprise would be abated if you knew how strongly the sentiment—for I will not venture to designate it by any more responsible term—of a perpetual right in intellectual productions had taken possession of the feelings even of many persons in that assembly, whose judgment was opposed to its adoption, or who, at all events, were convinced that it never could be adopted as a principle of law. There were not a few who were willing to capitulate with the difficulty by first asserting the principle in a declaratory resolution, and then abandoning it in practice: anything to be allowed to put upon record their opinion that works of genius ought to be invested with the attributes of a perpetual property.

Orotchets were not confined to the Second Section. In the First Section, charged with the resolution demanding the international recognition of the rights of property in works of litera-

ture and art, questions of an equally visionary character were raised. It was doubted whether the word "property" should be used at all in reference to such productions, and it was suggested that the phrase, "rights of authors" should be substituted. This produced a lively tournament, nobody perceiving at first that the right of necessity implied property, and that, in this sense, they were in fact convertible terms. The absurdity of the distinction without a difference was illustrated by a pertinent anecdote. Analogous objections, it appears, had been urged in the Belgian Legislature in 1839, when a project of law, relating to literary and artistic property, was before the Chambers. Several members opposed the introduction of the word "property," contending in effect that the intention of the law was to confer rights, and not to maintain property; when one of the speakers put an end to the discussion by quietly observing that they need not dream of removing a word which had already been admitted into the legal vocabulary. "It is evident," he said, "that the law which confers upon authors rights in their own works, confers upon them at the same time a sort of property. It would therefore be a mere poetic affectation to attempt to evade the word while we recognise the thing."

Another view of the question was taken by the artists. They considered that property in works of intelligence was a natural (whatever that may be) and absolute right, and that it ought to be protected, and guaranteed, and fenced round by social privileges, like all other property; but they guarded themselves carefully against the supposition that they derived from this principle a claim to perpetuity of rights on the part of the author. On the contrary, they maintained that property, though absolute in its origin and character, is never absolute in its enjoyment. The arguments on this point are clear and precise. All property is obliged to sacrifice a part of its rights to the public interest: all property is held under conditions imposed for the public good. There are restrictions upon cutting down forests, building houses, extracting

minerals, and a hundred operations which proprietors carry into execution on their own property. In a certain time, bridges, railroads, and other works of common utility, fall into the hands of the public; but it does not follow that we ignore the right because the public interest limits the usage. The same rational view of the subordination of private property, so to speak, to the general interests, was finally adopted by the Fourth Section, at the close of their tumultuous contests on the principle of perpetuity. They held that property is a right which responds to the desire of appropriation inherent in man; but that property which seeks to be guaranteed by social law must submit to social conventions, and be subjected to conditions of enjoyment, conditions of transmissions, imposts, disinheritance, appropriation to public utility. All these obligations are corollaries from the rights guaranteed by law; and if literary and artistic property is to be legally guaranteed in its rights, it must come in under these obligations unless logic is to be wholly disregarded in such affairs. It might be supposed that this very plain statement of an extremely reasonable necessity would have put the advocates of perpetuity to flight; but it only compelled them to shift their position.

Driven from their original ground of claiming for ideal property (if we may so designate it for the sake of distinction), the same rights as real property, by which they would have thus, against the grain of their own views, subjected it to the same conditions and restraints; some of the advocates of perpetuity retreated upon a plea which looked very much like begging the question. They asserted that literary property was essentially different from other property; that it conferred peculiar benefits upon society; that it was the great agent of civilisation and intellectual advancement; and that, therefore, it should be exempt from the obligations which law imposed upon other kinds of property. But this argument, if worth anything, would apply with equal, perhaps with greater, force to the discoveries and inventions of science; and if books,

busts, and pictures were to be relieved from legal restrictions on these grounds, we certainly could not, with any pretence of justice, refuse to extend a similar consideration to steam-engines and electric telegraphs, which have undoubtedly contributed effectively, to say the least of them, to the march of human improvement.

If the Congress had accomplished no other result, it would be entitled to the gratitude of all reflecting men for the completeness with which it has disposed of the principle of perpetuity. It has settled that doctrine for ever. The principle of perpetuity, as one of the speakers very significantly observed, is not only inconsistent with the progress of knowledge, by shutting up thought within limits which cannot be overleaped, but, which is still more dangerous, it is irreconcilable with true liberty, notwithstanding that it was in the name of that liberty its advocates clamoured for its adoption. So far as authors themselves are concerned, it would not add a shilling to their gains, or a leaf to their laurels. Publishers would purchase copyrights just as they do at present, with a withering indifference to their transmission into an illimitable future. What author could hope to obtain larger terms by being enabled to whisper in the ear of his Doddsley or his Tonson, "Remember, my friend, times are changed with us; I am not now selling you a copyright terminable by law in forty or fifty years, but a copyright which will belong to you, and your children, and your children's children, and your children's children's children, to the end of the world"? How much more would a publisher be likely to give for this interminable term? And if it did not improve the author's relations with his publisher, if it did not, in other words, improve the market value of the copyright, of what earthly satisfaction would it be to endow works of art or literature with a sham character of perpetuity? Should we not find under a regime of perpetuity, exactly the same state of things we find under a term such as we have in England, which is ample enough to cover the sale of nine hundred and ninety-nine thou-

sand books out of a million—authors consulting their convenience, or their wants, in the sale of their copyrights, and copyrights constantly passing out of the hands of their creators into the hands of the publishers? The great bulk of the literary copyrights belong to the "trade." Who ever hears of copyrights passing down, like family pictures, to the descendants of authors, and bringing them profits? There are, no doubt, examples; but legislation is not to be put in motion for very rare exceptional cases.

The final decisions of the Congress not only affirm a limited right of property in literary and artistical works, but embrace every detail necessary to its establishment. The resolutions are minute and comprehensive, and may be said to lay down the whole machinery for carrying the plan into operation. These resolutions have been so imperfectly, and indeed so blunderingly, slurred over and epitomised in the English newspapers, that I will give you a summary of them, upon the accuracy of which you may rely. As a mere historical record, the recapitulation is interesting:—

I. The Congress is of opinion that the international recognition of property in literary and artistic works, ought to be adopted in the legislature of every civilised people; that it ought to be extended from country to country even in the absence of reciprocity; and that legislation in all countries where the principle is adopted, should be founded on an uniform basis. The rights of foreign and native authors to be assimilated, and no further formalities to be required of an author in the prosecution of his rights in a foreign country, than were required to establish them in his own.

II. Authors to possess exclusive right over their works during their lives, the same right to descend to the conjoint survivor during his or her life; and the heirs or grantees of the author to enjoy the right for fifty years, to date either from the decease of the author, or from the extinction of the right in the late husband or wife. Posthumous works published before the rights of the conjoint survivor, or of the heirs or

grantees, shall have expired, to enjoy the same duration of time originally granted by law; if published after those rights are extinguished, the duration to be limited to thirty years. Anonymous works to have a copyright of thirty years, dating from the year of publication; but the author may enter upon his full legal rights by making himself known at any time within that term. The exclusive right of publication is guaranteed to the authors of lectures, sermons, and other discourses publicly delivered; but the speeches of pleaders, and discourses delivered in political assemblies, may be published without the consent of the author. The exclusive right of translation to be guaranteed to the author for ten years, on condition that he exercises his right before the expiration of the third year, in failure of which any person may exercise it anywhere except in the country where the work was originally published.

III. Under this head are the resolutions which relate to Dramatic and Musical works. They declare the right of representation to be independent of the right of reproduction, and that there should be no distinction as to the enjoyment of those rights. Musical works to be protected against being executed in public without the consent of the author. It is a strange omission in this department of the labours of the Congress, that no provision is suggested for the protection of dramatic productions against transplantation and adaptation. It may be difficult to identify a child stolen and smeared and stained by the gypsies; but that is no reason why some wholesome police regulation should not be devised with that end in view.

IV. There are sundry resolutions in this division relating to works of art, conformable in their general principles to those which apply to literature, and presenting no special feature except a recommendation that penal legislation be adopted against counterfeits and forgeries.

V. The proposed fiscal regulations are simple and sweeping. The Congress demands the abolition, or modification, of customs' duties on books and works of art, the simplification

of tariffs, so as to facilitate the interchange of such works, and the reduction of postal duties.

Here is a complete code of suggestions for the institution of a system of international copyright; nor can it be regarded as the mere speculation of an assembly of men of letters and artists, since it has already received the sanction of at least one of the governments for whose consideration it was compiled. The Belgian minister has declared his intention of supporting in the legislature a law in which these resolutions shall be practically embodied. Nor is it less significant of the sincerity with which the subject has been taken up by those who have the power to influence still more extended results by their example, that the King, accompanied by the Duke of Brabant, attended one of the meetings of the Congress, and that at the close of its sittings he received at dinner some of the principal members of the bureau. It is not unusual for the sovereigns of free countries to be seen in public assemblies, and even to invite special guests to their palaces; but a sovereign who appears in the midst of an assembly convened for a particular purpose, identifies himself with that purpose; and in conferring so marked a distinction upon its promoters, as to give them an express reception in private, he places beyond doubt the interest he takes in its success. His Majesty has since given the most practical proof of his intentions on the subject, by announcing in his recent speech on the opening of the Chambers a project of law for embodying the recommendations of the Congress.

The entertainment given at the palace of Brussels on this occasion was an exception to the usual routine of royal banquets. It was not a mere ceremonial. It was intended as a testimony of the King's desire to confer upon the Congress the weight of his personal sanction; and the sagacity his Majesty has displayed throughout his long reign in the government of the kingdom, in the cultivation of its industrial resources, and in the promotion of practical measures of improvement, has not often been more

happily or more usefully exercised. To have originated this movement is an auspicious incident in the history of free Belgium, and it affords a striking contrast to the actions of which the country was the theatre in former times. The change was well expressed by M. Rogier, in his address to the assembly upon his election as honorary president: "By its topographical and neutral situation, as well as by the nature of its institutions," said the Minister, "Belgium has acquired for many years the privilege of offering an appropriate arena for pacific and fruitful contests, after having been so often the field of bloody and sterile combats. Upon her soil cannon no longer resounds, swords are no longer crossed, lances no longer broken. Ideas, more powerful than all these, are now the combatants. Many fall and disappear in the conflict; but what does it signify, if the strongest and the most generous survive? This is the end of war, and the reward of victory. Ideas come triumphant out of the fight; are elevated to principles; pass into the domain of a new diplomacy: reforming and provident governments seize them; they become the law of a country; and finally spread into other countries, when experience has verified their value."

I will reserve till I see you, my dear E., my recollections of an evening which has left upon the memory of every person who was present the most agreeable impressions. The cordiality with which his Majesty received his guests, and the intimate knowledge he displayed of their individual specialities, furnish a very intelligible key to the popularity and influence he enjoys. But I must not omit to say that the dinner was graced by the presence of the charming Duchess of Brabant, who possesses, in a pre-eminent degree, all the qualities calculated to dignify and adorn the high station to which she is destined.

I have not touched upon the hospitality that was extended to the foreign members of the Congress during their brief sojourn in Brussels. It is so difficult to conceive the possibility of a *soirée* being given at the

house of the Prime Minister of England, to three or four hundred literary men and artists, in recognition of their efforts to obtain an alteration in the laws affecting their order, that we can scarcely regard with gravity the occurrence of such a circumstance in Brussels. Yet when M. Rogier received the members of the Congress at the Ministry of the Interior, every gentleman who was present felt that the soirée was not a barren compliment to art and letters, and that the interest which that distinguished statesman took in the subject which brought so remarkable an assembly together, would in time bear valuable fruit. I confess, too, that there was to me a significance in the scene which presented itself on the square of the Grande Place on the night when the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire, or, more properly, the authorities of the city of Brussels, received the Members of the Congress, which was quite as impressive as the scene itself was novel and picturesque. The artistic and literary club is held in the grand old Gothic house, known as the Maison du Roi, which directly faces the Hôtel de Ville; and the large room in which we assembled was that from the windows of which the infamous Alva witnessed the execution of Counts Egmont and Horn. What a different scene was now disclosed, as we gazed down from these very windows upon the Grande Place! The whole of that square, except the distant corners, from whence the people pressed onward towards the Maison du Roi, was filled by a dense multitude, whose upturned faces were lighted by numerous flambeaus held aloft by boys. Immediately below us was a band, relieved at intervals by a

choral society, who executed in turn select pieces of music. The most admirable order and decorum prevailed throughout that vast crowd; open lanes were kept for the passage of guests and members of the club, at the voluntary instance of the people themselves; and every demonstration of enthusiasm that took place within was responded to with a corresponding movement without. The tall old houses on all sides of the square were lighted up to the base of their quaint roofs; every window was filled with eager spectators, and in front of us rose up the white tower of the ancient Hôtel de Ville, ascending like a mist of silver, and vanishing into the clouds at a height which the eye vainly attempted to follow. The spectacle was in itself extremely striking, and, associated with the objects to which it was addressed, it possessed, for me, a strong interest. It enabled me afterwards thoroughly to appreciate the justice of the term in which M. Scribe at our dear (for we had a grand dinner at our own, at the celebrated restaurant which enjoys its European reputation under the name of its former proprietor, Dubos), proposed a toast to the health of the City of Brussels: I will give you his words—"Gentlemen, I have the honour to propose a toast to the City of Brussels, the free and hospitable city! She had already rivalled the first cities of Europe by her splendour and her elegance; and in collecting within her walls, not a Congress of Kings, but the delegates of all the royalties of intelligence, she has become to-day the capital of progress and civilization!" This is very French; but it is also very characteristic, and worth preserving as a bit of Scribe.—Adieu!

THE INDIAN MUTINY AND THE LAND-SETTLEMENT.

WE couple these works* together, less on account of the similarity of the subject matter, than for the sake of the contrast observable in the views entertained by their authors, of the origin and probable issue of the convulsion under which our Eastern empire is still heaving.

In an article on the provinces of Gangetic India, published in the August number of this Magazine, in the year 1854, we pointed out as a source of future danger to our Indian possessions the propensity of many among the ruling section of our countrymen on the banks of the Ganges to adopt doctrines that obtain temporary currency though only as theories in Europe, and to apply these with all the force of official influence to the patient population subject to their rule. We instanced the objections to large hereditary landed estates, to endowments, to special exemptions from common burthens, as opinions sometimes advanced, but never as yet acted on, in the mother country, which in India have met with a practical application to the business of civil administration. To the above list we might almost have added the wild theory of the French economists of the last century, that at a certain stage in its progress it is for the good of a nation for the government to be the sole proprietor within its limits, since we rather think that this doctrine, never acted on, we believe, except by the late Pasha of Egypt, was at one time not without its advocates in Calcutta.

We also endeavoured to show how the most humane men, hardened by theory, had, in their zeal for what they deemed to be good for the public, trifled with individual rights, until some among them almost came up to the mark of that distinguished

worthy, lately deceased, of whom it is recorded in the *Times* of the 21st September, "that he would have risked a revolt of human nature rather than deal with man as he is."

We next tried to trace the progress of this spirit, showing how it led first to an arbitrary and anti-judicial mode of dealing with every right or privilege which stood in the way of any favourite scheme of internal change or reform, and then, by a natural sequence, to a disregard of all the restraints imposed by our previous professions of moderation in our dealings with remote as well as contiguous foreign states. We concluded by dwelling upon our unprovoked invasion of Afghanistan as the great external development of the spirit that during the preceding decade had been leavening our internal administration. Though we do not profess to have attained to a prophetic strain in our article of 1854, yet we may say for it that it must be seen to have been written under a presentiment of evil such as subsequent events have proved far from visionary. It is true that the disturbance so recently raging along the banks of the Ganges was mainly, at least in its origin, of a military character; but we have only to open Mr. Edwards's narrative to see how the flame was fed and fanned by discontents having their source in measures of civil government. But before citing from his pages, or from those of Mr. Gubbins, we wish to lay before our readers what we trust will be found to be a fair and honest sketch of that revolution in the minds of our own countrymen which, as we think, has been one of the most potential causes at work to produce the fearful explosion of the year that has just gone by. To the

* *Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion in Rohilcund, Futteghur, and Oude.* By WILLIAM EDWARDS, Esq., B.C.S., Judge of Benares, and late Magistrate and Collector of Budaon in Rohilcund. London, 1858: Smith and Elder.

An Account of the Mutinies in Oudh, and the Siege of the Lucknow Presidency, with some Observations on the Condition of the Province of Oudh, and the Causes of the Mutiny of the Bengal Army. By MARTIN RICHARD GUBBINS, of the Bengal Civil Service, Financial Commissioner for Oudh.

there, it must be known that from the days of Lord Cornwallis, or the year 1793, to those of Lord William Bentinck, or the year 1830, the most striking characteristic of our Government, especially in its Gangetic provinces, was a great, perhaps an excessive desire, to extend the protection of law and of a fair administration of justice over every class of our subjects.

With this noble end in view, and influenced by an almost pedantic devotion to the forms and fashions of the judicial institutions of England, our Government submitted itself to the jurisdiction of its courts, and in its desire to merit the title of "the Just," committed itself to pledges which had better have been reserved until more was known of the country and its resources. Of these pledges the most serious was that by which Lord Cornwallis bound himself and his successors to recognise as landlords those whom he found in the apparently analogous position of Zamindars, and never to demand of them more than was assessed upon their lands at the settlement of 1793.

This measure, if judged of by the results, does not merit all the reproaches bestowed upon it by the deeper thinkers of a later age. Under its influence jungles have disappeared and population increased, and we may presume that content has been diffused, from the fact that excepting in the districts bordering upon those of Upper India, and at the few spots where up-country Sepoys were cantoned, not a movement has been heard of among the forty millions of inhabitants of the Lower Provinces since first the late mutiny broke out.

The territory known as the Upper Provinces became ours mainly by cession from the then reigning Nawab of Oude during the first three years of the present century. At the outset of our rule, crafty men from the Lower Provinces, taking advantage of the little that the English rulers and their new native subjects knew of each other, contrived, under the forms of law, to get nearly

the states in the districts of
1 and Cawnpore into their

a height that the Government, having the ordinary courts unequal to grappling with it, appointed, in the year 1821, a special commission to inquire into and redress the wrongs of the ancient landholders. This worked admirably, and would have been productive of nothing but good had it not been for that change which soon after came over the spirit of our rulers. The powers vested in the special commission were such as could only be with safety confided to select and chosen hands. This, however, was a distinction that did not enter into Lord William Bentinck's estimate of his fellow-creatures, and he, holding that all men in the enjoyment of equal remuneration were to be accounted as equally wise and trustworthy, at once extended to all officers of a certain grade the extraordinary jurisdiction conferred by his predecessors on two gentlemen of special fitness for the particular duty. The result was such as would probably ensue in Ireland if the powers of the Encumbered Estates Commission were to be imparted to every judge of a county court. A great disturbance of parties in possession, even in districts to which the particular abuse prevailing in Cawnpore and Allahabad had never reached, was the immediate consequence of this unwise extension given to a purely exceptional measure. This gave the first, though a comparatively slight shock, to that confidence in the security of their tenures which it was for our interest the proprietary body in Upper India should entertain. A new settlement or readjustment of the land revenue soon followed. Infinite labour and vast ability were brought to bear upon this great work, but the good resulting from it, though doubtless considerable, fell short of what it might have been if the guiding spirit of those by whom it was conducted had not been one of positive aversion, if not of hostility, to the whole class of the landed aristocracy of the country. They indeed hardly concealed their belief that the old aristocracy, being necessarily unfriendly, our wisest policy was to depress it, and raise up another more dependent on ourselves in its place.

Upon how false an estimate of human nature this policy was founded became apparent at the first blast of the storm; and we believe that its injustice was lost sight of at the time, from its assuming the guise of an ardent zeal for the support of the village community system. Of these communities it may be sufficient to say, that they are best supported by protecting them from encroachment from without, and leaving their internal economy to be entirely adjusted by themselves. It may be difficult sometimes to combine their preservation with the recognition of the superior title of a talookdar, where such a title comes in the way, as does not often happen, but nothing can prove more ruinous to the system itself than that minute official meddling which we suspect generally ensued when the talookdar's influence was effectually crushed or removed.

A report addressed by him to the Government of Agra in the year 1844 has lately been printed for private circulation by Mr. H. S. Boulderson, formerly a member of the Board of Revenue in the Upper Provinces. This able paper records in detail several instances of treatment experienced by talookdars in our provinces, calculated to account but too clearly for the repugnance evinced by men of the same order to the introduction of our rule into Oude. We select two from the cases detailed by Mr. Boulderson as samples of the course pursued towards men, who hold in Upper India a rank corresponding with that of our highest landed nobles in England or Scotland. The Talook of Munchanna, in the district of Mynpooree, consists of villages scattered over a wide extent of country. The very nature of the property shows that it must have been gradually acquired, and not by any sudden act of violence and usurpation. It had for centuries formed part of the Raja of Mynpooree's possessions, but this possession was held to have been merely an official tenure under grants which, however ancient, it was determined to regard as "only patent grants of talookdaree office." The talook was accordingly resumed about the year 1844, and the talookdar, who, we are told by Mr. Boulderson,

"in the wars of Lord large and highly useful as our troops, is now a rebel Mr. Boulderson adds the exclamation, "No wondering the date of the rebellion June 1858."

The other case is that of Moorsan, in the contiguous of Allyghur. The holder of the talook, happening to be energetic and considerable, did not quietly submit to be dispossessed of all the estates of which the Government authorities deprive him. He brought the civil courts against those many portions of his estate which were transferred, and so popular among his former tenantry, of the parties sued and claiming, in order that he might retain possession of his property under the sanction of a court of law. Thus re-established in his former position, he has, notwithstanding recent commotions, remained fast in his allegiance, and has been assured, most service to the British authorities, in keeping open the communication between the upper stations and Agra, and Cawnpore. It can be no doubt, as observed by Mr. Boulderson in the brief preface to his pamphlet, that "the confidence of the Government in these men, and the kindred spirit shown towards them, in the assumption of rent-free land, had a powerful effect in lowering the character for justice and truth."

Our sketch of the state of the country towards us on the eve of the British conquest would be incomplete without mention of the resumption of the talookdar's rights alluded to by Mr. Boulderson.

It was the practice of the British Governments of India to reward the services of the talookdars by hereditary grants of land to be held free from payment of any payment to the State. In our early regulations, in 1793 for the Lower, and in 1803 and 1805 for the Upper Provinces, the Government pledged itself to recognise the talookdar's tenure as should be proved by the former holders. It has been held under a valid grant by the former rulers of the talook, and our functionaries came better acquainted

country than they could possibly be at the period when these pledges were given, it began to be seen that the liberality of Government in this matter had been much abused. Many of the grants it was suspected were forged, and undue extension had, in many instances, been given to the quantity of land exempted from payment of revenue, even when there was no doubt of the validity of the document under which the land originally granted was held. In the year 1819 inquiry was first set on foot, and was carried on for many consecutive years with such scrupulous adherence to the ordinary rules of judicial practice, that though large tracts of country were brought for the first time on the rent-roll of Government, not a complaint was heard from any of the parties affected by the measure. During this period, though the inquiry continued to be conducted by officers specially selected for the purpose, and armed with somewhat extra-judicial powers, an appeal to the ordinary courts of justice was allowed to any one discontented with their decision.

The judicial principle, however, in the course of time fell out of estimation, and the ordinary tribunals were considered too slow and too considerate to satisfy the impatience of the quick spirits who then began to influence the counsels of Government. A new court, called a Special Commission, was accordingly constituted as the authority in the last resort in all cases concerning rent-free tenures. Then, indeed, though still trammelled with some observance of judicial form, the work of resumption went merrily on, to the but moderate benefit of our treasury, and the infinite disparagement of our name for good faith, humanity, and justice. No plea was considered too weak to justify a resumption. Grants stamped with the approval of Warren Hastings, Clive, and Sir Hector Munro, in the Lower Provinces, were pronounced insufficient; while in Upper India, even the fact of a tenure having been conferred at the instance of Lord Lake, could barely rescue it from confiscation. At last resumption became a passion; hundreds of

decisions in favour of Government were passed in a single day; and the principle was broadly proclaimed, that the very existence of a rent-free tenure was a nuisance, and ought to be abated. The following anecdote may show the state of native feeling on the subject of the destruction of these tenures, which supplied many of the decayed families of the old aristocracy with their sole means of subsistence.

Towards the end of 1838, on the day when the tidings reached Calcutta of the King of Persia having raised the siege and retired from Herat, a friend of ours received a visit from a Mussulman gentleman of his acquaintance. In the course of conversation, our friend, forgetting how cruelly disappointing it was to the raised expectations of his visitor's co-religionists, communicated the news of this event. Notwithstanding that command over their feelings which all Asiatics possess, the Mussulman was quite taken aback by the intelligence, and, unable to conceal his mortification, tried to qualify by saying, "Everybody would pay for the continuance of the Company's Raj, if it were not for the resumptions."

It is necessary here to guard against the conclusion that this disposition to deal roughly with whatever stood in the way of any favourite scheme must have arisen in the minds of the Company's officers on the spot. The disposition was one of home growth transplanted to the East, and there quickened into active life. It sprang up under the transformation in the spirit of British administration, which, soon after the year 1830, spread from the parent state over all its dependencies. If the exact connection cannot be pointed out in as far as measures of civil and internal Government are concerned, there is no difficulty in showing how directly the same spirit, when extended beyond our own borders, emanated from those who held the reins of government in England as well as in India. Three several Ministers of State have, at different periods, avowed their share in promoting the invasion of Afghanistan, for all the consequences of which

hey have thus shown that they, and not the East India Company, or its servants, are responsible.

Lord Palmerston, in his famous Tiverton speech of 1841, in ignorance of what even then had happened, drew a taunting parallel between the friendly footing on which we stood with the Affghans and the mere military occupancy of Algiers by the French.

Lord Broughton, some years ago, in his examination before a committee of the House of Commons, frankly, and in a rather "alone-I-did-it" style, declared himself to be the sole author of the Affghan war.

Both these noble lords spoke before the consequences of the measure had fully disclosed themselves; their candour, therefore, is not so striking as that of Lord John Russell, who, after it was clear to every man acquainted with India, that the expedition to Cabul had led to the ruin of the Bengal army, by gratuitously avowing his share in the former, has very recently admitted his responsibility for the latter.

In further proof of the influence exercised by home-bred talent on the minds of those intrusted with the civil and political rule in India, a saying may be cited, ascribed to Lord Macaulay, which was frequently repeated with admiration by the advocates of progressive conquest—"You are ruling the whole of India, with a revenue of only half;"—meaning of course, that, the defence of all India from external foes devolving on us as the paramount power, one of its revenue ought to be permitted to flow into any but our own coffers. The above were, we believe, the very words used, and in point of wisdom, seem to us to fall short of those uttered at different periods by both Runjeet Singh and Dost Mohamed, when they said that the secret of our power lay in this, that, leaving nothing to the native princes, we had to contend with their despair. In justice to the departed, it is but fair to state that the Court of Directors always strove to infuse a more moderate spirit into the dealings of their own servants. It was all in vain: their power was felt to be on a decline, and the younger functionaries had already begun to look

past them to the greater men behind.

But it is time to put a stop to our own speculations, that we may make our readers acquainted with the sentiments of the two authors of the works before us. Though members of the same service, and nearly co-evals in standing, their views are in some respects as different as the circumstances under which the information contained in their several narratives was acquired.

Mr. Gubbins was one of the Lucknow garrison, and shared in all its dangers, privations, and trials; but the society he lived in was European, and consequently, excepting as open foes, he saw little more of the undisguised native than is usually seen by our official countrymen in the East. Mr. Edwards, on the other hand, was at first the "sole European officer in charge of a district with a lawless population of nearly 1,100,000 souls;" and then, from the 1st of June to the 31st of August, a houseless fugitive, seeing more of the real native in his wanderings than would have fallen under his notice in a lifetime spent with Europeans as his chief or hourly associates. The two narrators appear also to have started with a different bias. Mr. Gubbins has no sympathy with the landed aristocracy, whether hereditary or of our own creation, and seems to think that British India would be better without any of these gradations of society. This at least is what we gather from the concluding observations, commencing at page 428 of his very interesting work, where he seems to look forward with pleasure to the rule by "bayonets," though a misgiving comes across him as he reflects that the "new principle may be pushed too far," to the neglect of that principle which has been the safeguard of the empire for a hundred years—I mean our respect for the feelings and religion of the people." Mr. Edwards, on the contrary, seems to have been deeply impressed with a sense of the injury done to the landed gentry, and even to the village communities, by our wrong-headed benevolence in subjecting them to courts of justice, fashioned on the English model, and invested with the mischievous power

of selling land to realise the amount of their decrees. Judging by remarks that drop from him incidentally, he must, we conclude, have had many personal friends among the people of his own and the neighbouring districts of Bareilly, and nothing delights us more in the story of his adventures, than his clear perception of the good as well as the evil in the character of those among whom he was thrown, under difficulties which would have proved fatal to any one with a mind warped by the vulgar prejudices of the day, against every man with a sable skin. Nothing can indeed be more evident, from the whole tenor of the narrative, than that Mr. Edwards owed his escape to his previously established reputation for kindness and sympathy with the people of his district, and to the knowledge, which he had taken some pains to acquire, of the character of our native subjects, and of the true way of appealing to their feelings. In support of our conclusion we will cite two remarkable passages from the first pages of the slender volume before us.

"On Monday, the 25th of May, I received certain information that the Mohammedans of the town of Budaon, who were that day assembled for prayers, on occasion of the Ede festival, were to rise at noon and create a riot, which would probably have resulted in the plunder and destruction of the place. I at once summoned the most influential inhabitants of that persuasion to meet me at my house. They immediately came, many of them very fierce and insolent, and all in a most excited state. Soon after they were seated, and I had commenced talking with them, I saw Wuzer Singh, a Sikh peon, and one of my personal guards, come up quietly behind me, with my revolver in his belt, and my gun in his hand, and station himself immediately behind my chair. In the tumult and excitement, and where all were armed, his entrance was unnoticed, but his quiet and determined demeanour made me for the first time feel an assurance that he was a man I could depend upon in any difficulty or danger. This Wuzer Singh, whose tried fidelity, courage, and devotion, make me regard him as Paul did Onesimus, 'not now so much as a servant as a brother beloved,' deserves some notice from me here. . . . To return to my visitors. By degrees they calmed

down, and by leading them into conversation, and reasoning with them, and, above all, playing off one party against another—knowing, as I did, that a bitter animosity existed between several of them—I managed to occupy their attention until the time fixed for the rising had passed. The plots, which I do not doubt were premeditated, were for the time defeated, and the day, to my infinite relief (ah! what a long one it was!) passed off quietly. I think I never wished more in my life for some one of my own countrymen to talk to, than during these miserable days between the 20th and the 27th of May. I had every reason to distrust the Sepoys forming my treasury guard, who belonged to the 68th Regiment of native infantry, stationed at Bareilly; and it was by no means comfortable to sit in the close vicinity of these gentlemen, who, at any moment, might break out into open mutiny and murder me. My peons were little more to be depended on, and I felt my isolation greatly. It was, therefore, with no small joy that, while sitting at my solitary dinner on the 28th of May, I saw my cousin, Alfred Phillips, magistrate of Etah, ride up to the house, escorted by about a dozen horsemen, some belonging to different regiments of irregular horse, others common police sowars. He gave a most deplorable account of the state of things in his district, and had himself, with his men, had an affair with a body of rebels in the town of Khasgungi, in which he killed no less than three men with his own hand. He had come across the Ganges, with the view of going to Bareilly to procure some military aid to put down the disturbances. I was forced to disabuse him of this hope, informing him that I had already myself more than once applied for aid in vain, as none could be spared."

One cannot peruse this simple statement without perceiving how impossible it would have been for an unpopular man, or for any one who had stood aloof from the people, however great his general talents, or profound his acquirements, to have steered his course with success through such a scene as that described. It were well if Mr. Bright could be induced to commit the whole to memory, that before again launching into invectives against the Indian civil service, he might reflect whether men with such duties to perform, and such perils to encounter, are really entitled to no higher remuneration than

hey would receive in a nominally corresponding situation in their own country under a milder sun.

Let us now, in conclusion, endeavour to extract sense from what Mr. Edwards places before us, by showing how it bears upon the State, and is suggestive of improvement in the administration of Upper India. The practice of legislating with a regard rather to the public feeling of England than of India (a practice likely to gain strength from recent changes), is one at times productive of no small injury to the latter country.

Our horror of bodily suffering in any shape, as a means of enforcing payment, is so great, that it is against property alone that every coercive process, not only of the Government, but of the Courts of Civil Justice, must be directed. On this point the Asiatic and the European are directly at variance. The former would welcome a law, substituting what the latter would call torture, for our clumsy expedient of selling land, and so deranging the framework of society. The following extracts from Mr. Edwards's work will place this part of the question in the clearest light before our readers:—

"To the large number of these sales during the past twelve or fifteen years, and the operation of our revenue system, which has had the result of destroying the gentry of the country, and breaking up the village communities, I attribute solely the disorganisation of this and the neighbouring districts in these provinces.

"By fraud or chicanery a vast number of the estates of families of rank and influence have been alienated, either wholly or in part, and have been purchased by new men, chiefly traders or government officials, without character or influence over their tenantry. These men, in a vast majority of instances, were also absentees, fearing or disliking to reside on their purchases, where they were looked upon as interlopers and unwelcome intruders. The ancient proprietary of these alienated estates were again living as tenantry on the lands once theirs; by no means reconciled to their change of position, but maintaining their hereditary hold as strong as ever over the sympathies and affections of the agricultural body, who were ready and willing to join their feudal superiors in any attempt to recover

their lost position, and regain possession of their estates. The ancient landed proprietary body of the Budaon district were thus still in existence, but in the position of tenants, not proprietors. None of the men who had succeeded them as landowners were possessed of sufficient influence or power to give me any aid in maintaining the public tranquillity. On the contrary, the very first people who came in to me, imploring aid, were this new proprietary body, to whom I had a right to look for vigorous and efficient efforts in the maintenance of order."

How close a resemblance does not this picture present to what might have been drawn of Ireland towards the close of the last century! In India, as in Ireland, the old proprietors clung to the soil; and the new men by whom they were supplanted proved in the hour of trial to have no influence whatever over the minds of the peasantry. Mr. Edwards shows in the following passage how he had warned the Government of the danger inherent in this state of things:—

"For more than a year previous to the outbreak, I had been publicly representing to superior authority the great abuse of the power of the Civil Courts, and the reckless manner in which they decreed the sale of rights and interests connected with the soil in satisfaction of petty debts, and the dangerous dislocation of society which was in consequence being produced. I then pointed out, that although the old families were being displaced fast, we could not destroy the memory of the past, or dissolve the ancient connection between them and their people; and I said distinctly, that in the event of any insurrection occurring, we should find this great and influential body, through whom we can alone hope to control and keep under the millions forming the rural classes, ranged against us on the side of the enemy, with their hereditary retainers and followers rallying around them in spite of our attempts to separate their interests. My warnings were unheeded, and I was treated as an alarmist, who, having hitherto only served in the political department of the State, and being totally inexperienced in revenue matters, could give no sound opinion on the subject. Little did I think at the time, that my fears and forebodings were so soon to be realised."

An account follows of the counterpart of the fiery cross (the mysterious

chupaty or cake), which, issuing from Barraokpore, the great Sepoy cantonment near Calcutta, traversed the length and breadth of the land, and kept the people's minds on the alert. The local effect produced by these strange missives in Budaon is thus described :—

"As soon as the disturbances broke out at Meerut and Delhi, the cakes explained themselves, and the people at once perceived what was expected of them. In Budaon the mass of the population rose in a body, and the entire district became a scene of anarchy and confusion. The ancient proprietary body took the opportunity of murdering or expelling the auction purchasers, and resumed possession of their hereditary estates. The danger now is that this vast mass of our subjects, who are numbered by tens of thousands, and who are the real thews and sinews of the country, will never consent to the restoration of a Government to power which they consider treated them with harshness; whose system tended to depress and dispossess them; and whose first measures, after the return of tranquillity, they consider must be to put back the auction purchasers, and eject them. *I feel convinced that no amount of force will restore us to power, unless at the same time some measures be taken for undoing the evils of the past, and coming to some compromise, by which the old families may be reinstated, and their sympathies and interests enlisted on our behalf, while those of the auction purchasers are also duly cared for.* I am fully satisfied that the rural classes would never have joined in rebelling with the Sepoys, whom they hated, had not these causes of discontent already existed. They evinced no sympathy whatever about the cartridges, or flour, said to be made of human bones, and could not thus have been acted upon by any cry of their religion being in danger. It is questions involving their rights and interests in the soil and hereditary holdings—invariably termed by them as 'jan se azeez,' 'dearer than life'—which excite them to a dangerous degree."

This is perhaps the most pregnant passage in Mr. Edwards's work: and the sentence by us placed in italics contains a suggestion, to recommend which to our readers' notice has been the main object of the present article.

A glorious opportunity now presents itself for inaugurating Her Ma-

jesty's direct rule in Upper India by a graceful act of conciliation and justice. A Royal Commission, formed of the very highest personages who can be impressed into such a service, and intrusted with power to reinstate every landholder who has been ejected, either through the formalities of the judicial or the theories of the revenue department, and to revive every rent-free tenure that has been wrongfully or even harshly extinguished, would give a popularity to the commencement of the Royal administration such as it could derive from no other initiatory measure. Soothed and calmed as the minds of the people would be by such an act of unlooked-for consideration on the part of Her Majesty, they might not be startled by another measure at which we can here only glance.

Looking at the question as one of mere policy, it must be evident that the people of England will not be satisfied without further provision being made for the extension of knowledge of Christianity; and this is a task which the proposed Commission will have the best means of performing in a manner to give the least alarm to any class of our subjects in India. Salaried proselytising establishments in direct connection with the Government would have no good end, and would be viewed with suspicion and hate. But to endowments there might not be the same objection; and the large estates thrown into the hands of Government by many recent forfeitures, will furnish the means of founding many such institutions, whence instruction may gradually be extended, and where converts would find places of refuge. Such a commission as we contemplate would, of course, be officially free from all partiality; and as, governed by justice, it must probably find occasion to confirm and restore many a Mohammedan and Hindoo endowment, no exception could be taken to its proceedings if, in a spirit of fairness, it were also to introduce some institutions having for their object the support and maintenance of a Christian Establishment, and deriving their revenues from the lands that might be allotted to them.

COUSIN JOHN'S PROPERTY.

"On the 11th ult., at Point de Galle, Ceylon, on the voyage home, John Simpson, Esq., her Majesty's Consul at Tranquebar."

"Bless my life, Sally," said Mr. Simpson, almost choking himself with his muffin, "here's cousin John dead!"

Mr. Simpson had the *Times* for an hour every morning (at sixpence per week), and that hour being his breakfast allowance also, he read and ate against time, taking a bite of muffin, a sip of tea, and a glance at the paper alternately; and as he was very short-sighted, and always in a hurry, there seemed imminent risk sometimes of his putting the paper into his mouth instead of the muffin.

"You don't mean to say so, Simpson," said the lady on the other side of the little fireplace. "Cousin John dead! Why, he was to be in town next month—it's impossible! Where do it say so?"

And she made an attempt to reach across for the paper; but it was a long stretch, and Mrs. Simpson was stout, and hardly made due allowance for that fact in her instructions to her staymaker; so Mr. Simpson found himself master of the position, and proceeded to read the announcement again, with a proper sense of importance. Miss Augusta Simpson, and her brother, Master Samuel, who occupied the seats at the other side of the family breakfast-table, had risen from their places, and with their mouths and eyes open, and Master Samuel's knife arrested in a threatening position, formed rather a striking tableau.

"Then that Surrey property comes to us, Mr. S.," exclaimed the lady, as she left her arm-chair, and made good her hold on one side of the *Times*, of which her husband still pertinaciously retained possession.

"It comes to me, my dear, as next heir, by uncle Sam's will—no doubt of it." If Mr. Simpson intended a little gentle self-assertion in this speech, it was so unusual with him, that Mrs. Simpson was good enough not to notice it.

"It's worth two or three thousand a-year, Simpson, isn't it?"

"About one thousand, or fourteen hundred at most, my dear, as I have told you before," replied the husband. "It's a very nice property. Dear me! poor John! only to think! that he should never have come home to enjoy it!" and the good-natured Mr. Simpson gave an honest sigh to the memory of his departed cousin, and for a moment forgot his own accession of fortune.

"Well, well, life's uncertain with all of us. I never thought as you'd have outlived him, Simpson; he was ten years younger than you, if he were a day. I did think it might have been our Samuel's in days to come, supposing he died without children, as was always likely from what I heard of him. I often did say to myself I hoped Sammy might be a gentleman."

Sammy wiped his lips in preparation for that crisis. He had been eating a second egg surreptitiously and hastily. Only a mother's eyes could have detected the future gentleman under the pinafore at that moment. "There's the 'bus, father," he shouted, jumping up with the view of effecting a diversion from his own seat of operations; "there's the 'bus coming round!"

Mr. Simpson rose mechanically, and dropped the *Times*. The habits of twenty years were not to be shaken even by the sudden prospect of a thousand a-year. But his daughter, with the spirit of a true British maiden in the hour of fortune, showed herself equal to the occasion.

"Who wants the 'bus?" said she, with an indignant shove to Samuel. "'Pa an't going by 'busses now."

Like all truly great speeches, it was short, and to the purpose. As such, it was long remembered in the family. It awoke them at once to the duties and the pleasures of their new position. That useful public vehicle did not take Mr. Simpson to Aldermanbury that morning. The conductor looked at the well-known door in vain; the civil driver even

let his horse linger a little ere he turned the corner; and both turned a long and last inquiring gaze in the direction of Portland Terrace, No. 4. "What's come of the governor this morning, Bill? Are we arter or afore our time?"

"Not above two minutes arter; he've never been and gone by the Royal Blue?"

"Don't think he'll be so mean as that; summat's amiss, *however*." And with this compliment to Mr. Simpson's business habits, the omnibus lumbered on without him. Great was the surprise, and as the morning wore on, even the anxiety, in the little dark offices in Aldermanbury. Such a thing as Mr. Simpson's absence, without due cause assigned, was unknown hitherto in that most punctual and respectable establishment; and Mr. Styles, the old clerk, who had a sincere, if not a very demonstrative affection for his principal, was scarcely prevented, by a sense of what was due to the dignity of both parties, from taking his passage down to Notting Hill to inquire.

But indeed, even had Mr. Simpson made his usual appearance at his place of business that morning, it would have been too much to expect from human nature that he should have devoted himself with his old attention to ledgers and invoices. When he did arrive there towards the afternoon, the youngest clerk saw that there was something "on the governor's mind." He scarcely stayed half an hour; and if his unblemished commercial repute were any longer valuable to him, it would have been undoubtedly better if he had not looked in at all; for he left the impression on the minds of his subordinates, that even the small and cautious house of Simpson & Son had not escaped, in the last great commercial whirlpool; and the errand-boy, who was well up in that department of newspaper literature, gave it as his private opinion to his mother at home, that it was a "Paul & Bates" case.

But Mr. Simpson was thinking little of his business, and still less what people thought of him.

"I'll go to town at once, my dear," he had said to his wife, after their

first shock of surprise was over. "I'll go and see Grindles, poor John's agents, and hear what they can tell me about it; they'll be able to give me every information, of course, and advise me as to what to do. I'll go to Grindles' at once; and I'll just look into the counting-house and set Styles's mind at rest before I come back. I can bring my letters down here to answer." (How far Styles's mind was set at rest has been already recorded.)

To Messrs. Grindles' accordingly, at an unusual expense of cab-hire, Mr. Simpson proceeded. If he had any floating doubts in his mind before as to the correctness of the announcement in the *Times*, the remarkably grave and polite manner in which the junior Mr. Grindle (whom he remembered hitherto as a rapid and somewhat supercilious young man) received him on his entrance, would have gone far to remove them. "Have you heard anything lately of my cousin, Mr. John?" asked Mr. Simpson, with a *vis* which he felt was nervous and unsteady—that, however, was becoming under the supposed circumstances.

"Sit down, I beg, my dear sir,—pray sit down; sorry to say we have, very sorry indeed. Have you seen this, my dear sir?" producing a copy of the *Homeward Mail*, and pointing to a paragraph containing the same brief but important words as those which had caught the eyes of the Simpsons.

"I saw it in the *Times* this morning, and came to you to hear more about it. He was coming home, I fancy, this month?"

"He was," said Mr. Grindle; "he wrote us by last mail to say we might expect him by the *Formosa*, which brought the mails, as I understand, yesterday; he had taken his passage in her, he says in this letter. We were just going to telegraph down to Plymouth, to know if she has landed her passengers, and whether your poor cousin is among them. I should fear there can be doubt of the correctness of this sad news—most sad, indeed, and sudden; but we shall have an answer to-night, and will at once let you know. You are aware, of course," continued Mr.

Grindle, delicately, "that you are your cousin's representative?"

"I am aware of it, sir," said Mr. Simpson, bowing awkwardly. "I assure you—"

"Of course, my dear sir, of course these considerations are premature. I trust, I do most sincerely trust, that we may have some intelligence of our valued friend by the *Formosa*. You may depend upon our making the most particular inquiries, and giving you the earliest information. Expecting him in town we were this very day, and now! Well, Mr. Simpson, life is—"

But Mr. Grindle felt himself hardly equal to the definition, and filled up his unfinished sentence by lifting up his eyes and hands. "But allow me to offer you—"

"Nothing in the world, thank you"—and so they parted.

It was not natural that Mr. Simpson should either feel or affect much sorrow, for the death of a cousin whom he had not seen for nearly fifteen years. Yet sometimes, on his way home, when he remembered the days when they had played together as boys, the worthy tradesman's heart reproached him for the feelings of positive elation which he was conscious of since the news of the morning. He had never thought much of the possibility of such an event as his own accession to the little Surrey estate. Mrs. Simpson, it is true, had been fond at all times of decanting, even before their acquaintances, on her children's future "expectations," not altogether to her husband's satisfaction; he had no notion, as he said, of teaching the young folks to set themselves up above their father and mother, which the younger daughter, Augusta, was rather inclined to do. And it was not without some little misgiving that he contemplated, during his solitary ride home, some of the possible effects of the change in their position upon the female members of his household. Still, it is very pleasant to feel one's-self independent. The Simpsons were by no means rich;—the son had succeeded the father in a long-established but not very lucrative business, and had neither the means nor the energy to extend it. He had had his anxieties and losses, and he was fond of ease

and quiet. To drop unexpectedly into a thousand a-year way, he confessed to himself, a piece of good fortune almost bewildering. If he and Mrs. Simpson sent the young folks to bed early that night (to Miss Augusta's great dudgeon), and sat over the fire themselves somewhat later than usual, discussing their future prospects, they are not to be set down as more greedy and selfish than their neighbours.

Again, at nine o'clock exactly the following morning, did the 'bus which Mr. Simpson usually patronised go to town without him: and an aspiring young banker's clerk who lived close by, usurped from that time forward the well-known corner-seat, which had belonged by a prescriptive right, willingly recognized by other passengers, to the "highly-respectable old city gent" from No. 4. For Mr. Simpson himself, at that hour, was busy reading to Mrs. S., for the second time, the following important communication from Messrs. Grindle:

"DEAR SIR,—On receipt of telegraphic message yesterday evening, informing us that no such passenger as 'Mr. John Simpson' had arrived per steamer *Formosa*, we despatched a clerk at once per night-mail to make further inquiries. He has just returned, and brings word that Mr. John Simpson had engaged his passage by that vessel, and that some of his luggage is now actually on board. He had himself, as it appeared, left Tranquebar for Point de Galle some weeks previously; and the Ceylon papers, put on board the *Formosa* just before sailing, contained the intelligence of his death. We shall write by this mail to our correspondents in both places, and obtain all particulars. Meantime you may command our best advice and assistance.—Faithfully yours," &c.

The breakfast at No. 4 that morning was little more than a nominal meal to any of the party except Master Samuel. Either his imagination was less lively, or his appetite less liable to be affected by his feelings. Mrs. Simpson and Augusta were in a state of mind abhorrent from the coarse but comfortable substantial before them. Mr. Simpson played

with his knife and fork, but allowed his rasher to grow cold before him untasted. After Messrs. Grindles' letter had been discussed, they had been rather a silent party. The first dreams of sudden affluence were too vague and luxuriant to shape into words. The ladies were in a little fairy-land of their own, in which visions of smart carriages and unlimited millinery flashed before the eyes of their fancy. The husband felt, on the whole, almost as much puzzled as pleased. He had not yet succeeded in combining, to his own satisfaction, the proprietorship of Barton End—so uncle Sam's country-house was named—with the warehouses in Aldermanbury. A snug place down at Wandsworth, or any other favourite locality a few miles out of town, where he might have run down every day to dinner, and spent his Sundays with an old friend or two for company—this had long been an object of innocent ambition with him, and a favourite castle-in-the-air when he was in the mood for that kind of building, which, to do him justice, was but seldom; and if ever he had been inclined to trespass on the tenth commandment, it was as often as he passed a certain smart new villa on the Harrow Road, belonging to a retired tobacconist of his acquaintance, where the pillars at the entrance-gate represented two enormous cigars, and which bore the name of Havannah Cottage. That was very much Mr. Simpson's pattern of rural elegance and felicity. "I should like such a little place as Snuffson's very well," had been the nearest approach to enthusiastic admiration which he had ever been heard to utter with regard to that or any other of the numerous snug retreats of British industry which he and Mrs. Simpson noticed in their summer-evening drives; but it had been repeated more than once, and was evidently a pet dream of his. Mrs. Simpson's ambition had always been on a grander scale, and more comprehensive in its objects; indeed, it had varied from the possession of Buckingham Palace, Life Guards included, to the occupation of No. 1 in their own terrace, which had a

second drawing-room and plate-glass windows. Either sphere, she felt, she could adorn; meanwhile she was content to make an excellent wife in her present contracted orbit. An excellent wife, as Simpson often said to himself and his city friends, in his social confidences. Did she not insist upon his always wearing worsted hose and flannel waistcoats from a given date which was assumed as the beginning of winter? And if the peculiar irritability of Mr. Simpson's skin made this style of clothing especially disagreeable to him, could that be laid to her charge? Was he to catch cold, and risk his precious life, because he "didn't like the feel" of what was good for him? All Mr. Simpson's shirts were made at home, either by her own hands or by those of her daughters. They did not cost much less, that was admitted; the collars—being made after an old and approved pattern belonging to Mr. Simpson's papa, treasured up as a sort of standard of what a collar ~~should~~ be—did, as Mr. Simpson avowed, cut him under the ears, and docked over behind: but Mr. Simpson had a short neck, which was certainly no fault either of Mrs. S.'s or the collars. She put the cayenne pepper, to which Mr. S. was rather addicted, carefully out of reach at dinner time—it was so bad for his digestion; she woke him up ruthlessly from his after-dinner nap—those things grew upon people, and were very bad for a man of his full habit. She hid his snuff-box, banished his old "down-at-heel" slippers, and worked him a smart tight pair instead; and, in short, tried as far as possible to keep him in the way in which he should go. Mr. Simpson, it must be said, was ungrateful for some of these attentions, and evaded her well-meant efforts with a perverse ingenuity. He continually ignored or disputed the date of resuming the flannel and worsted, wore the new slippers down at heel, kept snuff in his waistcoat pocket, and had gradually acquired the faculty of sleeping, like a fish, with his eyes open. But Simpson was the best-tempered man in the world; and he and his wife, in spite of these little antagonistic peculiarities, might almost have been claimants for the

flitch at Dunmow. He had a quiet will of his own, too, in more important matters, which the lady, content with acknowledged sovereignty in what she considered her own departments of government, had sense enough seldom to try to interfere with. They had two daughters—Mary, the eldest, who had been to a good school, and was now on a visit to a maiden aunt at Brixton, and who was tacitly admitted to be rather the father's pet—having a good deal of his quiet good sense, and a very sweet disposition; and Augusta, who had never left home, and might be considered to have adopted more entirely her mother's tastes and manners. In Master Samuel, the only son, now about twelve, the hopes of both parents were alike centred; and his going to school had been delayed from time to time—to that young gentleman's disadvantage, a stranger might have thought—first, upon one pretext, and then another, partly because of the expense, but in fact chiefly because neither father nor mother could make up their minds to part with him. There were moments, no doubt, when some unusual fit of troublesomeness caused sentence of immediate deportation to be passed; but it never had been put into execution: and he went on picking up such scraps of learning—good and evil—as the little suburban day-school offered.

"You'll give up the business, of course, Simpson?" said the wife after a pause, following up one of her own trains of thought.

"No, Sally; I think not," quietly replied the husband.

Mrs. Simpson had been thinking not, too, in her own mind, and had not much hope of any other answer when she put the question. And she had very little confidence in her own powers of persuasion on this point, though she did follow up the attack by remarking, that she saw no reason why he should go on slaving all his life when they couldn't want the money. Mr. Simpson "wasn't above his business," and didn't call it slaving; and as to wanting the money, everybody wanted money as far as he saw: he meant everything to go on in the City just as usual.

"La, Pa, what ever for?" asked the energetic Augusta.

"For a good many reasons," replied her father. And that young lady, having also an instinctive suspicion that he meant what he said, relapsed into silence, as the servant entered to clear the table; for they had sat long though they had said little. And Mr. Simpson went off, an hour later than usual, to Aldermanbury.

The wife and daughter hardly felt inclined to settle themselves to their work-baskets as usual after breakfast, and Samuel had given himself a whole holiday in honour of an event which as yet he scarcely comprehended, and had begun to tease his sister to tell him all about it, when there came a ring at the bell, and Augusta, looking out of the parlour window which fully commanded all the approaches, announced the early visitor to be their neighbour, old Mr. Burrows of No. 6. He was a good-natured gossiping old bachelor, who had retired on a competency from a business of his own of some kind—it appears to be hardly etiquette in Portland Terrace to inquire into particulars on that point—and occupied his leisure hours, at present, in making himself master, as far as possible, of the business of other people. Not that there was a spice of ill-nature either in his curiosity or his gossip, but he liked, as he observed, to know what was going on; and it was wonderful what trouble he gave himself about his neighbours' affairs—what clever plots and plans he laid for other people, and what very little thanks he got for it. He would have done anything in the world to oblige his friends the Simpsons, except let them alone. His interference, however, was never resented: in fact, he was looked upon as a privileged friend of the family; and no one was surprised or annoyed at his early visit. The derangement in Mr. Simpson's usual movements had not escaped his busy perceptions, of course; for he spent a good deal of his time in looking out of his window, and in holding conversations with his housekeeper, who kept him excellently well informed of all the doings in the Terrace. Samuel, who

was very fond of the old gentleman (an unrequited attachment as it appeared) danced round him on his entrance with unusual glee.

"Well, my little man, good morning, good morning," said Mr. Burrows in the passage, soothing Master Samuel's antics as one would a restive horse, "we seem very lively here; what's going on, eh?"

"Oh! Papa's cousin John's dead, and we're all so glad!"

"Sam, come here, you shocking boy!" screamed Augusta, always prompt in a difficulty, for Mrs. Simpson was aghast and speechless at this abrupt statement of the circumstances; and she rushed into the passage, and seized and shook the offender vigorously.

"What's that for?" said Samuel rebelliously, while Mr. Burrows tried to mediate. "An't I to tell Mr Burrows then?"

"For shame, sir," said his mother; "is that the way to speak of your poor cousin's death?" And having duly welcomed her visitor, she proceeded to discriminate, not very lucidly, between cause and effect. A relative of her husband's *was* dead—very suddenly: that, of course, was very shocking. Some family property had thereby come to them; which, with their rising family, was of course very acceptable.

It was undeniable; Mr Burrows said "Of course."

"And I hope," said the kind-hearted old gentleman, after a few little inquiries as to the probable amount of their new fortune, and other circumstances, which the lady was almost as glad to communicate as he was to learn—"I hope this will smooth matters a little for my young friends, you know—eh, my dear Mrs. Simpson?"

Mrs. Simpson looked embarrassed. It was not because she did not know to what young friends Mr. Burrows alluded, or that there was any mystery in the matter, in spite of that gentleman's attempt at a wink. But it was the very last subject she wished to converse upon just at this time.

"Augusta, my love," said she, "just put on your bonnet—that's a dear—and go and ask how old Mrs.

Manson is; we never sent there all day yesterday, my head was so full of other things, and it's really quite unneighbourly."

Miss Augusta having been easily disposed of by this means—the more easily as the subject had long lost its novelty for her, and she did not therefore think it worth her while to make resistance—Mrs. Simpson, having gained also a little time to think, proceeded to reply to her visitor's last question; or rather to lead him off from it so as to avoid, if possible, giving any reply to it at all.

Her daughter Mary—to whom Mr. Burrows' little speech alluded—had lately become possessed of that delightful but dangerous plaything—a lover. There was nothing very romantic about the attachment, which might in part account for the fact that the course of their love, which was very true and honest, had hitherto run perfectly smooth, though there seemed a good many windings a prospect before it could hope to reach the ocean of matrimony. A *very* young fellow was George Harma: looking, and walking, and speaking as much like a gentleman as if he had spent his early years at Eton and Oxford, instead of passing at once from Highgate school into his uncle's counting-house. His uncle and Mr. Simpson were old friends; and he was also distantly related to Mr. Burrows, with whom he—and consequently Mary—was an especial favourite. Not that Mary required anything beyond her own sweet thoughtful face and winning manners to make her a favourite with most of her acquaintances, old and young. There had been no talk of marriage at present; both were young enough to wait, and, as yet, found the waiting very pleasant. Friends on both sides were propitious; or, at any rate, though perfectly aware of the state of affairs, had interposed no sort of objection; and it seemed tacitly understood that in two or three years' time or so, when some opening offered to enable George to do something for himself, he would come forward manfully and claim Mary for himself "for better for worse," without any very formidable discussion about settlements.

Nothing had been seen of him in Portland Terrace for the last fortnight, which had been naturally accounted for by the fact of Mary's being at Brixton. Aunt Martha was the kindest creature in the world—none the less kind in such cases, because her own youth had been sad and disappointed—and if she could not fairly attribute George Harrison's frequent visits and thoughtful little presents to her own attractions, she was well content to play the part of wall between the young Pyramus and Thisbe.

But their "Lion" too, poor souls, was already roaring in the distance, and from a very unexpected quarter. A very gentle beast too it might have been thought. But Uncle Sam's property, which had brought the flutterings of so much pleasure in anticipation to the rest of the Simpson household, had a root of bitterness in store for poor Mary and her lover. And there were persons at all events who were likely to be sincere mourners, though, like many other mourners, they had but selfish reasons, for "poor Cousin John."

When Augusta had closed the door, her mother resumed the interrupted conversation.

"Oh! you mean that flirtation between George Harrison and Mary, I suppose. Well, I haven't heard much about it lately, do you know?"

"Flirtation! My dear ma'am, why, aren't they engaged to be married?"

"They never told me so, I assure you, Mr. Burrows." It was true to the very letter.

"No; nor they never told me so either, Mrs. Simpson; but I suspect they have told each other so over and over again. You don't mean to say anything has gone wrong between them after all?"

"Nothing whatever that I know of, Mr. Burrows," rejoined the lady in her coldest and driest tone; "Mary's far too young to think about marrying yet, and me and Mr. Simpson object to long engagements."

There was something so unusually dignified in Mrs. Simpson's tone, that poor Mr. Burrows, who was no match for any woman in a conversation of this nature, for some moments could only look at her with astonishment;

but he concluded at last that her prospective riches had refined her philosophy, though without improving her grammar. He was much too honest and simple-minded himself to suspect the change which such a prospect could effect in two days in her maternal feelings.

"The fact is, my dear Mr. Burrows," continued the lady, shrugging her shoulders and putting on a confidential air, "there has been, as we all know, a little—a little nonsense going on between them, as there always will be amongst young people, but nothing really serious on either side, I fancy."

A little nonsense! nothing serious! Why, Mr. Burrows himself had joked and poked them many a time at certain snug little suppers which were wont to take place both at No. 4 and No. 6, Mrs. Simpson herself being present, and laughing heartily; and there she sat before him now looking the very picture of cool and unembarrassed innocence, while poor Mr. Burrows felt himself colouring with modest shame and indignation. It was interesting to see the progress Mrs. Simpson was making in the duties of her new position. It was an awkward interview, but she was going through it wonderfully, as she thought herself.

"You know, Mr. Burrows, in this world young people can't marry without money."

"They can't marry in the other world even with it, I suppose, ma'am; but I thought now the money was come." He was beginning to suspect the real workings of the mother's mind, and was more abrupt and less polite than usual.

"Oh, Mary mustn't look to her father for anything at present; there's no ready money, and a deal to be done on the property; our daughters won't be heiresses, indeed, Mr. Burrows;" but Mrs. Simpson could not resist a gratified smile at the notion.

"George wasn't looking for an heiress when he fixed upon your Mary, Mrs. Simpson; he would scorn to marry any girl for her money; but he's good enough for the biggest heiress in England, George is; ay, and many a one would be glad

enough to have him, ma'am, without a farthing, that they would! But as you say, ma'am, young folks can't inarry without something to begin the world with; and all I know is, if I had had a fort'n left me, and Miss Mary were my daughter, I'd spend half of it to make her happy, ma'am, that's what I would!"

"Ah, my good sir, how easy it is for you to talk who have no children, and can't feel as I do!" And the smile now took the character of triumphant superiority, which could afford to pity.

It is a valuable and unanswerable argument against all bachelors. What can they know about it? Mr. Burrows gave in, foiled, but indignant. It had been foretold to him in the days of his youth, by a gypsy fortune-teller, that he should listen to a tall fair lady, who should speak him fair, and turn out a dark deceiver. "Beware of her!" had been the ominous words, and he had walked in fear and trembling in the presence of all such enchantresses all the days of his life. And now the prophecy seemed in the way of being fulfilled, like all prophecies, in the most unlooked-for manner: to be sure the lady now before him was not tall, but she was fair, and that was quite as close an interpretation as such fulfilments admit of. He wished Mrs. Simpson "a very good morning," refused to listen to the syren voice which she put on to soothe and stay him, and left her rather disconcerted with her own success, for she had no desire to offend him.

"Confound her for a covetous old sinner!" was Mr. Burrows' explosion within his own breast as he stamped energetically along the terrace. "So she thinks her daughters may look higher now they've come into this bit of money, and means to throw poor George over! I'll give him a hint, though, of what he's got to expect, and hang me if he shan't be beforehand with them in crying off; I won't have him jilted by any such rubbish!"

By the time, however, that he got a mile from his own door—for he was much too indignant to go in and sit down—and had cooled himself in that

labyrinth of muddy fields and unfinished houses north of Notting Hill, beyond the knowledge even of cabs and policemen, called by the residents, for some mysterious reason, Kensington Park, he began to think within himself that the term "rubbish" could not apply with any degree of fitness to his favourite Mary Simpson. If the mother was spoiled by a little sudden prosperity, it was no reason the daughter should be. "George wouldn't have given her up," he thought, "not if he'd been left a million!" And why should the girl be less honest than he was? So Mr. Burrows resolved, with a very wise and unusual self-denial, to let things take their course for the present, and to smother his knowledge of Mrs. Simpson's baseness as he best might, within his own breast.

Mary came home from her aunt's the next day, and heard the news of the unexpected change in the family fortunes with so little outward emotion as to disappoint very considerably her sister and mother, both of whom thought to have had the pleasure of overwhelming her by the magnificence of their announcement. Perhaps one reason for her taking it so quietly was, that at the moment she did not connect it in the least with her engagement with George Harrison; for engaged they had been for the last six months, as Mrs. Simpson was perfectly well aware—though certainly she had received no formal notification of the fact—and therefore thought herself quite justified in professing ignorance to Mr. Burrows. Perhaps Mary thought of George so much, that everything which did not directly refer to him seemed to her of little importance. Girls are so foolish sometimes. She felt very glad on her father's account; she remembered once, when she was but a child, and some little difficulty about money had occurred, as such things will occur in the trading community even to the most prudent, that he had said to her mother in her hearing, "Ah, Sally, if I had but a thousand pounds!" and how much she had wished some one would give her a thousand pounds to give him, and wondered whether she could ever save so much out of her monthly

allowance of half-a-crown, by being more careful in the matter of boot-laces; and now he would have a thousand pounds every year! She wished some of it had come then; for she had dim and painful recollections of her mother crying, and her father walking about the room instead of eating his supper, and of herself going to bed with a heavy and puzzled heart, after a long kiss from him which she knew by instinct had as much sorrow as love in it. If she asked him more questions when he came home from the City that evening about Barton End, and whether he had ever been there, and what sort of a place it was, and when he meant to go and live there, than even Mrs. Simpson or Augusta had yet asked, it was not because Mary was more curious or more impatient than the others, or because the thought of their new wealth was more delightful to her, or because she was as tired as her mother and sister had suddenly professed themselves, of living "poked up in London" (perhaps she had her private reasons to the contrary), but because these were new and pleasant sources of a common interest between her father and herself, which she felt after all she could enter into much more heartily than his usual topics of conversation, which had seldom gone beyond the dry details of the rise and fall of markets, or the last commercial gossip from the City; and poor Mary had often confessed, rather to the annoyance of her family, that she had not much natural taste for shop craft, and had always found herself much more congenially occupied in aunt Martha's quiet cottage at Brixton, where there were books, and flowers, and old songs which she was never tired of singing, or her aunt of hearing. In fact Mary, though almost unconsciously to herself, and certainly not admitted to such distinction by either mother or sister, was quite the lady of the family. Mr Simpson felt it every day, though he could not have put it into words; and his own honest but uncultivated mind warmed and opened with a strange but not unusual attraction to his elder daughter's influence. His wife complained

on this very evening, not without some truth, that Mary had got more out of her father in a few minutes than she and Augusta had arrived at in all their cross-examination of him since the news arrived. For Mr. Simpson had actually, for a few weeks in his boyhood, been a dweller in this paradise (for such the Surrey country-house had become in their vivid imaginations), and could remember all about it, they were sure, if he chose.

"My loves, I don't remember much about it; I was only a boy, you know (and that's a long while ago, Sally); but I do remember poor uncle Sam was very kind, and it was a very nice place to me after London street, as you may suppose. I can recollect, as well as if it was yesterday, galloping the old pony about the park."

"There, Pa," screamed Augusta; "you never told us before that there was a park! Oh, what a beautiful place it must be!"

"It was called a park, my dear, but it was only a field: it had been a larger place once, I believe, but there was nothing very grand about it in uncle Sam's days."

"And shall I have a pony to ride, Pa?" asked Samuel.

"You shall go to school at all events, my boy," said his father, looking at him rather thoughtfully.

This was a view of his inheritance not altogether so gratifying to Master Samuel; though his sister, to whom he had been more than usually troublesome that morning, expressed her emphatic opinion, that it would "do him a deal of good."

"And Augusta must have a governess to finish her, like Miss 'Obbs," said the mother."

"La, mother!" exclaimed Augusta, who considered herself a much more finished article, in every respect, than Miss Hobbs, in spite of that young lady's superior advantages; but as there was something in the proposal which sounded grand she made no serious opposition to it.

Mary silently congratulated herself that she was too old to be finished; and then for the first time it struck her that their improved circumstances might have some effect

upon her own prospects. It was a very pleasant idea; and she began to indulge little dreams on her own account of all that money might do. It need not be said that she kept them carefully to herself, or that they would scarcely have harmonised with Mrs. Simpson's.

Sam was sent to school, and Mr. Simpson, after one or two further interviews with the Messrs. Grindles, went down, by advice of those gentlemen, and in company with the junior of the firm, to Barton End; not, of course, as yet to take possession, but from a very natural wish to renew at once his acquaintance with the old place of which he was soon to be the actual master, and to inform the old servants, who had been left in charge, of his cousin's death, and his own succession. Mr. John Simpson had inherited the estate at his uncle's death, about five years back, while he himself was engaged in his duties abroad, and it had been a matter of surprise that he had not at once returned to take possession. But old associations are strong; and he found Eastern habits had become agreeable to him. His agents duly remitted his rents. He was enabled, with the income of his consulship, to live almost regally, and in a position of some little importance, where he was, and perhaps felt rather shy of returning, an illiterate man, with foreign tastes and ideas, to risk a supercilious welcome from the Surrey squires. So he put off his coming home from year to year, until his friends made up their minds he would never come at all; and then the ship that was to have brought him, brought instead the news of his death. The house had never been disturbed since the uncle's death; his old domestics were still in possession, and were never interfered with, except by an occasional visit for a day or two from the Messrs. Grindles, who managed the estate. Whether Mr. John or Mr. Joseph Simpson arrived at last to take possession, made therefore as little difference to any party, except themselves, as could possibly be conceived.

It had been Mrs. Simpson's wish to have accompanied her husband on this pleasant voyage of discovery,

but that was a step which he himself by no means approved of; and as the Messrs. Grindles gave it also as their opinion that such a visit would be rather premature—in fact, that it would hardly look well—that lady, who was a staunch maintainer of decorum in all its branches, gave way at once. And if her proposal, in any degree, savoured of undue haste to step into the dead cousin's shoes, she hastened amply to atone for it, by ordering the deepest and most expensive mourning for the whole Portland Terrace establishment. It would no doubt have gratified the feelings of the late Mr. John in the highest degree, and have almost reconciled him to his fortunate representatives, if he could have overlooked his sorrowing relative giving directions to her milliner to have "everything of the very best, and just as if it was for a brother," and have felt the thickness of the silks, and measured the depth of the crape.

So leaving Mrs. Simpson thus fully engaged, her husband went down into Surrey with the junior Mr. Grindle in his dog-cart. You might have called Mr. Grindle a bad lawyer, and he would only have laughed at you, or even have taken it as a compliment; but to have questioned his driving would have been to make an enemy of him for life. The mare was skittish, and the worthy citizen felt or fancied himself in peril of an overthrow more than once, and inwardly resolved not to include a vehicle of that description in his list of necessities for a country gentleman's establishment; but having the prudence to confine his fears to himself, and risking no remark upon the subject beyond the unobjectionable observation that the mare was "very fresh," they arrived at Barton End quite safely and on excellent terms with each other.

"We must stay here two or three days," said the lawyer. "I haven't been able to get down here for some time, and there are a good many things to be looked into; and of course I should like, while we are here, to show you over the estate: besides, I've asked a friend to meet me here for a day's shooting; generally get a couple of good days here

in the course of the year; your cousin, Mr. John, you see, always left me that privilege—can't say how it's to be in future, you know, of course," continued Mr. Grindle, with what he meant for a sort of deferential smile, but accompanied with a gentle nudge which might have struck any one but Mr. Simpson as rather familiar. But Mr. Grindle knew his man, and had an eye to securing the agency as well as the shooting.

"Oh! I am sure, I hope—I beg by all means—if I'm ever in that position, I mean, and if you were good enough to do my little business for me—"

"Time enough, my dear sir, to talk about those things; at present, you understand I act for Mr. John Simpson." Mr. Grindle had perfectly satisfied himself on the point on which he had been very properly anxious; and now he put the question by so quietly and decidedly, that poor Mr. Simpson felt quite rebuked, as if he himself had very indecorously brought it forward.

"You don't shoot yourself, perhaps?" resumed the lawyer, after a decent interval, which he kindly allowed his companion for repentance and recovery.

Mr. Simpson might have replied, "Do I look as if I did?" but he contented himself with a smile and a shake of the head.

"Well, I dare say you can amuse yourself if I am so uncivil as to leave you for a day; there's the mare, and the cart, very much at your service."

Mr. Simpson bowed his acknowledgements, but without the slightest idea of interfering with the mare's retirement. He had been wishing there were an omnibus handy for his journey home; and was very glad to descend from his seat and follow Mr. Grindle, who seemed quite at home, into a comfortable-looking room, with a good fire, and which had evidently been a library.

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, gentlemen," said the old man who had ushered them in.

"And we shall be quite ready for it," said the lawyer; Mr. Simpson not being prepared with a reply.

Matters were not nearly so com-

fortable in Portland Terrace. It so happened that the very evening of Mr. Simpson's departure, George Harrison had run down, in more than his usually joyous spirits, with a little good news of his own for Mary. The long-hoped-for augmentation of his salary had come at last. The uncle who had taken him into his counting-house—and who was his guardian, for George had lost his father—was a strict man, and somewhat eccentric in his ways, but very just. He had a large family of his own, and though the business was extensive and lucrative, it had always been well understood that George must entertain no expectations of future partnership, as that would be the sons' inheritance. Two of them were clerks in the counting-house, and the father kept them as strictly to their desks, or rather more strictly, than any one else in the establishment. George Harrison might consider himself fortunate in occupying the position he did, which was independent and respectable; and perhaps he was even still more fortunate in having to work his own way under eyes which were not easily cheated or evaded, and where no mercy was shown to any wilful neglect. He did his best; and though his uncle had never done more than express himself as quite satisfied, he found that when a fair opportunity offered of advancing him, he was not forgotten. His cousins would no doubt in time become members of the firm, but they were young; and George found himself now promoted to a vacancy which the father knew he was at present much better qualified to fill. It offered but a very modest income to marry upon, certainly; but Mary had no grand ideas: and George thought that even the *Times'* minimum income for young couples would bear reduction. At any rate he ran down to Portland Terrace (eager as he was, not a sixpence would he waste in cab-hire), and rushed in very wet and very happy to rejoice and consult with Mary. Mrs. Simpson was in her own room, very busy with the dressmaker: Augusta, who was a good-natured girl enough, and very fond of her sister, and willing also no doubt to do as she would be done by, found she had something to look after in

the kitchen; though her conscience smote her afterwards for weakly allowing her feelings to interfere with her duty, having fully adopted her mother's views, at a conference held the evening before, that it would be a thousand pities now, when Mary might do so well, and form an undeniable connection, "to your advantage, you know, my dear, as well," said the thoughtful mother, "for her to go and throw herself away upon that young Harrison." The coast being clear, however, Mary and her lover had a good three-quarters of an hour to themselves before Mrs. Simpson knew he was in the house; and how much may be said and done in three-quarters of an hour judiciously employed! On the stage, a whole *petite comédie*, comprehending at least two pairs of lovers and their fortunes, is performed within the time; in real life, all that is worth remembering in the long dull drama of existence, for either man or woman, is often played out in less; the rest of it—scenes, characters, and dialogue—might be all out without destroying the interest, if not with advantage to the lookers-on. But for the two young hearts now beating near each other (very near indeed it was) in Mrs. Simpson's parlour, though without her sanction, the grand act of life had been played already, long since; it was only the winding-up of the piece which they had to settle, and that was soon done. If Mary didn't think it too little to live upon, why, George didn't. If George thought they could manage, then Mary was sure they could. In a meeting so unanimous, the resolutions do not require much discussion. The arguments are admitted on both sides; or rather, both sides are one. If any unpleasant suggestion—one of the prudence party—intrudes itself, the course is obvious—"turn him out." What means freedom of discussion on such subjects—indeed on any subject—except freedom to discuss it as much and as little as you like? Then she told him—and was glad she had not told him before—of the possibility that she might have "a little something" too. Papa would not let her come to him quite penniless now; and some day or other—perhaps

when they most wanted it, "for their children," in her pure innocence she said—he might—she was sure he would—do all he fairly could for her. And George was almost angry with her for having anything to promise him besides herself.

Three-quarters of an hour was it! why it did not seem five minutes. (Augusta thought the clock had stopped, for the kitchen fire was low, and Betsy was snappish, and not so much inclined for gossip as usual; her young man was waiting at the area steps, which accounted for a low whistle every five minutes, startling Augusta. Betsy said the cat had a cold.) Three-quarters of an hour it was though, neither more nor less, and George must go; couldn't even stay supper as usual; he would have more work to do now, and there was something to be attended to that very night; he "had rather go," and Mary did not ask him to stay. So the mischief was done, and George Harrison half-way home to his humble lodging, before Mrs. Simpson descended to supper. She was in a benignant mood, for the new gowns fitted admirably, and being what the dress-maker called "rather jolly"—which only implies that which in polite language is called well-developed proportions—she was conscious that she looked well in black. Even the announcement which Mary very innocently made at supper-time, that George had been there, neither spoilt her temper nor her appetite; he was gone again, that was a comfort; but she would lose no time in having a talk with Mary. So when she had finished her moderate glass of rum-and-water, she was not sorry to see her younger daughter (who had not spent a satisfactory evening on the whole, having sat for what seemed to her an unconscionable time in the dark with the cross Betsy and an uneasy conscience) take up her candlestick with a yawn, and proceed to bed. Mary, too, had something to say. It was with some little misgiving—more certainly than she should have felt a fortnight back—that she told her mother of George's advancement, and how he had now taken courage actually to speak about their marriage. She did not feel quite

sure, when she recalled certain hints and side-speeches (Mrs. Simpson was great in that line) addressed during the last few days rather to Augusta than herself, about hasty engagements, and imprudent marriages, and the duty of paying due regard to the station in which people were placed, whether what she had to tell would be received quite as she could wish. While George was with her, she had seen no difficulties in the way; but now, alone with her mother, all her joy and confidence were gone. But if she spoke hesitatingly, and anticipating a somewhat colder reception for her confession than the good-humoured banter which she had grown accustomed to on this same subject, little indeed was she prepared for the storm of anger which burst upon her. Never had Mrs. Simpson been seen so angry. She was provoked with herself for having delayed her lecture to her elder daughter so long; angry with the whole household for having been accomplices in securing that important three-quarters of an hour for George and Mary's conspiracy against her; angry with the dressmaker for having come at that particular crisis—an hour behind her appointment—she must have done it on purpose; and angry beyond measure with George Harrison for having out-generated her cherished plans by a little straightforward dealing. She had trusted more to the hope of disgusting him in time by a careful system of cold receptions, and change of manner, than to any positive effect which she expected to produce upon her daughter by any hints of her improved value in the matrimonial market, or direct exhortations to make the most of her new position. George, she knew, had an honest and independent spirit; once let him feel that he was suspected of pressing his suit now because there was money in the case, and however unreasonable the accusation, his pride might take offence. Then Mary might go into the country, out of his way; and so in time, this unlucky love might go the way of many others, become one more of those little silent sacrifices laid upon the altars of wealth and pride—mites in the estimation of a prudent public, but sometimes to the offerers more costly than "all their

living"—and be gradually reduced, with hymns and libations from Mrs. Simpson, as high-priestess, to ashes.

So at first, even now, instead of attacking Mary, she began by opening fire upon George. It was a mistake, Mrs. Simpson, and as a woman you ought to have known it. In a calmer mood, you would never have made a first move so utterly destructive of your game. Mary might have taken a good amount of scolding for herself quietly; however cruel and unwarrantable she might have felt her mother's conduct to be, a few gentle expostulations and a bitter flood of tears would have been her only reply that evening. Mary and her mother might have fewer interests and feelings in common than was good for either; but there had never yet been injustice on one side, or any lack of dutiful affection on the other. But when Mrs. Simpson paused for breath after an alternation of violent abuse and attempted sarcasm against George Harrison as "a low mercenary creature," having declared her own firm belief that this opportune increase of his salary was nothing but a "move" got up between himself and his uncle in order to nail the Simpsons to the point at once, she saw that Mary, though she trembled very much, had risen from her seat, and was looking at her with a very calm and composed countenance, on which there was no symptom of a tear.

"Mother!" said the girl, "you don't mean that of George?"

Mrs. Simpson did not mean it, in her heart; but she had meant to say it, and had said it; and she said it again, more violently than ever, because she felt its untruth.

"Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly on her arm, "don't say any more. If you never meant me to marry him, you should have spoken before. It's too late now, for either of us. We can't go back. O that this miserable money had never come between us!" For Mary saw it all now.

"You've been took in, Mary; took in by a swindler, as I may say. If I were you, I'd have more spirit, that I would."

Spirit! it was not spirit which poor Mary wanted just then. She wanted patience, which is harder to

find. If the mother had never understood her daughter before, she had unlocked some startling secrets now. In the usually calm sweet face, now flashing crimson, and then changing to dead white, there was neither maiden shame nor girlish fear of her mother's anger, but burning indignation, and fixed defiance. Mrs. Simpson was not a wise woman, even in a worldly sense; she understood the symptoms, she was frightened, but she was not to be mastered by her own daughter, in her own house. She was undeniably right; and like many other persons when undeniably right, she was wrong.

"Say what you will of me, mother, and I'll bear it, if I can; but don't dare to slander *him*!"

"Dare! hey-day! I'll dare him to come inside my doors again, that's what I will!"

"There shall be no need, mother; I can go to him."

Both had said a good deal more now than they had meant to say. Mary's was one of those quiet answers which rather increase wrath than turn it away. Her mother's indignation stifled her words. She could only gasp out something like, "Very well, ma'am—very well!" when Mary rushed up-stairs to her room, and sat down in an agony of wounded feeling, to which even a flood of tears brought no relief. It was all so sudden, so little deserved! and all because of a little money! But though she never slept that night, she lay very still and quiet, and never disturbed her sister. She had no one there who understood her, none to whom to open her grief. But her resolution was taken; and long before the family breakfast-hour she had dressed hastily, packed up quietly a few absolute necessities out of her wardrobe, and taking them in her own hand, leaving Betsy in wide astonishment as she glided by her in the passage, she had reached the nearest cab-stand, and asked to be driven to her aunt's at Brixton.

Aunt Martha, she thought, would give her sympathy at all events, and a little counsel for the actual present. For the future, she meant to ask no one's counsel but George's. If he

would take her to him, there she was; never so wretched and miserable as now, to be sure, but never so much needing the love and care which he had so often promised. She was not ashamed of her love for him now; he had been wronged, insulted. She did not consider it was only the senseless violence of an angry woman; she would scarcely have minded rushing in to him in his uncle's presence, and crying, "George, here I am: pity me and love me; no one else will, because I love you."

She hardly knew how she got into her aunt's pretty sitting-room. She did not understand the servant, till she had told her twice that her aunt was gone from home.

"Yes, Miss, gone to nurse old Mrs. Manson for two or three days, while her niece is away. Old Mrs. Manson's very bad, I do suppose, Miss." Well, she must sit down, at least, and calm herself. She would write to George at once. But what to say? when could sorrow, shame, and outraged feeling ever shape themselves into the letters of any discovered alphabet? She wrote, and tried to read what she had written, and tore it into fragments. She bent her aching head upon her hands, and waited for the troubled thoughts to still themselves. But they would not. Then she rose, and went to the window that looked out into the road. But what a merciful ordering it is, that the most trifling outward object catches the eye at such moments, and delivers us for a few instants from ourselves! A coach was passing towards the great city. It was a gentle ascent, and at the moment a boy with a very small bundle let himself gently down from behind. Not so quickly though, but that the watchful driver caught sight of him when he reached the ground.

"Hallo, young chap!" he shouted, "fare's a shilling, if you please!"

"All right, coachman, all right!" and the boy ran off as fast as his legs would carry him.

"All right! I'm blest if it is though!—think you're going to ride all the way from Croydon here for nothing, ye young rascal!"

The driver pulled up his horses, and looked after his flying "fare"

for a few seconds, as if he had a great mind to get down from his box and give chase; but as the boy was active and had a fair start, and time was probably valuable, he shouted a few good-humoured threats after him, and drove on.

Mary had looked after him too, with such utter astonishment that her own troubles were forgotten. Her eyes had tears in them, to be sure; but there was no mistaking the personal identity of Master Samuel. She flew to the street door, and could just see his figure in the distance. The coach turned the corner in the opposite direction, and then the boy appeared to stop, and to be watching whether any one was coming in pursuit. He began slowly to retrace his steps towards the door where Mary was standing, and Mary hardly waited for him to be within reasonable distance to wave her handkerchief in the hope of attracting his attention. The movement seemed rather a suspicious one to the fugitive, for he halted and reconnoitred afresh. Mary ran towards him, unbonneted as she was, and at last Samuel recognised a friend. He was hurried into the house, and questioned as well as his sister's agitation would allow her.

Samuel had run away from school.

"I a'n't going to black Binns' boots, nor spend all my money in buying paunches to feed his dog, nor to have nuts cracked on my head with Vardy's dict'snary, nor have my tea stirred with a tallow candle, nor be locked up on a half-holiday. I cut away this morning—me and another did."

Where was he going to now, Mary asked.

"Well, I was coming here first, to see what aunt Martha'd say, and then I'm going home to mother. I rode all the way from Croydon here, you see, but I hadn't got a sixpence. Vardy said he'd skin me if I didn't lend him all I had left, so I jumped off by here you see without paying; didn't I manage it prime? What'll mother say, do you think, Mary?"

Mary could have told him that Mrs. Simpson was not likely at present to give him a very warm welcome. But a sudden thought had struck her. She would take Samuel

with her—even he was a sort of protection, and a fellow-culprit—and go down at once to her father at Barton End. She would tell him everything, and follow his advice faithfully, for he would never urge her to give up George.

Samuel was delighted with the proposal; Mrs. Simpson's moods were uncertain with all her family, and it was quite a matter of speculation with him during his flight, whether she would kiss and pity him on his arrival, or send him to bed in preparation for the early coach back to the hated school in the morning. And to go down to Barton End!—it was worth running away for, even if the master flogged him (he couldn't think Vardy really meant to skin him) when he was sent back. The old pony might be living in the park still, possibly. Of course he should like to go to Barton End.

It was ascertained upon inquiry that a coach would pass in the afternoon, which would set down Mary and her brother soon after dark within a mile of the house. Samuel was in terror lest the coachman should be his old acquaintance of the morning; but even he should be propitiated, Mary assured him, by an extra shilling. The boy's company had already done her good. She listened to all his school troubles, and promised, that if he went back, and was a good boy, the absolute power of Binns and Vardy should be modified. It was strange, Mary thought, that even these boys should begin thus early to torment each other; she wondered whether there was any happiness anywhere in this world! Samuel was ravenously hungry, having run away without his breakfast, which reminded Mary that she had done the same; appetite is very infectious, and she was indebted to his example for not refusing entirely, as she felt very much disposed to do, the extempore luncheon which aunt Martha's maid was quite ashamed of, but which Master Simpson pronounced to be "prime." Mary wrote a hasty note to Augusta, to say she was gone to her father, and rather longer ones, not nearly so intelligible, to George and to her aunt, and took her seat in the coach with a sinking heart. It was a miserable journey

this looked-for visit to Barton End; she dreaded the very sight of it. What would her poor father say? Mary had never given him one moment's trouble. He had been fond of saying so to her when they were alone; she was his heart's pride and delight. He would think her right, she was sure; but must she be the wretched instrument of breaking up all his family happiness? Still, she never hesitated or repented for one instant. She must be true to George. She would never have suffered herself to think of him; would have smothered her first feelings towards him as she might, had either father or mother forbidden their intimacy; would give him up even now, if he was—what he had been called that morning; so she stepped out in the dark evening on the strange road where the turn to Barton was, with a weak and tottering step, but with as strong a heart as when she had said to her mother, "I can go to him."

It was a long lonely mile to Barton End, but a straight road, the coachman had said, and she had famous company. For Samuel had begged to go outside, and for the last few miles had sat on the box, had heard wondrous tales of horses, and taken the coachman into his confidence as to his running away, and informed him of his prospective ownership of Barton End, and, in short, talked in such magnificent style as must have abashed Binns & Co. for ever, could they but have heard him. But he was very quiet now,—partly from some misgivings as to the meeting with his father, and partly because Mary clasped his hand so tight, and trembled so, and walked so very fast, and then stopped for breath, that Samuel was rather frightened. He little knew that in the eyes of the world, poor Mary was by far the greater culprit of the two. He began again at this last moment, as he had done before during the day, to enlist her on his side against the offended powers.

"I say, Polly dear, say a good word for me; don't let 'em send me back again straight, as they did one boy, and they kept him on bread and water for a week, and flogged him twice every day, and he went and drowned himself, and there's his

bones plain in the well now, and his ghost comes up every Saturday night in the bucket."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Sam," said his sister, though she scarcely heard the words.

"Well, but Vardy told me so, and he showed me something white down in the water, and told me to go and draw the bucket up on a Saturday night, but I dur'n't."

Possibly the increasing gloom of the lane had its effect on Samuel's nerves, which were not of the strongest; however, they reached the entrance to the house without difficulty or adventure.

Mr. Grindle had returned from a long day's shooting, and found Mr. Simpson awaiting him at a late dinner; rather moped, if the truth must be told, and longing to be at home at tea with his family. The lawyer's sporting friend had declined to stay and dine with them, and had driven back to town; so the two gentlemen again sat down *à la carte*, Mr. Grindle doing the honours. Mr. Simpson found his position rather embarrassing; he was neither master nor guest. He was drinking the agent's wine, kept under private lock and key in preparation for his periodical visits, and eating the salmon brought down in ice in his dog-cart. He would not have ventured himself to give an order in the house for the world. Mr. Grindle, it is true, referred to him continually, most distinctly and pointedly, as "poor Mr. John's cousin;" but he felt that the sour-looking old servant would, at a word from that gentleman, have kicked him out of the front door, and, as he fancied, with pleasure. It was quite true—so he would; and Mr. Grindle after him, and Mr. John Simpson, had he had the chance, after them both, or any other visitor by right or by invitation, who interfered with his own personal ease and quiet; but to poor Mr. Joseph it seemed that the sour looks were levelled specially at him.

It might be that both gentlemen were tired, or that they did not find each other's conversation very agreeable, or that, as the lawyer observed, there was something sleepy in the air; for, after a very languid attempt at conversation, they forgot to pass

he bottle, and fell fast asleep in their respective easy-chairs. They were roused by a startling peal from the hall bell (nervous hands always pull hard) echoing loudly through the almost empty house.

"Rather late for a visitor," said Mr. Grindle; "hope none of my clients have followed me down here."

The hall-door was opened, there was a preliminary negotiation audible in the passage, and then the sour-visaged domestic ushered in "Miss Simpson." Mr. Grindle looked astonished, as he rose and bowed. Mr. Simpson jumped up in alarm. "Anything the matter at home, Mary?" said the father in a trembling voice.

She forgot Mr. Grindle; perhaps never saw him. She rushed forward, and fell on her knees with one loud sob at her father's feet.

Perhaps Mr. Grindle could not, strictly speaking, have been called a gentleman. He was a man, at all events, which is sometimes just as good. He was astonished, he was very pardonably curious, but he walked straight out of the room. It was a case, as he could have phrased it, quite out of his line of business. He walked straight out, rather in a hurry, and the passage was rather dark. There he stumbled over a boy. "Who are you?" said he, shaking him rather roughly, by way of giving vent to his agitated feelings—"who the deuce are you?"

"Don't," said a pleading voice—"don't; I'm Sam."

"Sam who?"

"Sam Simpson."

"Curse it," said the lawyer, "here's be the whole family come."

"And what on earth are you doing here, boy, skulking in the passage? If you want to see your father, why don't you go to him?"

"Oh! 'cause I've ran away; and he's gone to tell him about Binns."

"Ran away? where from? and why did you run here? and who's Binns?"

But if there had been any hope, in his then state of agitation, of Samuel's giving intelligible answers to this sharp fire of questions, he was at all events spared the trial, or at that moment the hall bell went again, as loudly as before.

"Go it," said Mr. Grindle, with

a sort of sneering defiance; "ring louder."

Samuel had not the slightest doubt that the Philistines were upon him—that the whole staff of Lindley House, professors of all branches, native Parisians and Germans, drawing, writing, fencing, and calisthenic masters (most of whom he had never seen, but they looked terrible in the prospectus), with Binns and Vardy probably as volunteers, were baying on his track, and that he was to be dragged back to increased tortures.

"Let go my coat-tails, sir. (Sam had fastened on him in his agony.) "What's the matter with the boy? don't howl in that way, go to your father, d'ye hear?—Sorry to keep you waiting, I'm sure," said the lawyer, again addressing the door with a bitter politeness; for either the old servant was slow, or the new visitor impatient, and there was another peal along the passages. Sam was under the hall table now. The old servant came across the hall, looking sourer than ever.

"More company, Zachary," said Mr. Grindle; "are your beds all aired?" Zachary's face might have expressed disgust, but that was its usual expression, and he was too much afraid of the lawyer to reply, or, perhaps, too intensely indignant.

He opened the door, however, and a tall young man inquired for Mr. Joseph Simpson.

"Your name, sir, if you please," said Zachary. It must have been a great satisfaction to him to answer by a counter-question, for the gentleman was evidently impatient.

"Mr. Harrison." Zachary vouchsafed no verbal answer, but allowed him to walk in. George caught sight of Mr. Grindle as he was retreating, and addressed his next question to him.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you no doubt can tell me—is Mary—is Miss Simpson here with her father?"

"Well," said the lawyer, after taking a rapid survey of his questioner, which appeared satisfactory, for there was something less of irritation in his tone, "I think I may say she is. Has *she* run away?"

"Sir!" said George, firing up.

"Oh! no offence, I beseech you; but really the family movements are rather puzzling. You see this young gentleman—eh! what's become of him now?"

Reassured by George Harrison's well-known voice, Samuel took courage to emerge from under the table.

George looked, if possible, more puzzled than Mr. Grindle. "Well," said the latter, in a tone that implied he gave the thing up altogether—"I think I'll go to bed—give me a candle, Zachary. You'll find Mr. Simpson in there."

Mary had laid all her griefs before her father. Her mother's violence was not so overwhelming to him as it had been to her. He was more really vexed, though he did not say so, at Mary's imprudent step than at his wife's foolish language; a few hasty words more or less would have made very little impression upon good-humoured Mr. Simpson. But he was not in love, had not heard blasphemy spoken against his idol, as poor Mary had. He soothed and comforted her as well as he could, though he was sadly at a loss for words; it would all come right by-and-by. At all events Mary and George had his consent, and they must be patient; but he ended by wishing with her that cousin John's property had gone somewhere else. "We wasn't rich, Mary, but we was very comfortable as we was."

"Oh yes, dear father, oh yes!" and Mary began to sob again, though the tears were not so bitter; when she started at the sound of a voice and a step in the hall, and grew as pale again as marble. Why was it, that when George entered the room, she turned from him and hid her face on her father's shoulder, instead of flying into his arms for shelter as she had longed to do a few hours ago!

He had left town the instant he received her note—so hurried and incoherent that he scarcely gathered more from it than that she was in trouble, and that he should find her with her father at Barton End. Had she asked him to come to her?—she could not remember now: had she done wrong?—she began to fear it now. Mr. Simpson held out his hand at once, with the old cordial

greeting, "George, my boy!" Indeed, he was delighted to see him, and would have transferred his daughter at once to one who was probably more at home, or at least had more modern experience, in such scenes than himself; but Mary clung close, and never looked up or spoke.

Again the hall bell rang; not so loud, this time; but Harrison had left the dining-room door open, and Sam, once more in a state of alarm, rushed in to his bewildered parent, and exclaimed, "Oh! father, father! here's a carriage drove up!"

"I'll bet a shilling," said Mr. Simpson, "it's your mother, Polly! Never mind, my girl, cheer up, cheer up." Mary looked up, and put her hand in George's. Nobody thought of Sam; but he felt great comfort at the suggestion. Chains and bolts were withdrawn, amidst audible mutterings from Zachary. It was not a lady's voice; it was not Mrs. Simpson, for Samuel rushed out to see, and came back looking more scared than ever. Old Zachary looked into the room, with a hideous smile, and announced very distinctly

MR. JOHN SIMPSON!

A stout, dark-complexioned, but good-humoured-looking man walked full into the middle of the room, and bowed comprehensively to all the party, with something of foreign grace,—at least without English awkwardness. He looked as little alarming as a man of six feet, with a good deal of hair about him, could well do; but it may be supposed that the company were not a little startled. Certainly few gentlemen were ever so received in their own house. Mary felt inclined to scream, but only broke into a low hysterical laugh. He seemed to enjoy their intense astonishment.

"Ha! ha!" he burst out at last, for no one else spoke,—"quite a family party, I conclude. Come, I'll tell you what—I'm glad to see you all; I've not seen a soul of my own name or kin for fifteen years—don't look strange at me because I'm come home."

"John!" said his cousin, finding voice at last—"John! I'm heartily glad to see you—welcome home!"

The other looked at him for a moment—they were keener eyes than

Mr. Joseph Simpson's. "Joe," said he—there was no mistaking the honest face—"Joe, I believe it!" and he dashed his hand into his cousin's, and turned his head aside for a moment—perhaps to look at Sam.

"I'm very sorry, Joe; not sorry I'm alive, you know that can't be helped; but sorry you've been disappointed. I called at Grindles', and they told me all about it. Never mind, Joe; the old place shall be a home for you and yours; and you'll forgive me for coming back."

Mr. Joe Simpson made no reply; he never was a good hand at speeches. He turned his head away, now; probably to see what Mary was about. "That's your daughter, Joe," continued Mr. John, who was much the most at home, as he had best right to be. "I never thought any of our lot would have shown so much blood. Gad, what a sweetsight it is to see an English girl's face," and he proceeded to mark his appreciation of the opportunity by a very emphatic kiss, for which he made a very proper apology, but Mary would have been quite content without. "And this your eldest son—how these young ones run up; a'nt an atom like you, Joe, my boy! but a very fine young fellow;" and he shook George heartily by the hand, to which George as heartily responded; he had not the least objection to be taken for one of the family. "But what's this, my dear," said he to Mary, from whom in truth he had hardly taken off his eyes—"what's this? you've been crying!"

What could poor Mary do, but cry again? His voice was so kind: he looked so inquiringly into her eyes; he took her hand so gently. This was cousin John! Oh! how glad she was there was to be no more rejoicing over his money!

"I shan't cry any more now you are come back," she said.

"Now, no humbug," said cousin John; "you didn't cry for me, you know; what's this all about, eh!"

He was told all about it. In half an hour, cousin John and his heirs-expectant were the best friends in the world. He was taken into every-

body's confidence; what he whispered to Mary no one ever knew, unless she has told George Harrison now they are married. He promised to go back with Sam to school, and to skin Vardy, if necessary, in case a magnificent supper to the whole fraternity of Lindley House should not be found sufficient (with a quiet hint to the doctor) to insure Sam's future popularity without having recourse to that extreme measure. By the time the faithful Zachary had informed Mr. Grindle of his principal's arrival in flesh and blood, and that gentleman had made himself up to come down stairs, cousin John Simpson had been restored to his own again without a heartburning or a grudge from any one of his disinherited relations. Over Mrs. Simpson's and Augusta's disappointment, we prefer to draw a veil. They bore it like women, and said they "always knew cousin John would turn up again."

"You haven't told us, Mr. John," said Grindle, "how this strange mistake arose, after all?"

"It comes of doing things by halves," and he took a colonial newspaper out of his pocket, and pointed out this paragraph to Mr. Grindle.

"On the 11th ult., at Point de Galle, Ceylon, on his voyage home, Mr. John Simpson, Her Majesty's Consul at Tranquebar, to *Celestine Sophie, relict of the late Count de Leon Savigny, Colonel in the Austrian Service.*"

"They put in only half the announcement, you see, and so it got among the deaths, and was copied into the English papers. I made them print it here with an apology. It was rather a sudden thing," continued Mr. John, "and I couldn't come off at once by the *Formosa*; I only landed last night. She's a very fine woman, and can't speak a word of English, so there'll be no family quarrels, Joe; and mind what I say, here's a country-house for you and yours as long as it stands."

Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson have no family; and Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison are their constant guests.

SERMONS.

HUMAN nature and popular liking get hard measure at everybody's hand. We who make up the tale and add our own individual voices to give character to the opinions and sentiments of the crowd, are nevertheless ready at all times to mount upon a fancied superiority, and condemn the conclusions of the popular mind, though that embraces our own. At the present time, when all the talking portion of the world not at leisure in its yearly holiday has taken to discuss the intellectual tastes of the multitude, we have heard perhaps quite enough about the novel-reading of the public libraries and mechanics' institutes throughout the country, and that unexampled diffusion of light literature among the masses, which has not ceased yet to amaze the philosophic mind. Granting as an astonishing and unforeseen fact the undeniable truth, that all the different classes of society are pretty much at one in their tastes, and that the democracy, strangely enough, is not more anxious to improve its mind than is the aristocracy, and does not even show any special distinction in that respect from the very middle classes themselves, we have still, in allowing this, made ourselves aware of only one side of the subject. We, and the great people and the working people, and all the world, read more novels by a very long number than we read works of philosophy, science, or any other elevated and elevating branch of literature; perhaps we read more novels than are good for us—not to say write them—but still this is only one aspect of the popular English inclination. There is a counterpoise and balance: it is common to speak of the race once run by *Old Mortality* on the one side, and Dr. Chalmers's *Astronomical Discourses* on the other, as an amazing testimony to the attractiveness of these eloquent sermons; but, after all, the fact is not so unprecedented as one might suppose. Whether it is the leaven of ancient Puritanism working still under the soil; whe-

ther it is a certain controversial and polemic tendency peculiar to a country in which opinion and thought are free as the winds, or whether it be merely the broader superficial satisfaction which people very imperfectly religious, yet affectionately inclined towards the gospel, take in hearing it talked of, we do not presume to decide; but it is a very certain fact, that even among our novel-loving population, sermons—a manner of literature quite antipodal and antagonistic—find, in spite of many disclaimers, a great and universal acceptance. While people speak of the penny periodicals, full of tales and novelties, which the metropolis sends forth, few think of the side-by-side existence of a penny *Pulpit*, where, in thin paper and coarse print like their neighbours, the divines of London, of all denominations, send forth their exhortations to the crowd. And let nobody suppose the *Pulpit* languishes while the tales flourish. We are, though not an island of saints, a sermon-loving generation. Our ears tingle to the hortatory address as well as to the tale of fancy; and the former liking is so much the more spontaneous, that while hosts of literary adventurers watch the popular appetite, and study its variations with all the anxiety of unsecured servants, whom a moment's caprice may cast out, the body of divinity troubles itself very much less about the matter, and holds an unbounded and unshakable confidence in its own interesting voice—a confidence which is justified by the results. There is scarcely a clever writer of the day on the other side of the field who has not had his fling at sermons and their makers one time or another; but either the native force of the productions, or the strong hold upon nature and the popular heart which they possess, has defeated every assailant, and sermons continue as they have been, and most likely will ever be, a notable and abundant branch of English literature—perhaps the most paradoxical.

cal and contradictory branch of that great tree; for while, in common parlance, we all avow our horror of sermonising, sermons are not only one of the most widely popular kinds of publication, but constitute no small part of the standard and classic illustrations of our language. There are few prose writers whom, in the interests of mere literature, we should be less inclined to part with than the great preachers of the past; yet there is scarcely a man of any intelligence in the country who has not, one time or another, denounced, with all the energy and impatience of a sufferer, the common strain of contemporary pulpit addresses. The utmost reach of eloquence is possible to this manner of intellectual exertion—and the direst dulness and most mischief-making stupidity, unfortunately falls also within its wide-extending range. From the same platform, and with a common advantage of access, come voices that thrill the world, and snatch the common heart out of its daily toil to flash upon its astonished vision, once at least, if never more, a true and sudden glimpse of that God and truth in whose presence the veiled nature stands unaware; and voices that drone God's ways and works into a tale of vulgar repetitions, that argue an unquestionable truth into shreds till the unfortunate hearers turn sceptics out of mere natural antagonism, and that laboriously debase and obscure the holy text which they profess to explain. We could almost venture to say that there is nothing in spoken or printed speech which can come so low as the sermon in proper hands, as there is certainly nothing which can come higher.

We have, besides all this, a very special and universal interest in the sermon. One can avoid reading a disagreeable book—one can banish a flippant periodical or a stupid paper—but if one slights the sermon, one must take the consequences. Certainly we hear of an ethereal and elevated description of piety, which holds itself devoutly superior to churchgoing; which requires no weekly stimulation, and is independent of those Sabbath reminders which are so necessary to the common bulk of mankind. But that

belongs to so eclectic and limited a class, that it scarcely affects the more general case. All of *us*, not being very enlightened, go to church—or profess to go to church—or when we stay away, feel the matter somewhat on our conscience; therefore the character of those pulpit prelections which we do hear or ought to hear, every Sunday, is of no small importance to us. But it is impossible to say that these are very satisfactory. No profession is safe against the intrusion of unfit persons; and the church has this further disadvantage, that the proper gifts for its labours are seldom developed in early life, while in early life the necessary studies must be prosecuted, and the course of life decided upon. Families where one son is inevitably provided for by the family living, are perhaps quite as safe, after all, for the production of clergymen, as are those families where a pious lad, totally unacquainted with his own capacities, dedicates devoutly a limited and commonplace understanding to the office of the ministry. From both such come those ineffable young curates who set up private confessionals—those young Dissenters, those youthful Churchmen who flourish their beardless logic, arbitrary and imperative, over all our hardworking middle-aged heads, and teach us what we all learnt for ourselves twenty years ago, and since have had to unlearn laboriously and with pain. By what process of trial and purgation—by what course of years and experience, those rampant young heroes settle down into the sober and steady, perhaps even dignified, clergyman, is a secret of the cloth which we do not presume to penetrate. But when we go to church out of the battle and conflict of our lives, and find one of these youthful champions before us, ready to ride over our heads in all the indiscriminating assumption of peremptory youth, perhaps the Sunday or the Sabbath service does not refresh us as it might have done. To tell the truth, it by no means follows that we are either instructed, consoled, or edified, by the one, two, or three sermons which it falls to the lot of most of us to hear weekly. A great many of us listen very patiently, and with respect, in the satisfying

consciousness of doing our own duty at least, whatever the preacher may be disposed to do; and there are others who chafe and fret and vex the religious souls of wife and mother, who are perhaps more easily satisfied. What is the cause? There never was an arrangement more simply and entirely suitable to the nature of man, than that which establishes for him not only a common service of supplication and thanksgiving, but a periodical reminder of those higher duties which are the soul and inspiration of life. It is impossible to suppose an institution more accordant with the wants and capacities of nature; and when the question recurs to us involuntarily, we repeat it alike with wonder and impatience, Why is not the pulpit far more generally, more universally influential? Why is it that we so often fail in finding there anything better than tedium? Why is it so often some man, of very moderate intellect and ordinary character, of whom we are reminded—an existence not in any way particularly beneficent or improving, as we contemplate it—instead of the One holy existence and character which this is our special opportunity of studying? The question is one important to the hearers, and very important to the preachers of the present time. The pulpit of itself, and by itself, possesses a power which it is impossible to over-estimate. All kinds and degrees of men, all classes and qualities of minds, come one time or other under the reach of its influence; it is important to the whole community that this influence should be pure and permanent—but how is it to be done?

It is hard to answer such an inquiry. While preachers remain, however, the pulpit will always retain those peculiar temptations to self-importance and a pernicious kind of vanity, which does so much harm to its utterance now. While we are as we are, preachers, like other men, will always stand in jeopardy of regarding their principal duty as a periodical piece of business necessitated by the rules of their calling, and the recurrence of these inevitable Sundays, which open their mouths, like the bells in their church steeple,

under the compulsion of an outward force, and not the powerful constraint of having something to say. And so, also, there will always continue to be multitudes of men who will calmly bring forth their own opinions—their quips and cranks of originality—into that little hour snatched out of the world, in which we would fain be strengthened and refreshed by other companionship. In short, the pulpit wants what everything else wants—that sincere simplicity which is above genius—that primitive truthfulness, supreme, positive, and actual, which is at once the crown of all endurances and experiences, and the temper of a child. And what our preachers require is not a chance gleam of new light to be thrown somehow upon Scripture, or an original view to be taken of this or that passage, but to realise what heavy-laboured souls stand before them in that one day's leisure, with many a dumb longing for the comfort and encouragement of *Heaven*, and many a sore experience of the travail of these latter days—soul devoured with the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, the agonies of a nature which has gone astray from its original meaning, and is incoherent even to itself; and that this audience, which has no leisure and no heart for the self-exhibition of a clever intellect, is liable to be moved as one man by a true appeal to its remembrances, a genuine awaking of its memory towards that gospel in which all its wants are anticipated and supplied. It might not be a bad exercise for clergymen to consider how much it is worth the while of some hundreds of people to spend the prime of that Sabbath-day which is our only legitimate sacred festival and holiday, listening perhaps to the formal, perhaps to the careless, perhaps to the original and eccentric composition which *they* have produced because they cannot help themselves, because to-morrow is Sunday, and our reverend friends must do their duty. Is it worth our while, do you think, most excellent preacher, after we have sung our psalms, and made our matutinal thanksgivings and supplications, to sit in decorous stillness for an hour

or a half-hour, according to your notion and habits, to learn what is your opinion upon that disputed passage, or wherein you agree with Gesenius or differ with Augustine? If you do not happen to be a genius, and have nothing to say to us, why insist upon saying it? Genius is not necessary; cleverness is not necessary. We have heard men preach who had no appreciable endowment of intellect, yet whose honest voice made the heart swell, and encouraged the soul. What we want is no play of wit, nor bloodless flash of college logic; but we have a right to claim that the man who calls himself our spiritual teacher should realise our position and circumstances, and know what he is doing, and why he does it. He is there to enter a periodical protest and appeal against our worldliness, our vanities, our self-regard; he is there to bear solemn witness that the wrongs and the injustice, the heartbreaks and the miseries of humanity, are but for a time—that, despite all the contradictions of this life, a divine purpose runs through the web, and a divine presence watches to see its grand intentions all fulfilled. It is his office to keep us in mind of those events which bind the history of the world into a whole more grand and more complete than all our lesser national chronicles of battles and kings; and above all, to keep us in remembrance of that one divine and holy Person, the Lord of our redemption, who gives coherence and consistence to the whole marvellous tale. He is the defender of the spiritual against the temporal, the public deputy and representative of that more subtle remembrancer who speaks within our own hearts. Herein lies the vocation of the preacher; it is to keep us persuaded of the reality, the certainty, the actual and positive truthfulness of those things and persons which we cannot see. This is not to be done by argument—perhaps, indeed, argument is the last thing which will or can accomplish it; and the best and most effectual manner in which to discharge this high duty must of course vary with individual capacities and characteristics; but this is distinctly and simply the great office

of the preacher. The reflections of the thoughtful, the arguments of the controversial, and the lighter graces of natural eloquence, must all be kept subordinate to this, which is the true thread of purpose and intention necessary for their work. Our working-day tendency is to put far away from us, in an ethereal, fanciful, imaginative elevation, quite out of our life, and unconnected with it, our faith and its supreme Object. But the preacher is set in his place for the distinct purpose of defeating this tendency; and it is only when he makes his hearers aware, if but for a moment, if but with the dullest amaze of a surprised conviction, that they stand in the presence of a God whose invisibility thrills upon their souls a more subtle intuition of His presence than if their eyes saw His glory, and are enriched with the love of that realest and humanest of men who is the Lord of our life and the author of our salvation, that he actually fulfils the highest purpose of his office, which is to keep us in the clear recollection and certainty that the basis of our religion does not lie upon cold and abstract thoughts or words, but upon living persons and things—acts done, which call forth the most lively and genuine emotions of the soul—and an individual Friend, whom all the love, the reverence, and the trust of nature may embrace, and who bears a personal and distinct relation to every one who names His name.

It is, perhaps, hardly just to Mr. Caird to take his Sermons as the only immediate and tangible ground for the expression of our own sentiments upon a subject so important. However, there are very good reasons why he should lend us the occasion to break our lance (for all their goods) upon modern divines. He is a Scotsman and a celebrated preacher, but not a preacher celebrated after the usual fashion of his Church and country. The popular voice has echoed loudly that private verdict of royalty which thrust the modest preacher into print some year or two ago; but it is not with any popular watchword in his mouth, or on the top of any wave of philanthropical or ecclesiastical agitation, that he again

presents himself before a wider public than his common Sunday audience. His sermons are *Sermons* distinctly, and without equivocal; and no subject extraneous to his text introduces itself, its digressions and side-influences, into the discourses by which he makes his reasonable and calm address to a world which, whatever clever people choose to say, is very willing to be preached to when any one has the gift. Scotch preaching, it is not to be denied, is *the* preaching which has most attracted that same world for some time—a result natural enough in Scotland, but on the other side of the Tweed more remarkable. Perhaps, however, this last, independent of the great gifts which are its primary origin, may be partially attributed to the piquant position (in England) of the Scotch divine, who is neither a Churchman nor a Dissenter, and whose sympathies are pretty equally divided between the two. But the fiery and vehement eloquence of Chalmers, of Irving, of Guthrie, and of other champions whom we need not name, is very distinct from the style and manner of our present author. Mr. Caird is not an orator rapid and breathless, as has been the wont of his compatriots. He is more reticent, more self-controlled than they; less ready to take tribute of everything in earth and heaven, and swell the natural current of his thoughts by allusions and digressions beyond his immediate theme. He is not, indeed, an orator at all, in the common acceptance of the word. His fervour is subdued—his pace is less than flying—his strength is calm. His language has not the lyrical swell, the frequent climax, the hurry and the throng of impassioned words—by which peculiarity of his genius he doubtless loses something, but as certainly also gains much. Accordingly, the *Sermons* of Mr. Caird, to which we invite the attention of the reader, are not orations, but truly sermons in the full sense of the word. Conscientious, grave, and full of a certain equable dignity, there is no attempt in these productions to deprecate the fear of dulness, or let down the solemnity of the pulpit. The desperate flights of illustration

which we have all heard in our day—the curious knowledge of Syrian botany, and ancient Oriental costume and custom, with which it has become common to heighten the course of Scripture exposition—do not appear in these pages. They are not essays arbitrarily tacked to a text which has little or no connexion with them; neither do they tear to pieces a simple statement of Scripture, diluting into feebleness the diction and the significance of Holy Writ. They are well-advised and well-considered productions, full of a real and personal apprehension—the individual grasp of a clear intellect upon the truth. This confers upon them a something which it would be wrong to call originality—originality in the treatment of sacred subjects is rather a doubtful advantage in most cases—but a certain vividness and freshness, more attractive and *sure* by far than novel views. Though Mr. Caird selects just such subjects as are selected in the pulpit addresses of half his clerical brethren throughout the whole country every Sabbath-day, it is apparent and beyond doubt, that each of them has entered fully, and at first hand, into his own mind, and taken form and shape there, not according to a conventional pattern, but according to the character and tendencies of his own understanding; so that it is not the utterance of a class or school, but one honest individual voice, clear in the truth which has grown and brightened upon its own thoughts, which here addresses us—a fact which is our best defence against the arrogance of the pulpit. There is, accordingly, little of that solemn self-importance in the *Sermons* of Mr. Caird. They are merely addresses, without presumption and without vehemence—neither self-conscious (a most important virtue,) nor conscious of being printed—a pastor's serious and thoughtful addresses to the congregation over which he habitually presides. These sermons are consequently much better models for, and examples of, preaching, than if they had been chance outbursts of mere splendid oratory, and it is as such that we desire to regard them.

And this volume, though it is a collection of sermons, has claims to be considered not only as a series of works, but as *a* work. Either by system and intention, or by the intuitive and unconscious apprehension of what is good and fitting, which is often more successful than either, Mr. Caird has included in this volume an epitome of doctrine, simple, clear, and excellent; not merely a dozen of his best sermons, but a distinct, conscientious, and indeed almost scientific development of the Christian doctrines most essential to our welfare. Though there is no formal sequence, nor visible link of connection, there is a succession of subjects naturally seconding and completing each other, which lead our thoughts easily from the first general view of revelation to the more special centre of Christianity, and give a modest but perfect view of the leading points of gospel belief, and this so simply, without any air of importance or visible effort, that the Sermons are still as suitable for single reading or for the domestic Sabbath-evening uses of family edification, as though they were as varied in subject as a popular course of lectures. Neither is there anything like monotony in the series; for though growing out of one another, and perfecting each in its separate department the general theme, each of the chapters in this volume—the sermons of this collection—is complete and individual; so that we have to thank Mr. Caird for a book which can be read through—an unusual quality with sermon-books and poetry-books—as well as for a series of addresses, thoughtful and excellent, which afford us a capital standing-ground not only for commenting upon themselves, but, delightful privilege! for turning the tables upon the general body of our Sunday instructors, and preaching a small sermon on our own behalf, and for the benefit of the world in general, to those makers of sermons who inflict upon us many a delicate pang.

We cannot do better than commence this lecture by means of Mr. Caird's first sermon, which is called the "Self-evidencing Nature of Divine Truth." This is the argument which of all others is to ourselves most con-

vincing and unquestionable; and we confess we have often been moved with impatience to perceive the elaborate mining and countermining of biblical criticism, for and against, when, after all, the matter is no question of words, but of things infinitely beyond and above them. Perhaps biblical criticism, scientifically so called, is a useful and improving art. Perhaps we speak simply the opinion of ignorance, which is always prompt to denounce what it does not understand; but how a candid and natural mind can, with any patience or respect, not to say complacency, follow those underground and stealthy investigations, which go creeping, and sounding, and probing the very foundation we stand on, to try, if, perhaps, there sounds something hollow somewhere, or if a tuft of detached turf may be induced to fall, or a handful of soil to crumble, so that perhaps hearing the sound we may be seduced to believe, contrary to the daylight certainty, that there is, indeed, no firm footing for us—is a marvel beyond our comprehension. Nor is the rival engineering of defence much more to our mind. We are not professional students of theology—we do not know how it may be for such persons; but we cannot help thinking it rather a modern marvel how a man can come safe, with his faith still warm at his heart, out of the bewildering subterraneous studies, the darkling attacks and defences, of a science whose highest capability seems the power of throwing a general doubt upon everything, and involving any written production, to which it may devote its cares, in a maze of perplexity and obscure scepticism, in which its meaning, its truth, its force—all that constitutes the breath of life in a book, and is its own evidence—goes for less than nothing; and the superstructure falls into disregard, in the superior pleasure of picking to pieces, if possible, the unseen masonry of the foundation. After all, the truest and broadest criticism does concern itself with the spirit and reality of the work which it examines, and not with the mere *mecanique* of its exterior; and in this principle

every modern critic, with a soul above *Notes and Queries*, does such justice as is in him to the modern works which give exercise to his craft. The meaning, life, and sentiment of any book are its true evidences; how much more so with the book which, above all others, claims for itself the silent but unquestionable witness of the entire heart and nature to which it is addressed? Mr. Caird introduces this subject, so full of interest, and weighted with all the problems of humanity, with the following serious and unquestionable argument:—

"As there are some truths which we reach inferentially by a process longer or shorter of argument, deduction, demonstration, so there are other truths which are perceived immediately and intuitively whenever the mind is brought into contact with them. All science is based on truths which constitute their own evidence. At the root of all knowledge there are first principles which are independent of proof, which to state is to prove to every mind that apprehends them. Follow the links in every chain of reasoning far enough back, and you will come to a first reason which hangs on no other, but is self-existent and self-sufficient. Examine the contents of your knowledge, and sooner or later you will penetrate to the primary strata which, unsupported, support all besides. Of innumerable objects of thought you may be able to say why you conceive them to be true, or right, or beautiful; but there are some with respect to which you can give no such reason, of which you can only say, I believe them to be true, or good, or fair, because I believe them to be true, or good, or fair; my mind is so constituted that I cannot otherwise regard them; they commend themselves at once to my consciousness in the sight of God."

With various enlargements and limitations in special application of this principle to Scripture, the preacher goes on to demonstrate the manner in which, above all others, the word of God commends itself as a Divine Revelation to the consciousness of men. We can scarcely find words to express so cordially as we feel it our entire concurrence in the view taken by Mr. Caird of this subject. It is not an original view, but it is one which we very seldom are directed to from the pulpit, and

which seems to ourselves the very soul of inspiration. It is thus that Mr. Caird expresses his conviction of the first and greatest self-evidence of revelation, which lies, he says, in the fact, that it "reveals to man the Lost Ideal of his nature."

"The gospel is, in one view of it, the disclosure to man of the true ideal of humanity, the discovery of the perfect type of our being, lost by sin, and yet recoverable in Christ. And whilst man, fallen and degraded as his nature has become, could never have found out that ideal for himself, yet, when it is presented to him in Scripture, there is that within which is capable of recognising it as his own. For the recognition of a lost ideal is a mental act, the possibility of which, to a moral and spiritual being, it is not difficult to conceive. The degenerate plant has no consciousness of its own degradation nor could it, when reduced to the character of a weed or a wildflower, recognise in the fair and delicate garden plant the type of its former self. The tamed and domesticated animal, stunted in size and subjugated in spirit, could not feel any sense of humiliation when confronted with its wild brother of the desert, fierce, strong, and free, as if discerning in that spectacle the noble type from which itself had fallen. But it is different with a conscious, moral being. Reduce such an one ever so low, yet you cannot obliterate in his inner nature the consciousness of falling beneath himself; you cannot blot out from his mind the latent reminiscence of a nobler and better self which he might have been, and which to have lost is guilt and wretchedness. So that, should there ever be brought before a fallen moral nature, in outward form and reality, a being the noble realisation of its own lost spiritual excellence—the full, perfect, beautiful reproduction in actual existence of that splendour of moral loveliness which once was its own—it is conceivable that the latent instincts of the soul would be roused to recognise and identify therein its lost original. Confront the fallen moral intelligence with its own perfect type, and in the instinctive shame and humiliation that would arise within it, as at the spectacle of a glory it had lost, a native nobleness from which it had degenerated, there would be elicited an involuntary recognition of the truthfulness of the portraiture. Now, such is the response which the spirit of man, in the hour of contrition, renders to the per-

fect type of moral excellence which the gospel brings before it. For it is to be considered that the sorrow and self-abasement which the 'manifestation of the truth' calls forth in the awakened and penitent heart, derive their peculiar poignancy from the fact, that it is a sorrow not so much of *discovery* as of *reminiscence*. In the contemplation of God's holy law, and especially of that perfect reflection of it which is presented in the person and life of Jesus, the attitude of the penitent mind is that, not simply of observation, but of painful and humiliating recollection. The mental process that takes place may be described as analogous to one with which we are all familiar—that in which the mind goes in search of some word, or name, or thought which we cannot at once recall, yet of which we have the certainty that once we knew it; so that, when at last, after laborious groping, it flashes on the memory, we recognise it, not as a new word or thought, but as one, the familiar form and aspect of which at once commend it to our consciousness. Or the recognition of the truth as it is in Jesus by the awakened soul, may be represented as still more closely parallel to the feeling of one who revisits, in reverse of fortune, and after long years of absence, a spot with which, in other and happier days, he was familiar. It is conceivable that such an one might move for a while amidst old scenes and objects, unconscious of any past and personal connection with them; until at last something occurs to touch the spring of association, when instantly with a rush of recollection, old sights, impressions, incidents, come thick and crowding on the spirit, and the outward scene becomes clothed with a new vividness, and is perceived with a new sense of identity. The contemplation is no longer sight, but recognition; and as every object which the eye surveys recalls to the saddened spectator a bright and better past—brings up, in contrast with what he now is, the joyous, healthy, happy being which once he was—it is a keener and deeper anguish far, a sorrow sharpened by the whet of reminiscence, which now pierces his soul. Now, analogous to this is the process which is involved in the manifestation of the truth to the awakened mind. In the Scripture ideal of holiness, and in that sublime embodiment of it which is presented in the character and history of Jesus Christ, the soul, when brought face to face with it, recognises a something which comes home to its inner conscious-

ness, with all the painful reality of a lost and abandoned good. If the life of Christ were an ideal of excellence altogether foreign to us, the shame of the convicted conscience would lose half its bitterness. Did we perceive in it only a vague grandeur, which, out of the sphere of our consciousness, could be only half understood by it, we should feel no more shame in falling short of that ideal than the worm in that it cannot cope with the eagle's flight, or the stammering child in that he possesses not the wisdom and eloquence of the sage. But the latent element that lends sharpness to the stings of self-accusation in the mind aroused by the manifestation of the truth, is the involuntary recognition in Christ of a dignity we have lost, an inheritance we have wasted, a perfection for which the spirit of man was formed, but which it has basely disowned. Repentance is the recognition by the fallen self of its true self in Christ. As the touched and troubled heart listens to the story of that beautiful life; as there rises before the spirit's quickened eye the vision of a Perfect Innocence in human form—of a sublime purity with which no alloy of sternness mingles, a mental and moral elevation in which no trace of self-consciousness can be detected, a piety rapt as an angel's combined with the unassuming simplicity of a child—as we ponder the narrative of a life of holiest fellowship with God, maintained amidst incessant toil and intercourse with men, a life of persistent self-sacrifice, undimmed by one thought of personal ease, or one act of selfish indulgence—a life in which love, tender as a mother's, grew more fervent amidst ingratitude, waxed stronger and deeper amidst insults and wrongs received at the very hands of its objects;—in one word, as inspiration summons up to the awakened mind the spectacle of a perfectly holy human life, the deepest instincts of our nature are stirred to discern herein its own lost ideal—the type of excellence after which it may have vaguely groped, but which it never realised till now. 'Here'—is the soul's involuntary conviction—'here is that conception which haunted me ever in my sinfulness, yet which I never fully discerned till now; here is that Light to which my darkened conscience was vainly struggling, that standard to which my dim sense of a Right I was abusing, a purity I was sullyng, a home of my spirit's peace and innocence I was forsaking, ever unconsciously pointed. And in this my vague and shadowy Ideal now become the Real, in this

which gives to the fantasy of weak and wavering imagination correctness, condensation, reality—in this truth of life in Christ Jesus there is that which ‘commends itself to my conscience in the sight of God.’”

We have been betrayed into a very long quotation, yet few of our readers, we believe, will wish it shortened; and we could give no better example of the style of Mr. Caird’s preaching, at once vivid and sober, and full of that subdued power which is more attractive thus than when limit and curb are withdrawn. Would that all the reverend voices which we “sit under,” sometimes not with exemplary patience, could but catch the measure!—not of the words, but of the sentiment which fills them. This truth, which is not an original idea, nor a new discovered doctrine, though we cannot recall at this moment any instance in which we have heard it so expounded in the pulpit, bestows an impersonation more exciting than romance, and more splendid than poetry, upon the gospel. The most elevated optimist, hoping perfection to human nature, could not hope for it a higher perfection than that of this Ideal, which has become manifest in human flesh and blood; and the fact that this Hero and Glory of Manhood is not an imagination but a reality, the central figure of the universe, to whose grand Person the eyes of all the world are directed, gives just that touch ineffable and divine which clears all vanity and selfishness out of the visionary sentiment, the idealistic longing of human nature, and makes it, instead of a romance and vague ambition, a Love. Nor can we consider with anything less than that involuntary swell of heart and spirit, the elevating consciousness of a high capability, this truth, which Reason and Conscience alike respond to, that this extreme and glorious purity is not a thing alien from our race, but in very truth *natural* to us, according to that primeval right, which older than Sin, clings still, through all downfalls and sorrows, an obstinate possibility to our hearts.

Different from this, in, we fear, an attempt to come still closer, is the ideal which everybody has heard

largely discussed in the pulpit—the ideal believer or Christian, on whose behalf a large majority of clergymen make, Sunday after Sunday, the vaguest statements of perfection. We presume it is much the same feeling which prompted the early heresy of saintly intercession, which impels to-day the severest Protestant imaginations to linger upon an imaginary believer, instead of directing straightforward and simple eyes to the one Example, who is greater and humbler than any type of character ever supposed by man. We remember to have listened week after week to series after series of sermons, all eloquent upon the virtues of this said believer, whose imaginary qualities, we fear, are not to be found so easily as one might wish among even the selected community of Christians; and we confess to have grown somewhat impatient of the impossible perfect ghost, lifeless and inhuman, which rose before us day after day, and to whose embellishment the preacher dedicated all his energy. How many of our readers have suffered a like infliction? This is by far the commonest of pulpit ideals, and it is just possible that some good Christians may think it more pious and reverential to embody their imagination in a form like this, than to identify such a profane word as Ideal with the person of our Lord; but the preachers of the faith ought to know better. It is impossible to predicate any line of conduct of a man, or a class of men, which their lives will bear out. Human existence, with all its contradictions, will move men in an arbitrary channel, and do exactly what is expected of it; and the comparison which we all can, and in most cases do, make between the impersonal ideal “believer” of religious books and preaching, and the real individual whose faith we heartily believe in, yet whose godliness and consistency are neither quite nor always like the pattern, is a serious drawback to our reception of that pious hero. It is vain to tell us from the pulpit that a Christian will always act according to *this*, and never after *that* fashion—that the divine touch of faith confers a half-genius upon the mind, as well as

a new purity on the heart; and that a believer is necessarily a very flower of courtesy, and exemplification of everything desirable in man. Practical experience speaks otherwise. We are all aware, in actual life, how powerful is the grosser part of the purest nature. We all know, for we cannot help being more or less acquainted with ourselves, what Paul knew before us, that while to will is present with us, yet how to do we know not; and that our Christianity in reality is more the perpetual struggle of a spirit resolved not to succumb, than of an ethereal victor, who daily raises himself higher and higher above all the motives and inducements of the world. It is just as vain to endeavour to persuade us that the gift of faith brings all other gifts with it, and makes the simple mind philosophic, and the clown a gentleman. The Bible makes no promise of any such result. The Bible, indeed, never for an instant elevates intellectual pre-eminence into special importance, or represents it as any way involved in the gifts of the gospel. And the most of us, we do not doubt, speaking from our own experience, can number among our acquaintance people who are gifted with no remarkable suavity of manners, nor expansion of mind, whom nevertheless we are constrained to recognise as believers, by evidence more infallible than these outside qualities. We have known irascible Christians in our day, and Christians who were as far from being wise as it is possible to fancy; and if life has taught us moderation in anything, it is in our judgment of religious character. With how many imperfections the grain of mustard-seed, the morsel of leaven, the germ of a God-fearing and Christ-loving life may exist, is a matter too grave to be walt upon here. Perhaps the seven thousand whom God knew of, when Elijah knew of but himself faithful amid the idolatries of Israel, were known to that omniscient Eye alone, and were not even visible to themselves. Perhaps the secret of their noted resistance to the national sin was in the divine hands only. But so far as our perception goes, this is the sole infallible test of Christianity.

Not that "the believer" is a universal hero, the paladin of modern days, but that the one sole characteristic, which never fails, is, that the Christian will not give in to sin—will not yield to be at peace with his spiritual enemies, but at all times, falling or standing, keeps up a contest, and fights if but for the miserable morsel of ground which he can only set his foot on. And he is often not at all a poetical subject; and we do not recognise any verisimilitude in the ethereal hero of the pulpit. In short, we want no secondary Ideal, constructed by the hands of men who have no genius for the manufacture. Here is already one which it is not possible to prove erroneous by any test—the example set forth, and the ideal manifested by God, who knows best the capabilities and the longings of the nature which He has made. And if any one supposes it is easier to follow the pulpit portraiture of "a believer," than to trace the matchless footsteps of Jesus, it is but a kindred delusion to that which supposed it more practicable to wake the tender sympathy and interest of St. Peter, and St. Paul, and the Virgin Mother, than to reach in that same heaven the ear of Christ.

And it is to this Ideal, so clearly and fully set forth by Mr. Caird, that we want our eyes directed. We are beyond all need for imaginary excellence. It is vain to shadow out an outline of choice perfections, and hold it up to us as a model believer. The gospel makes us children of a great universal family, and sets a tangible Example before us; and it is this Example, and not any secondary reflection of it, which we require for the daily necessities of our mind and of our heart.

We shall not attempt to go over all Mr. Caird's sermons in detail, though there is much in them which we should be glad to quote, but will pass over his exposition of Self-Ignorance, of Spiritual Influence, and of the Invisible and Manifested God, to come to the discourse upon the "Solitariness of Christ's Sufferings," which occupies about the middle of the volume. This also is an aspect of the subject which, if not original, is fresh

and striking. The preacher does not endeavour by mere words to deepen the gloom of that darkened noonday, or to celebrate with clamours of speech the bursting graves and rent rocks—a process by which so often as much of its attendant dignity as human touch can affect is dispelled from the greatest event in history. It does not dwell upon the nails, and the spear, and the thorny crown, as if these were the instruments of our salvation; but leads us aside to contemplate the Divine Mind and Will of Him from whom no man took His life, but who laid it down of Himself; and looking at the subject from this point of view, pauses to see the loneliness, amidst all these extraordinary pangs, of the Divine Sufferer. Let us never forget the terrible facts of that sacrifice; and Heaven forbid we should be too dainty to remember that by the shedding of blood, the wonderful, unapprehended consummation of all the sacrificial rites of ages, our redemption, was accomplished. But still there are amplifications far beyond the reserved and simple narrative of Scripture, in which our fashion of preaching delights and abounds. For our own part, though we believe it conveys a comfortable idea to some devout minds more pious than refined, we should prefer another formula in which to express our thanksgiving for salvation, than “there is a fountain filled with blood;” an image, by the way, totally uncoun-tenanced by Scripture. But everybody knows how often the coarsest enlargement and details of our Lord’s personal sufferings fill up the pulpit representation of His sacrifice, to the exclusion of matter still more wonderful—the will that *chose* to suffer them, and the Spirit which bore a heavier load even than the flesh. It is in some points with a touching delicacy that Mr. Caird directs our attention to his view of the sublime and extraordinary solitude in which our Saviour stood during that time of darkness, and through the entire course of His life in the world. We cannot attempt to extract in full the preacher’s conception of that prescience divine, which kept before Him, from His earliest years, the unfulfilling consciousness of all His pangs to

come, and thus wrapt our Lord in a solitary knowledge, incommunicable in so far that His very disciples were incredulous, and *would* not understand when once or twice the truth burst from His human lips;—solitary, because He saw with the eye of His Godhead, clear, cold, and certain as His own decrees, the events which awaited Him—events too unbelievable to be received even by His constant companions as within possibility;—solitary, because His holy nature walked and lived amid a race polluted, whose sins and imperfections were unconcealable from *Him*. Our author proceeds to show the last ineffable ingredient in a loneliness which it is not for us fully to realise. Our Lord did not refuse to receive the wondering and uncomprehending sympathy of His disciples; but here is a last grief, into which no human sympathy, however elevated, could reach, “the sorrow of a Creator amid His ruined works,” which Mr. Caird proceeds to enforce upon his hearers as the last and greatest particular of the Redeemer’s sorrowful solitude.

“The feelings of Jesus, I have said, a beholding, and living amidst, the moral ruin and degradation of mankind, were not those merely of an exquisitely pure and sensitive human spirit: they flowed from a far deeper and more awful source. It was not merely the gentle-hearted and pitying Man of Nazareth that trod our fallen world; it was nothing less than the world’s great Creator that, concealed in that humble guise, surveyed and moved for thirty years amidst the ruins of His fairest, noblest work, lying widespread around Him! For though this, indeed, is a thought into which our imperfect minds can but faintly and inadequately enter, are we not borne out by Scripture authority in the affirmation, that grief for the moral ruin of humanity is an emotion to which the Divine mind is not a stranger? You all remember that remarkable passage in the Book of Genesis, in which the mind of God is represented as filled with sorrow and indignation at the sad issue of His great creating work—‘When God saw that the wickedness of man was great upon the earth, and that the imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, it repented God that He had made man upon the earth, and *grieved Him at His heart.*’ . . .

'When Jesus was come near the city,' it is written, 'He wept over it.' . . . On the authority of the word of God, then, as well as from the reason of the thing, we hazard the assertion, that one awful ingredient in the sufferings of that mysterious mourner must have been grief for the desolation of His grandest work—the anguish of spirit with which for thirty years He beheld everywhere confronting Him the proofs that the soul of man was a ruin. . . . When Jesus walked our world, His eye, we may well believe, was not arrested by the bustle and importance of its outward scenes and interests. From all mere external things His observation was ever diverted to what from all other eyes was hidden, the awful mystery and moral deformity of the secret world of souls. Could a human being for a single week be invested with a mysterious power of seeing into the hearts of those around him, and detecting all the feelings and motives that are working beneath the breasts of his fellow-men, doubtless, even to man's imperfect moral sensibility, the disclosures thus made would be too horrible for endurance, and the fatal power of inspection would be gladly resigned. But that which would be intolerable even to a fallen and imperfect being, was a spectacle from which the eye of the pure and holy Jesus could never for a moment escape. All hearts were unveiled to Him. He surveyed not merely the forms and countenances of human beings; a thousand indications tell us that He 'knew what was in man'—that He read their souls. And everywhere as He looked, He saw that soul that had sprung a pure, holy, happy thing from His hands now filled with selfishness and pride and envy and impurity and ungodliness—that soul that had been destined for the companionship of God and angels, now ripening for the blackness of darkness for ever! And can we doubt that His was an anguish at the sight into which no finite mind can enter? He could feel for external sufferings—He looked up to heaven and sighed for the deaf—He wept and groaned in spirit for the dead. But what were eternal suffering and death to this! To Him the world was strewn with a more awful than material desolation—with the wreck of spiritual grandeur, the memorials of lost and ruined souls. "Oh, my Father!" we almost hear Him exclaim, 'is *this* the world over which the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy!'

We will not take upon us to assert that there may not be some clerical head shaken over this last paragraph. Perhaps it is somewhat against the traditions of the pulpit to make so bold a speculation. Yet we have no doubt that Mr. Caird has his reward in the interest and animation of mind, not to say the deepened awe and reverence, which such a suggestion naturally gives rise to. Those whose purpose in their works is somehow overthrown, throw away the work itself, most frequently in pettish disgust at the change. God does no such thing. It is His divine act to bring something better, higher, and more entirely beyond created conception, out of the apparent failure of this race; yet the Lord who saves us, grieves over us with a pathetic touch of human mortified love in His divine sorrow. It is a most moving suggestion; and just so much as we feel convinced that there is no influence in the world so potent over men as that marvellous conjunction of divinity and humanity, fully set before them, are we disposed to rejoice at every independent and thoughtful mind which sets itself to realise and investigate the fulness of Christ. For this reason we hail with joy such distinct realization of the Saviour's Person and Identity as we find in the Sermons we have quoted. They are full of a vivid and apprehensive faith in themselves, and they are of a kind to stimulate other minds to desire the same noble acquaintance, which is, so far as our judgment goes, the highest office of preaching. Doctrine and System, the Creed of Churches, and the Science of Theological Schools, are all excellent and necessary. But that is the true gospel preaching which keeps a perpetual remembrance of our Lord before the common audience, where are always hundreds of solitary hearts vaguely longing for the universal Friend. We have no desire to put upon the preacher the whole responsibility of his hearers' edification; on the contrary, we believe that, in general cases, one man, however warmly an evangelist, can do but little for another; but that little may be of vast importance to a great many speechless and un-

communicating individuals. Whether our Sabbath-day service quicken in us such knowledge as we have of our Lord and His requirements; whether it rouse our thoughts to personal inquiry after Him, and a real apprehension of all the immediate share He takes in our life, and how much He has to do with us, or whether we find ourselves compelled to assist at somebody's glorification, who is clever, and means to be a popular preacher, but who has absolutely nothing to do with us,—lies very much in the power of preachers themselves to determine. It is true that another alternative still remains, as it by no means follows that a man must be clever and popular because he wants the highest faculty of preaching. There is gentle dullness, which means nothing in particular, and which, from habit or kindness, a great many people put up with; and there is dullness not gentle, which blusters its half-hour about something which nobody disputes, and proves hotly an unquestioned commonplace to the admiration of scoffers. Yes, a great many of us have our trials in the way of preaching: either we can't help ourselves, or secondary motives influence us to such a point, that we won't help ourselves, for love or for shame; but it is not less an affliction. If those dear young heroes who practise the ornamental branches of the profession in all churches—who take their nibble of delightful heresy, or set up their dramatic confessional—would only think of this a little! In their own persons, it is not to be expected that they have very much to teach us—no shame to them; but then the world is older than they are, and most people were born before them. But could they all but learn what force and excellence lies in this office of Remembrancer,—how it is really quite unnecessary to discover anything, and how the grand duty of their office, in a Christian country, is to stir up, to stimulate, to keep alive what we have already heard of, and help us, not to that cold knowledge which is unfruitful and unsatisfactory, but to put life and reality, a warm indi-

vidual impersonation, into what we know.

Agreeing with Mr. Caird, however, so much and so warmly as we do, we must also be permitted to differ with him in one of the questions he treats. The sermon in which, to our thinking, he fails to reach the heart of his subject, or, at all events, to speak more modestly, disagrees with *us*, is that which he has entitled "Participation in the Sufferings of Christ." It is a subject, mysterious and sacred, which many a sad heart has wondered over, and many a wistful soul has longed, yet feared to claim. How we who deserved more evil than God's mercy ever inflicts upon us, should venture to suppose ourselves participators in those pure sufferings which were wholly and totally undeserved, seems at first sight something too presumptuous for human boldness; and so it might be, as so also might be all our *trials* in God, but for the divine *mercy* which makes us aware of our privilege. "We are partakers in the sufferings of Christ," says the apostle. How? We believe no one has ever thought seriously upon sacred things, without giving to this a perplexed and anxious consideration. Dare we take to our heart the comfort of having suffered with Him, who suffered for us? and how can our griefs, deeply deserved as they are, be named as partaking the same nature with His? It is one of those questions which we can only inquire into with humility and awe, and which perhaps permits the latitude of answer which different minds may give; but we cannot think that Mr. Caird throws anything like a satisfactory light upon it. He handles it timidly, with an unusual uncertainty and hesitation in his manner, as if not quite convinced even of his own judgment; and does so by an attempt to place Christ's servants in some such independent position towards sin as Christ Himself occupied. He tells us that "sin, though alien from the experience of a being such as Christ, may yet be to him the occasion or the cause of bitter pain and sorrow. There are indeed pangs of inward anguish on account of sin, which in

all their intensity only such a Being can know. And it is only in proportion as our inner nature is refined into an approximate purity to Christ's, that we can, with reference to these, become partakers in Christ's sufferings."

From this beginning the preacher derives the idea, that we can partake in Christ's sufferings, in the first place, by means of the pain 'which a pure and holy nature must feel from the mere contiguity of evil;' again, "from the reflected or borrowed shame and pain which noble natures feel for the sins of those with whom they are closely connected." It is true, indeed, that 'rivers of waters ran down the eyes' of King David, "because men keep not Thy law:" it is true that Elijah desired to die, because he thought himself the only believer in Israel: it is true that prophets and saints make an unflinching protest and outcry against a world which will not permit itself to be saved;—but still we fear that it is not very safe for us to place ourselves so entirely in our Lord's position. Something like a want of experience of actual life seems to us to peep through this theory. Noble natures are doubtful postulants in a Christian argument; perhaps noble natures are but too apt to feel shame and pain for the sins of those connected with them, and find it rather too easy to repent their neighbour's transgressions; but we fear it is only youth, or inexperience deeply alive to the errors of others, and still without a practical acquaintance with its own, which can feel itself secure upon this standing-ground. There is an unspeakable difference to start with, between our Saviour and ourselves, which defeats many a modern parable, and makes many an allegory break down. There are circumstances in which it is easy to understand how persons of simple mind and undisturbed life may find themselves, to their own thinking, in a position of vicarious and praiseworthy suffering. Perhaps one of a family has sinned so deeply as to injure the family living, and soil the family fame. The household are bowed to the ground with grief and humiliation—they have not sinned,

but they take his sin to their hearts—it is their trial, their burden, their "crook in the lot." The parents in the calm of their age think of nothing else night and day. The brothers and sisters, in the inexperience of their youth, feel the very firmament clouded by the delinquent's sin. It is a common case enough unfortunately, as everybody knows; but is this "partaking in the sufferings of Christ?"

No, and again No! Our Lord had the right to grieve over the world which lay in wickedness; but we, where is the beam in our own eye, when we stand pathetically forth as suffering for the sin of our brother? It is a position quite impracticable and out of the question for sinful men. The sins of the world might prick upon an angel's vision as close and overwhelming as visible objects are said to pass upon the newly-restored sight of a man who has been blind; but to us a more familiar surrounding throws partial obscurity over the general wickedness. Our own heart, which is ever nearest to us, can never take the place of a universal monitor, or be conscious of vicarious suffering, because it is impossible to rest upon any affliction which ever befalls us with the consciousness that it is undeserved. We must all recognise, if we know ourselves, evils in ourselves which are but too perfect a balance to the evils of others. We do not see how it is possible to establish by this means any claim to a participation in Christ's sufferings; the very idea seems a dangerous inlet to all that natural arrogance which is at all times fain to set up its own superior claims. We could almost imagine that Mr. Caird had here followed out too closely the near relationship and sympathy existing between our Lord and believers, and carried it the length of pure thought and speculation, instead of keeping safe among the limits of human possibility and truth to nature. Life and time teach harder lessons; and we fear that few who are labouring through the mid-way of their existence, could be able to suppose themselves participants in Christ's suffering, by means of the shame and pain inflicted on them by

delinquencies which were not their own.

No, that grief which, in the agony of prayer ungranted, has still "Thy will be done" at the bottom of its heart; that soul over which the bitter waves are rising, to whom God is a God that hides Himself, yet which throbs through all with a forlorn heartbreaking confidence, and can lose all but its faith—these are surely the participants, often unaware of their high privilege, who in humble earnest share that conflict which even our Lord's humanity made against the anguish of life and death, and which His filial Godhead vanquished in that divine submission which is a possible glory for His servants to share. That we are permitted to make our inevitable submission the highest sacrifice of will and self-regard; that we are allowed to offer an acquiescence, which, whether we will or not, we must yield, but which counts for more than virtue in the eyes of Him who accepts it; that in the fullest and most wonderful sense we are suffered to make a virtue of necessity, is one of the most marvellous features in God's treatment of His creatures. That nothing we can do could stop the execution of His will, we know very well, a truth beyond argument; yet He whose power over us is absolute, chooses to receive our submission as an offering.

He desires and accepts it as the service of the heart. And surely, when that heart, in the midst of its anguish, concludes its oft petitions as Jesus did when coming and going in an agony of supplication, it still can consent to its own bereavement, its own overthrow, if God wills it—surely then, in humility and awe, we may dare to take this comfort, and "rejoice that we are partaking of the sufferings of Christ."

But while we differ thus in one particular from Mr. Caird's views, we cannot do less than repeat our earnest wish that preaching so conscientious, so able, and so entirely what preaching ought to be, were more frequent among the churches. For himself, he has made a confession of the faith complete and full in this volume, which, as we have before said, he claims to be regarded as a book, and not simply as a collection of sermons. We trust these will not be the last which the world may share with Mr. Caird's special congregation, and feel assured that very many households, far removed from his actual sphere, will hail with genuine pleasure and satisfaction a religious voice so manly, clear, and truthful, whenever it may please him thus to extend the circle of his ministrations, and preach with the louder voice of the press to the general Church and the not unwilling world.

BRIGHT ABSURDITIES.

BRIGHT, cliquish, and impracticable is the Member for Birmingham. He has set the Press a-ringing with his speeches, and we hope he likes the echoes they have awakened. In this dull season of the year, men of the pen are thankful for any piquant text that may turn up; and the country is so much at a loss as to its wants in the matter of Parliamentary Reform, that it awaits with much curiosity, but no yearning, to see what will be suggested. Like some portly gentleman in very good health, who nevertheless has in evil hour given ear to a bevy of doctors, and has assented to their opinion that "something must be done for him," John Bull awaits very composedly to be told what is the matter with him, but with considerable dubiety as to whether he will swallow the bolus that may be prescribed. Being not amiss as he is, he can afford to be critical; and even at this eleventh hour, when the doctors are preparing their pills, he feels half-inclined to fall back upon his old maxim of letting well alone. The sound of friend Bright's pestle-and-mortar has been peculiarly fitted to give him qualms. And through his many voices of the press he has said so very plainly. John Bull has almost no prejudices at present. Never before was he in a mood of such tolerant equanimity. Although friend Bright has been acting most eccentrically of late years—although he has betaken himself to praise everything and everybody save his own country and countrymen, overwhelming these latter with ceaseless invective and abuse,—still John Bull, with his broad tolerance, pricked up his ears and was ready to listen when his pugnacious vituperator stood forth to prescribe for him in the matter of Reform. Very brilliant and telling was the oratory of the Member for Birmingham, and very earnest and self-convinced, on the whole, was the man himself; and John Bull, like everybody else, likes both oratory and earnestness. He likes also pluck,

and does not even mind being abused to his own face, if it be done with spirit and good style. So he did not wonder at the men of Birmingham applauding his and their calumniator. When the gunmakers and sword-welders of that city of sheer-steel cried bravo to the pugnacious Quaker, who denounced all our past history and present policy as that of cut-throats and freebooters, and declared that the making of arms and the use thereof was our grand sin and the cause of all our miseries,—John Bull quite understood the thing. But he did not quite understand Mr. Bright. The more he turned over in his mind the highly-effective sentences of the sturdy orator, the more puzzled he was to get any two of them that looked like common truth or common sense. He liked the sound of that fiery earnestness, but the signification thereof savoured to him of monomania. Occasionally it had occurred to his candid mind that, despite sundry grievous aberrations, John Bright might one day grow into a statesman fit for the Cabinet; but now he saw, not without a twinge of regret, that it was hopeless to indulge that expectation any more. Severe illness schools men and ripens them. Amidst the gloom and depression of protracted sickness, the eye turns inwards, reviewing old opinions in new lights; the subsoil of one's nature, too, is turned up to day, often producing fruits undreamt of before; and if there be any powers which hitherto have lain latent, the convalescent emerges from that long twilight, if not a sadder, at least a wiser man. There is no sign of any such mellowing or ripening on the part of Mr. Bright. On the contrary, it rather seems as if some lingering irritation, so often a sad pendant to severe illness, had intensified his former crochets and pugnacious discontent with all things. In his speeches at Birmingham, he not only lost sight of all that was practicable, and prescribed theories which were impossible of adoption, but he also

exhibited himself in that most useless of all characters—namely, that of one who (to use Fielding's phrase) sets himself to "damn the nature of things," and inveighs against the world as wholly out of joint, simply because it does not square with his own narrow fancies. He does not desire reform, but revolution—an object which, we are happy to say, is at present as impracticable as at all times it is undesirable.

Mr. Bright is the orator of a sect, not of a nation. Narrow and fervid, he is admirably fitted to champion any isolated cause in which his sympathies may be enlisted; but he has not the breadth and calmness of judgment to view it in all its relations, or even to perceive whether his premises be true or his ends practicable. A child will cry and refuse to be comforted, because he cannot get the pretty moon which shines above him; and for an object quite as senseless and impracticable, John Bright will expend his finest oratory without being in the least degree conscious of the absurdity. His native temperament is doubtless chiefly to blame for this. The blood is ever mounting from his heart to his eyes, and disturbing his mental vision. But his training or surroundings in life, as often happens, have been in unison with his idiosyncrasy. Of all sects in this country, the Quakers are the most crotchety, and have least in common with the general population. The shape of a hat, the cut of a coat, the colour of inexpressibles, are to them points of weighty moment, and dignities and varieties of rank of all kinds are an abomination to them. From their youth upwards they are trained to attach a frivolous and morbid importance to trifles and impracticable theories; and hence they are more prone than other men to commit the mistake of elevating mere crotchets to the rank of what Carlyle calls the "eternal verities." In fact their whole creed as regards War is a figment of the closet; very well for a small sect to hold as a theory, but quite out of place in the world as it is. An empire of Quakers would not be long an empire; and they maintain their tenets as individuals simply be-

cause being mere motes in the population, other people act and think as they see fit, so that they are not left at the mercy of their own principles. But is the narrow crotchety sect to whom Mr. Bright grew up to make law, and when he at length stepped beyond the limits of Quakerdom (without leaving it), he joined himself to that political clique with whom he had most in common, namely, those who, like the Quakers, fancy the general world in which they live quite corrupt and out of joint, and who are for pulling down all dignities and varieties of rank to the impossible level of a monocratic democracy. It is not in such an, and amidst such environments, that the broad wisdom of statesmanship grows. It must be added, too, that content with his power of telling a story, Mr. Bright has never engaged in the studies most indispensable to a statesman. Captivated by the crude theories and vague generalities of his clique, he has never traced history the working of similar causes at other times and countries. He does not understand the passions which he appeals to; he does not know the elements with which he desires to work. The different characters and the different circumstances of nations are things for which he has no regard, because no real perception of them. Democracy here, democracy in France, democracy in Athens, democracy in America, are in his eyes all the same thing. He cannot discriminate. In fact, we should say that his vision is so disturbed by his own fancies that he cannot perceive at all; for of what use is sight to one who imagines the masses of mankind to be Quakerish, pacific, and self-restrained? If Mr. Bright has ever read history, it must have been in some work of his own, still unpublished, and during the composition of which he has been looking at the projected *eidola* of his own mind, rather than at the ongoing of the real world of living men.

His speeches at Birmingham are brimful of such historical and statistical mirages. We have neither the patience nor the ambition to follow him through all his blunderings. To do so, we should have to write a His-

ory and Defence of the British Nation. Nothing pleases Mr. Bright. He can see nothing good anywhere within the four seas. From Land's End to John O'Groat's, all in his eyes is barren,—all is unprofitable and unutterably wicked. In his first speech he attacked the present political condition of the country, denouncing it as wrong—altogether wrong from top to bottom. In his second speech he dealt with our history in an equally summary fashion, representing that in every leading point the past career of the British State has been highly criminal and deplorably corrupt,—but without explaining how it has notwithstanding prospered so amazingly. In the eyes of Mr. Bright, the Revolution of 1688 is the source of all our evils; the Reform Bill of 1832 is a wicked sham; the Church of England is a monstrous offspring of adultery; the House of Lords is a mar-all and an abomination; the British Government is one which delights to engage in most wicked wars; and the British people is altogether the most forlorn and miserable in the world! In fact, our country appears to him such an unspeakably hopeless and ill-conditioned place, that, when applied to by the working-classes of Glasgow, his only advice to them was, "Get out of it!" Such is Mr. Bright's creed, as expounded in his two orations at Birmingham. He is a man peculiarly one-eyed and insensible to evidence; but as his damnatoryrotchets have never before taken so wide a sweep, or expanded into such wholesale burlesque, one is tempted to ask what specialty of circumstances, or condition could have tempted him to such a display. An osseous particle in the *dura mater* is known to make men as morose and insensible to reason as a mad bull is; and even in his calmest days, the sight of a Peer, or Bishop, or a General in uniform, used to act on the Quaker-temperament of Mr. Bright very much as the sight of scarlet irritates the horned leader of the herd. But in truth the damnatory faculty of Mr. Bright was roused to the uttermost by the peculiarity of the occasion. Here was he, a Quaker, a quondam supporter of the Czar Nicholas, the friend and advocate of

every one who chose to attack our troops or insult our ambassadors. Here was this champion of "peace at any price," and this constant denunciator of our Government as at all times in the wrong, face to face with the men of Birmingham, who hated the Czar as they hated the devil, and whose enthusiastic reception of Kossuth and his lectures shows how readily they would plunge into war simply for the sake of helping the "nationalities." Mr. Bright, like the rest of his kind, loves popularity. And now, when he had been generously recalled from that retirement which was as distasteful to him as the sick-room, he had every desire to stand well with his sturdy constituents, who (he must know) elected him not on account of his peace-principles, but in spite of them. Small wonder, then, that he should attempt to find an extenuation of his past conduct by representing the wars of Great Britain as the grand source of misery to her people. Very adroitly did he proceed in his work. He had two objects in view. He sought very quietly and unobtrusively to justify himself, and he wanted also to get up an agitation for revolutionary Reform. And he made these two objects to play into one another with exquisite tact and skill. In his first speech, with fervid oratory, he called upon his audience to look with his eyes, and behold corruption everywhere in our Government and upper classes, and misery and pauperism everywhere among "the people." In the great institutions of the empire, he called upon them to see nothing but shams or iniquities. And the existence of these iniquitous institutions, and of the misery which he painted in the people, he ascribed all to the influence of the aristocracy, for whose interests (he said) the rest of the community are kept in penury and thralldom! In speech No. 2, in subtle sequel, he set himself to explain how it came to pass that so miserable a state of things prevailed amongst us,—attributing it all to the wars in which the country has engaged, and these wars in turn to the selfishness of the aristocracy! Thus did he seek to execute his two grand objects of whitewashing himself, and of rousing a

revolutionary agitation, by blackening the aristocracy and decrying the whole institutions and conditions of the empire! Very natural objects these to a democratic Quaker; but requiring too monstrous a distortion of facts to pass unquestioned, we should think, even by the gunmakers of Birmingham.

There is very little desire in the country for Parliamentary Reform. Were each voter questioned separately, we believe a great majority would express aversion or disinclination to change at present, and very few indeed would exhibit the least enthusiasm on its behalf. *Punch's* sketch of John Bright blowing the bellows in the hope of kindling a heat for Reform, portrays the simple truth. No practical grievance is felt to arise from the present regime, —unless it be that the House of Commons is too full of inane mediocrities, who know nothing of statesmanship and imperial interests, but who pledge themselves to look well after the interests of their own town or city: a defect not likely to be amended by any further lowering of the franchise. Reform in its present aspect is a mere theory. It is not that the present Act does not work well enough: what is wanted is one which will *look better*. No wonder, then, that amongst a practical nation like ours, there should be little enthusiasm on the subject, and that Mr. Bright should have to puff with his bellows so strongly and unscrupulously. He does not stick at trifles. What are blunders and misrepresentations to him, if they help him to get up his panorama of grievances? He is a fiery apostle of Discontent, and won't lose a drop from any scruple about the veracities. In fact, there are to him no veracities but his own sweeping tableaux. What are your historians, statesmen, and statistics to him? What are Hume, Smollett, Mahon, Alison, and Macaulay—what are Cromwell and William III., Walpole, Pitt, Fox, and Peel,—what are McCulloch, Porter, blue-books, and census reports, to John Bright, when they give the lie to his artistic tableaux and astounding hypotheses? What cares he for them—the unread by him, or little

known—when the very world of fact which lies around him he misinterprets or contemns. He cannot allude to the most patent facts or well-known events without colouring them most audaciously, to suit his purpose. He cannot speak of our paupers and poor-rates without adding three millions to the numbers of the one, and one million sterling to the amount of the other. By a single flourish of his rhetoric he annihilates a million inhabitants of the "emerald isle," and represents the decrease of the Irish population between 1845 and 1851 as amounting to three millions, whereas it was just about one million and three-quarters,—the population in 1845 being about 8,300,000, and in 1851, 6,500,000. Again, to corroborate his assertion as to the inequality of taxation upon land and upon personal property, he gave a version of a particular case which must be both incomplete and inaccurate;—moreover ignoring the fact that nine-tenths of the large estates of the kingdom are entailed, and confer only a life-interest, whereas personal property is unentailed, and becomes the absolute property of him who succeeds to it. Entailed estates, too, change hands and pay the succession-duty at least as often as personal property; and they cannot evade taxation by a transfer during life, as personal property often does. And over and above all this, what is to be thought of Mr. Bright's honesty, when, in quoting a case to make people believe that the owners of land do not bear their fair share of the public burdens, he entirely ignores the many burdens which fall upon the landowners almost exclusively,—such as tithes, church-rates, road-rates, the specific land-tax, and also that portion of the assessed taxes which necessarily preases more heavily on the landowners than on any other class. Again, see the democratic Quaker's profound ignorance and unfairness when he speaks of the Church. "In England," he said, "only one-third of the people have any connection whatever with the Established Church,"—a statement so utterly false that he might well add, that "probably many persons at that meeting were not aware

of this fact." It is a fact which has no existence save as an "idol" (as Bacon calls such phantasms) in the heated brain of Mr. Bright. Even the statistics of Mr. Horace Mann, appealed to by Mr. Bright—which were publicly impugned at the time, and the unreliable character of which was virtually admitted by the very Government under whose auspices they were issued—show that the ground occupied by the Church of England, as compared with all denominations of dissent, is not one-third, but *one-half*,—so that he cannot even quote an authority, however worthless that authority may be, without perpetrating a most gross and wilful exaggeration. But other data of a more reliable character than Mr. Mann's are fortunately within reach of everybody, by which the falseness of Mr. Bright's statement is evidenced at once. In the matter of education, we find that, of the schools built or enlarged by Privy Council grants during the last nineteen years, 91 per cent. belong to the Church of England; of the scholars provided with accommodation, 87 per cent. are Church scholars; and of the sums contributed to the erection of these schools thus assisted by the Privy Council, 90 per cent. is contributed for Church schools. Thus, whether as regards the lower classes, for whose benefit these schools are provided, or the upper and middle classes, by whose subscription the schools are erected, the Church is ahead of all the other religious bodies put together, in a proportion varying from 87 to 91 per cent. Or if we look at the entire number of schools for the labouring classes in England and Wales, it appears from a report recently presented to Parliament by Mr. Mann himself, that 81 per cent. of the schools and 76 per cent. of the scholars belong to the Church,—upwards of a million sterling being contributed by Churchmen for their support! Finally, to take a yet different test, we find from the official return of marriages in England and Wales, that in this the most important event of their lives, not less than 34 per cent. of the population have recourse to the Established Church. And yet this consummate charlatan,

who boasts that "his political career is on a line with his conscientious convictions," and who denounces all but himself and clique as fools and knaves, has the audacity to promulgate as truth that "in England only *one-third* of the people have *any connection whatever* with the Established Church!"

When Mr. Bright cannot or will not see the truth at home, in the little world of our own islands, it is not to be expected that he should know better, or speak more guardedly and conscientiously, of things abroad. The United States of America are the idol which his Quaker heart worships and his tongue bepraises. And yet, at every turn of his fiery oratory, he shows that he knows nothing whatever of the real condition of the American republic. In truth, it is this very ignorance which is the source of his inspiration. If he knew better, he would rhapsodise less. The United States of his dreams is a very different country from what he would find were he to cross the Atlantic. It is his "Arcadia"—his "Happy Valley;" and he will be as slow to abandon his dream as Johnson was when Bruce declared that Abyssinia was not the least like the land of Rasselas. The great Doctor went to his grave believing Bruce a consummate liar; and probably John Bright to his dying day will think the same of those who attempt to put him right as to the "model republic" of the West. It is this mere fiction of a fervent ignorance that he proposes as the model after which Great Britain should be revolutionised! Even if his dream were true, and if the American republic were all that he paints it, common-sense might tell him that what does well in America will not of necessity do well here. The difference in the natural circumstances of the two countries is immense, so that it is impossible to have the same social or political condition in each. Waste lands of inexhaustible extent and great natural fertility—virgin soils of the best quality—are ever open to the population of the Union, draining away the surplus hands from the old seats of industry: acting socially

as a cheap and magnificent Poor-law, and politically as a vitally important safety-valve. The rapid progress of the Union, too, which so astonishes the admiring eyes of Mr. Bright, is not due to any superiority of energy to the old country, but to a yearly influx of adult and energetic settlers such as is enjoyed by no other country. Indeed, were Mr. Bright a well-informed man, he would know, and if an honest man he would say, that Liverpool and Glasgow, without any such extrinsic aid, have increased almost as rapidly as New York, and that the Canadas also have of late been "going ahead" in a style to excite the envy even of the "smart men" of the States. But even if the United States were peculiarly that "paradise for the working classes" which Mr. Bright depicts, it would by no means follow that they are equally a paradise for humanity in general. Mob-rule doubtless has its sweets for the mobocracy, but it is neither a noble, wise, nor pleasant thing for the other and better classes of the community. The British nation has no desire that the lowest of its many levels shall dictate law and manners to all the others. Mr. Bright descants most fervidly upon the corruption which he alleges to exist in the administrative system of Great Britain; but if he wish to see that monster fully developed, he should further recruit his health and calm his Radical enthusiasm by a twelve-months' sojourn in his darling Transatlantic Utopia. Six weeks' time during a Presidential election would suffice to open his eyes—if they be pervious to evidence at all. Unless his optics be, as we fear they are, like stained glass, which only permits light of one hue to pass through it, a very short residence would suffice to throw into confusion all his present notions of republican purity and freedom. In these days of administrative reform in our own country, what does Mr. Bright think of the practice of the Union, where the entire Government patronage is distributed avowedly on no other principle than that of party interest? Moreover, a ministerial change in this country takes

place without affecting the tenure of any public offices save those immediately connected with the Cabinet; whereas, on every presidential change in the Union, the whole public officers, from ambassadors down to stewards, are driven from their posts in order to make room for the myriads of friends and friends' friends of the new Administration. No wonder that a Presidential election witnesses an unscrupulous struggle of parties, an amount of intimidation and corruption not even dreamt of in the "old country"—when, on every such quadrennial occasion, seventy or eighty thousand individuals are struggling *per fas aut nefas* to preserve their daily bread, while twice or thrice as many—the expectants of office—strive with equal unscrupulousness to turn them and their leaders out. In the United States, it is no exaggeration to say, all our social evils reappear in greater magnitude and more repellent form. Corruption is undisguised—intimidation is organised. So common and recognised are electoral corruption and intimidation, that they have been the means of introducing new words into the American vocabulary. Indeed any one who has been in New York during an election does not need a dictionary to explain "shoulder-hitter," and suchlike terms of formidable import. In addition to bribery, which is too delicate an operation to attract any attention, often in the larger cities bands of bludgeon-men are regularly hired for the fray; party-mobs blockade the polling-booths: and the ballot-boxes—Mr. Bright's *ultima opus*—are "stuffed." And as the voters' ballots are all dumb as to their ownership, of course there can be no check upon such foul play,—which is a very serious drawback upon the ballot as compared with our own system, under which sortinty is easy and false voting impossible. Of "stump" oratory and "talking to Bunkum," we need say nothing for Mr. Bright himself is the very paragon of such orators, so far as the genus has a place in this country. Neither do we know whether the mob-manners which reign supreme in the public life of the Union be any

evil in the estimation of our Quaker friend and his clique; but we know this, that as a consequence of such a state of things, the most elevated and enlightened classes in the United States remain studiously apart from political life, and keep as much as possible out of sight. This is a sign of evil which has been observed for the last twenty years, and which has been commented on by De Tocqueville, and every writer on the political condition of the Union. The best and most intelligent citizens of the Union acknowledge this, and deplore the falling off as regards moral character on the part of their countrymen. "They will tell you," said a Scottish Duke who has come much in contact with them, "that there is less and less possibility of getting the highest characters to take an interest in public affairs; that there is less and less freedom of opinion for all those whose opinions are unpopular with the masses; and last of all, that there is even a sensible and visible decline in that which used to be the great characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race—a respect for the authority of the law."

Mr. Bright shuts his eye to such things, and to many others of still more striking and repellent aspect. Has he nothing to say of the American doctrine of "manifest destiny" and annexation? Has he no anathemas to hurl at the filibustering expeditions of Lopez and Walker,—projects carried on with publicity, and connived at by the authorities? Has he, mild Quaker, no hands of horror to lift up at the Vigilance Committees, and the atrocities which give rise to them?—no voice to bewail the anarchy, bloodshed, and civil war in Kansas, or the polygamy and rebellion in Utah? How orderly the country where, not two months ago, under the very eye of its chief city, a furious mob burned out the fever-stricken sufferers in quarantine, and

still rejoice in the impunity which has attended the inhuman exploit! How peaceful the land where the bowie-knife and revolver are a recognised means of redress for real or imaginary wrongs? How perfect the freedom, and fraternal the spirit, when even in Philadelphia a man tinged with African blood was tarred and feathered for being the husband of a white lady,—and the civil power took no notice of the horrid crime! Freedom! we can hardly find it in that "model republic;" unless we understand by the term the power to fetter and control the natural liberty of others! Freedom! when one-half of the country is covered with slavery! Universal suffrage—what a mockery! when there is a population outnumbering that of all Scotland, who are not only debarred from all political rights, but who cannot even make themselves heard in the courts of justice—held in such fearful thralldom that the husband cannot claim his own wife, so entirely is she at the will of her master, and where the mother has no right even in her own children! No, no, Mr. Bright! the Old Country may have its faults, but sure we are that there is too much good sense and right feeling in our people to let them join in your blind and ignoble worship of American institutions! Go, make a small experiment yourself. In this country you can abuse Peers, Church, Army, everything and everybody, in the foulest and falsest manner, yet no one harms you save by quietly showing the absurdity of your statements. Try the same thing in a much smaller degree in the United States. Abuse the slave-owners in just the same terms as you have thought fit to apply to English bishops, and over one-half of the Union you will be tarred and feathered, and in the halls of Congress you will be caned and horsewhipped.*

Turning from this wide miscellany

* We have said nothing as to the "cheap government" which Mr. Bright imagines to exist in the United States. But fortunately, as we write, we find that he has met an answer on that point from an authority to which even he can hardly fail to attach weight; namely, the *Scottish American Journal*, published in New York. Considering the facts and opinions expressed in the article, and also that these are made under the very eye of the American public, we cannot but regard it as a remarkable testimony, and as a strange exposure of the working of universal suffrage. It is as follows:—

of errors which the member for Birmingham so freely indulges in and so audaciously promulgates, let us glance at the tissue of dishonesty and absurdity which he sports as his creed as regards War. With a landable desire to justify himself, he told the gunmakers of Birmingham that he does not hold the principle of "peace at any price." It is curious that he never told us this before, and his excuse for not having done so is just about as curious. He says "it would have been of no use!" Well, perhaps his profession of faith now is just as useless. He tells his constituents the gunmakers, that he only objects to wars which are unjust or unnecessary. Why, so say we all! and how, then, does he vilify the rest of the community, and especially our rulers, who most certainly hold

precisely the same doctrine? The whole point lies in the application of the principle. Any man has a right to say that he holds a particular principle,—all that concerns his neighbours is, as to how he acts upon it. The profession of the same principle by no means implies similar conduct. We all hold that it is our duty to love our neighbour, and Quakers are especially distinguished for their creed of brotherly charity; yet we find that this in no way prevents even Quakers from vomiting forth the most fiery spite and malevolence, alike against individuals and whole classes of the community. Mr. Bright's fault is a great deal worse than if he simply held peace-at-any-price as a principle; for, with not a few persons crotchets which they profess to hold as principles, rapidly

"Mr. Bright (in his Glasgow Letter) talks about escaping from the taxes of Britain, just as if there were no taxes on this side of the Atlantic. Now, we question, if all were counted up, if the people of the United States are not more heavily burdened in this way, individually, than those of Great Britain. One thing is perfectly certain, that they have far more to pay for the actual benefit they derive from Government. The heaviest burden is in the shape of local taxes, of which there is no general account, and we therefore cannot appeal to national statistics in support of the assertion we hazard, that the aggregate taxes of the United States are equal to those of Great Britain. But let us take a local instance from each country, and, as Mr. Bright's letter was addressed to a Glasgow meeting, we may compare Glasgow and New York. The local taxes of the former city amount to about £150,000 a-year, we believe. Those of New York exceed £1,800,000. The city is nearly twice the size of Glasgow, and its local burdens are more than ten times as great! And what is the comparative gain! The city of New York, within the limits of the corporation, does not nearly cover double the ground that Glasgow does; yet within this limited space, extending only some four miles by one and a-half, what do we receive for this enormous expenditure in the shape of paving, cleaning, lighting, and police! In this respect there can be no comparison whatever between the two cities. In Glasgow, the sum of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds actually produces a greater amount of efficient work and useful service than eight or nine million dollars do here; and Glasgow is by no means a model of good civic government. The truth is, that the local taxes of New York, which are on the increase every year, are becoming too oppressive to be borne. On some kinds of property, the taxes are more than the entire rent of similar places in such cities as Glasgow or Liverpool. We are indebted for this to Mr. Bright's blessed system of giving every man a voice in the Government. In New York it has raised up a population of political loafers, who swindle the public out of about five million dollars a-year, allowing the other three millions as the real value of the work actually done.

"For local taxes alone, the people of New York pay as much per head as those of Glasgow pay for both local and Government taxes put together. Taking into account the population and wealth of the place, the latter may be roughly estimated at about £650,000, or perhaps a little more. Add to this the local taxes, and the total amounts to £800,000, being the same for each of the population as the New York corporation taxes. But we have to pay the Federal and State Government besides. There is scarcely an article we can buy the price of which is not enhanced by taxation, and the cost of living, as people here are accustomed to live, is just about double what it is in the large city with which we are making this comparison. Nearly all imported articles, whether British or French, are, as near as may be, double the price they are sold for at the other side of the Atlantic, and all the

melt away before their better instincts when it comes to the test of action. But with Mr. Bright it is far otherwise; for whatever may be his creed, it is most certain that peace-at-any-price is the rule of his action. He fiercely condemns every war that our country has engaged in. It was not for cherishing any abstract principle of good-will to all men that the whole country rose against him, and that Manchester turned him adrift; but because, in the course of a just and necessary war, he bitterly railed against us, and took the enemy's side. Whatever his principles may be (and it is very hard to make them out), his practice was infinitely worse. We can tolerate a man as the victim of a silly crotchet, who holds that all war is wrong; but it is too much to expect toleration for one

who in all war declares that we are in the wrong, and that our enemy is in the right. Mr. Bright does not like being called un-English,—but it is impossible to style him otherwise. To be "English," is to be imbued with the spirit and character of the English nation; whereas Mr. Bright's nature is such, that for years past, he has not only dissented from but ferociously abused his countrymen on every leading point of their policy and conduct. And yet he complains, as a strange and vile thing, of his overthrow at Manchester! He, John Bright, the man who vehemently asserts that "the people" have too little weight in the Government, bitterly complains of his rejection by a popular constituency as a personal wrong on his part, and a most unrighteous proceeding on

native produce is high in price just in proportion. The former are high because they are subject to import duties, and the latter are so also because the people who sell them, and the places where they are sold, are under heavy local burdens, which render it necessary that there should be a great addition to the natural cost of production in order to realise a profit.

"New York being the great importing city of the continent, prices here regulate those of all other places. But the truth is that this case is not at all singular as regards the enormous amount of local taxation. We cannot hear of any city of consequence in which the state of matters is much better. Plunder, jobbery, and speculation are the rule in all places throughout the country, and in some cases the local taxes are of the most oppressive and annoying character. In the city of Chicago, for instance, where the people have deemed it expedient to scatter their buildings over a space equal to the whole of London, there is a tax of twenty dollars on all persons engaged in any occupation of the nature of peddling, people who keep stalls on the streets, or boys vending newspapers. Those who cannot get any work to do are liable, by a local statute, which we should fancy can scarcely have been carried into effect of late, to imprisonment for six calendar months!

"When Mr. Bright, therefore, tells our countrymen to emigrate to the United States in order to escape taxation, he talks the most arrant nonsense. All things considered, this country suffers infinitely more from that source than Britain does, or any part of it. Then, again, when he adds the further inducement of obtaining a voice in public affairs, he uses an argument which every sensible man here abjures after he has been six months on this side of the Atlantic. *The great evil in this country is the undue representation of persons, and the non-representation of property.* There is no well-doing man so humble in position as not to feel that his interests are injuriously affected by this arrangement. He sees that his industry is indissolubly associated with other people's property, if he has none himself, and the circumstance of his having a voice in the Government is no consolation to him for being compelled to contribute to support the horde of non-producers and tax-consumers who constitute the governing classes, and, under pretence of administering public affairs, are eating into the very vitals of the country. This is especially the case in the corporations, and, without taking them into account, it is impossible to form any estimate of the political and social condition of this country."

This is plain speaking. We may add that the *New York Herald*, of nearly the same date, thus speaks of the corrupt state of the law-courts of New York:—

"The present Constitution provides for the popular election of too many officials, particularly judges. We have seen men of no character or reputation at the bar elevated to seats on the bench through the workings of party machinery, and they have been obliged to protect the scoundrels by whose aid they had achieved the judicial ermine."

theirs! Such is the consistency of your true demagogues. "Turn them out!" is John Bright's cry to the constituencies against all who dare to differ from him; and his indignation exhales against the whole institutions of the country, if the men or ministers whom he chooses to denounce do not fall on the instant. But when a popular constituency rejects him, the case becomes very different in his eyes. He is an ill-used man—the country is unworthy of him, &c. &c. Nevertheless, now that he is framing a new Reform Bill, we would just beg to remind him that if triennial Parliaments had been the rule in the past, as he wishes it to be in the future, the only difference would have been that he would have been turned out two years sooner than he was.

Mr. Bright, we have said, was naturally anxious to stand well with his new constituents, who had so generously elected him *in spite of* his principles; and it is wonderful to see the adroitness in this respect which lurks under all his fervid oratory. But, at one point at least, this adroitness was carried to the very borders of most daring farce. For who would ever have thought of John Bright appealing, in justification of himself, to the very class of rulers and Prime-ministers whom he so ferociously denounces as war-makers and fools! John Bright at Birmingham, with a view to silence the gunmakers, and to make himself look as respectable as possible, absolutely invokes the shades of Walpole, Fox, Grey, and Peel, as vouchers for the wisdom of his peculiar views. If you condemn me, he says, remember you will be condemning also all these great statesmen. This was a floorer to the sturdy gunmakers, whose knowledge of Parliamentary history was not sufficiently ready to be able to fire the shot back again down the orator's throat; but we have no doubt they are quite aware by this time of the legerdemain practised upon them. Did not Walpole go to war with Spain? Did not Fox die exhorting his colleagues to an energetic prosecution of the war with France? Did not Earl Grey go the length of taking part in the civil wars

of Spain, Portugal, Belgium? sending our fleet to blockade Antwerp, and to beat Don Miguel's navy, and permitting the British Legion to interfere in the purely domestic contest between the Carlists and Orlinistas? Lastly, as regards Sir Robert Peel, he had but small opportunity of going to war at all; but was it not his Foreign Minister, Lord Aberdeen—the statesman who amicably settled the Tahiti quarrel with France, and the boundary question with the United States—who, along with Peel's own colleagues and officials, found it necessary to engage in the war with Russia, which Mr. Bright has ever so furiously condemned? Let Mr. Bright answer these questions before he again quotes these statesmen as authorities for his peculiar views. Desirous of peace they certainly were, but Brightites in any sense they were not. The great war with France, as might be expected, furnishes Mr. Bright with an inexhaustible subject of invective. Had he lived in those times, would he not have stopped that war at the outset, and let France march over Europe as she liked? Perhaps he thinks so; but if he had, most certainly the country would have risen against him with a hundredfold more fury than assailed the Aberdeen Cabinet, and might have hung him up as a scarecrow on the Sussex coast, to meet Napoleon and his legions arriving from Boulogne. Let Mr. Bright try to read history better; at present he can only give parodies of it. Whether past or present, whether as relates to Europe or to America he knows no more of history than a boarding-school miss may pick up from her manuals. It is easy to rhetoricise when the speaker invents his facts as well as his views, and when neither the one nor the other need to square with common-sense. If Mr. Bright knew one-half of what he pretends to have studied, he would be aware that so far was Mr. Pitt from desiring to interfere with the internal affairs of France, that he hailed the early dawn of the Revolution with undissembled satisfaction; and even when the Revolution steeped itself in blood and horrors, and when

Mr. Burke, correctly discerning in its chiefs nothing but apostles of intolerance and anarchy, most strongly urged a crusade against it as a foe to the commonwealth of Europe, Mr. Pitt resolutely refused. He would take no part with the Allied sovereigns in their invasion of France in 1792. Even the decree of the Convention, offering aid to the disaffected in every country against the established Governments, could not draw Mr. Pitt from his policy of non-interference, until the French Republicans settled the matter by declaring war against us. Lord John Russell is the only living statesman in whom Mr. Bright inclines to repose confidence, and he is one who in his early days vituperated the Tories for engaging in the war with France: but when he came to study the subject (as we wish Mr. Bright would do), and to hold the pen of history, as in his *Life of Fox*, what does he say? He tells us that "Mr. Pitt took a totally different view of the nature and objects of the war" from Mr. Burke. "He was ready to admit that we had nothing to do with the internal government of France, provided its rulers were disposed and able to maintain friendly relations with the foreign Governments. In short, he treated Robespierre and Carnot as he would have treated any other French rulers, whose ambition was to be resisted, and whose interference in the affairs of other nations was to be checked and prevented." Or turn to another authority and another event. The *Edinburgh Review*, to whom the Tory chiefs of the beginning of the century used to be the incarnation of all evil, in a recent article, gives the following statement of Mr. Fox's views on the war, after his eyes had been opened by his own negotiations with the French Government. A year after Pitt had sunk into the tomb, and when Fox ruled in his stead, the latter did not scruple to boast that his predecessor's policy had failed to restore peace to Europe, but that "his own system had never been tried." But when he tried that "system," what was the result? "The practical experience of Buonaparte's policy, thus acquired," says the Whig reviewer, "convinced Mr.

Fox that peace with him was impossible, and that the active prosecution of the war was inevitable." And then he makes the statement, which the Duke of Argyll repeated the other day from personal knowledge, that "almost Mr. Fox's last words to one of his most intimate friends and colleagues, enjoined on his survivors the vigorous prosecution of the war." And in accordance with these views, the late Earl Grey (whom Mr. Bright also quotes as an authority on his side), as Mr. Fox's successor in the Foreign office, used the following solemn and emphatic language in the House of Lords: "I am far, very far, from holding out to your lordships confident anticipation of success. The event is in the hands of Him who giveth the victory. But one thing is certain, that *our only hope is in resistance*, so far as we can resist the ambitious projects of the enemy." Could language be more explicit or more solemn? It is the language of one who feels that even resistance is all but hopeless, but that resist we must, whatever betide. It is easy for Mr. Bright to traduce the dead and vituperate the living. It is easy for one who does nothing but talk, and who cannot even draw up an ordinary bill for Parliament, to lift his heel against the statesmen of England, and to vilify the policy of his own country for generations back. Any one can do that, and the meaner and more narrow-minded the better. But what are we to think of such an one, when every fact which he condescends upon proves to be erroneous, and when every authority he appeals to gives him the lie?

Besides imputing imaginary principles of policy to particular statesmen, Mr. Bright favoured his Birmingham audience with some sweeping "new readings" in the wide field of British history. "If you turn to the History of England," he told the gunmakers, "from the period of the Revolution to the present, you will find that an entirely new policy was adopted; and that, while we had endeavoured in former times to keep ourselves free of European complications, we then began to act upon a system of constant entanglement."

the affairs of foreign countries." As usual, Mr. Bright does not say what history or histories of England he has been studying, and in which his audience or the public may hope to find any corroboration of his statement. It is certainly not Macaulay's (in which William III. and his policy are highly extolled), nor any other with which we are acquainted. Mr. Bright is again referring merely to that imaginary History which floats in his own brain. Has he no recollection of the fact, that instead of "endeavouring to keep free of European complications," our kings of old used to pride themselves upon being "kings of France" also? and that, considering the ways and means at their disposal, they really, by their ceaseless invasions and wars in France, from the days of Cœur-de-Lion and the Black Prince downwards, supported their title in a very formidable and pertinacious manner. The Spanish war and Spanish Armada in the days of Queen Elizabeth, doubtless figure in Mr. Bright's eyes as a pure myth, devised to exalt the feelings of the nation on behalf of that "Protestant cause" which he regards as a grand source of misery to this country,—just as he regards the ambition of the Grande Monarque of France, a century later, as a myth also. But what does he say to the policy of the Great Protector? Cromwell was a "man of the people;" yet he went farther than any British monarch either before or since, in upholding that Protestant cause which Mr. Bright sneers at,—proclaiming to all Europe that the cannon of England would avenge all murdered Protestants. How Mr. Bright must gnash his teeth at the history of such things! Had a demagogue of Mr. Bright's stamp arisen in those times, the Great Protector would have made short work with him. Both may be called men of the people,—but with what a difference! Cromwell was a man of action, of strong common-sense, and English to the core—and all England followed him; Bright is all talk, all crotchet, and a most exceptional Englishman, and not even the gun-makers of Birmingham will long tolerate his policy. We insult our

forefathers of the Commonwealth by comparing the two. In the brief period between Cromwell and the Revolution of 1688, there was indeed a change of policy, and the half Papist and whole voluptuary Charles II. adopted the system of peace-at-any-price, or rather for a pretty good price—to wit, French subsidies for himself and Court. Perhaps Mr. Bright never heard of the loud and indignant outcry of his pacific friends "the people" on the sale of Dunkirk: but he cannot help knowing that it was this disgraceful, submissive policy, and their treason to the Protestant cause, which proved the ruin of the later Stuarts, and occasioned the Revolution, which (to Mr. Bright's horror) produced a reversal of policy upon both of these points. So that here again Mr. Bright's "facts" are wholly imaginary. To the best of her means and opportunity, England from the earliest times took a very lively interest and share in "European complications." She had ~~done~~ herself quite as willing to fight with other nations before the Revolution as ever she has done since. But he means for doing so in early times were, of course, very limited in degree to what they afterwards became; and her interest in Continental affairs has gone on steadily widening and increasing. In these two facts (and not in Mr. Bright's hypothesis of greater power on the part of our "blood-sucking" aristocrats!) is to be found the explanation of the greater extent of "European complications" nowadays, and of the costliness of our wars compared with those under the Tudors. In early times, when locomotion and intercommunication were extremely limited, the nations of Europe, and especially our own nation, lived comparatively apart, and the wars and fightings which went on so abundantly took place chiefly within each country's own limits. It was Scotland against England, England against both Scotland and Ireland,—accompanied by rebellions and civil wars in each. But as the means of locomotion, especially by sea, increased, the nations began to be more and more affected by each other's interests and conduct; and thus England, like her neighbours, became more and

more involved in what Mr. Bright calls "European complications." The process was as inevitable as any in nature. It is entirely false and absurd to say that in former times "England *endeavoured to keep herself* free from European complications,"—for, compared with the extent of her means and opportunities, she then showed as much relish for foreign war, and spent as much money in such work, as she has done since the Revolution. But it is quite true that her relations and complications with foreign states were very much less then than now. Is this a discovery? Certainly it can appear so to no one but a monomaniac. Mr. Bright might as well praise our ancestors of the 16th and 17th centuries for not having made war on the shores of the Pacific; and have denounced our annexations in India, and our wars with China and Persia, as things totally opposed to the practice of our Government before the Revolution! Besides, let us whisper a word in this righteous Quaker's ear. The nations of Europe, from isolated units, have become parts of one commonwealth. Instead of hermits, each content with minding itself, they have grown into a Society, which, like all societies, has by common consent made laws for itself, in order to abrogate the barbarous law of the strongest, and to maintain a regime of justice and peace amongst all its members. In keeping this code of international law consists the morality of nations; just as in keeping the laws of their country consists the morality of individuals. And when Mr. Bright tells us truly that nations, like individuals, have their duties, and that "there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality," we are tempted to ask what would he think of a nation that would not stir a hand to check fraud and oppression, unless these were directed against itself? If, in the society or commonwealth of nations, a powerful State remain neutral while smaller States are being crushed and annihilated, is the conduct of such a State based upon the morality of which Mr. Bright approves, and without which, he says, no nation can be permanently great? We could

answer that question in the negative without letting the principle involved in it lead us in any way beyond the limits of sound sense and national interest; but it is impossible for Mr. Bright to answer it at all, without receding from his favourite principle of absolutely abstaining from war save when we are attacked upon our own shores.

Mr. Bright is so much of a dreamer, that he is ignorant of the character, not only of the aristocratic classes whom he defames, but even of "the people" whose champion he assumes to be. The aristocracy are all for war,—the people are all for peace. So says Mr. Bright; but we cannot see one tittle of evidence for any such notion. It is just eight years since "the people" came into prominence on the Continent. They had long before made their voice heard in our own Islands. More than two centuries ago they placed Cromwell, one of themselves, at the head of the State, and we know how he stretched to the uttermost the principle of interfering in the affairs of other States. It was Chatham, the "great commoner," who tamed the pride of the Bourbons, when the Family Pact had leagued France, Spain, Parma, Modena, and Naples in an alliance offensive and defensive. And it was his son, plain Mr. Pitt, who confronted alike the red republicanism of Robespierre and the iron despotism of Napoleon. What did the people do in France the instant they got the government into their own hands? Surely we need not rehearse, even for Mr. Bright's enlightenment, the system of universal propaganda, of universal interference in the internal affairs of other States,—in fine, of universal war, into which the French people and their demagogue leaders plunged. There is no intolerance like that of the demagogue—of which truth Mr. Bright himself is a pretty good example;—and there is no class so regardless of consequences, or so ready to engage in war, as the mob. Although the United States are entirely removed from the complications of European politics, the Cabinet of Washington is wonderfully pugnacious, considering its small

opportunities for war and its rare occasions of offence. It conquers and annexes to the best of its ability in its own continent; and so far is it from holding Mr. Bright's principle of non-interference with the affairs of others, that it presumptuously sports the *Monro doctrine*, by which all Powers but itself are forbidden to make any settlement in the New World! And the American "people," as is well known, not only back their republican rulers in all such courses, but on every occasion of slightest offence, or of difference with a foreign Power, cry out in most preposterous fashion for war. Or let Mr. Bright look at home. It was only by the help of the aristocracy that Walpole was able to stand out at first against the popular clamour for war with Spain,—the nobles were for peace, the people for war: and when the march of events at length beat Walpole, and war was reluctantly declared, the bells pealed from every steeple, and bonfires blazed in the streets, to express the popular exultation. The war with France, reluctantly engaged in by Mr. Pitt, was energetically opposed by the great Whig families, the most powerful section of the aristocracy. And when Mr. Bright inveighs against Lord Palmerston's policy in the *Pacifico* affair, has he forgotten that it was in the House of Lords that that bellicose policy was condemned, and that in the House of Commons it was expressly supported?—his war-loving Tories being on the side of peace, and his peaceful Liberals and Radicals backing up the bellicose Minister! Finally, to come down to the present day, was it not the working-classes and the House of Commons who were the most ardent advocates and supporters of the war with Russia? Nothing could exceed the reluctance of our rulers to engage in that war. They sought by every means in their power to keep out of it; whereas "the people" resolutely, and even fiercely, demanded that the Czar should not be allowed to trample under foot the law of nations. "You were consenting parties to that war," said Mr. Bright himself, scolding the working-classes in his Glasgow letter,—“your voice was in favour of

the war.” Yet no sooner does he find it necessary to hold up an imaginary tableau before the men of Birmingham, than he ignores alike history and his own words, and exclaims how peaceful would be the policy of this country if the working-classes had the supreme power in the State! To such nonsense does Mr. Bright's crotchet carry him,—to such absurd drivel does his oratory descend.

If the working-classes are very lambs and Quakers in Mr. Bright's opinion, the aristocracy, on the other hand, are in his eyes a cruel and iniquitous set of men, who have a selfish desire to keep the country constantly engaged in war. We have already shown that the facts are quite opposed to this hypothesis: but we can also show that self-interest must ever impel the aristocracy to a policy of peace. Does not history tell us that in almost all wars the aristocracy are the greatest losers,—losing the most lives, and bearing the chief burden! In proportion to their numbers, war costs them far more lives than it costs any other class in the community. It has been so from the days of *Cannæ* and *Pharsalia* down to present times. The old patrician families of Rome were almost annihilated in the desperate wars which preceded and made possible the imperial despotism of the *Cæsars*. The wars of the *Roses*, and again the wars of the Commonwealth, had a similar effect upon the old nobility of England. The wars of the *Crusades* impoverished and decimated the general nobility of Europe. And as the nobles lost ground by these wars, the power of the commonalty was increased. Let Mr. Bright turn to any historian he pleases, whether of our own or of other countries, and he will find that war has been the great destroyer of the old houses, and an important elevator of the power and influence of the people. Every war throws our great houses into mourning to a far greater degree than any other section of the nation; and every war elevates a number of commoners to the ranks of the aristocracy. The British aristocracy are not a class of idlers. The elder sons apply themselves to agriculture and

the management of the land, quite as thoroughly and ably as Messrs. Bright and Cobden to manufactures; and we should think the management of the land is quite as difficult a thing, and as important to the nation, as the superintendence of a flannel or cotton mill. The cadets join the army or navy,—preferring these services not certainly from any pecuniary motives, but because they are most congenial to the chivalrous spirit natural to all aristocracies. Mr. Bright “does” political economy, as well as history, for himself; but if he would turn to M'Culloch and other authorities in this science, he would find that the chief characteristic of the military service is the small pay attached to it, compared to the dangers and hardships of that profession. Were our aristocracy drones, they would stay at home, and simply seek to live comfortably upon their money. But, far from doing so, they are to be found in every regiment and in every campaign, bearing every hardship and confronting every danger with the high spirit of their race. “There goes ten thousand a-year!” was the remark overheard in the Peninsula as a young ensign, in one of the Duke’s rapid marches, appeared dragging himself painfully along by the side of his wearied regiment. The eulogium of the old French general to his regiment of Scottish gentry at Roussillon—*“Le gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme, et se montre tel dans besoin et dans le danger”*—is as true now as at any period of our history. On the bleak plateau of Sebastopol, or in the dripping perilous trenches of that twelvemonth’s leaguer, as now under the torrid sun of India, the gentry of England have been ever foremost in the fray, most patient under suffering, and have fallen most thickly in the red harvests of death. And what do they seek to gain by this strange sacrifice of ease and life? Is it the ensign’s £96 a-year that attracts our gentry—those “greedy, selfish aristocrats” of friend Bright’s vocabulary? Is it the captain’s meagre half-pay, after twenty years’ of service, for which they toil as soldiers? No, truly. It is the high spirit of their race that impels

them to the service; and if they look for reward at all, it is in the voice of fame, and in the thanks of their country. Despite Mr. Bright, they will not look for it in vain. The nation, he says, lives in the cottage; but there is not a cottage in the land that does not now echo the acclaim that “the great houses have borne them well in the fight.”

The impulsiveness and *imprevoyance* of the lower classes make them as prone to rush recklessly into war, as the wider vision and habitual self-control of the upper classes tend in the other direction. But the different manner in which war-taxation affects the upper and lower classes is of itself a strong reason for the former being generally (as we find them to be) on the side of peace, and the latter on the side of war. Who but the upper classes bear the chief burdens of war? Who but they have that reserve wealth, from which all taxation is chiefly drawn, and upon which in extraordinary emergencies taxation falls, exclusively? Even in time of peace (if we except the self-imposed taxes on tobacco and strong drinks), the working classes contribute a very small proportion of the national burdens; and in war the extra revenue is raised chiefly by the Income tax, from which the lower classes are specially and entirely exempt. War, in fact, is a time when large sums are drawn from the upper classes, and spent among the lower. Where did the eighty millions sterling spent in the late war go to? Only a small portion of it was spent abroad in the vicinity of the seat of war; nine-tenths of it were spent among ourselves. The shipping trade and ship-builders prospered amazingly; so did the iron-trade in all its branches, from the pits and furnaces of Wales and Scotland, to the cutlers and gun-makers of Sheffield and Birmingham, and the cannon-founders in our arsenals,—so did the woollen-factories of Manchester, Leeds, Galashiels, and even Hawick,—not forgetting the coal-trade and colliers, who found a new market opened to them for the supply of the large steam-marine required in the work of war and transport. In fact, labour itself of

all kinds rose in value all over the country. And wages ever must so rise in times of war, when so many extra millions of money are spent by Government amongst the industrial classes, and when the labour market is thinned by the extra drafts of men for the army and navy. Mr. Bright, we believe, has a woollen-factory; if he fared like his neighbours, he must have made a pretty good thing of it during the war, getting back in profits much more than he paid in extra taxes; and if he acted like his neighbours (as we doubt not he did), the workers in his employ would likewise profit by the high wages of the time. On all these accounts, it becomes him to revise his theories on this subject before he again comes before the public with the parade of an instructor.

At no time in the world's history could Mr. Bright's theory as to the essentially pacific temper of the masses have been so entirely out of place as at present. "War is a game which, were the people wise, kings would not play at," said the poet of old. The people, says the poet, were not wise in those days: no one doubts that they are much wiser now,—yet the only difference in their conduct in this respect is, that they *now* take war as a game which they desire to play at themselves. War-making nowadays is more in vogue with the people than with their rulers. The kings and governments of Europe at present desire peace above all things. With Napoleon III. as peace-maker general (though his conduct in the *Charles-et-George* affair has somewhat detracted from his honours in this respect) the various powers are as diligent as may be in cultivating a good understanding with one another. In truth, despite Mr. Bright's theories, it is not from kings at all that the impulse to war is nowadays to be apprehended,—but from the "people." The next war that comes is to be looked for not from the rulers, but from the ruled. The fires of disunion and revolt are smouldering all throughout Turkey, and at no distant date that wide empire threatens to fly to pieces like an exploding bombshell. The peace of France

trembles on the life-thread of one man. Popular discontent and war-like aspirations seem to grow rife in Italy. At Venice lately, when Ristori as *Judith* declaimed the words, "Tell your children that every war is sacred which is waged in defence of your native land," the whole theatre, under the very eyes of the Austrian authorities, rose in tumultuous applause. The spark once struck, there are other countries which will catch fire; and the result of these revolutionary risings can hardly fail to be a war of appalling magnitude. It is surely symptomatic of monomania that Mr. Bright should think the best way to keep this country clear of such "European complications" is to give the working-classes a predominant power in the State! On the other hand Mr. Bright's friend, Mr. Dunlop, M.P., sees the absurdity of this, but makes a similar demand for an extensive franchise for the purpose of compelling our Government to abandon its system of non-intervention, and to adopt one of active support to the "nationalities." He says we should have helped Hungary against Russia and Austria, Rome against France, &c.; and adds, "There is no result of the extension of the franchise in which I should more heartily rejoice than this,—that it would force our Government into a different course of policy than any party of our statesmen have hitherto pursued, . . . taking up its ground as the steady supporter of liberty in every part of Europe, that all free-men may rely on us to give them moral weight and confidence, and, if circumstances favoured, material help." There is no doubt that Mr. Dunlop is right, and Mr. Bright entirely wrong, in his interpretation of the popular sympathies, and of the effects which would follow a great lowering of the franchise; but we opine that the change which the member for Greenock desires to produce in our foreign policy, is quite as far wrong on the one side as Mr. Bright's is on the other. We thank God there is throughout our people a keen patriotism and ardent hatred of despotism and oppression everywhere: but it is a force to be harnessed

banded, not wasted. A steam engine will do little if its steam is constantly blowing off. And it is only when guided by calm statesmanship, and when controlled by the due fear of war-taxes on the part of the upper and middle classes, that the generous but unreflecting war passions of the masses can be kept within due bounds, and directed to the most useful results.

Although all is quiet on the surface at present, there are trying times coming for this country, and we will need wary and resolute pilots at the helm of affairs. Nothing happens by mistake; and since the last war closed, it has often seemed to us that, among other purposes of Providence, that war was sent to awake this country betimes from the long sleep and false dream of peace and security into which it had so complacently sunk. That war was brief, like a prelude, yet so sharp and severe as to warn us of the tremendous military power and ability of the Continental States. It came, as it seems to us, to arouse our nation to the increasingly momentous aspect of foreign politics, and to the obvious deficiency in our own means of defence, in order that, when a still greater war comes upon Europe, our cradle-isle of freedom may be bulwarked for the contest, and not in that state of woeful lethargy and helplessness in which the outbreak of the Crimean war found us. It will not do to say that, as almost every war has found us unprepared at the outset, and yet we generally did well in the end, therefore we may safely allow the same thing to happen again. Every year the engines of war grow more powerful, and the means of concentration and attack more rapid and effective; so that the tardiness which was but costly and damaging to our prestige in former times, may now prove all but fatal. There is no undue war-spirit in our Government or our aristocracy: compared with the other classes of the nation, it is entirely the other way. And if Mr. Bright be really desirous of inculcating his doctrines, let him go amongst the Continental Powers, and preach disarmament to them. If we are to be safe without an army at home, and

have no more Crimean wars, we must witness a great change in the condition of the continent. Look at the map of Europe. There is Russia—a wide sea of soldiers, ever encroaching on her neighbours both in Europe and Asia. There are Austria and Prussia, both essentially military powers,—the one a military despotism by necessity of her internal condition—the other, military in self defence. And close to our own shores is France—an empire of the sword, backed by Mr. Bright's favourite system of universal suffrage. In the face of these things, and in the face of a future which by no means looks peaceful, it becomes Great Britain to be most circumspect in her policy, and to look well to her defences. Taken in connection with the signs of the times, the warnings in Montalembert's recent work are not to be disregarded. Whether or not he is right in his estimate of our means of defence, he at least expresses the views and sentiments entertained of this country by Continental statesmen. And of these views we submit the following, for the consideration, not only of Mr. Bright, but also of those who think very differently from him on the subject of the national defences:—

“England's danger is not from within. It is *from without* that she is menaced by the real perils to which she may succumb, and with respect to which she entertains an unfortunate delusion. At the close of the first Empire, Europe, with the exception of France, cherished an intimate accord with England, penetrated, moreover, as it then was, with the recent victories of the armies of the latter in Spain and Belgium. It is no longer so to-day. The English army has indubitably lost its prestige. Again, the gradual progress of liberal ideas in England, and the retrograde march of the great Continental States for some years back in the direction of absolute power, have marshalled the two political systems on two roads altogether different, but running parallel to each other, and sufficiently near to admit of a conflict taking place from day to day. There exists, besides, against England, in the minds of many, a moral repulsion, which of itself alone constitutes a serious danger.

“The horror and spite with which the spectacle of her enduring and pros-

perous liberty fills servile souls, have created in Europe a common ground of animosity against her. It will be easy for any one who may wish to turn to good account this animosity, and to profit by it for the purpose of engaging England in some conflict, out of which she runs a great risk of issuing either vanquished or diminished. It is then that the masses, wounded in their national pride by unforeseen reverses, may raise a storm of which nothing in her history up to this can give an idea. To prevent this catastrophe, it concerns her not to blind herself any longer as to the nature and extent of her resources. Her military strength, and, above all, the acquirements in military science of her generals and officers, are evidently unequal to her mission. Her naval strength may be, if not surpassed, at least equalled, as it once was by our own under Louis XIV. and Louis XVI., as it will again, if our honour and our interest should require it. She confides too much in the glory of her past, in the natural courage of her sons. Inasmuch as she is essentially warlike, she considers herself, wrongly, on a level with modern progress in the art of war, and in a position to resist superiority in numbers, in discipline, and in camp experience. Because in 1848 the bravest and best-disciplined armies did not save the great Continental monarchies from a sudden and shameful fall before an internal enemy, she chooses to doubt that a good and numerous army constitutes the first condition of safety against an enemy from without. For the very reason that she is free, she believes, and wrongly, that she has nothing to fear from the enemies of liberty. No! her institutions are not an impregnable bulwark, as Mr. Roebuck unreflectingly termed them on his return from Cherbourg. Alas! all experience of ancient and modern times proves that free nations may succumb, like others, and even more rapidly than others. Liberty is the most precious of treasures, but, like every other treasure, it excites the envy, the covetousness, the hatred of those men, especially, who do not wish that others should possess an advantage which they themselves have neither known how nor wished to possess. Like every other treasure—beauty, truth, virtue itself—liberty requires to be watched over and defended with a tender solicitude and an indefatigable vigilance. All the inventions of which modern science is so proud, are as useful to despotism as to liberty, and even more so. Electricity

and steam will ever lend more force to strong battalions than to good reasons. By substituting mechanical contrivances for man's individual energy, these powers invite and second the establishment of the empire of might over right. This is what the friends of England and of liberty ought never to lose sight of."

Mr. Bright in his dreams regards steam and electricity as powers whose only mission is to drive factory-mills and transmit with lightning speed the price of cotton and suchlike. But his friend and colleague in "Reform" Mr. Roebuck, thinks very differently. He has seen Cherbourg, his long-shut eyes have been suddenly opened, and he has declared that the first duty of our Government, in the present aspect of affairs, is to see that our Isles are made secure against attack. It will be a curious sight, accordingly, in the next session, to see Bright and "Tear-em" trying to run in couples.

We are now done with Mr. Bright and his many delusions for the present. With all respect for his personal integrity, we cannot conceive that he was perfectly honest in his Birmingham orations, otherwise monomania itself would be required to account for all his absurdities. It seems to us that in his frenzied desire to get up an agitation for revolutionary reform, despite the general content that pervades the nation, he had recourse to his fervid oratory to conjure up a series of imaginary tableaux, which he held up to the sturdy gunmakers as the world in which they lived in order that he might thereafter call upon them to arise and overturn the present order of things. In executing this oratorical legerdemain, he had to perpetrate a hundred inconsistencies, but he never flinched. What are we to think of a man who denounces our aristocracy as the promoters of a war-policy, yet quotes as on his side Fox, Walpole, Grey, and Aberdeen (four of the most aristocratic statesmen of the last hundred years, and each of whom was strongly supported by the great houses),—leaving the great commoners, Cromwell and the two Pitts, to be quoted against him? What are we to think of a man who says that forty thousand officers and soldiers per-

ished in the late war, yet the next moment asked, "who have gained from it, but the military?" What can we say of one who justifies the costly and menacing fortifications of Cherbourg, yet is furious at the proposal to add a single man, gun, or gunboat to our own defences? What are we to think of one who asserts that "the people" are all for peace, yet himself scolds the working-classes for having "given their voice for the war?" Can he be honest or fair who ridicules the "balance of power" in Europe, yet eulogises the people who sport the doctrine of "manifest destiny" on the other side of the Atlantic? Is the man sane who, as a proof of the injustice done to the lower classes, points to the enormous amount of our Poor-rates, yet holds up as his idol countries where there

are no poor-rates at all, and where paupers are left to shift for themselves? With what effrontery does he complain of the slow triumph of Free-trade, as a proof that the franchise is too limited and the people not adequately represented, when in France and the United States free-trade is scouted under a regime of universal suffrage? In fine, what discernment is there in a man who regards the reign of the people as synonymous with peace, freedom, and free-trade, when universal suffrage, in the only two countries where it exists, has precisely the opposite effects,—in France supporting protection and a military despotism; and in the United States supporting slavery and protection, countenancing filibusterism, and clamouring for annexation?

INDEX TO VOL. LXXXIV.

- Absorbents, the discovery of the, 156.
 Acquapendente, Fabrice d', discovery of, regarding the blood, 152, 153.
 Adrian, the emperor, 168.
 Agra, blockade of, 481—the battle of, 485.
 Alaric, the capture of Rome by, 169.
 Allahabad, importance of position of, 481.
 Alumbagh, the, 80—Lord Clyde's advance to, 489.
 Anderson, captain, death of, 78.
 ANIMAL HEAT, 414.
 Animal instinct, Biot on, 680.
 Annandale, as the birthplace of Irving, 570.
 Anselm, archbishop, 171.
 Anson, mortality in ships of, 11.
 Aristocracy, the Roman, 167.
 Aristocratic influence, danger to India from, 342.
 Army, sanitary condition of the, report of commissioners on, 1 *et seq.*—former modes of recruiting, 22—spirit of the, 2—former rate of mortality in, 3—present, 4, 5.
 Arrière-bassin, the, at Cherbourg, 613 *et seq.*
 Arrière Bassin de Flot, opening of the, at Cherbourg, 264.
 ART, MR. DUSKY'S OPINIONS ON, 122.
 Art, Ruskin's criticisms on, 181, 183.
 Arteries and veins, distinction between, 149.
 Aselli, discovery of the lymphatics by, 156.
 Asia, origin of civilisation in, 519.
 Atlantic, port militaire of France on, 608.
 ATLANTIC WEDDING-RING, THE, 458.
 Auld Robin Gray, the ballad of, 467.
 Austria, unpopularity of, in the Principalities, 85.
 Avant-port, the, at Cherbourg, 263, 612, *et seq.*
 Aytoun, professor, his Ballads of Scotland reviewed, 462.
 Bahadoor Khan, 486.
 BALLAD POETRY OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND, THE, 462.
 Balmain, captain, at Sealkote, 31.
 Barnard, Lady Anne, authoress of Auld Robin Gray, 467.
 Baron of Brackley, the ballad of the, 477.
 Barracks, sanitary neglect in, 6 *et seq.*—introduction of, 8.
 Bartholin, discovery of, on the lymphatics, 56.
 Bassin de Flot, the, at Cherbourg, 263.
 Bassin-de-Flot de Chantereyne, the, Cherbourg, 613.
 Battle of Harlaw, ballads on the, 473.
 Benares, importance of, 481.
 Benedictine monasteries, influence of the, in Europe, 170.
 Bennet, Mr., the paintings of, 182.
 Bentinck, lord W., policy, &c. of, in India, 702.
 Berard on respiration, 298.
 Berger and Delaroche, experiments by, on animal heat, 418.
 Bernard, C., experiments by, on respiration, 303, 305, 307.
 Bhagulpore, mutiny at, 482.
 Bhithoor, visit to, 78—position, &c. of, 486.
 Bibesco, rule of, in Wallachia, 87.
 Bichat, researches of, on the blood, 156—on respiration, 297.
 Billeting system, the, 8.
 Binnorie, ballad of, 470.
 BIOT'S MÉLANGES SCIENTIFIQUES ET LITTÉRAIRES, 675.
 Bird, temperature of the, 414, 416.
 Bishop, captain, murder of, 32.
 BLOOD, CIRCULATION OF THE, ITS COURSE AND HISTORY, 148—action of respiration on the, 297.
 Blunt, captain, at Lucknow, 491, 492.
 Bonheur, Rosa, the paintings of, 191.
 Books, Buckle on, 532.
 Boulderson, Mr., report on India by, 702.
 Boyards, the Wallachian, 90.
 Brabant, the duke and duchess of, at the copyright congress, 699.
 Branwhite, Mr., the paintings of, 182.
 Brazier, major, wounded at Lucknow, 82.
 Breakwater at Cherbourg, *see* Digue.
 Brest as a port militaire, 608.
 Bretagne, the, 361, 364.
 Brétonière, M. de la, suggests the breakwater at Cherbourg, 610.
 Brett, Mr., the "Stonebreaker" of, 185.
 Brewster's Life of Newton, Biot on, 678.
 Bribery, universality of, in the Principalities, 92.
 BRIGHT ABSURDITIES, 743.
 Brind, brigadier, proceedings of, at Sealkote, 30 *et seq.*—wounded, 31—his death, 34.
 Brown-Sequard on animal heat, 427.
 Browne, colonel, operations against mutineers at Jhelum, 27.
 Brussels, the copyright congress at, 687.
 Bucharest, atrocities of the Turks in, 87.

- BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION, 515.
 Bullock-train, formation of the, at Calcutta, 483.
 Burdach on the circulation of the blood, 154.
 Butler, Dr., escape of, at Sealkote, 33—lieutenant, at Lucknow, 79.
 BYWAYS OF LITERATURE, THE, 200.
 Cæsalpinus, discovery of, regarding the blood, 151, 152, 153.
 CAIRD'S SERMONS, review of, 728.
 Calcutta, state of, on Lord Clyde's arrival, 482.
 Campbell, Sir Colin, *see* Clyde.
 CANNING, LORD, HIS REPLY TO THE ELLENBOROUGH DESPATCH, 625.
 Cantacuzene, Constantine, rule of, in Wallachia, 88.
 Capillaries, the, discovery of the, 154—action of the, on the blood, 158.
 Capital, influence of, on the labouring classes, 522.
 Carbonic acid, death by, 296—function of respiration as regards, 299, 301—how it kills, 306.
 Carbonic oxide, action of, on life, 306.
 Carlyle on shams, 480, 481—early connection of Irving with, 570, 572.
 Caste, policy to be pursued toward, in India, 849.
 Cathedral town, sketch of a, 200.
 Caulfield, captain, escape of, at Sealkote, 33.
 Cawnpore, a visit to, 73—the capture of, by Havelock, 481.
 Caxton, Pisistratus, What will he do with it? by, Part XIV., 42—Part XV., 226—Part XVI., 270—Part XVII., 385—Part XVIII., 536—Part XIX., 647.
 Celtic races, the Reformation among the, 177.
 Cessart, M. de, projects the breakwater at Cherbourg, 610.
 Chabert, the fire-king, 416.
 Chalmers, Dr., connection of Edward Irving with, 576.
 Chambers, captain, at Sealkote, 31.
 Charcoal fumes, suffocation by, 296.
 Charlemagne, the empire of, 170.
 Chavagnac rock, the, Cherbourg, 612—battery, 616, 617.
 CHERBOURG—THE SPECTACLE, 258.
 CHERBOURG, THE COMMONS AT, 352.
 CHERBOURG—THE PORT AND FORTRESS, 606.
 Cherbourg, past history of, 254—sketches in, 260—history of the works at, 609 *et seq.*—the town of, 361.
 Chichester, lieutenant, wounded, 27.
 China, the treaty with, 635—sketches in, *ib.*, *et seq.*
 Chinese merchants, character of, 636.
 Chivalry, institution and influence of, 174.
 Christianity, true policy regarding, in India, 846 *et seq.*—Buckle on, 533.
 Church, effects of, the fall of Rome on the, 170—first signs of hostility to the, 174—conduct of the, towards Galileo, 683.
 Church of England, Bright on the, 746.
 Chyle, what, 156.
 CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD: ITS COURSE AND HISTORY, 148.
 CIVILIZATION, BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF, 515.
 Clapperton, early connection of Irving with, 570.
 Climate, Buckle on the influences of, 517, 518, 519.
 CLYDE, LORD, HIS CAMPAIGN IN INDIA, 480—the capture of Lucknow by, 74 *et seq.*—the overruling of his plans by the Governor-general, 626.
 Colbert, Brest constructed a port militaire under, 608.
 Cold-blooded and warm-blooded animals, distinction as to temperature between, 415.
 Colombo, Realdo, discovery of, regarding the blood, 150, 153.
 COMMONS AT CHERBOURG, THE, 352.
 Conventionalities, value of, 483.
 Cook, Mr., the paintings of, 183—captain, sanitary regulations of, 12.
 Cooke, Mr., the paintings of, 188.
 Cooke, captain, 25, 26.
 Copyright congress, the, at Brussels, 687 *et seq.*
 Corbould, Mr. E., painting by, 182.
 Cornwallia, lord, the land settlement of, 702.
 Coronini, anecdote of, 89.
 Corruption, universality of, in the Principalities, 92.
 COVEN JOHN'S PROPERTY, 709.
 Cox, D., the water-colour paintings of, 182.
 Creswick, Mr., the paintings of, 190.
 Crimes, rate of mortality in the army in, 4—state of the hospitals in, 18.
 Crimean war, objects of the, as regards the Principalities, 85.
 Criminals, sanitary regulations regarding, 6.
 Crusades, influence of the, 174.
 Cunliffe, captain, at Lucknow, 83.
 Cutaneous respiration, what, 299.
 Davy, Dr. John, experiments by, on animal heat, 418, 419, 422.
 Defoe on recruiting the army, 23.
 Delhi, the capture of, 484.
 Descartes, acceptance of Harvey's discovery by, 154.
 Des Flamands rocks, Cherbourg, 609—fort, 616, 618.
 Despotism, the Roman, 168.
 Diastole of the heart, the, 159.
 Digue, construction of the, at Cherbourg, 610 *et seq.*—as a fortification, 617.
 Dilkhoosha, the attack on the, 75, 491.
 Dillon, Mr., painting by, 191.

- Dinapore, position of, 481—mutiny at, 482.
 Divette river, Cherbourg, 609.
 Divine, views of the, on history, 515.
 Doab, the revolt in the, 286.
 Dobson, Mr., paintings by, 189.
 Dominican friars, rise of the, 174.
 Draper, professor, on the capillary circulation, 163.
 Drennan, Dr., Death-wake of William Orr by, 486.
 Drowning, death by, 296.
 Dufferin, lady, Lament of the Irish Emigrant by, 487.
 Duncan Lædus, the Testimony of, 478.
 Duparc, M., construction of the Digue at Cherbourg by, 611.
 Duquesne, admiral, construction, &c., of Brest by, 608.
 DUSKY, MR., HIS OPINIONS ON ART, 122.
 Edom o' Gordon, ballad of, 468.
 EDWARD IRVING, 567.
 Edwards' Personal Adventures, &c., review of, 701.
 Edwards, W. F., researches of, on respiration, 297, 307—on animal heat, 420, 421.
 Electric telegraph, danger from the, in India, 340.
 ELLENBOROUGH DESPATCH, LORD CANNING'S REPLY TO THE, 625.
 Ellice, colonel, operations against mutineers at Jhelum, 25 *et seq.*—wounded, 26.
 Ellis, lieutenant, at Lucknow, 83.
 England, the reformation in, 176—increasing attention to ventilation in, 302.
 Europe, influence of the monasteries on, 170.
 Exclusiveness, danger from, in India, 343.
 Exercise, effects of, on animal heat, 419.
 Factories, sanitary regulations in, 7.
 Faider, M., at the copyright congress, 689, 691, 692.
 Fairy Thorn, the, an Irish ballad, 469.
 Family Herald, the, 208, 209.
 Famine, danger of, in India, 84.
 Fanariots, the, in the Principalities, 86.
 Farel, anecdote of, 177.
 Farquharson, colonel, escape of, at Seal-kote, 33.
 Farrington, captain, 28.
 Fasting, influence of, on animal heat, 423.
 FIRST BENGAL EUROPEAN FUSILIERS AT LUCKNOW, THE, 78.
 Fish, circulation of the, 158.
 Fletcher of Saltoun on national ballads, 462.
 Flourens, M., his history of the discovery of the circulation of the blood, 149.
 Food, influence of, on animal heat, 422—Buckle on the influence of, 520.
 Fort Imperial, the, Cherbourg, 616, 619.
 France, the billeting system in, 8—views of, on the Moldo-Wallachian question, 85—the Reformation in, 177—the seaboard of, and successive measures for its defence, 606 *et seq.*
 Franciscan friars, rise of the, 174.
 Free will, Buckle on the doctrine of, 527.
 French, the pageants of the, 254.
 French gallery, the, and French art, 195.
 Frenchman, the, as the scientific writer, 675.
 Frith, Mr., his Derby Day, 193.
 Froissart, influence, &c. of, 175.
 Fuad Pasha, atrocities of, in Bucharest, 87.
 Furruckabad, the Nawab of, 486.
 Fwo-sima, Japan, 641.
 Galen, discoveries of, regarding the blood, 150.
 Galileo, Biot's sketch of, 682.
 Genius, Buffon's definition of, 517.
 Genseric, the capture of Rome by, 162.
 Gerard, colonel, operations against mutineers at Jhelum, 26.
 German, the, as the scientific writer, 675.
 Germany, the reformation in, 176, 177—neglect of ventilation in, 302.
 Ghazipore, position of, 481.
 Ghica, Alexander, rule of, in Wallachia, 86 *et seq.*—Gregory, hospodar of Wallachia, 88, 89.
 Gilderoy, the ballad of, 477.
 Gill respiration, what, 299.
 Gills, function of, 297.
 GLADSTONE'S HOMER, 127.
 Goodwin, researches of, on respiration, 297.
 Gotto Island, Japan, 641.
 Graham, Dr., murder of, 32—Dr. J., murder of, *ib.*
 Grant, general, force under, 486, 487.
 Great Britain, the destiny of, 1—character of her conquests, 2—part taken by, on the Moldo-Wallachian question, 85—the inroads of the Norsemen into, 170—supposed danger from Cherbourg to, 620 *et seq.*
 GREAT IMPOSTURE, THE, 111.
 Greathed, colonel, victory of, at Agra, 485.
 Greeks, character of the, as depicted by Homer, 131—the pageants of the, 254.
 Greek poetry, characteristics of, 217.
 Grote, Mr., views of, on the Homeric poems, 130.
 Gubbins' mutinies in Oude, &c., review of, 701.
 Gwalior contingent, the, 487—their defeat of Windham, 499—their overthrow by Lord Clyde, 501.
 Haghe, Lewis, the paintings of, 183.
 Haller on the pulsation of the heart, 160.
 Hart, Mr., Athalia by, 189.
 Harvey, the discovery of the circulation of the blood by, 148 *et seq. passim.*

- Havelock, position, &c. of, on lord Clyde's arrival, 481, 482—the relief of Lucknow, 484—death of, 497—character, 498.
- Hayes, Edward, his *Ballads of Ireland* reviewed, 462.
- Health, means of preserving, &c., 6.
- Heart, function, &c. of the, 149—its propelling action on the blood, 157 *et seq.*
- Heat, development and maintenance of, in animals, 414.
- Henle, researches of, on the blood, 155.
- Henri IV., construction of Toulon by, 607.
- Hirando or Firando, Japan, 641.
- History, the rapid growth of, 165—purposes for which read, 515.
- Hodson, captain, death of, 81.
- Home Magazine, the, 209.
- HOMER AND THE HOMERIC AGE, GLADSTONE'S STUDIES ON, reviewed, 127.
- Homeric poems, the authorship of the, 129.
- Hommet, the Point d', Cherbourg, 609—fort, 612, 616, 618.
- Hope, Adrian, at Lucknow, 493, 494, 495.
- Hospitals, state of the, in the Crimea, 13.
- Howe, lord, his capture of Cherbourg, 617.
- Huber, experiments, &c. on ants by, 680.
- Hughes, Mr., the *Nativity* by, 189.
- Hunt, Mr., the *paintings* of, 182.
- Hunter, Rev. J., murder of, 82.
- Hybernization, the phenomena of, 809.
- Iliad*, the authorship of the, 129.
- Imagination, influence of external nature on, 523.
- Imaumbara, capture of the, at Lucknow, 81.
- INDIA, LORD CLYDE'S CAMPAIGN IN, 480—general aspect of, during the mutiny, 83—the new system of government for, 338—lord Canning's position, &c. in, 625.
- Indian Council, the new, 388.
- INDIAN MUTINY AND THE LAND SETTLEMENT, THE, 701.
- Inquisition, Galileo before the, 685.
- Insects, heat-producing powers of, 415.
- Intellectual progress, Buckle on, 517.
- INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONGRESS, THE, 687.
- Ireland, the *ballads* of, 466.
- IRVING, EDWARD, 567.
- Jackson, Mr., the *paintings* of, 182.
- Jails, former recruiting of the army from, 22.
- Jamie Telfer, *ballad* of, 474.
- JAPANESE WATERS, A CRUISE IN, chap. i., 635—chap. ii., 640.
- Jellallabad, fort of, at Lucknow, 74.
- Jhelum, operations against mutineers at, 25 *et seq.*
- JOHN COMPANY'S FAREWELL TO JOHN BULL, 338.
- Johnnie Armstrong, the *ballad* of, 476.
- Kallee Nuddee, the *battle* of, 507.
- Kamino-sima, Japan, 641.
- Kangra, fort of, its importance, 37—during the mutiny, 38.
- Kemp Owain, *ballad* of, 471.
- Khyzarbagh, the, at Lucknow, capture of, 81, 82.
- KINGSLEY'S ANDROMEDA, 217.
- Kisseleff, general, organisation of the Principalities by, 86.
- Kiu Siu island, first view of, 640.
- Knowledge, Buckle on the influence of, 529 *et seq.*, 531.
- Kooloo, district of, 40 *et seq.*
- Kudjwa, defeat of mutineers at, 487.
- Labour, influence of the competition for, 522.
- Labouring classes, influence of capital on, 522.
- La Condamine, anecdote of, 686.
- Lacteals, the, 156.
- Lagrange, anecdote of, 687.
- Lake, major, measures of, at Kangra, 38, 39.
- Land settlement, connection of the, with the mutiny in India, 708.
- Landseer, the *paintings* of, 191.
- Lanfranc, archbishop, 171.
- Laplace, sketches of, by Biot, 676.
- Lauder, Mr., *painting* of Christ Betrayed, by, 189.
- Lavoisier, his theory of respiration, 297.
- Lawrence, Sir John, proceedings of, in the Punjab, 25—position of, 480—ability, &c. of, 626.
- Lawyer, views of the, on history, 515.
- Leewenhoeck, discoveries of, on the blood, 155.
- Legallois, researches of, on respiration, 297.
- Leopold, king, at the copyright congress, 699.
- Leslie, Mr., *Christ and the Apostles* by, 189.
- LETRES SUR LES PRINCIPAUTÉS, review of, 85.
- Lewis, Mr., the *paintings* of, 193.
- Lewis, Sir G. C., on the Oude proclamation, 629.
- Liberalism, modern, and its characteristics, 111 *et seq.*
- Liebig, his theory of animal heat, 425.
- Life, influence of, on temperature, 414.
- LIGHT ON THE HEARTH, the, Part I., chap. i., 312—chap. ii., 319—chap. iii., 321—chap. iv., 323—chap. v., 325—Part II., chap. vi., 439—chap. vii., 450—chap. viii., 452—chap. ix., 455—Part III., chap. x., 587—chap. xi., 591—chap. xii., 592—chap. xiii., 595—chap. xiv., 597—chap. xv., 601—chap. xvi., 603—chap. xvii., 604—chap. xviii., 606.
- Lind, Lieutenant, 25, 26.

- Lindu, the designer of the fortress of Brest, 608.
- Linnell, Mr., the Wheatfield by, 191.
- LITERATURE, THE BYEWAYS OF, 200—Buckle on, 532.
- Liver, circulation of the blood in the, 158.
- London, Fletcher of Saltoun on, 463—Edward Irving in, 578.
- LONDON EXHIBITIONS AND LONDON CRIMES, 181.
- London Journal, the, 203.
- L'Orient, constituted a port militaire, 608.
- Louis XIV., Cherbourg projected by, 254—defences of Toulon constructed under, 607.
- Louis XVI., visit of, to Cherbourg, 255.
- Lucknow, description of, 79—the First Bengal European Fusiliers, at, 73 *et seq.*—position of garrison of, 481—the relief of, by Havelock, 484—its relief by Sir Colin Campbell, 487 *et seq.*
- Lungs, function of, 297, 300—description of, 300.
- Lupton, Mr., painting by, 188.
- Luther and transubstantiation, 178.
- Lymph, what, 156.
- Lymphatics, the discovery of the, 156.
- M'Ghee, T. D'Arcy, ballad by, 472.
- M'Gregor, lieutenant, at Lucknow, 82.
- Macllean, corporal, anecdote of, 77.
- M'Mahon, Mr., at Sealkote, 82.
- M'Pherson, captain, 27.
- Malpighi, discovery of the capillaries by, 154.
- Man, the lungs in, 300—the animal heat of, 416.
- Man-of-war, picture of, in old times, 10.
- Marco Polo, his account of Japan, 640.
- Marie Louise, state visit of, to Cherbourg, 255—inauguration of the Avant Port at Cherbourg by, 613.
- Marshall, Dr. Henry, 28.
- Martin, Dr., account of Edward Irving by, 585—general Claud, 75.
- Martinière, the, at Lucknow, 75—its capture, 79, 491.
- Martins, M., experiments by, on animal heat, 420, 422.
- Maxwell, lieutenant, at Lucknow, 83.
- Medical department of the army, proposed changes in, 16—its present organisation, 17.
- Mediterranean, Toulon as the port militaire on the, 607.
- Mess House, storming of the, at Lucknow, 496.
- Meteoric stones, Biot's report on, 677.
- Misco Sima, the Islands of, 640.
- Miller, captain, at Rawul Pindee, 25.
- Million, reading for the, 200 *et seq.*
- Mill-owners' protection society, the, 7.
- Mohammedanism, rise and progress of, 172.
- Moldavia, *see* Principalities.
- Moldo-Wallachian question, the, 85.
- Monasteries, effects of the rise of, 170.
- Monckton, Mr., at Sealkote, 82.
- Montagne de Roule, the, Cherbourg, 616.
- Montgomery, Mr., measures of, against the Sealkote mutineers, 35.
- Moorsan, talookdar of, case of, 703.
- Morality, Buckle on, 529 *et seq.*
- Mortality, high rate of, in the army, 5.
- Müller, K. O., views of, on the Homeric poems, 180.
- Munchanna, talookdar of, case of, 703.
- Mutrie, Miss, the flower-paintings of, 166.
- MY FIRST AND LAST NOVEL, PART I 101—Part II., 103.
- Mythologies, the early, 523.
- Mythology of Homer, Gladstone on the, 183.
- Nana Sahib, seat of, &c., 486.
- Nangasaki, approach to, 641.
- Napoleon, designs of, at Cherbourg, 255.
- Napoleon III., the inauguration of Cherbourg under, 255 *et seq.*—at Cherbourg, 365—his visit to the Queen, 367.
- National ballads, &c. Fletcher on, 462.
- National character, Buckle on the influence of climate on, 519.
- Nature, Buckle on the influence of, 514, 523.
- Navy, the French, origin, &c. of, 61.
- New York, taxation in, 749 *note*.
- Newt, respiration of the, 300.
- Newton, Biot's memoir of, 678.
- Newton, Mr., the paintings of, 182.
- Nicholson, colonel, appointed to command the movable column, and his operations, 28—disarming of sepoys by, 29—measures of, against the Sealkote mutineers, 35.
- Nicholson, major, at Lucknow, 79.
- Nobility, the Roman, 167.
- Nomo, cape, Japan, 641.
- Norman conquest, the, 171—king's character of the, *ib.*
- Normandy, the women of, 260.
- Norsemen, the inroads of the, 170.
- Novels, influence of, 431.
- Oakes, Mr., Robert Warren by, 188.
- Odyssey, the authorship of the, 129.
- Omer Pasha in Bucharest, 88.
- O'Neil, Mr., his Eastward Ho, 196, 197.
- Orator, the Pulpit, 567.
- Oude, aspect of, 74—strength of the revolt in, 486—Lord Canning's defence of his policy in, 625 *et seq.*
- Outram, Sir James, at Lucknow, 76, 73, 82—on the Oude proclamation, 632.
- Outlaw Murray, the song of the, 475.
- Oxygen, function of respiration as regards, 299, 301.
- Pageants, value, &c. of, 253.
- Papal power, rise of the, 170.
- Papenberg, the, Japan, 642.
- Paris conference, the, and the Principalities, 85.

- Parliament, danger of the interference of, in India, 338, 339—a first speech in, 376.
- PAROCHIAL EPIC, A, Part I., 327—Part II., 328—Part III., 330—Part IV., 331—Part V., 333—Part VI., 336.
- Patience, relations of, to genius, 517.
- Patin, Guy, his opposition to Harvey, 154.
- Paton, Noel, his *Bluidy Tryste*, 185—his *In Memoriam*, 196, 197.
- Patronage, danger from abuse of, in India, 342.
- Peace, probabilities of, 1.
- Peasantry, state of the, in the Principalities, 91.
- Pecquet, discovery of, on the lymphatics, 156.
- Peel, captain, at Lucknow, 490, 494, 496.
- Pelée isle, Cherbourg, 609, 611, 612—fort on, 616, 618.
- Pera steamship, the, and voyage to Cherbourg in, 356 *et seq.*
- Perspiration, influence of, on animal heat, 417.
- Plants, influence of, on the air, 308—heat-producing powers of, 415.
- PLEASANT FRENCH BOOK, A, 675.
- Plunder, abolition of, in war, 9.
- POORBEAH MUTINY—THE PUNJAB, No. V. chap. v., 24.
- Population, relations of, to food, 521.
- Port Militaire, the, at Cherbourg, 263.
- Portland Gallery, the, 183.
- Preacher, the great, 567, 569.
- Preaching, objects and peculiarities of, 568.
- Predestination, Buckle on, 527 *et seq.*
- Priestley, the pneumatic discoveries of, 296—experiments on respiration by, 307.
- PRINCIPALITIES, A PLEA FOR THE, 85.
- Prisons, sanitary regulations in, 6.
- Privateering, abolition of, 9.
- Privileges, extent of, in the Principalities, 90.
- Professional etiquette, influence of, 14.
- Pulmonary respiration, what, 299, 300.
- Pulpit orator, the, 567.
- Pulsations, number of, at various ages, 160.
- Punjab, position of, during the mutiny, 480—Lawrence's ability and policy in the, 626.
- Purta Singh, career, &c. of, 41.
- Quartering of soldiers, old system of, 8.
- Querqueville point, Cherbourg, 609, 611, 612—fort, 616, 617.
- Rade, the, at Cherbourg, 263, 610, 611.
- Rawul Pinde, suppression of mutiny at, 25.
- Recruiting, former modes of, 22.
- Reform bill, the, and the Whigs, 116.
- Reformation, rise, &c. of the, 176.
- Regnault on the sources of animal heat, 425.
- Religion, policy with regard to, in India, 346 *et seq.*—Buckle's views on 517.
- RESPIRATION AND SUFFOCATION, 296.
- Respiration, definition of, 297—connection of, with animal heat, 424.
- Respiratory organs, variety of, 299.
- Reynolds' Miscellany, 209.
- Richmond, Mr., *Agony in the Garden* by, 189.
- Riolan, opposition of, to Harvey, 157.
- Roberts, lieutenant, 28—Mr., the paintings of, 192.
- Rocheport, constituted a port militaire, 608.
- Rogier, M., at the copyright congress, 692, 699.
- Rohilcund, revolted district, &c. of, 486.
- Roman empire, the, at the time of its fall, 166—extent, army, &c. of the, 169.
- Romans, the Pageants of the, 254.
- Romberg, M., at the copyright congress, 692, 693.
- Rome, causes of fall of, 1—the sack of, by Alaric, 169.
- Routine, alleged influence of, in the Crimea, 13.
- Rowbotham, Mr., the paintings of, 182.
- Royal Albert, the, 371.
- Rudbeck, discovery of, on the lymphatics, 156.
- Ruskin, Mr., the art criticisms of, 181, 183.
- Russell, lord John, and his new reform bill, 117.
- Russia, lessons from the war with, 2—views of, on the Principalities, 85.
- St. Anne, fort of, Cherbourg, 616, 618.
- St. George, captain, wounded, 78.
- Sailors, French and English, 267.
- Sallusbury, captain, at Lucknow, 79, 80, 82.
- Sanitarians, efforts of, and their results, 6.
- Sanitary condition of the army, report of commissioners on the, 1 *et seq.*
- Saracens, science and literature among the, 172, 173.
- Saunders, lieutenant, escape of, at Seal-kote, 33.
- Saxony, the reformation in, 176.
- Science, distinctions between, and history, 516.
- SCOTLAND AND IRELAND, THE BALLAD POETRY OF, 462.
- Scotland, the reformation in, 176—the ballad poetry of, 465.
- Scott, Mr., wounded, 27.
- Scottish church, characteristics of, 571.
- Scotus Erigena, 171.
- Scribe, Eugène, 694.
- Seaboard, commercial and maritime importance of the, 606.
- Sealkote, mutiny at, 30.
- Seasons, influence of the, on animal Heat, 453.
- Secunderbagh, the storming of the, 4—
—the slaughter in the, 81.

- SERMONS, 728.
 Servetus, Michael, discovery of, regarding the blood, 150.
 Sex, influence of, on animal heat, 422.
 Shah Nujeeb, storming of the, at Lucknow, 493, 494.
 SHAMS, A PLEA FOR, 430.
 Shanghai, sketches at, 635, *et seq.*
 Siebold, Dr., chart, &c. of Japan, by, 639.
 Sikha, organisation of the, by Lawrence, 480.
 Sir Turlough, ballad of, 470.
 Sismondi, on the former glory and present state of Mohammedanism, 172.
 Sleep, influence of, on respiration, 309, 310.
 Soil, Buckle on the influence of, 519.
 SOLDIER AND THE SURGEON, THE, 1.
 Soo-chow-foo canal, the, 636.
 Spain, causes of fall of, 2.
 Spallanzani, researches of, on circulation, &c. 164—researches of, on respiration, 297—experiments by, on respiration, 306, 307.
 Spring, captain, death of, 27.
 Stanfield, Mr., the paintings of, 190.
 Stanley, lord, as Indian secretary, 338.
 Stirbey, rule of, in Wallachia, 88, 89.
 Stirling, admiral, the treaty concluded with Japan by, 639.
 Stourza, Michael, rule of, in Moldavia, 86 *et seq.*
 Streatfield, lieutenant, wounded, 27.
 Sub-prefects, the, in the Principalities, 91.
 Sudoriparous glands, the, 417.
 Suffocation, what, 306.
 Suffolk street exhibition, the, 183.
 Sunlight, influence of, on respiration, 310.
 Surgeon, first recognition of the, in the army, 15 *et seq.*
 Switzerland, the Reformation in, 176.
 Sykes, colonel, on the Oude proclamation, 629.
 Systole of the heart, the, 159.
 Takaboko, island of, 642.
 Taxation in the United States, 749 note.
 Taylor, F., the water-colour paintings of, 182—major, measures of, at Kangra, 38, 39.
 Temperature, influence of, on respiration, 310.
 Tennyson on shams, 430, 431.
 Teutonic races, the Reformation among the, 177.
 Thackeray on shams, 430, 431.
 Thames, effluvium from the, 352.
 Tientsin, the treaty of, 635.
 Tight-lacing, effects of, on respiration, 300.
 Toulon, origin, &c. of fortress of, 607.
 Trimmoo Ghat, defeat of Scalltineers at, 85.
 Triton, the, 159.
 Turkey, views of, on the Moldavian question, 85.
 United States, Bright on the, 74.
 Unknown tongues, Irving and Urban VIII., Galileo before, 66.
 Vauban, defences of Toulon plan, 607.
 Vegetation, influence of, on the Veins and arteries, distinction, 149.
 Ventilation, importance of, to, 302.
 Vesalius, discoveries of, regard blood, 150.
 Victoria, queen, the visit of, to Cherbourg, 255 *et seq.*—her departure—arrival of, at Cherbourg, 256—her reception, fêtes, &c. 257.
 Ville de Nantes, launch of the, 266.
 Vital activity, relations of respiration, 310.
 Vitorides, hospodar of Moldavia.
 Wade, Dr., on the state of the Principalities.
 Wallachia, *see* Principalities.
 Wallis, Mr., the Stonebreaker of War, change in system of, 9—1752.
 Ward, Mr., the paintings of, 186.
 Warren, Mr., painting by, 183.
 Water-colour exhibitions, the, 183.
 Wealth, influence of soil, &c. on the, 519.
 Webster, Mr., paintings of, 192.
 Welcome Guest, the, 209.
 Wellington, treatment of, by the army, 115.
 West Indies, former mortality in, 3.
 WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT! Part 42—Part XV., 226—Part XVI., 227—Part XVII., 385—Part XVIII., 386—Part XIX., 647.
 Wheeler, Sir H., scene of the, 73.
 Whigs, the, their treatment of, 115—their career, 116—their conduct with regard to, 117.
 Canning, 625 *et seq.*
 Whiggery, definitions of, 115.
 WHITE'S EIGHTEEN CENTURIES, 16.
 Wife of Auehtermuchty, the, 469.
 Wilson, George, the Atlantic Ring, by, 458.
 Windham, general, the defeat of, 364.
 Yachta, the, at Cherbourg, 266.
 Yang-tai-Keang river, the, 635.
 Younghusband, captain, at Kangra, 39.

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